Home Folks Book

of the

Burton Myers Family

Compiled
by
VIOLET M. BECK

1969

No. _____

GIVEN BY

Violet Beck

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Public Library

http://www.archive.org/details/homefolksbookofd00beck

Home Folks Book

of the

Darius Myers Family

A COLLECTION OF
LETTERS
GENEALOGICAL RECORDS
STORIES, ACCOUNTS, HISTORIES
PICTURES
OF MEMBERS OF THE DARIUS MYERS FAMILY
BOTH OLDER AND NEWER

Compiled
by
VIOLET M. BECK

His seed shall be mighty upon the earth;
the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Second Homefolks Book
of the Darius Myers Family, 1710 - 1968
The first was published in 1926

Published by
THE ARTS & CRAFTS PRESS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

* C571
.M995
1969

BOOK REVIEW

It has been my privilege to become acquainted with the compiler of this Homefolks Book, Violet Beck, a warm, sweet person, dedicated to her family, heritage and religion. In reading the manuscript, I feel I have become personally acquainted with the family, weeping with them in their tragedies and rejoicing with them on the happy occasions. Shining throughout is their goodness of character, faith in God, and love of their homes and families.

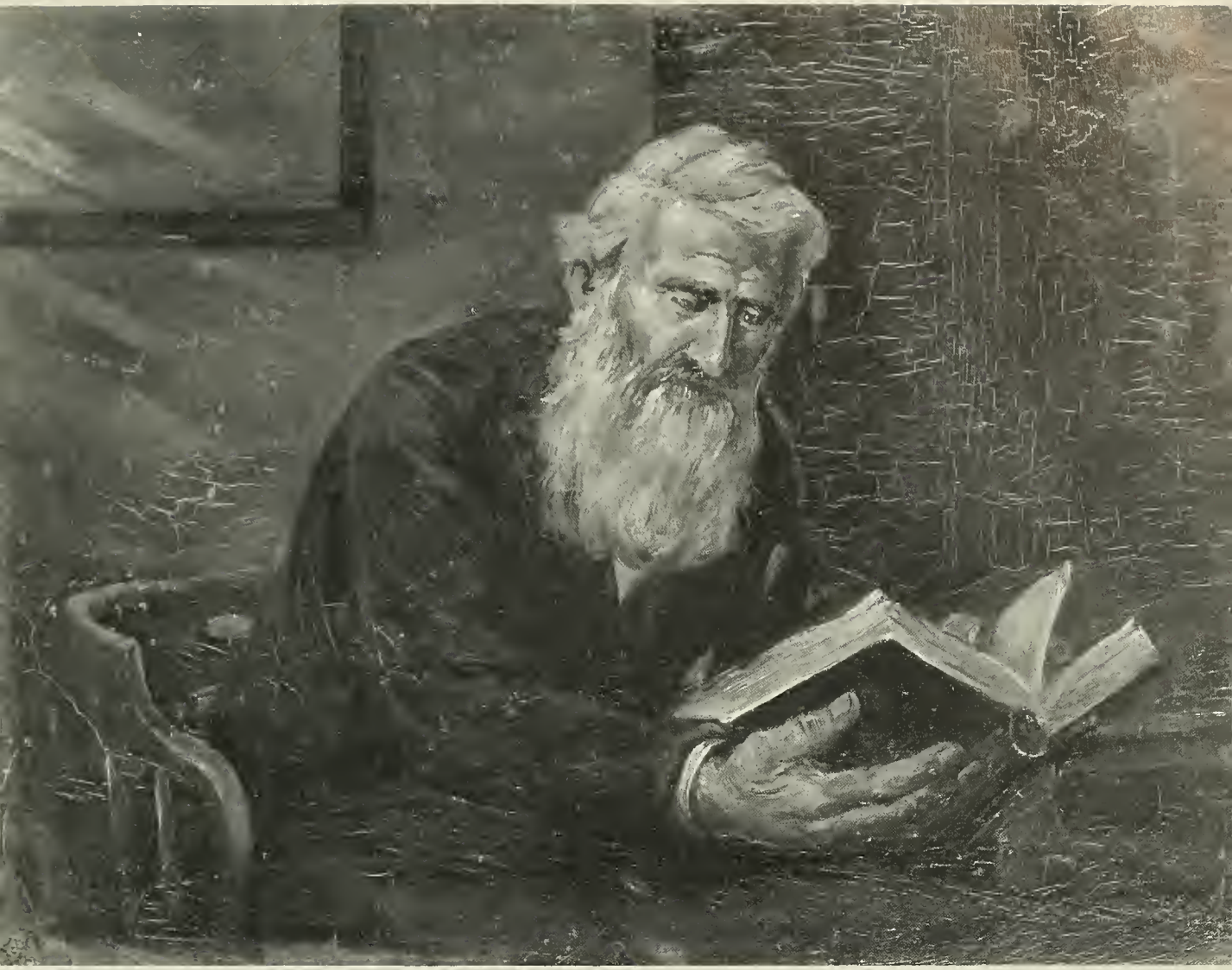
This Homefolks Book will be a treasure to present and to future generations of the family and friends, and to everyone interested in sharing their warm and intimate story.

SYLVIA ARDEN (Reader)

. . . "more than a mere chronicle of life and times of a pioneer family, The Home Folks book is a simple, but stirring vehicle to transport the reader back through pages of history to a time when life was simpler and more fun. There weren't the conveniences as we know them today, but there were not the tensions and frustrations. People had time to be kind, to laugh and to enjoy just being alive. As one loses ones self in the pages of this book, the feeling comes that the people mentioned are members of ones own family. I've enjoyed the authors accounts of trips and family reunions—I've been along with her in thought to every one of them. I've enjoyed these times with her—times that have passed and will be no more."

FRED SCHREIBER
Printers Representative

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



DARIUS MYERS, reading the Bible. Painted by Howard Smith

PREFACE

These are the genealogies and stories of my homefolks. The first Homefolks book went back to the year 1756 and ended in 1926. This book goes back to 1710 and ends in 1968.

The illustrations of Pleasant Valley, Illinois, and of the Myers colony at Malaga, California, were painted by Howard Smith, early childhood neighbor and life-long friend of my mother.

In compiling this book, my thought was to preserve the memory of my Homefolks, many of whom I have known personally in their homes. Each one is a part of my family tree, and we share the same nutrient of Christian Culture. There is not one bad one I have ever heard of. We can be proud of our blood heritage.

Since I heard, over the radio, that scientists believe it is improbable there is any other planet producing human beings just like us, life on this earth seems more miraculous, and the segments of history our family have supplied, of more value.

God's love has placed me on this earth in a family of many members and has given me this urge to have this book made, and there must be a reason. Since His Son has made Eternal Life possible, who knows but I may sometime meet homefolks of long ago?

This is the story of my homefolks.

DEDICATION

To my homefolks, the old-time ones, those I have known, and those yet to be born, I dedicate this book. May our Heavenly Father bless them all, and grant, if possible, a reunion.

(This Book Is A Kind Of A Reunion)

"Those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the firmament; and those who turn many to righteousness, like the stars forever and ever."

Daniel 12:3

Contents

Page

TITLE PAGE 1
BOOK REVIEW 2
PREFACE 3
DEDICATION 4

PART I

Introductory Material 7
Computations and Surmises 13
Explanatory Material 14
Genealogies of Our Line of the Myers Family 16
Genealogies of Appleby Families 29
Genealogies of Annable Families 33
Stories and Letters on Darius Myers' Side 35
Stories and Letters on Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers' Side 48
Our Pleasant Valley Home 67

PART II

Genealogy of the Family of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers and of Some Allied Members 81
Darius Myers, Letters and Memories 107
Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers, Stories and Letters 116
Foreword by Flora (Myers) Washer 143
Twelve Sections—One for Each of Twelve Children of Darius and Melissa Jane Myers
- Phil 152
- Rebecca 160
- Louise 170
- Elsie 189
- Lydia 198
- Darius 213
- Judah 218
- Gordon 226
- George 236
- Flora 242
- Bert 260
- Bertha 269

Memories of the Darius Myers Colony 288
Poetry Section 306
Letters to the Editor 318
Sheaves of Friendship 325
Reunions and Gatherings 352
Trips 367
Our Men in the Service of the United States of America Military Forces 381
Miscellaneous 389
Darius Myers Estate Company and Conclusion 397
Memorial Card to Darius Myers 398
General Index 412
Addenda

CONTRIBUTORS TO WORK ON BOOK, THREE HISTORIANS
Herman Lehrbach, Violet Beck, Flora Washer
(Taken June, 1957 in Roeding Park, at a Myers Family Reunion)

Violet Beck, Compiler of this Book
(Taken in 1946)

Clarence King, Researcher
(Taken in 1930)

INTRODUCTORY MATERIAL

HISTORIANS OF THIS BOOK

The first Homefolks Book, published in 1926, went back in its genealogy only to Johann Nickolas Myer. In the intervening 41 years, much research has been done, and we now have the verification of the Three Brothers Legend, and the names and dates of an unbroken succession of the Myers family, down to the eleventh generation, covering a period of 257 years from 1710 to 1967.

Five main historians have contributed to this second Homefolks Book:
Flora Ethel (Myers) Washer, 3335 Madison St., Fresno, California.
Herman Lehrbach, 1140 Holloway Ave., San Francisco, California.
Clarence King, 507 Coronado Ave., Long Beach, California.
Violet Beck, 411 21st St., San Diego, California.
Franklin Bowman, 266 Madison Rd., Scarsdale, New York.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE FIVE HISTORIANS

1. FLORA WASHER'S record, in her big grey book, has been a main source of material for the families of Darius and Melissa Myers, and of their descendants. She copied from Henry Myers' Bible in 1901, cut out newspaper announcements and obituaries, listed events as they occurred, and wrote prefaces and stories.
2. HERMAN LEHRBACH encouraged the genealogical emphasis, and contributed what he had collected in tracing his ancestry from Phoebe Myers, No. 112915. He located the names of the first two immigrant brothers, Hendrik and Christian Meyer.
3. CLARENCE KING spent months of intensive research in libraries, and prepared much reference material used here. He is a nephew of Florence and Susie Bedford, who married Myers brothers, my uncles, and he and Jennie, his wife, and John, his son, and Annie, Jennie's sister, seem like relatives to us.
4. As for myself, VIOLET BECK, I've been collecting for the Second Home-Folks book ever since the first book was published. I wonder what will become of all the notebooks accumulated in traveling, visiting, and corresponding, only a portion of which is used in this book. Will they be lost, as was the history of the Myers family gathered a hundred years ago by Evangeline Myers Kingsley? 11292. I have added the related genealogies of some of those who have been married into the family, believing they will be of inestimable value to the generations to come.
5. A few years ago, through an inquiry about our Myers cemetery, of the Postmaster at Malaga, FRANKLIN BOWMAN contacted Flora Washer, and since then has sent me valuable material. He and I are each six generations removed from Frederick Getman, whose daughter, Anna Maria, married Johann Hendrick Myers. Anna Maria's brother, Christian, is Franklin's ancestor. He is publishing the Getman News, and articles in the first edition of March 1963, apply to our branch. When "The History of the Getman Family" is published, it will include many names of our Myers branch not included in this book, and more historical data. He has indexed 16,000 names of the Getman family, more than 4,000 of which are of the Myers branch.

REFERENCES

by Herman J. Lehrbach

Among the important publications, which have to do with the ancestry and background of the German Palatine Family of Henry Majer who immigrated to America in 1710 and the many thousands of other German Palatines who came during those early years to America from the Rhineland in Germany, these are listed here as follows:

Early Eighteenth Century Palatine Emigration ..... *Walter Allen Knittle*
The Story of the Palatines ..... *Sanford H. Cobb*
The History of the German Immigrant in America and the State of New York ..... *Friederich Kapp*
The Book of Names ..... *Lou D. MacWethy*
The History of Herkimer County ..... *Nathaniel S. Benton*
The Young (Jung) Families ..... *Clifford M. Young*
The Palatines of New York ..... *Palatine Society, Inc.*
Palatines Along the Mohawk ..... *Ada L. F. Snell*
The Mohawk Valley ..... *W. Max Reid*
Frontiersmen of New York (2 Vols.) ..... *Jeptha Root Simms*
New York State Historical Association Proceedings

Many hundreds of these official and recorded documents may be found in the archives of the LIBRARY OF CONGRESS and the States of NEW YORK and PENNSYLVANIA.

FOREWORD

by Herman J. Lehrbach

The Hendrick Majer Family who came to America from the Rhineland and Neckar river regions of Germany in 1710 were from a German stock of people who were mostly farmers and small tradesmen. The many thousands who migrated to America during these years settled mostly in New York State and the State of Pennsylvania. Much history has been written by authors and much has been recorded by others concerning the early settling of America by these German Palatines.

Much has been said by earlier authors who documented this band of people and their arrivals in America. In Judge Nathaniel Benton's "History of Herkimer County," he says, "The particulars of the immigration of the German Palatines are worthy of extended notice. The events which produced the movement in the heart of an old and polished European nation to seek a refuge and home on the Western Continent, are quite as legitimate a subject of American History as the oft repeated relation of experiences of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Sanford Hoadley Cobb in his "Story of the Palatines" says, "The story of their coming hither, with the bitterness of their antecedent suffering and endurance, and the sturdiness of their unconquerable faith and determination to wrest fortune and happiness out of the very talons of despair is one that should be better known to the students of American History."

Macaulay in his writings says of the German Palatines, "Honest laborious men, who had once been thriving burghers of Manheim and Heidelberg, or who had cultivated the vine on the banks of the Neckar and the Rhine, their ingenuity and their diligence could not fail to enrich any land which should afford them an asylum."

REFERENCES USED BY CLARENCE KING

1. Kocherthal Records, by Dominie Joshia Kocherthal. 1710-1717. These were the earliest church records in the Palatine German Church.
2. Simmindinger Register about 1717, printed in Holland by Ulrich Simmindinger, who returned from New York, in which he lists many persons, heads of Palatine families, in New York City, and Mohawk Valley, and some residences.
3. "Book of Names" by L. D. MacWethy, 1933.
4. "Palatine Emigration," 1934, by Dr. Walter Knittle, Ph.D., Dept. of History of New York Colony, New York Public Library. (Up to the Revolutionary War.)
5. A letter written in 1940 from Utica, New York by Dr. Frank D. Deuel, at Masonic Home.

Kocherthal Records by Rev. Joshia Kocherthal, Book of Names by MacWethy. The Burnets field Patent was granted April 11, 1725. It assigned 100 acre lots to some 90 individuals, some in one place, while others had 30 acres in river bottoms, between the Mohawk River and West Canada Creek, just before junction, and 70 acres in woodland back of the river, the meadowlands were later called Palatine Village, and later Herkimer, in honor of Gen. Herkimer, of the Rev. War. (Among those listed were) Mayor, Henrich, Lot No. 11, 30 acres, 70 acres (woodland); Mayor, Anna, Lot No. 29, 100 acres (river bottom). It is possible these lots are still in possession of descendants.

1715-16, at Mayor's Court, held at City Hall, Albany, the following persons did in open court, take the oaths by law appointed—Hendrik Myers.

Dec. 31, 1711, Anna Maria, b. Dec. 26, child of Henrich and Anna Kunigunda.

Jan. 22, 1716, Johann Henrick, b. Oct. 30, child of Henrich & Anna Kunigunda.

Anna Maria Meyer, daughter of Johann Meyer, formerly a citizen of Rohrback, Lintzen, Baronate of Vienna.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

by Clarence King

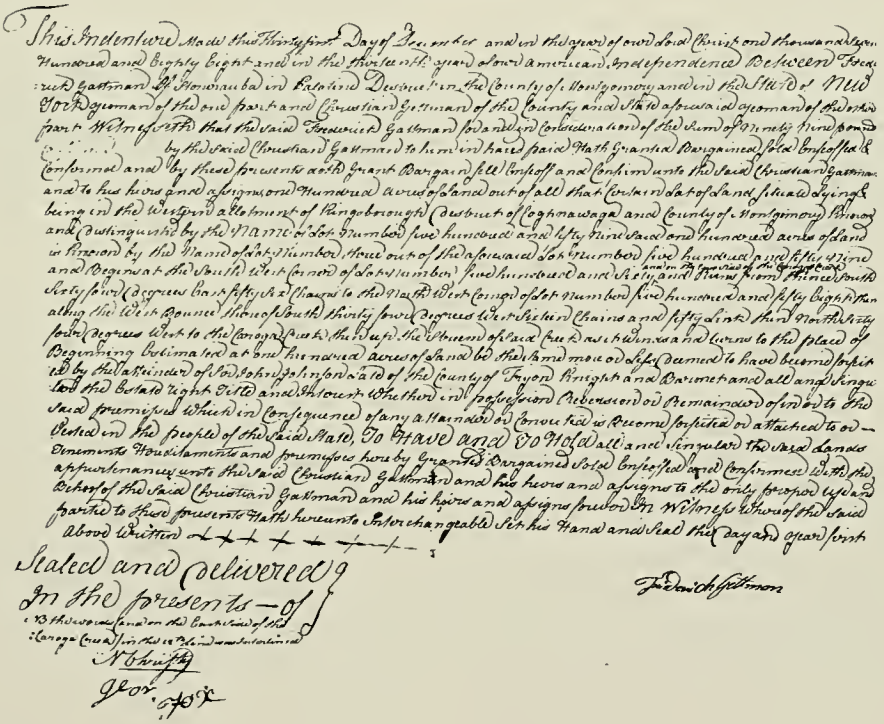
Our immigrant was definitely Henrich Meyer, but there were five heads of families by that name, nevertheless all came from the same part of Germany, via Holland, to England, and then on to the Colony of New York, and all arrived in 1710.

A dysentery epidemic killed many in England, while there in 1709, also, children were born during the migration period of over a year.

Nearly 16,000 Palatines migrated in 1709 to Holland from Germany, were taken in English ships to England, and most of them were sent to New York State for the purpose of producing "Naval Stores" from forests, for use of their Navy, and for commercial shipping. The result was delayed several years, activities were half-hearted, and were finally discontinued, largely due to political mis-management.

Dr. Knittle explains the reasons behind the movement of such a mass of persons in such a short period of time. It was not religious persecution, although the French had persecuted Huguenots, some of whom fled to the Palatines. The Thirty Year War had just ended, and there was uncertainty as to peace, shortage of food and clothing. Taxes were oppressive. The land had been subdivided by inheritance divisions until the average size of their farms was less than three acres. They felt a desire to go to some land where there was room.

In 1708, there had been a terrible winter, the worst of the last hundred years. Houses had been destroyed by raids. There was famine and destitution. Fifty persons had gone the year before to Holland, then to England, then to New York, and had been welcomed and helped by the government and neighbors, so their relatives felt that America was their only hope.



FRANKLIN BOWMAN'S ACCOUNTS

NOTE: What Franklin Bowman writes concerning the Gettman family applies to our Meyers' family, because the historical background was the same, and the marriage of Anna Maria Gettman to Johann Hendriek Meyer bound the two families together. Her Gettman parents and Bierman grandparents were also our ancestors.

OUR FAMILY

by Franklin Bowman

From The Getman News, Volume 1, No. 1 1962

Now that the start has been made, we will try to stimulate the interest and cooperation of this family to a point where we will be able to print and publish a Getman History which will command the respect and interest of all historians. Our family has a record and a history of which we can be proud. Our forefathers made heavy sacrifices and large contributions which assisted in the formation of these United States. They made it possible for us to live as free men and to enjoy the greatest blessings which mankind has ever known. Let us not forget those sturdy pioneers who made our way of life possible. Let us be ever vigilant, so that the liberties which we now enjoy, are not taken away from us. Let us all be thankful to God for the blessings He has bestowed upon us.

THE PALATINES WHO RESIDE IN NEW YORK STATE CAN TRACE THEIR ANCESTRY 250 YEARS

Even though many citizens of these United States may not have the actual records which trace their ancestry to the PALATINES who landed in 1710, the fact remains that millions of Americans who reside in this country today, are directly descended from those early pioneers who contributed so much to the formation of our government and helped shape the character of our society. The census of 1790 shows that there were 375,000 persons of German descent (mostly Palatines), out of a total U.S. population of 3,172,000.

The Palatines who settled in New York, arrived on board ten sailing ships during the summer of 1710 and they numbered about 3,000 souls. In addition to this group, other Palatines landed and settled in Virginia, in the Carolinas, in Pennsylvania and in New Jersey.

To know something about these people and to learn the reasons for their urge to migrate to this new world, we must go back in European history and learn something about their background.

Our people reached Central Europe before the dawn of the Christian Era and they eventually settled on the banks of the Rhine. The history of this era goes back 3,000 to 4,000 years and possibly more. It is not a history which follows a single line of development because this area was first inhabited by different races. In the paleolithic period, man lived in Germany because the stone and bone implements which he used, have been found. In the neolithic age, he was spread over a wide portion of the country. This has been proved by the discovery of his dwellings, his implements and his graves which have been located in various parts of the land. The bronze age saw a marked increase in the civilizing agencies and soon the people possessed chariots and other weapons made of metal. They lived in strongly built houses and they knew something about the arts and the refinements of life. Such is the evidence of soil and spade. Written evidence begins with the Romans.

Nearly a century before the Christian Era, the Romans invaded Germany and at that time, Julius Caesar conquered some but not all of the tribes which inhabited this area. He built military bases along the Rhine, where camps were established in the valleys near the river. The present cities of Cologne, Mainze, Spires, and Worms, trace their origin to these Roman camps. After the Romans withdrew, Germany gradually became united with the Frankish Empire of Clovis, 481-511. When he came to power, Charlemagne, 711-814, consolidated the Empire and extended his rule from Spain to Italy to Hungary. In 843, when his Empire was broken up in three parts, these territories became known as Germany, France and Italy. At that time Germany consisted of a number of Duchies, the rulers of which, together with the rulers of their most powerful vassals, elected the King. For this reason, the hereditary Prince of the Palatine, was also known as an Elector.

Our ancestors lived in Central Europe in a land of scenic grandeur. The Alps, the lakes and streams together with the fertile soil held them steady habitants for a long time. They fished and hunted for food and they fought when their right or authority to be there was questioned. With the dawn of civilization, there came increased troubles and conflicts. The States to the south locked horns in deadly combat with the people of Central Europe. First one, then the other would gain control of the land. Our ancestors were in the thick of these gigantic struggles and after wandering over Europe for centuries, from Alps to the Baltic, the old spirit of settlement returned and they emigrated to the land of the Franks in the first few centuries of the Christian Era, where they lived in peace and plenty in the locality now known as Alsace-Lorraine. They remained in this area for many centuries.

EARLY GETMAN HISTORY

The first record which we have of the Getman family, is found in the Public Record Office, London, England. In Volume 2, Number D 69, we find a record entitled, "List of poor Palatines who arrived in St. Catherine's, June 11, 1709, list taken June 16th." This list contains the names of 1,745 re-refugees who arrived that particular day. Among those listed, we find the following:

Getman, Caspar Hs & U age 36 sons 16-14-8-5 dau 6-5-2 L

Note: Hs & U indicates that Caspar was a husbandman and a vinedresser. L indicates that his religious denomination was Lutheran. The ages of the children are shown but the name of his wife and the names of all other wives who arrived that day, are not listed. We have found from other sources that the name of Caspar's wife was Maria Barbara.

Frederick Getman was born in the Palatinate, German Pfalz, which was a principality located on the Rhine, about midway between its mouth and its source. The castle at Heidelberg was the seat of government and the home of Prince Frederick, a cousin of Queen Anne of England. When King Louis IV of France decided to expel the Huguenots from France, many took refuge in the Palatinate, where they were given clothes and shelter by our ancestors. King Louis became displeased with this offer of friendship, so he decided on a scorched earth policy. It was at this point when the French armies were invading the Palatinate and burning everything in their path, that Caspar Getman decided to join the many thousands of other refugees who were fleeing for their lives.

Due to the fact that Queen Anne and Prince Frederick were both Protestants, she decided to give shelter to these unfortunates who through no fault of their own, were being driven from their homeland. The English authorities received them, they listed their names and other vital data and gave them shelter in tents, warehouses and any other place which was available. The problem which then confronted the English was, what should be done with this wave of humanity which was suddenly thrust upon them. Some joined the English army, others migrated to Ireland, some went to the Carolinas, while others went to New York.

A flotilla of ten ships was assembled and about 3,000 Palatines set sail in the spring of 1710 for New York. About 20 per cent of this number died during this passage, from disease and unsanitary conditions on board ship. When they landed in New York, they were placed in quarantine on Hunter's (Governor's) Island. The widows and orphans were held in New York while the able bodied were placed in the camps on the Hudson near Saugerties. President Eisenhower's ancestors were among these arrivals.

The fact that Maria Barbara Getman was listed as the head of a family on Governor Hunter's list taken in 1710, indicates that Caspar Getman in all probability, never arrived in America. We know of only one other member of the family who did arrive, her son, Frederick, born 1693.

Frederick Getman was naturalized at the Mayors Court in Albany, N.Y. November 22, 1715. As we check this list, we find the name of Johannes Bierman next to that of Frederick. This indicates that these two men were naturalized at the same place and the same day and it also might indicate that these two men were in each others' company at that time. I have never seen Johannes Bierman's will but I have been told that he refers to Frederick Getman as his step-son instead of his son-in-law. This would indicate that Bierman might, at some time after arrival, have married Frederick's mother, Barbara, because we know that Frederick married Mary Bierman, the daughter of Johannes.

Johannes Bierman and his daughter Mary, each took plots of land at the time the Burnetsfield Patent was opened April 30, 1725. The original map shows the location of each plot at German Flats (Herkimer, N.Y.).

Frederick Getman and Johannes Bierman purchased 700 acres of land in the Stone Arabia Patent in 1743.

This land consisted of lots 92, 94, 96 and 98. The transfer of lot No. 94 to Frederick Getman is recited in a certain deed recently uncovered, whereby this land is transferred to his son, Captain Christian Getman. After a joint ownership of several years, Frederick purchased the interest of Johannes Bierman. The old homestead was passed on to the elder son from generation to generation and at present, a certain portion of this property, is still owned and occupied by descendants of the original immigrant. The old burying ground is still to be found on the hill overlooking the sight of the original house. It is in a fair state of preservation and the records on the stones give valuable information of a historic nature. At the entrance to the plot, we find two large field stones. These stones were pointed out to your historian by an old man over fifty years ago, as the markers which show the location of the resting place of Frederick Getman and his wife Mary.

Franklin J. Bowman, Historian
266 Madison Avenue
Scarsdale, New York
August 23, 1962

Dear Violet:

My record states that Johannes Myers was the father of three boys, Hendrick, Christian and Peter. Hendrick and Christian landed with the Palatines in 1710. Peter came over at a later date. I have the lineage of the Christian Myers family by Theodore B. Myers as taken from "Old Ulster." The branch of the family settled near Saugerties, N.Y. Hendrick, your ancestor, settled at German Flats.

Hendrick Mayer was commissary agent in the colony. In the French and Indian War, which began 1758, lasting two years, he was retained by the British Parliament, and was so retained until the Revolution. Ref. Documentary history of the early Palatine settlements in New York. Vol. 3 in the N.Y. State Library. Also, see Benton's History of Herkimer County, page 45.

Franklin J. Bowman

April 9, 1964

Dear Violet:

The box arrived yesterday and I was delighted to examine the contents and to note the wealth of material enclosed . . .

How are things progressing with your historical project? You and I know that this is a work of love for the past generations who contributed so much for our safety and for our comfort and pleasure . . .

May I congratulate you for the interest and for the love which you have shown for these ancestors.

Sincerely,
Franklin

GENEALOGY OF THE MYERS FAMILY

by Alice Myers Barnes

1931

The Myers family were of the Palatine Colony who left their homes in the valley of the Rhine due to religious persecution by King Louis of France. They left their homes when the French army advanced and gave them three days to renounce their religion or face extermination. The Palatines, of which the Myers were a part, had renounced the Roman Catholic Faith at the time of Martin Luther's Reformation.

This Colony of Palatines wandered about in Germany for several years and then migrated to Holland after they had been driven from their homes on the banks of the Rhine. Queen Anne of England, who was a cousin of the Prince of the Palatine Province, allowed the Palatines to migrate to England and after wandering around London, they made an agreement with the English Parliament whereby they were fitted out for passage to America with provisions, implements and tools. In return, the migrating Palatines were to cut down pine trees in the new land and convert to pitch and tar the sap found in these trees. This tar was to be used by the English in the building of ships and the pine logs were to be converted into lumber for the construction of English ships.

After leaving the shores of England in December 1699, they landed in the New World at a point which is now the New York harbor. The point where they landed was called Nutting Island, now called Governor's Island at the tip of Manhattan Island. The widows and orphans were allowed to remain while the able bodied men and women were transferred to the upper regions of the Hudson River and they were settled in five Dorfs, or villages, at a point which is now called Germantown and Saugerties.

The voyage took six months enroute and the Colony had become so depleted through death and sickness, that of the original 3,000 who boarded the ten ships in England to migrate to this new world, only 1700 landed at Nutting Island. Of this entire list, there were only two men named Myers or Mayer who landed, Hendrick Mayer and his brother Christian Mayer.

I am proud that I, a Myers descendant can trace my ancestry to a family who in their native country were prosperous, well-to-do, farmers, trades people and craftsmen who were willing to leave their homes and give up everything for religious freedom. I am also proud that I can trace my line to Hendrich Mayer, or Myers in the British spelling, who was appointed Commissary agent of this Colony. During the French and Indian War, which began in 1758, Hendrick Myers was retained by the British Parliament as Commissary agent as of former service and he served in that capacity for many years. This data can be substantiated by inspecting the documentary history of the early Palatines at the New York State Capital at Albany, N.Y. See Volume three.

Hendrick Myers first located at Livingston Manor, with the Colony and then he went up to Schoharie County, New York State. When the Colony revolted against the treatment of the British at Schoharie, they took the advice of friendly Indians and started to move to the Mohawk Valley in the dead of winter. The women and children were drawn in sleds with the household goods. This trip took three weeks to make and it is recorded that many dropped out along the way and established home sites which they considered suitable. Father Hendrick Myers would not drop out as Herkimer was his goal. He continued and settled in the Mohawk Valley and continued to Herkimer and there he settled and established the roots of the Myers Family which has lived in that area to this day. The Myers burying grounds were located in an area which is now in the center of the village of Herkimer. These bodies were removed some years ago and reburied in a modern cemetery. This old Myers burying ground is now Myers Park and is in the very center of Herkimer, N.Y.

Christian Myers did not join the Myers insurgents but he moved his family to the Albany area, where his descendants still reside. This was the Christian who was visiting kin folks at the harbor in England at the time of sailing. He overstayed his leave and when he came up on deck, he found that the ship was under way. He begged to be placed ashore but the Captain refused. He was forced to continue with the others and eventually he landed in America and went up the Hudson with his brother.

Hendrick Myers and his wife, Anna, had four children: Hendrick, Jr., Frederick, Peter and Catherine. Hendrick, Jr. was married and was killed in the Revolutionary War. Peter was so badly wounded with a bullet in his head that he was mentally incapable and never married. Of the daughter, Catherine, who was said to have been very beautiful, she

married a Captain Harter who was in the service during the French and Indian War. At one point in her life, she was captured by the Indians and was placed in a canoe and was forced to accompany these Indians as a prisoner across the St. Lawrence River. In midstream she gave birth to a baby girl. In the meantime, Capt. Harter had summoned his men and had started in pursuit of the party which had captured his wife. He eventually overcame the party and recaptured his wife and her baby who were well and unharmed. The Harters still live in the Herkimer area.

Frederick Myers, second son of Hendrick and Anna, first served in the Revolution as a private. He married Ann Margaret Weaver, daughter of Col. P. J. Weaver. They had six sons and six daughters. Catherine married — Harter; Mary married Sterling of Schuyler; Eva married Henry Helmer; Elizabeth married William Helmer; Nancy married Thomas Roberts of Deansboro. She had four children: Margaret, Elizabeth, Henry and Robert who died in infancy.

Of the six sons, Henry F., Jr. married a daughter of Peter Getman of German Flats. They lived just east of Frankfort village on the farm later owned by Elizabeth, wife of Edgett Richardson. From that family came the Isaac Piper family, the John Budlong family. A son married a daughter of Judge Dygert of Frankfort and they settled in Wisconsin. Another son was Jeremiah Myers.

Henry was a very prominent man in this community. He built the first saw mill on Moyer Gulf and later built a wagon shop which was located on Main Street. His son, Jeremiah, took this shop over at a later date.

Jeremiah Myers, son of Henry and a grandson of Frederick Myers, married Hanna Baker, dau. of David Baker, Sr. They had two children: Henry, who was drowned in the river and Emma, who married William Preble. This couple had one daughter, May Preble Dumont, now living in Whitesboro.

The second son of Frederick Myers and Ann Weaver was George Myers who married Catherine Smith. He was a Deacon and she was a chorister in the old Dutch Reformed Church in Herkimer. Catherine was the daughter of Frederick Smith. Her father gave each of his sons, in his will, 100 acres of land and to each of his daughters, of whom my grandmother was one, he gave a string of gold beads and a five gallon brass kettle. Gold beads and brass kettles have become legendary in our family.

To George and Catherine Smith Myers were born seven children. Catherine, born about 1800, died 1849, married George Widrig of Schuyler; they had seven children: Harvey, Adam, George, Charles, Jeremiah, Katherine Widrig Johnson and Elizabeth Widrig Cramer. Benjamin married Catherine Bridenbecker of Frankfort. They had children but as they moved to West Vienna, Oneida County, contact was lost with this branch of the family. Isaac, son of George and Catherine Myers, had four daughters: Mary, Catherine, Elizabeth and Margaret Myers.

Elizabeth, second dau. of George and Catherine Myers, never married. George, Jr. died in infancy. Rhoda Myers married William Collis and they had four children—three died unmarried. Emma Collis married James H. Hoard of Frankfort.

Charles Myers, youngest son of George and Catherine Smith Myers, was born Feb. 8, 1823 and died Aug. 15, 1905. He married Margaret Myers, daughter of John F. Myers, May 1, 1849. These were my parents and I was born March 21, 1852, their only child.

April 26, 1967

I copied this from a letter which I have in my files. I thought the child's birth in the canoe was interesting.

Franklin Bowman

COMPUTATIONS AND SURMISES

The Myers Line

by Violet Beck

By dividing Grandpa Darius Myers' 81 years of life into 1897, the date of his death, the result is between 23 and 24. If 24 life-spans were portrayed on a chart, as if they were people laid head to foot, we could imagine better how large a portion of time he had lived since the birth of Christ.

He came of a long-lived family. His father, John Nathan, lived to be 81 years old; his grandfather, Johann Nickolas, 85; Johann Hendrick, Johann 94; and Hendrick's wife, Anna Maria, was 90.

We do not have the dates of his great-great-grandfather, Hendrick, but he must have been of mature years when he reached America in 1710, and he had 3 children after that, of whom Johann Hendrick was born 6 years afterward, and Catherine 47 years afterwards, so he must have had a long life.

As to the great-great-grandfather, Joyanas, he also must have had a long life, for the younger son, Petrus, was born 4 years after the two older sons left for America. Petrus came to join them when he was 34, and he lived to be 88.

Grandpa Darius Myers was born only two years after Johann Hendrick died, was 37 when Johann Nickolas died, and 47 when John Nathan died. When John Nathan and his wife Rachel lived near them in Pleasant Valley, Grandpa's oldest children knew them. My mother was 3 years old when first her paternal grandmother Rachel, then her grandfather, John Nathan died in 1863. (Rachel was 77.)

John Nathan was 23 when his father, Nicholas, died, and 59 when his grandfather, Johann Hendrick died, and he would have heard stories of the Indian and Revolutionary Wars from them, for Nicholas was 16 and Johann Hendrick 61, in 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed. He, himself, served in the War of 1812.

The fourth son of Johann Nickolas was that Uncle Henry from whose bible Aunt Flora copied genealogies, and from whose children, Mary and John, she obtained stories. Wouldn't it have been interesting if he had put down stories his great-grandfather, Hendrik, had told him of his home life in Germany? He did pass on stories from his Grandfather, Johann Hendrik.

Looked at in this way, Grandpa Darius Myers was not far from our first ancestor in America, Hendrick. I am not far from Grandpa, for I knew him until he died, when I was 9 years old. My memory of him is very clear. These names and stories are familiar, as if I had lived back many more years than my present 77 years, as of March, 1964.

Indeed, a little of each ancestor is in each one of us. Their lives are a part of our lives, and it is no wonder if we catch glimpses of them in our imagination.

The Rachel Smith Line

by Violet Beck

My great-grandmother Rachel (Smith) Myers told that an ancestor of hers came over on the Mayflower. That ancestor could have been on the side of either of her parents, both named Smith, and he or she need not necessarily have been of the original passenger list of the Mayflower, but one of the "strangers," mentioned by Rector Shute of London, taken on by the Mayflower when the Speedwell, the companion ship, "leaked like a sieve" and her 20 Pilgrims were transferred to the Mayflower, and "Plymouth, thus became Mayflower's accidental port of departure."

From 1620, the date of the landing of the Mayflower, to the birth-date of Rachel, 1786, was only 166 years. Rachel was born 168 years back from this year of 1964, and she is very plain to me through stories of relatives.

Did an ancestor of ours come over on the Mayflower? That is one thing I'll have to find out in Heaven. Another thing I'll ask is, whether Rachel had Jewish blood in her, or whether she was all Scotch and English as she said. Every once in a while, Jewish looks and traits appear in our family. We do have a reverence for God. I'd be proud to have the same racial blood in me that Jesus had. Could our German ancestors have had Jewish blood in them? Or the Dutch ones? Jews never have inter-married easily. But what about the humped noses of some of the older ones? Were they just a pioneer type of nose?

Each of us can take it or leave it. Take your choice. What way is there to find out?

GENERATIONS

The genealogies are divided into two groups.

On Grandpa Darius Myers' side are the Myers and Getman lines, with the Eaton branch. The ones on Grandma Melissa (Appleby) Myers' side are the Appleby and Annable lines, with the Vanderheyden branch. The ones I knew the best were the "Family of Darius Myers," to which my mother, Louisa, belonged.

Five main generations of this family I have known in my 77 years of living. Grandpa's generation was passing on when I was little; he died when I was nine years old. Grandma lived through the precious years of the Myers Colony, when I knew my uncles and aunts so well, during the child-bearing and child-rearing days of the younger ones. Aunt Lydia, and Aunt Bertha were already gone, and Uncle Phil and Uncle Judah died about the time of my mother's death in 1933. One by one, the others have passed on, so that now only Uncle George, who is 90, and Aunt Flora, who is 88, remain of the second generation.

We of the third generation are the older ones now. Some are great-grandparents, and some have died. Some of the fourth generations are grandparents, but still in their working years. The fifth generation is being born, growing up and marrying. All but the first generation will be represented at the Family Reunion to be held at Roeding Park in Fresno, May 19th. If all living descendants of Grandpa and Grandma Myers were present, there would be around 350 of us there.

Written by Violet in 1963

EXPLANATORY MATERIAL

1. Abbreviations

b.	born, birth
d.	died, death
d. y.	died young
m.	married, marriage
c.	(circa) around, about
p.	page
h. hs.	husband, husbands
w. ws.	wife, wives
ch. chn.	child, children
dau.	daughter
unmd.	unmarried
res.	resides, resident
s. -s.	son, sons
wid. r. s.	widow, widower, widows
lv.	living, lived
set.	settled, settler
rm.	removed
div.	divorced
surv. s.d.	survivor, survived

2. Numbering System

The numbering system shows the order of birth in a family, and the number of generations represented.

In our family, the first known ancestor was Johannes Mayer, and we arbitrarily assign him the number "1." Hendrik may not have been his first born, but he was the oldest of the three brothers whose names we know, and we add for him the number "1" to make "11." Johann Hendrik was Hendrik's second son, so he was "2," which, added to "11" would make "112." Those three men represent three generations.

Thus, the number of Darius Myers, 112917, shows that he is the 7th child of the first son, of the 9th child, of the 2nd child of the first known son of the first known ancestor. Jenny Lynn Broyles, great-great-granddaughter of Bertha (Myers) Childers, Darius Myers' youngest child, has as her number 112917N121, which represents eleven generations.

When we go above the number "9," we substitute the corresponding letter of the alphabet. Bertha was the 14th child, so she has as her number in her father's family the 14th letter of the alphabet, "N."

Anyone finding an omitted number, can easily trace his or her right number.

3. Names of Places

Unless otherwise designated the names of towns and cities are in California. (Malaga has now become a part of Fresno.)

4. Notes

The notes are mostly by Violet Beck. Many of the stories were told her by word of mouth.

5. Chronological Order

In general, the letters, stories and accounts grouped in chapters, are arranged in the order of their dates, as they are written.

6. Spelling of Names and Choice of Genealogical Material

The early genealogies and the spelling of names are those supplied by Franklin Bowman, who made an intensive study of the Getman Family, to which our Myers family belongs. He accepted Hendrik, Christian and Petrus Majer, Mayer, Moyer, or Meyer as the three brothers of family legend who came to this country from Germany. Their last names were spelled differently in records even in their own lifetime. Soon, "Myers" became standardized. (The meaning of "Mayer" if it came from the Latin, would have been "greater" or "older." "Moyer," in German, means "one who works.")

Since Franklin has known descendants of all three brothers, through the annual reunions of the Getman Family at Herkimer, he would be in a better position to decide the authenticity of the early genealogies than either Herman Lehrbach or Clarence King, whose findings differ somewhat from his.

Since Franklin had planned to incorporate the Myers genealogies in his Getman book, only a part of those records are included in this book, because of their length. "Johannes" had the connotation of "son of."

7. Upper and Lower Case Printing for Names

For the older genealogies, in Book I, the upper case type of printing has been used for those of the Myers' blood. There are exceptions, where records have been sent by individuals.

8. Older Relatives — Book I

Portions of Book I have been copied, especially those telling about the older relatives.

Cemeteries

Tombstone of Cornelia Like Myers in the Cemetery at Minetto, New York.

Family Cemetery, Darius Myers' Colony, Malaga.

Family Plot, Mountain View Cemetery, Fresno, California with Flora and Violet.

JOHANNES (or JOYANAS) MAYER (1). Remained in the Lower Palatinate of the Rhine of Germany when 3 of his sons migrated, by way of Holland and England, to America. Hendrik and Christian arrived 1710, Petrus arrived c. 1748.

1. **HENDRIK MEYER (or HENDRIC MAJER)** (11). Our ancestor. (See Family of Hendrik Meyer.)
2. CHRISTIAN MEYER (12), b. Mar. 14, 1688; d. Jan. 5, 1781; m. ANNE GERTRUDE THEUNYES, b. May 15, 1690; d. Sept. 1766. Both bur. on the Christian Myers farmland, Saugerties, N.Y. Both came from Wolferlinger, Wurtenburg, a village about 6 miles northeast of Coblenz, west side of the Rhine. Research by Clarence King: "He had not planned on coming to America, but was so long aboard the sailing vessel bidding farewell to the stepdaughter of one of the colonists, that the boat got under way and the captain refused to turn back. During the voyage, Christian and Miss Anna Gertrude Theunyes were married, and began their married life in the new world."
   1. MARIA ELISABET MEYER (121), b. Aug. 8, 1711; d. Mar. 7, 1769; m. HIERONYMUS FALKENBURG.
   2. JOHN WILHELM MEYER (122), b. Feb. 13, 1714; d. Jan. 12, 1794; m. SARAH NEWKIRK.
   3. JOHAN PETER MEYER (123), b. Nov. 5, 1715.
   4. ANN CHRISTINA MEYER (124), b. July 26, 1717.
   5. CATHARINA B. MEYER (125), b. May 10, 1719.
   6. JOHANNES MEYER (126), m. MARIE COSTERHOUT.
   7. CATRINA MEYER (127).
   8. STEPHANUS MEYER (128).
   9. CHRISTIAN MEYER (129).
   J. GEERTJEN (12J), b. at Saugerties, Mar. 30, 1729.
   K. BENJAMIN (12K).
   L. PETRUS (12L).
   M. TOBIAS (12M).

NOTE: Christian's family did not join the band of "insurgents" that settled in the Mohawk Valley, but must have stopped near Albany. Allie Barnes thought the John G. Myers and Hilton families were of this line.

NOTE: Christian and Tunis Myers were signers of the Articles of Association. Tunis Myers, b. 1755, served in the Ulster Co. Militia.

3. PETRUS (PETER) MYERS (13), b. Apr. 4, 1714, at Michelsfield, Wurtenburg; d. Jan. 29, 1802, in Herkimer. Came to America in 1748 or 1749, settling first in New Jersey, later in Herkimer, within 500 feet of the Hendrick Mayer Grant.
   1. ANNA NANCY MYERS (131), b. 1747; d. Aug. 12, 1829; m. PHILIP HELMER, b. c. 1740. Record in Herkimer Reformed Church: "Philip brought his bride from New Jersey on horseback to Herkimer. They were first bur. on what is now Myers Park, but were removed to Oak Hill cemetery in the plot of his grandson, Luther Helmer. They had 8 children. One daughter, Nancy Anna, m. Col. Henry Myers, son of John Myers.
   2. MICHAEL MYERS (132), b. Feb. 1, 1753 at Auville, N.J.; m. CATHERINE HERTER, dau. of Johann Henrick Myers (112). From "A History of Herkimer County, N.Y." by Nathaniel S. Benton: "Michael Myers was born at Auville, N.Y., Feb. 1, 1753. His ancestors may have been among those who composed the third imigration in 1722. He was with the American forces at the Battle of Johnstown in 1781, where he was severely wounded . . . Upon the organization of the county courts, he appears to have been appointed one of the judges, and a justice of the peace, Feb. 7, 1791. He was elected the first member of the Assembly. He was elected to the Senate in the spring of 1795. Judge Myers died at Herkimer, Feb. 7, 1814."

NOTE: "I, Helen Hills, have the record of only two children, Peter M. Myers, who was appointed County Clerk in 1810, and Nancy, a daughter, b. 1783, d. Sept. 26, 1840."

In the Herkimer Dutch Reformed Church Cemetery the D.A.R. marker states: Lieut. Peter Myers, son of Johanas Myers and father of Major General Michael Myers, born Michelsfield, Wurtenburg, April 4, 1714. Died in Herkimer Jan. 29, 1802.

11

FAMILY OF HENDRIK MEYER

HENDRIK MEYER (or MOYER) (11), b. c. 1686 in Palatinate region of Germany; m. ANNA KUNIGUNDA. Family legend: They fell in love while he was in Holland. Her family disinherited her when she went with him to America.

1. ANNA MARIA MAYER (111), b. Dec. 26, —. Bapt. Dec. 31, 1711.
2. **JOHANN HENRICH MEYER** (112), our ancestor. (See "Family of Johann Henrich Meyer.")
3. CATHERINE MYERS (113), b. 1757, or '58; m. CAPTAIN HERTER.
   1. CATHERINE HERTER (1131). Benton states in his History of Herkimer County: "The family were at Great Flats at the time of the French Expedition in 1757, where one of the Herter's who was a military officer, was taken prisoner with his wife and family, and into captivity, with other Palatine prisoners, to Canada, where they were detained about twelve months . . . Mrs. Herter gave birth to an infant daughter, while crossing the St. Lawrence River in a birch-bark canoe. Humble as was the birth and state of the captive's daughter . . . she was destined in after life to fill a large space in society, in Herkimer and elsewhere;" m. MICHAEL MYERS, son of PETRUS MYERS.
      1. PETER M. MYERS (11311).
      2. NANCY MYERS (11312), b. 1783; d. Sept. 26, 1840. She married JOHN GRISWOLD, a lawyer, and NATHANIEL ETHRIDGE, and had descendants by both.

112

FAMILY OF JOHANN HENRICH MEYER

JOHANN HENRICH MEYER (112), b. Oct. 30, 1716. Bapt. Dec. 31; d. 1810 at Schoharie, N.Y.; m. ANNA MARIA GETTMAN, b. Dec. 26, 1721, bapt. Dec. 31, 1721; dau. of Frederick Gettman, b. 1693 and of Mary (Bierman) Gettman, d. Oct. 16, 1811, aged 90 yrs. at Herkimer, N.Y.

1. MARGRETHA MYERS (1121), m. (1) Aug. 11, 1767, Johannes Helmer, b. 1757; m. (2) Adam ——; (3) Philip ——. She had Henry, Johann and Conrad.
2. MARIA MYERS, "MARY" (1122), b. 1743; d. June 13, 1776; m. (1) Nov. 13, 1768, Jacob Bell, killed at the Battle of Oriskany, Aug. 6, 1776. They had Philip, Maria, Elizabeth and Jacob; m. (2) Johannes Hilts, b. 1744; d. Nov. 3, 1820.

3. GERTRUDE MYERS (1123), m. Aug. 26, 1765, Conrad Frank, Jr. (2 children).
4. JEHAVE GERLACH MYERS (1124), b. 1746; d. 1773; m. Dec. 2, 1770, Anna Elizabeth Rasbach. They had Maria.
5. FREDERICK HENDRIK MYERS (1125), b. May 25, 1748; d. July 18, 1822. Has a D.A.R. marker on his grave. Served as a private in Captain Henry Tribouts Co. 1st Battalion of New York forces, commanded by Colonel Goose Van Schnesk (Roberts' "New York in the Revolution"). Served with Col. James Clinton of the Second Regiment. Also with Peter Bellinger of the Fourth Tryon, and with Marinus Wellett of the Third Regt.; m. 1772, Anna Margaret Weaver, b. 1753; d. Nov. 11, 1831. Both were bur. in Herkimer Cemetery, but were moved to Mohawk when the cemetery was made into Myers Park. They had 12 children: Elizabeth, Maria, Henry, George, John, Evaline, Michael, Frederick, Daniel, Catherine, Margaret, Nancy, some of whom had large families. Michael, m. 3 times, had 21 children.
6. ANNA EVA MYERS (1126), b. 1750; m. Frederick Christman (large family).
7. JOHANNES MYERS (1127), b. c. 1752; m. Elizabeth —.
8. PETER H. MYERS (1128), b. 1757; d. June 2, 1823; unmd.
9. **JOHANN NICHOLAS MYERS** (1129), our ancestor. (See Family of.).
J. HEINRICH H. MYERS (112J), b. Oct. 16, 1760; m. Christina Leder 1756-1855.
K. CATHARINA MYERS (112K), m. Nov. 21, 1784, Johannes Phillips.

NOTE: Much of above information was compiled by Frank D. Deuel at Masonic Home, Utica, N.Y., Oct. 31, 1940.

111

FAMILY OF ANNA MARIA GETTMAN who m. JOHANN HENRICH MEYER

Kasper (or Caspar) Gettman(1), came from Palatinate of Germany; m. Barbara —. When they landed in St. Catherines, England, they had 4 sons, aged 16, 14, 8, and 5, and 3 daughters, aged 6, 5, and 2. The boy and girl, aged 5, must have been twins. When they landed in America, Frederick and his mother Barbara are the only names in the record.

1. Johann Frederick Getman (11), b. 1693; d. 1781; m. Mary Bierman, dau. of Johannes and Maria Bierman. Their children (Copied from The Getman News, Vol. 1, No. 1):
    1. Anna Maria Getman (111), 1721-1811; m. Johan Heinrich Myers, 1715 - —.
    2. George Getman (112), 1723-1789; m. Udelia Shoemaker, 1723-1789.
    3. John Getman (113), 1728- ; m. Anna Merckles (Markle).
    4. Anna Eve Getman (114), 1731- ; m. Frederick Orendorf.
    5. Christian Getman (115), 1734-1808; m. Ann Eve Timmerman, 1743-1822.
    6. Frederick Getman (116), 1736-1791; m. Marie Broadhack.

FAMILY OF MARIA BIERMAN who m. FREDERICK GETTMAN

Johannes Bierman (1), m. Maria —. Their daughter, Maria Bierman (11), m. Frederick Gettman. Their daughter, Anna Maria Getman (111) m. Johann Henrich Meyer (112).

NOTE: On Aug. 23, 1962, Franklin Bowman sent me the above data. On Feb. 4, 1963, he sent me the facsimile of a deed wherein Frederick Gettman granted to his son, Christian Gettman, 50 acres of land in 1781. Franklin was descended from the Christian Gettman branch.

1129

FAMILY OF JOHANN NICHOLAS MYERS

JOHANN NICHOLAS MYERS (1129), weaver. Served in the Revolutionary War; b. Dec. 1758 at German Flats, N.Y.; d. June 26, 1843. Bur. in Utica, N.Y.; m. CORNELIA LEICH (or LIECH), also called GUSTJI LEICH. In the records of the Reformed Church of Hinderhook appears the following record, Vol. 2, p. 240: "Howlyke Register—Nicholas Myer van de Grote Vlakte en Geesgi Leich J. D. van Cloverack, beide wonendi in Kinderhook, getrout den 26 Maart 1782, met geboden." Cornelia, b. 1756; d. Feb. 2, 1852, aged 96 yrs. Received a pension.

1. **JOHN NATHAN MYERS** (11291), our ancestor. (See Family of John Nathan Myers.)
2. NICHOLAS I (11292), b. 1783; d. young.
3. CORNELIA, "CHARITY" or CESIA, CREZIA, KESIAH, KESIT, LUCRETIA (11293), m. Mar. 13, 1785; d. after 1832; m. 1803, Jacob Christman. They had George.
4. HENRY (11294), b. Apr. 20, 1787; m. Elsie (or Elcy) Pool. They had CATHERINE, JOHN (112942), HENRY, WILLIAM "BILLIE" (twin), MARY (112945).
5. TUNIS VANN ALEAN (or THOMAS VAN ALLEN) (11295), b. Dec. 12, 1789; m. Clarissa —. Had CORDELIA; m. William Dunham. They had WALLACE.
    2. FRANCELIA (112952), m. Samuel Simons. Had CHESTER; d. as a young man.

    NOTE, by Violet: This was "Cousin Frankie," life-long friend of my mother, with whom we stayed before we left Chicago for Benicia. She gave Eva and me each a handmade lace collar. She was an elegant lady in a fine house. Her little son, Chester, had a squirrel in a cage that climbed a revolving ladder.
6. FREDERICK MYERS, "FRITZ" (11296), b. Mar 1, 1792.
7. NICHOLAS II (11297), m. ANNA ——. Their adopted dau. m. an Englishman.
8. HANNAH (11298), b .Apr. 19, 1796; m. — Purdy. Had MARIA, WILLIAM.
9. MARGARET "POLLY" (11299), b. June 10, 1794; m. William Masters. Had HANNAH; m. John Bohannan. They had Jeanette, Arthur and Asa.

11291

FAMILY OF JOHN NATHAN MYERS

JOHN NATHAN MYERS, "UNCLE JACK" (11291) farmer, b. Sept. 15, 1782 in Orange Co. N.Y.; d. May 9, 1863 at 3 o'clock a.m.; m. RACHEL SMITH, b. Mar. 23, 1786, in London, England; d. Dec. 23, 1863. (Both bur. in Myers-Eaton cemetery, Pleasant Valley, Ill.) Dau. of OLIVER SMITH and REBECCA NETTIE SMITH (no relation to each other). See Related Family of Rachel Smith.)

1. JOHN MYERS (112911), b. June 24, 1804; d. June 16, 1844; m. OLIVE BUELL at Des Moines.
    1. RACHEL MYERS (1129111), m. — PERKINS.
        1. HARVEY (or HARRY) PERKINS (11291111), Hannibalville, N.Y.
2. NICHOLAS MYERS (112912). (See Family of Nicholas Myers.)
3. LAVINA MYERS (112913). (See Family of Lavina Myers.)

4. TUNIS MYERS, "TUNE" (112914), b. Apr. 8, 1810; d. Apr. 5, 1889. Unmd.
5. PHEBE MYERS (112915). (See Family of Phebe Myers.)
6. SURVIVA MYERS (112916). (See Family of Surviva Myers.)
7. DARIUS MYERS (112917), our ancestor. (See Family of Darius Myers.)
8. HENRY MYERS (112918), b. Oct. 25, 1818; d. Dec. 8, 1818.
9. SOLOMON MYERS (112919). (See Family of Solomon Myers.)
J. CECELIA MYERS (11291J). (See Family of Cecelia Myers.)
K. EUPHAMIA "FAME" MYERS (11291K), b. June 12, 1824; d. 1888; m. CHESTER FULLER, "CHET."
L. "SMITH" EDWARD MYERS (11291L), b. Nov. 13, 1827; d. Mar. 7, 1899; m. EMMA MERRILL, b. Sept. 18, 1837; d. May 29, 1924; dau. of Alfred and Nancy Merrill.
   1. LYDIA ELIZABETH "LILLIE" MYERS (11291L1), m. MICHAEL KAVANAUGH.
   2. CLARA MYERS (11291L2), m. FRANK WEBB.
   3. OWEN S. MYERS (11291L3), b. Jan. 2, 1873; m. ALICE THOMPSON.
   4. JOHN APPLEBY MYERS (11291L4).

FAMILY OF RACHEL SMITH

from the records of Flora (Myers) Washer

Oliver Smith m. Rebecca Smith (no relation).

1. Karen (possibly Karen-Happuch), m. — Hoos, a school teacher, taught in Herkimer and Frankfurt. Had David.
2. Habakkuk (twin), "went about preaching."
3. Rachel (twin) m. John Nathan Myers. Had 12 children.
4. Rebecca, m. George Edis. Had Jake, Betsi, m. Dari. Baker; Caroline, m. — Robinson; Pamelia, George, Tom, William.

NOTE: The father of Oliver Smith went to Pennsylvania, bought land, and was never heard from again. His son Oliver also disappeared. Rachel claimed to be English and Scotch (of the Douglas Clan).
Family Legend: An ancestor came over in the Mayflower, Rachel said.

FAMILY OF NICHOLAS MYERS

NICHOLAS MYERS (112912), bus. man; b. Mar. 26, 1806; m. Elizabeth Lavina Russel (or Rumsey). "Betsy."

1. EVANGELINE (or Angelina) "LINA" MYERS 1129121), m. Jedediah (or Jerome) Kingsley, Doctor, at Rome, N.Y.
   1. A. CORYDON KINGSLEY, M.D. (11291211), cancer specialist. Had 5 sons.
2. SARA ELIZABETH MYERS (1129122), b. Oct. 1833; d. May 19, 1924 in S.D.; m. Thomas Carlton.
   1. ALICE CARLTON (11291221), d. young.
   2. CAROLINE CARLTON "CARRIE" (11291222), m. Dr. Newton Bell, of Denver, Colo. They had Constance, Howard, Winifred.
   3. ANGELINE LULU CARLTON "ANGIE" (11291223), b. Mar. 27, 1863 in Warren, Ill. d. July 9, 1952 in San Diego; bur. Greenwood Memorial Park; m. (1) John Hardy, miner, Colorado Springs; m. (2) — Hueber; d. c. 1941 in San Diego.
   4. RUBY CARLTON (11291224), m. Marion Johnson.
      1. LESTER CARLTON JOHNSON (112912241), 1809 Mission Drive, S.D.; b. July 21, 1893 in Colorado Springs; m. March 14, 1953, Constance Van Arnburgh Ivie; b. June 6, 1892; d. Mar. 20, 1964. Greenwood Mausoleum.
      2. VERNON A. JOHNSON (112912242), b. Nov. 1894; d. June 5, 1954; m. Flora —. They had girl, d. 1½ yrs.
3. WESLEY MYERS (1129123), m. Mary —.

NOTE: Angie said: "Lavina (Sarah's mother) had 5 children, of whom Philip, a doctor, still lives near, Rome, N.Y."

112913

FAMILY OF LAVINA MYERS (EATON)

LAVINA MYERS, "Laviny" (112913), b. June 7, 1808; d. Sept. 19, 1869; m. Daniel Eaton.

1. JOHN (1129131).
2. DANIEL M. EATON (1129132). (See Family of Daniel M. Eaton.)
3. HENRY EATON (1129133). Res. of Savanna, Ill. Hired Mexicans to row him across river in a boat. Never heard from again. Was quite wealthy.
4. VESTA BESSIE EATON (1129134); m. Ira Clark; d. 1899.
5. AMOS EATON (1129135). (See Family of Amos Eaton.)
6. CORDELIA EATON (1129136); b. 1874; m. Sam Sutter.
7. ELIZABETH EATON, "LIBBY" (1129137); b. 5 yrs. before George; m. James Elliott.
8. GEORGE EATON (1129138). Res. of Mt. Carroll; d. in late years; m. (1) when aged 25, at N.Y., Emma Douglass.
   1. ORA EATON (11291381). Had Anna.
   2. CHILD, b. d. (11291382).
   3. EMMA EATON (11291383). Had Florence, Edna, Gladys, Herbert, Ida, George; m. (2) at Jo Daviess Co.
   4. ALLAN EATON (11291384).
   5. CLARENCE EATON (11291385).
   6. WALTER EATON (11291386), m. (3) 1890, at Gallena, Mary Jane Jackson, "Mame."
9. ISAAC EATON, "IKE" (1129139); m. Laura Saners, lived in Oklahoma.

EATON (means "town by the side of a river.")

Motto: "Vincit Omnia Veritas" (Truth conquers all things).

Arms: Or, a fret azure.

Crest: An eagle's head erased sable, in the beak a sprig vert.

When surnames were first adopted in England, it was customary to take its derivation from either one's craft or place of residence. In this case, apparently the name "Eaton" indicates a town by a river.

One of the records revealed that this family can be traced back to the time of the Roman rule of England. There have also been claims of ancestry back to William FitzAllen and Isobel de Say, whose son Robert was the first to adopt the name.

Among the passengers of the Mayflower when it arrived on our shores in 1620 was **Francis Eaton,** his wife and son, Samuel. By the eighteenth century many descendants of this family could be found throughout our land.

Descendants of this distinguished old family are today prominent in the political, social and economic affairs of our nation.

1129132

FAMILY OF DANIEL EATON

by Laura (Eaton) Cohn

DANIEL M. EATON (1129132), m. Harriett Louise House.

1. FLORA ETHEL EATON (11291321), b. 1860; d. 1898; m. 1884, John McKenzie, M.C.
   1. JEAN McKENZIE (112913211), lived in Seward, N.Y.; d. c. 1963.

2. EARL EATON (11291322), b. 1861; d. May, 1896; m. (1) Maria Vanderheyden.
   m. (2) Letha Wilcox, sister to Rhoda, wife of Walter.
   1. GRACE EATON (112913221), b. May 5, 1893; m. Orin Schubert.
   2. MARJORIE EATON (112913222), m. — —. Had 14 living children. One little girl died.
   3. RUTH EATON (1129132223), m. — —. Had 2 sons.
   4. ELIZABETH (1129132224), d. in infancy.
   5. LEROY (1129132225).
   6. LORRAINE (1129132226), living (1962) in Ventura with LETHA (1962).
3. RALPH E. EATON, JR. (11291323), atty. at Mt. Carroll, Ill.; b. Aug. 28, 1865; m. Lucy Mae Vipond; b. Aug. 28, 1869.
   1. FLORA LARUE EATON (112913231), b. June 16, 1891; m. (1) Floyd Newcomer, raiser of cattle and vegetables in Ariz.; div.
      1. RALPH SAMUEL NEWCOMER (1129132311), living in San Gabriel. He and Donald own the Real Transportation Co. in L.A.
      2. DONALD NEWCOMER (1129132312).
      3. WILBUR NEWCOMER (1129132313), d. y.
      4. JIMMIE NEWCOMER (1129132314), d. y.
      5. PRISCILLA NEWCOMER (1129132315), N. 59 Missouri St., Pacific Beach; b. 1921; m. Edwin W. Moore, Jr.
         1. EDWIN MOORE, IV (11291323151), b. Apr. 17, 1950.
         2. MICHAEL FLOYD MOORE (11291323152) (twin), b. July 6, 1952.
         3. MICHELE ANNETTE MOORE (11291-323153) (twin), b. July 6, 1952.
      6. PRUDENCE NEWCOMER (1129132316), b. Feb. 25, 1929; m. (1) — Jones.
         1. PRISCILLA (11291323161).
         m. (2) Syrian man; d. in the middle 50's at Daytona Beach, Fla.
   2. EMMA HELEN EATON (112913232), b. May 14, 1893; m. — Swanson.
      1. RALPH SWANSON (1129132321), Skokie, Ill; m. a woman with a son and dau. Had 2 children of his own.
   3. LAURA VIVIAN EATON (112913233), school teacher; b. Dec. 18, 1889; m. Irving Cohn.
   4. RALPH MELVIN EATON (112913234), b. May 12, 1899; m. — —.
      1. DURAND RALPH EATON (1129132341), lawyer. Lv. in Phoenix, Ariz.
      2. JAN EATON (1129132342), m. — Burress, a lawyer, lv. in Chevvy Chase, Maryland.
4. WALTER EATON (11291324), b. Oct. 1872. Atty. at Stockton, Ill.; d. Oct. 1966; m. Rhoda Wilcox.
   1. DONALD EATON (112913241), attorney; m. Mildred —; d. 1962.
      1. JOAN EATON (1129132411), m.
      2. NANCY EATON (1129132412), m.
   2. HAROLD EATON (112913242).
      1. JAMES EATON (1129132421), m. lv. in Penn.

NOTE by Priscilla Newcomer Moore: "Christian, Wolfgang and Peter, on the Newcomer side, came from Switzerland. My mother left her children, and I was brought up by the Newcomers. My grandfather and grandmother were Dunkards. He went about preaching; a wonderful man. He earned his living by farming; was an itinerant preacher."

FAMILY OF DANIEL M. EATON

by Grace (Eaton) Schubert

Daniel M. Eaton, b. May 3, 1833; d. Aug. 8, 1880; m. Harriet Louise House, b. May 25, 1838; d. Mar. 18, 1915.

1. Ralph E. Eaton, b. May 11, 1865; d. ——; m. Lucy Vipond.
   1. Laura, m. Irving Cohn.
   2. Flora LaRue, m. Floyd Newcomer. Div. several children.
   3. Helen Louise, b. May 14, 1893; m. Ralph Swanson; d. ——.
   4. Ralph, Jr., m. Florence ——.
      1. Jan, m. Richard Buress.
      2. Durand, m. — ———. Several children.
2. Flora Ethel Eaton, m. J. C. McKenzie. Had Jean, d. —.
3. Earl House Eaton, b. May 17, 1862; d. Nov. 1, 1913; m. (1) Maria Jane Vanderheyden; d. May 12, 1896.
   1. Grace Estelle Eaton, b. May 15, 1896; m. Ora R. Schubert, b. Dec. 19, 1892; d. July 3, 1966.
      1. Gailen Earl Schubert, b. Sept. 15, 1916; m. Mary Mae Johnson, b. July 23, 1918.
         1. Betty See Schubert, b. Dec. 12, 1939; m. David Lee Bowman, b. Mar. 25, 1939.
            1. Debra Lee Bowman, b. Jan. 12, 1962.
            2. Mark David Bowman, b. Jan. 18, 1964.
         2. Frederick Earl Schubert, b. Dec. 3, 1944.
         3. Donna Kay Schubert, b. Aug. 11, 1949.
         4. Paul Charles Schubert, b. Aug. 26, 1959.
      2. Marjorie House Eaton, b. Feb. 12, 1896; m. (1) William Raab; d. 1959.
         1. Monel.
         2. Marian, m. Maynard Gothard.
         3. Maurice, d. 1965.
         4. Mae, m. Brutard Brashous; d. 1963.
         5. Millard.
         6. Maynard.
         7. Mona, m. Charles Balles; 3 children.
         8. Mary Lou, m. LeRoy Bowers.
         9. Maxine, m. Donald Rowe. Div.
         10. Mildred, d. 1922.
         11. Milford
         12. Millie
         13. Marie.
         14. Boyd.

         Earl m. (2) 1901 Letha Wilcox, b. Nov. 7, 1877; d. Apr. 13, 1963.
      3. Ruth, m. Raymond Gallagher.
         1. Burnette, m. Evelyn Wenger; had 4 sons.
         2. DeVere, m. Eileen Plosch.
         3. Warren.
         4. Wayne, m. Betty Blair; 2 sons, 1 dau.
         5. Ardath, m. Jack Clock; 2 sons, 1 dau.
      4. Webb Leroy, d.
      5. Beth, d. May 20, 1907.
      6. Lorraine, m. William Williamson.
   4. Walter Scott Eaton, b. Oct. 21, 1872; m. Rhoda Wilcox, b. Nov. 12, 1875; d. —.
      1. Donald M. Eaton, b. Apr. 3, 1896; d. Jan. 10, 1962. m. Mildred Eichenberry, Feb. 12. Children.
      2. Joan Eaton, m. John Furlow; 4 children.
      3. Nancy Eaton, m. Gail Merrick; 3 children.
      4. Harold Eaton, m. Opal Bremmer; had James.
      5. Betty Eaton, m. Lewis Reisener; had David, Anne.

NOTE: The first record of Daniel M. Eaton was supplied by Laura (Eaton) Cohn, 812 North Hazel St., Danville, Ill., Zip Code 61832.

The supplemental record was supplied by Grace Estelle Eaton Schubert, 326 North Hudson, Stockton, Ill.

1129135

FAMILY OF AMOS EATON

AMOS EATON (1129135), m. (1) Susan Maria Bruce.

1. EMMA JANE EATON (11291351), Mt. Carroll, Ill.; m. Winn Vanderheyden.
   1. BENJAMIN (112913511).
   2. WAYNE (112913512), had George, Gordon, Wally, Maria.
2. VIOLA VANDALIA EATON (11291352), b. 1869.
3. MARY LOUISE EATON (11291353).
4. DELILAH BRUCE EATON (11291354), m. Julius Crouse. Had 3 girls, 1 boy.
5. AMOS BOSWELL EATON, "BIRD" (11291355), family historian.
6. GERTRUDE LAVINA EATON (11291356).
7. EDWARD DANIEL EATON (11291357).
8. } TWINS (11291358, 11291359), who d. with mother.
9. }

m. (2) Emma Brock Keller, German, who had Arnold and and another son.

J. ELIZABETH EATON, "LIBBIE" or "BETH" (1129-135J), 217 Adams St., Savanna, Ill.; b. May 11, 1885; m. David Crouse, who d. c. 1960.
   1. MORRIS L. CROUSE (1129135J1), d. Jan. 2, 1965 in Wilmette.
      1. HARRISON CROUSE (1129135J11).
      2. SALLY CROUSE (1129135J12), d. Jan. 2, 1965.

K. MABEL EATON (1129135K); m. H. S. Bell, retired railroad engineer. Lost 1 son. Other son is m. with 2 children.

112915

FAMILY OF PHOEBE MYERS

PHOEBE MYERS (112915).

ALICE ARMINDA SEARS (1129152).

MATIE LEWIS (11291521).

HERMAN LEHRBACH (112915211).

HERBERT LEHRBACH (112915212).

RUTH ARLENE LEHRBACH (1129152121).

Letter of Matie (Lewis) Dougherty (11291521)

Fowler, Cal., Dec. 2, 1910

Dear Cousin Violet:

Many thanks for the nice magazines. I enjoyed them very much. The poem was very pretty, too.

Herman is in the third grade and Herbert in the second in school. Baby Helen has 12 teeth, weighs 27 lbs., walks all over and talks some. One yr. old Oct. 22nd.

Please accept my best wishes for a very happy New Year.

Lovingly, Matie

FAMILY OF PHOEBE (PHEBE) MYERS (112915)

(Data prepared by Herman Lehrbach)

PHOEBE MYERS was born June 19th, 1812 in or near Minetto, New York. She was the daughter of John Nathan Myers and Rachel (Smith) Myers. Phoebe married Waterman Sears, presumably in Fulton, New York on January 31, 1838. It was thought he was a native of the State of Massachusetts and worked in a tannery somewhere about Fulton, New York. Waterman Sears was born June 21st, 1809. He died in Fulton, New York on September 24th, 1856. Phoebe married a second time to a Samuel Barker. Phoebe died July 28th, 1882 and is buried beside Waterman Sears in Mt. Adnah Cemetery in Fulton, N.Y.

From the marriage of Waterman and Phoebe Sears there are two children:

1. DARIUS LINDLEY SEARS—He was born February 22nd, 1839, in Fulton, New York, and was married to Eleanor Edgar January 31st, 1863 in Syracuse, N.Y. Darius died Friday, April 4th, 1873 and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Syracuse, N.Y. Eleanor Edgar Sears was born in London, England December 9th, 1840 and she died January 28th, 1929 and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Syracuse, N.Y. From this marriage there were two children, Lewis Lindley Sears and Elbert Leone Sears. Lewis was born November 4th, 1863 in Syracuse, N.Y. and Elbert Leone was born April 18th, 1865 in South Granby, Oswego County, N.Y. Lewis Lindley married Florence Luana Reed on November 4th, 1885 in Syracuse, N.Y. Elbert Leone married Isabelle Gertrude Lyon, November 4th, 1890 in St. Louis, Missouri. Lewis Lindley died February 5th, 1943 and is buried in Syracuse, N.Y. His wife, Florence L. Sears, died October 8th, 1955 and is buried in Syracuse, N.Y. (Woodlawn Cemetery). Elbert Leone died December 9th, 1890 in St. Louis, Missouri and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Syracuse, N.Y. His wife was born in Kentucky on July 11th, 1866 and the date and place of death is unknown. Apparently no children to this marriage. From the marriage of Lewis and Florence Sears there were four children: James Lindley Sears, born July 27th, 1886 in Syracuse, N.Y.; Sarah Cornelia Sears, born July 4th, 1889 in Syracuse, N.Y.; Edgar Davis Sears, born September 9th, 1898 in Syracuse at 519 Seymour Street; and Florence Reed Sears born April 4th, 1905 also at 519 Seymour Street in Syracuse, N.Y. James Lindley married Mildred E. Fowler on June 22nd, 1907 at Jamesville, N.Y. There were no children. Mildred died about 1960. Sarah Cornelia was married to Charles William Stewart. She died April 23rd, 1923 and is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, Syracuse, N.Y. There were no children. Edgar Davis was married to Bertha Louise Breed on October 15th, 1921 on a farm near Jack's Reef, N.Y. Bertha Louise was born July 1st, 1895 on a farm in the town of Van Buren, near Baldwinsville, N.Y. From this marriage there was one daughter, Shirley Jane, born November 5th, 1927 in Syracuse, N.Y. She married John S. Mills in June 1952 and they have two children, Kathy Doreen, born October 9th, 1958 and Cheryl Susan, born January 11th, 1960, both births in Syracuse, N.Y. Florence Reed Sears, 4th child of Lewis and Florence Sears, married on June 27th, 1934 in Syracuse, N.Y. to James Edward Barden who was born June 16th, 1905 in Syracuse, N.Y. There were two children: Bruce Sears Barden, born March 17th, 1936 and Lynn James Barden, born September 2nd, 1941. Both births in Syracuse in N.Y. Florence Reed Barden died in 1963 and her husband, James Barden, died in 1959. Both are buried in Mt. Adnah Cemetery in Fulton, N.Y.

ADDITION: Shirley and John Mills' marriage date was June 14th, 1952, First Baptist Church, Syracuse, N.Y.

James Lindley Sears was married to Mrs. Ethel Eronimous in the Methodist Church at Liberty, N.Y. on Dec. 23, 1962. His first wife, Mildred, died in June, 1960.

DESCENDANTS OF PHOEBE MYERS SEARS

ALICE ARMINDA SEARS LEWIS
in 1875
Born: June 25, 1847, Fulton, New York
Died: February 25, 1913, Fresno, Calif.
Buried: Fowler Cemetery, Fowler, Calif.

ALICE ARMINDA SEARS LEWIS
at the age of 20 in Syracuse, New York

ALICE ARMINDA SEARS LEWIS
Photo taken about 1894-5

MATTIE (MATIE) ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
at the age of 5
Born: February 7, 1882, San Bernardino County, Calif.
Died: January 8, 1962, San Francisco, Calif.

ALICE ARMINDA SEARS LEWIS
AND DAUGHTER MATTIE (MATIE)
in 1892

MATTIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
at the age of 12 in Syracuse, New York

MATTIE (MATIE) ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
at the age of 16 in Syracuse, New York

MATTIE (MATIE) ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
at the age of 19 in Syracuse, New York

MATTIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
Photo taken about 1900 in Syracuse, New York

PHILIP and MATIE LEHRBACH
Married in Syracuse, New York
on August 26, 1901

HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH
Born: September 23, 1902,
Fresno, California
Photo about 1903

MATIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
with her youngest son, HERBERT LEON
Born: December 4, 1903 in
Fresno, California

MATTIE (MATIE)
ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
about 1904-5 in Fresno, Calif.

left: HERBERT LEON LEHRBACH
right: HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH

MATIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
and her two sons:
left: HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH
right: HERBERT LEON LEHRBACH

KATHERINE FALK LEHRBACH
at age of 26 (1867)
Born: April 1, 1841 in Dautenheim
(Rheinhessen), Germany
Died: 1926 in Beehtolsheim
(Rheinhessen), Germany
Buried: Beehtolsheim,
County of Alzey

PHILIP LEHRBACH
about 1900
Born: June 12, 1881 in Beehtolsheim
(Rheinhessen), Germany
Died: July 20, 1964 in
Los Angeles, California
Buried: Forest Lawn Cemetery
in Glendale, Calif.

JACOB (JAKE) LEWIS
about 1895
Born: March 20, 1833, presumably
in North Carolina
Died: September 26, 1901 in
Manvel (now called Barnwell)
San Bernardino County, Calif.
Buried: Near Manvel

SEARS AND LEHRBACH FAMILIES

DARIUS LINDLEY SEARS
about 1864
Born: February 22, 1839
Fulton, New York
Died: Fri., April 4, 1873
Syracuse, New York

(Inset)
Eleanor Edgar Sears
Born: Dec. 9, 1840
London, England
Died: Jan. 28, 1929
Syracuse, New York
photo about 1920

LEWIS LINDLEY SEARS
about 1884
Born: November 4, 1863
Syracuse, New York
Died: February 5, 1943
Syracuse, New York

ELBERT LEONE SEARS
about 1889
Born: April 18, 1865
South Granby, Oswego County, N.Y.
Died: December 9, 1890
Buried: Syracuse, N.Y.

PHILIP LEHRBACH
about 1908
Born: June 12, 1881
Bechtolsheim, Germany
Died: July 20, 1964
Los Angeles, Calif.

PHILIP LEHRBACH
about 1910

MATTIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
about 1900
Syracuse, New York

MARGARETHE LEHRBACH
sister of Philip L. in doorway of Lehrbach
House in Bechtolsheim, Germany
Born: December 4, 1879 Bechtolsheim, Germany
Died: June, 1965 Bechtolsheim, Germany
photo in 1960

PHILIP LEHRBACH
about 1900
in State of New York

THE LEHRBACH HOME
in Bechtolsheim,
Alzey County, Germany

LEHRBACH FAMILY AND OTHERS

HERBERT and HERMAN LEHRBACH
about 1914

HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH
about 1915

left to right:
FLORA ETHEL WASHER
LYDIA BELVEDERE WILDER
MATIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
about 1917

MATTIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
about 1918

left to right:
JONATHAN PLATZEK
HERBERT LEON LEHRBACH
HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH
about 1912

left to right:
HERBERT LEHRBACH
MATIE LEHRBACH
HERMAN LEHRBACH
about 1915

HERMAN LEHRBACH
HERBERT LEHRBACH
about 1916

HERBERT LEHRBACH
ETHEL WASHER
Their 14th Birthdays
December 4, 1917

HERBERT LEHRBACH
about 1919

MATIE ANNA LEHRBACH
HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH
and HELEN DAUGHERTY
about 1915

HERMAN JACOB LEHRBACH
about 1916

HERBERT LEHRBACH
HERMAN LEHRBACH
about 1917

MATTIE ANNA LEWIS LEHRBACH
about 1919

2. ALICE ARMINDA SEARS was born June 25th, 1847 in Fulton, N.Y. and was married to Jacob Lewis on November 11th, 1880 near Independence, Inyo County, California. Jacob Lewis was born March 20th, 1833 in either North or South Carolina. Mattie or Matie Anna, their only child, was born February 7th, 1882 near Resting Springs in Inyo or San Bernardino County in California. Six months later the family moved to Syracuse, N.Y. where Alice and her daughter remained for approximately 20 years. During this period Jacob Lewis had returned to Pahrump in Nevada and he died later in September or October, 1901 in Manvel, California (now called Barnwell in San Bernardino County, California). Matie Anna married on August 26th, 1901 to Philip Lehrbach in Syracuse, N.Y. He was born in the small village of Bechtolsheim, Alzey County, State of Rheinhessen in West Germany. He emigrated to America about 1899. The Lehrbach family home in Germany is many hundreds of years old and a mill in the village is known as "Lehrbach's Muhle." In February of 1902 Philip and Matie left Syracuse and traveled to the little town of Malaga in California near Fresno. Herman, the first child of this marriage, was born in Fresno, California on September 23rd, 1902 and Herbert, the second child, was born near Fresno on December 4th, 1903. Meanwhile, Alice Sears Lewis purchased a small home on Sixth Street in Fowler, Fresno County, California, where she lived until her death which occurred in Fresno on Tuesday, February 25th, 1913. She was buried in the Fowler Cemetery. In 1905 Matie and Philip were divorced and she in 1907 married Hiram Daugherty. The family lived in Fowler from 1907 to 1920 where both Herman and Herbert attended the grade schools there. Herbert joined the Navy in 1919 and in 1920 Matie and her son Herman removed to San Francisco, where all resided for many years. Herman, on November 23rd, 1939 married Fara Agnes Misuraca who was born February 3rd, 1907 in New York City. Her parents were Faro and Patricia (nee Galati) Misuraca, natives of the small village of Cinisi in Sicily. Herbert married on October 6th, 1925 in Sacramento, California. Margaret Arlene O'Keefe (nee Abell), who was born June 4th, 1906 in Chardon, Ohio. To this marriage was born a daughter, Ruth Arlene, on October 17th, 1926 in San Francisco, Calif. She was married on April 9th, 1949 to Harry Parks Winslow in Burlingame, Calif. He was born October 6th, 1923. From this marriage there were 4 children: Cheryl Ann born August 29th, 1950; Susan Lee, April 25th, 1952; Diane Ruth, May 18th, 1953; and Steven Scott, February 27th, 1958. Herbert's second marriage was to Mary Williams (nee Rice), in January, 1957 in Las Vegas, Nevada. She was a native of Corunna, Indiana. Matie Anna Lehrbach (nee Lewis) died at 10 p.m. Monday, January 8th, 1962 in San Francisco from a heart attack, at the age of 79 years, 11 months and one day. Philip Lehrbach died at 9:45 p.m., July 20th, 1964 (Monday) in Los Angeles, Calif. Cause of death was infirmities of old age. He is buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale, Calif. Matie Anna Lehrbach (nee Lewis) married a second time in November, 1907 in Hanford, California to Hiram Daugherty. Philip Lehrbach and his third wife, Victoria had a son, Philip, Jr., born December 24th, 1926 in Los Angeles, Calif. Philip, Jr., in July, 1946, married Dorothy Jones and had four children.

ADDED by Violet: Matie and Hiram Daugherty adopted Helen, baby dau. of a Russian mother in Fresno. Helen, b. Oct. 1909, m. Jack Emerson. They had 3 boys: 1. Louis, 2. Eugene, 3. Richard, all married.

112916

FAMILY OF SURVIVA MYERS

SURVIVA MYERS (112916), b. Aug. 27, 1814; d. Jan. 18, 1860; m. Mch. 12, 1835 Benjamin A. Guild.

1. PHOEBE ANN GUILD (1129161), b. Mar. 7, 1836; d. July, 1876; m. Sanford Reed; 3 children.
2. SURVIVA JANE GUILD (1129162), b. Nov. 22, 1837; d. Nov. 23, 1915.
3. SEBER ARTHUR GUILD (1129163), b. Sept. 28, 1839; d. Sept. 13, 1908; m. Margaret Van Der Linder.
   1. ALICE GUILD (11291631), m. William Whitson. Had Stella and Nettie.
4. AMELIA CECELIA GUILD (1129164), b. Sept. 22, 1841; d. Feb. 9, ——; m. Delbert Simmons; 2 children.
5. BUBA MIRANDA GUILD (1129165), b. Feb. 13, 1845; d. ——.
6. CHARITY SELONIA GUILD (1129166), b. July 27, 1846; m. William Scofield.
   1. EMMA SCOFIELD (11291661), b. June 9, 1866; d. May 26, 1954; m. Parley Arnold, b. May 28, 1863; d. Mar. 23, 1954.
      1. LOLA ARNOLD (112916611), school teacher, m. Harry Pearce.
      2. AVA ARNOLD (112916612), m. Fred Arnold.
      3. HARRIET ARNOLD (112916613), m. Harvey Eubanks.
   2. WILLIAM SCOFIELD, "BILLIE" (11291662), m. Rose Roberts.
7. GEORGE OTTO GUILD (1129167), b. June 19, 1853; d. Mar. 10, 1928; m. (1) Alzina Bates, 5 children; m. (2) Phoebe Bates, cousin of 1st wife.

112917

FAMILY OF DARIUS MYERS

DARIUS MYERS (112917), 1816-1897; m. MELISSA JANE APPLEBY. (See Families Related to Melissa Jane Appleby.)

1. EPAMINONDAS PHILO MYERS (1129171), 1854-1929; m. FLORA BEDFORD.
2. REBECCA JANE MYERS (1129172), 1856-1889; m. HENRY BRYAN.
3. EUCLID HANNIBAL MYERS (1129173), 1858-1860.
4. LOUISE EDITH MYERS (1129174), 1860-1933; m. AUGUST BECK.
5. IDA JANE MYERS (1129175), 1862-1867.
6. MARIETTA ELSIE MYERS (1129176), 1864-1915; m. (1) JOHN HAMILTON; (2) MAX PLATZEK.
7. LYDIA BELVIDERE MYERS (1129177), 1866-1928; m. HARRY WILDER.
8. DARIUS ELIHU MYERS (1129178), 1868-1932; m. SUSIE BEDFORD.
9. JUDAH MYERS (1129179), 1870-1933; m. (1) NETTIE MILLER; (2) SALEMA BABBITT.

J. GORDON ELISHA MYERS (112917J), 1872-1920; m. GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

K. GEORGE ELIJA MYERS (112917K), 1872-1966; m. (1) DAISY GRAHAM; (2) SUSIE M. LUCAS.

L. FLORA ETHEL MYERS (112917L), 1874- ; m. EUGENE WASHER.

M. ALBERTUS THEODORE MYERS (112917M), 1878-19 ; m. ROSE GRAHAM.

N. SERENA BERTHA MYERS (112917N), 1881-1929; m. LEVI GILMORE CHILDERS.

112919

FAMILY OF SOLOMON MYERS

SOLOMON MYERS (112919), b. Nov. 15, 1819 at Oswego, N.Y.; d. May 11, 1898; m. (1) July 6, 1841, Phebe S. Williams, b. Nov. 22, 1821.

1. MELISSA A. MYERS (1129191), b. Mar. 17, 1843 at Oswego, N.Y.; d. at La Jolla; m. Moses D. Clark; div.
   1. ERNEST A. CLARK (11291911), b. July 12, 1864 at Pleasant Valley in Jo Daviess Co., Illinois; m. twice.
   2. SOLON E. CLARK (11291912), b. Apr. 21, 1866 in Monroe Co., Iowa.
   3. MARK CLARK (11291913), res. Keene, Calif.; b. May 15, 1868 in Decatur, Nebr.; m. Ellen ——. Both have d. Mark's youngest girl m. Fred Gaylord. Had Lawrence, Albert.
   4. ELMER CLARK (11291914), b. July 3, 1892 in Decatur, Nebr.; m. Ellen ——.
2. JOHN NEWTON MYERS (1129192), b. Jan. 24, 1847; d. June 6, 1904; m. (1) at Dakota City, Nebr. Emma Keel, b. Nov. 12, 1847 at Duncannon, Perry Co., Penn.; d. June 30, 1925 at 6013 Piedmont Ave., L.A.; dau. of Enos and Elizabeth (Custer) Keel. Elizabeth was a descendant of General Custer. Her mother was aunt of George Washington.
   1. FRANK WILMER MYERS (11291921). (See Family of.)
   2. LOTTIE MYERS (11291922), b. June 21, 1869 in Burt Co., Nebr.; d. Nov. 13, —— in L.A.; m. (2) Abbie Veeder, b. Jan. 12, 1896 in San Pedro; d. in S.F.
3. EMMA JANE MYERS (1129193), b. Jan. 15, 1856; m. Thomas Greenwood. Had Gertrude. (7 children in all.)
4. MOSES MYERS (1129194), m. Alice Hopper. Had Carrie.
5. ELLEN (ELLA) MYERS (1129195), m. Ira Fulton. Had Harry, Arthur, Lillian, John.

NOTE: Solomon m. (2) someone he had known in N.Y. State when young.

11291921

FAMILY OF FRANK WILMER MYERS

FRANK WILMER MYERS (11291921), carpenter; b. Apr. 4, 1872 at Decatur, Burt Co., Nebr.; d. Nov. 13, 1930 at 6013 Piedmont Ave., L.A.; m. (1) Lena Shurf, Oct. 26, 1897, at L.A.

1. ANNA MYERS (112919211), m. Clyde Reeves, at Graceville, Minn.
2. HARRY MYERS (112919212).

m. (2) Oct. 24, 1906 L.A. Christina Adelaide Rogers; b. Jan. 20, 1886 at L.A.; dau. of William Edward Rogers, b. in Texas, and Adelaide Victoria Warren, b. in Australia.

1. DOROTHY VIOLET MYERS (112919213) b. May 1, 1909; d. June 3, 1909.
2. FRANCES ADELAIDE MYERS (112919214), b. Feb. 20, 1911 at L.A.; m. at L.A. Dec. 31, 1930 William George Brehm, Senior tree surgeon, Dept. of Forestry, L.A.; b. May 9, 1913 at L.A. Son of George Frederick Brehm, farmer, b. at Schillingsfurst, Ger. and Marie Waltman, b. at Neuweiler, Rotherburg ober Tauber, Ger.
   1. EDITH FRANCES BREHM (1129192141), b. Oct. 13, 1935 at L.A.; m. Nov. 29, 1953 John Quincy Swain, coach, science teacher in high school, b. Mar. 10, 1935. Son of Thomas Swain and Angie (Hanson) Swain.
      1. GARY DENNIS SWAIN (11291921411), b. Sept. 8, 1954 at Fort Ord.
      2. KENNETH LEE SWAIN (11291921412), b. Apr. 13, 1956 at Glendale.
      3. MARCY LYNN SWAIN (11291921413), b. Sept. 19, 1960 in L.A.
   2. WILLIAM GEORGE BREHM, JR. "Bill" (112919-2142), 883 El Paso Dr., L.A. 42; b. Aug. 8, 1938. Plumber, jet-propulsion, laboratory work, fireman; m. July 12, 1957 Linda Lou Kalde, b. Mar. 1, 1938 at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Dau. of Karl and Marian (Headley) Kalde.
      1. MICHAEL WILLIAM BREHM, "Mike" (11291-921421), b. Nov. 6, 1958 at Glendale.
      2. EDWARD CARL BREHM, "Eddie" (11291921-422), b. July 15, 1961 at Glendale.
      3. RONALD DEAN BREHM (11291921423), b. Aug. 26, 1964.
   3. BETTY ANN BREHM (1129192143), stenographer, L.A. Fire Dept., Florist; b. May 9, 1943 at L.A.; m. Oct. 15, 1960 at L.A. Richard Allan Turner, Asst. Manager, Sears Dept. Store, L.A. Son of Ivan C. and Mable (Sundeen) Turner.
      1. RICHARD ALLAN TURNER, "Rickey" (11291-921431), b. July 31, 1962.
      2. THOMAS CRAIG TURNER (11291921432), b. Nov. 27, 1964.

11291J

FAMILY OF CECELIA MYERS

CECELIA MYERS, "Celia" (11291J), b. Mar. 24, 1822; d. July 8, 1907 in Iowa at home of Smith; bur. in Ill. Aged 85 yrs. Teacher in Young Ladies School; m. Dec. 31, 1843 Alonson H. Hilliard, "Lonson," of Plattsburg, N.Y.; d. 1896.

1. SMITH HILLIARD (11291J1), b. Jan. 14, 1849 at Jo Daviess Co., Ill.; m. Feb. 26, 1873, Pleasant Valley, Jennie Foster. Moved to Benton, Iowa.
   1. JESSIE HILLIARD (11291J11), m. —— Younts.
      1. EVE YOUNTS (11291J111).
      2. CECELIA YOUNTS (11291J112).
   2. LILLIE HILLIARD (11291J12), m. —— Gilchrist. Res. Sunset Beach.
   3. ANNA HILLIARD (11291J13), m. —— Tibbets. Res. Santa Ana.
   4. JOHN HILLIARD (11291J14), Professor. Res. Manchester, Iowa.
   5. MARION HILLIARD (11291J15). Res. Davis.
2. RACHEL HILLIARD (11291J2), m. Chet Rose.
   1. CECELIA HILLIARD (11291J21), m. William Linville.
   2. EDDIE REESE (11291J22), m. Margaret Grant.
   3. FRANK REESE (11291J23).
   4. ROLLA REESE (11291J24).
3. ALLEN HILLIARD (11291J3), d. in Texas, unmd.
4. BYRON HILLIARD (11291J4), m. Alda Tribbetts. Had Mercie, Chester.
5. ALVA HILLIARD (11291J5), m. Annie Burke. Had Allen, Kirk, Celia, Mary, George, Clarence, Leonard, Ruta, Robert.
6. AMEY HILLIARD (11291J6), m. James Johnson. Had Laura, Alfred, Clyde, Lillie, Fred, Frank, Rachel, Lonson, m. Annie Albert, had Claude.

NOTE (from her Obituary): Cecelia was born in Oswego Co., N.Y. "About 1850 she united with the people of THE RESTITUTION faith of the Adventist Church of which body she was a zealous and faithful member until her death. She was buried by the side of her husband in the cemetery near the old home near Stockton, Ill. The funeral was held in the schoolhouse nearby. Even though the day was stormy, the house was crowded with the friends who had gathered for the last sad rites. She rests in Jesus."

S. J. Lindsay

GENEALOGIES OF THE MYERS FAMILY

NICHOLAS MYERS

I wrote November 4, 1924, to the War Department at Washington, D.C., for the Revolutionary War records of Nicholas Myers. In reply the Adjutant General says: "It does not appear in the records of this office that a man named Nicholas Myers or Meyer served as a commissioned officer in the Revolution."

"However, the records show that one Nicolas Mayer (name also bourn as Nicholaus Mayer) served in that war as a private in Bellinger's regiment, N.Y. Militia. His name appears on a roll sworn to January 24, 1781 'of Captain Herter's company, Fort Dayton, June 1, 1779,' which shows he was in service 6 days in June, 8 in July, 8 in August, 1 in September, 9 in October, year not shown. His name also appears on the payroll dated April 30, 1787, 'of a draft under command of Col. Henry Van Renselar, being on duty in the month of November, 1779 (Henrich Starling, Captain), which shows number of days 14'."

As the war records in the above office were far from complete, I was advised to write N.Y. State library at Albany, or Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, which I did. The State Library replied as follows:

"Nicholas Myers and Nicholas Mayer seem to relate to the same person. Cert. 20677 for 2 pounds, 16s, 10 2-3d, date burned, issued to Nicholas Mayer for service as private in Captain Henry Harder's company of Colonel Peter Bellinger's regiment of Tryon County Militia (German Flats and Kingsland districts). Cert. No. 20677, for 2 pounds, 16s, 10 2-3d, date burned, issued to Nicholas Mayer for services as private in Captain Hendrick Starling's company of above regiment."

The Pension Office replied as follows: Revolutionary War pension claim W. 18546. It appears that Nicholas Meyers, pensioned Myers, was born in December, 1759, or 1760, at German Flats (later called Herkimer), Herkimer County, N.Y. He enlisted from that place May, 1777, served whenever called upon until 1781 as private in the N.Y. troops under Captains Henry Harter, Sam'l Gray and Philips; Colonels Peter Bellinger and Henry Van Rensselaer. He was in many skirmishes with Indians and Tories, was on guard at Fort Dayton when the town of German Flats was burned.

He was allowed a pension on his application, executed September 24, 1832, at which time he was a resident of Oswego, Oswego County, N.Y. He died June 24, 1843. He married March 26, 1782, in Kinderhook, Columbus County, N.Y., Cornelia Like. She was allowed pension on her application, March 15, 1844, while a resident of Oswego, aged 85 years.

Children of Cordelia and Nicholas Myers:
John—Born April 20, 1782.
Chrisehy—Born March 13, 1785.
Henry—Born April 20, 1787.
Thunis Vannalean—December 12, 1789.

There may have been other children, but these were living at the time Grandmother received her pension. There is a difference in some of the spelling, but that is very common in early names, and is doubtless correct as to Revolutionary data and would make you eligible to become a D.A.R., and will entitle me to another ancestral bar.

Thanking you for your help in completing my records of the Myers branch of the family.

Mother is quite well for a woman 80 years old, able to look after her household. Hope I may hear from you again soon.

EMMA ARNOLD
718 S. 7th Ave.,
Maywood, Illinois

FAMILY OF SURVIVA

by Lola Pearce, April 15, 1968

JOHN MAYERS, son of Cornelia Like and Nicholas; b. 1759 or 60; m. in 3/26/1782. Their family:

1. John Meyers, b. 1782, Apr. 20; d. May 8, 1863, Illinois. Buried in Pleasant Valley.
2. Chrisley, b. Mar. 13, 1785.
3. Henry, b. Apr. 20, 1787; d. 4/21/1855; m. Elsie Poole.
4. Thunis Vannalean, b. 12/12/1789.
5. Fred Meyers, b. Mar. 1, 1792.
6. Nicholas II, b. 1794.
7. Hannah, b. Apr. 19, 1796.
8. Margaret, or Polly, b. 6/10/1799; m. 1st Wm. Masten or Mages; 2nd, Jake Christman.
9. Lucretia.

JOHN NATHAN MEYERS, b. 1782; m. Rachel Smith, 1803.

1. John, b. June 24, 1804; d. June 16, 1864.
2. Nicholas III, b. 3/26/1806.
3. Lavina, b. 6/7/1808.
4. Tunis, b. 4/18/1810.
5. Phoebe, b. 6/19/1812.
6. Surviva, b. 8/26/1814.
7. Darius, b. 12/16/1816.
8. Henry, b. 10/25/1818.
9. Solomon, b. 11/22/1819 or 1821.
10. Cecelia, b. 3/24/1822.
11. Euphema, b. 6/18/1824.
12. Smith E., b. 11/13/1827.

GENEALOGY ON THE SIDE OF BENJAMIN GUILD, who m. SURVIVA MEYERS

Silas Scofield m. Charity Finch Nov. 29, 1782, probably in Saratoga Co., N.Y. Their children: 1. Rheuamy, b. 10/6/1783; 2. Rachel, b. 7/3/1785; 3. Amos, b. 11/13/1787; 4. Silas II, b. 4/21/1791; 5. Amasa Banks, b. 10/22/1793; 6. Betsy E., b. 7/18/1795; 7. Phoebe, b. 7/19/1797; 8. Salina, b. 12/12/1799. Silas Scofield I married Rebecca Lybolt Jan. 18, 1835.

1. Rheuamy, m. Chauncey Bartholomew (1st husband), three sons: 1. Jonathan Palmer; 2. Samuel, d. age 24; 3. Charity, d. young; 4. Chauncey, b. 1803. Rheuamy m. Benjamin A. Guild, 2nd husband. Children: 1. Benjamin A. Guild, b. Aug. 8, 1812, d. June 1899; 2. Joseph; 3. Jesse.

   Benjamin A. Guild m. Mar. 12, 1835 to Surviva Meyers. Their family: 1. Phoebe Ann, b. Mar. 7, 1836, d. July, 1876, m. Sanford Reed. Their children: (a) Mary Ann, b. 4/1/1854, d. 1895; (b) Arthur James, b. 4/10/1856; (c) 8/22/1934; 3. Orton Rolland, d. 12/10/1942.

2. Surviva Jane, b. 11/22/1837, d. 11/23/1915; m. Wm. Shipman, 1/3/1839. Their children: (a) George H, b. 3/15/1860, d. 1/12/1941, m. Bertha Potter on 2/15/1894; (b) Ina, b. 1867, m. Geo. Munson. Their children: Laura, Amy, Harold; (c) Elmer; (d) Jennie, m. Henry Kinter. Children: Avery, Clinton, Neva; (e) Milo.

3. Seber Guild, b. 9/28/1839, d. 9/13/1908, m. Margaret Vanderlinder, d 3/3/1918. Children: Alice m. Wm. Whitson, children: Stella, Finetta, Hazel, Margaret, Wm., Walter, with long line of offsprings.

4. Amelia Cecelia, b. 9/22/1841, d. 2/9/1921, m. Delbert Simmons; 2 children: (1) Hattie E. Simmons, m. Charlie

Tiffany 10 29 1890, children: Howard Tiffany, b. 5 1892, d. many years ago; Grace, b. 8 6/1893. (2) William Simmons, b. 8 29 1869, m. Mabel Chaffee of Nora, 6/1/1892. 2nd wife, Edna Hall. Divorced 1929. No family in either marriage.

5. Charity Saloma Guild, b. 7 27 1846, d. 10 21/1930; m. William N. Scofield, 2 children: (a) Emma Adell, b. 6/9/1866, d. 5 28 1959, m. Parley Arnold, d. 3/22/1959. (b) Wm. N. Scofield, b. 1 27 1872, m. Rose Roberts, d. 1 28 1941; 6 children, following: 1. Mabel, b. 5/2/1893, d. 1928, m. Roy Barber. 2. Adell, b. 3/19/1898, m. Herbert Case, 6 children. 3. Doris, b. 7/13/1900, m. (1) Sam Smith, 5 children, m. (2) Dave McGowan. 4. Charlie, b. 3 1 1902, d. 12 22 1933, m. twice? 5. Fay, b. 12 13 1907, not married. 6. Helen, b. 12/30 1916, m. Wayne Bettle, d. 10 1966, no family.

6. Buda Miranda, b. 2 13 1845.

7. George Otto Guild, b. 6 19 1853, d. 3/10/1928, m. (1) Alzina Bates, 5 children; m. (2) Phoebe Bates.

Family of Emma Adell Guild, who m. Parley Arnold

1. Ava M. Arnold, b. 3/25/1892, m. Henry Zweifel 3/7/1911, d. 2/2/1957; one child, Gerald Arnold Zweifel, b. 8/11/1917. He m. Ida Kaperka, b. 10/9/27, d. 1/2/1966. Two children, Arnold, b. 6/29/44, m. Chris Weiss. Mellanio, b. 5/12/1948.

2. Lola Arnold, b. 2/19/1894, m. Harry Pearce 6/6/1937, who d. 2/20/1966. No family.

3. Harriet Arnold, b. 11 7/1898, m. Harvey Eubanks, 9/30/44.

FAMILY OF LAVINA

November 12, 1966

Dear Libbie:

. . . I remember your two-storied home, and the long swing hung on tall trees beside it, where Eva and I swung when our mother brought us to visit. You were a year and a half older than me, and Mabel was younger. Emma and Viola let us go with them when they went to milk the cows. There was a strong-smelling, daisy-like white wildflower. A hen was setting on a straw nest in a box nailed on the side of the privy. At dinner, your mother, Emma, gave me creamy milk in a goblet. A bat flew onto the top of my head, and your father, Amos, got it out of my hair . . . Lovingly, Violet.

812 North Hazel St.
Danville, Illinois
November 10, 1966

My Dear Violet:

. . . I got into the D.A.R. and have records of other patriotic societies through my Grandmother Eaton's ancestors, Williams and House. My brother Ralph's son, Durand, lives in Phoenix, Arizona and is Vice President of a large insurance company there, and is not a lawyer.

A few years ago, Irving and I spent about ten days in Massachusetts. We were in Salem, Boston and all the historical places we had time for . . . My husband said we were knee-deep in Eatons in Massachusetts.

Sincerely, Laura Eaton Cohn

115 Jefferson
Savannah, Illinois
November 17, 1966

My Dear Violet:

. . . After the tragedy in our family, I lost interest in finishing the family history . . . In March of this year, I sold my home and have rented an apartment one-half block from Main Street. I love the ones that are left, but, oh, my heart bleeds for my dear Harrison, who is in the Security Hospital at Chester, Ill. Morris was so interested in our family tree. . . . Yes, I remember you as a child.

Good night, "Libbie."

NOTE: Harrison came home from college, and shot his father, mother and sister.

ADDED TO GENEALOGY OF AMOS EATON

by Elizabeth Crouse

Amos Eaton, b. June 18, 1839, d. Dec. 9, 1904. Emma Block Keller Eaton, born 1-8-1860, died 9-7-1942.
Elizabeth Eaton, born May 11, 1885, m. Davis Crouse, b. May 24, 1880, d. Nov. 7, 1960.
Morris Crouse, b. Oct. 21, 1917, d. Jan. 2, 1965. Norma Harris Crouse (wife), died Jan. 2, 1965.
Harrison Crouse, b. July 2, 1946.
Sally Elizabeth Crouse, b. Oct. 8, 1948, d. Jan. 2, 1965.
Lamont Eaton Crouse, born Feb. 28, 1912. Bernice Johnson Crouse (wife), born Aug. 6, 1912. Daughter Nancy Crouse, b. May 30, 1940. Husband, Garner Stuebe. Daughter, Denise Crouse Stuebe, born Nov. 1964.

FAMILY OF SOLOMON 112919

William G. Brehm, who m. Frances Myers (112919214), b. March 2, 1902, Bavaria, Germany; d. May 31, 1967, in Los Angeles. Services June 3, 1967 at Wee Kirk o' the Heather. Bur. Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif.

Friends.

GENEALOGIES OF APPLEBY FAMILIES

FAMILIES RELATED TO MELISSA JANE APPLEBY WHO m. DARIUS MYERS

FAMILY OF —— PHINNEY

—— Phinney (1), lived in Casanovia, N.Y. Lived to be 99.

1. Solomon (11).
2. Nathan (12).
3. Hiram (13).
4. Clarissa (14), m. JOHN MICHAEL APPLEBY. (See Family of John Michael Appleby.)
5. Seth (15), m. ——. Had (1) Lavina, m. —— Consey; (2) Almina, m. —— Densmore; (3) Harriet.

NOTE: Clarissa had an Aunt Charlotte, m. ——Granger. Lived in Syracuse, N.Y.

FAMILY OF MICHAEL JOHN APPLEBY

—— Appleby (1). Came from France; m. —— ——.

Michael John Appleby (11), m. Clarissa Phinney.

1. Mary Ann (111), m. Norman Blake, b. July 2, 1800; d. Dec. 17, 1871.
   1. John (1111), m. Mary Bloomfield. Had Alice, Harriet, Bloomfield, Frank.
   2. Jabez (1112), m. Jane Hunt. Had Emma.
   3. Evelyn (1113), m. Howard Chapel. Had Hattie, Jennie who m. William Steeles, and Cynthia who m. —— Pickard; their baby d.
   4. Isaac (1114), m. Angeline Southard.
      1. Florence (11141), m. Gilbert Jerolonin. Had Jabez.
2. Esther (112), m. Ezkiel Terpenning. Had Sally Anne, m. —— Hessler; Emily, m. —— Perkins.
3. **John Appleby** (113), our ancestor. (See Family of John Appleby.)
4. Leonard (114), m. Matilda Chase. Had Lucian, Artemas, Charles.
5. Charlotte (115), m. William Robinson.
   1. Andalusia Cornelia, "Nell" (1151), m. John Oliver.
      1. William (11511).
      2. Robert (11512).
      3. Nellie (11513).
      4. Lottie (11514).
      5. Margaret (11515), m. Duane Farnum. Had Virginia.
      6. John (11516), m. Florence ——.
      7. Frank (11517), m. Julia Newton.
   2. John (1152), m. Gertrude ——.
   3. Cecelia (1153).
6. Clarinda (116), m. John Curtis.
   1. Mary 1161), d. unmd.
   2. Libens (1162), m. Alida Haines. Had Tom, Lillian, Emma.
   3. Isaac (1163), m. Sarah Irish.
   4. Charlotte (1164), m. E. B. Colby. Had Frank.
7. Emerson (117), m. Susan Van Patten. Had Will, Frank, Sam.
8. Warner (twin), 118). Murdered in Chicago.
9. Warren (twin) (119), m. Jane Smith, ch. d.

J. Isaac (11J), m. Betsy Southard. (See Family of Isaac Appleby.)

FAMILY OF JOHN APPLEBY

John Appleby (113), b. Jan. 10, 1815; d. Nov. 8, 1888. Lived in Ira, York State; m. (1) Louisa Annable.

1. MELISSA JANE (1131), m. DARIUS MYERS. (See Family of Darius Myers.)
2. John (1132), m. Jane Pulfrey. Lv. in Savanna.
3. Silas Howland, "Si" (1133), b. Oct. 27, 1839; d. Oct. 8, 1918; m. May 17, 1887 Mary Bryson, "Mamie," b. July 13, 1866.
   1. Arthur (11331), b. Aug. 7, 1888; d. Dec. 1958; m. (1) June 27, 1910 Ruth Shafer, d. Oct. 22, 1918; m. (2) June 2, 1933 Eva Pearson.
   2. Elmer (11332), b. June 27, 1890; m. July 4, 1915 Eleanor Benetictson.
   3. Louisa, "Lulu" (11333), b. Sept. 30, 1893; m. —— Duel, d. Oct. 22, 1918.
      1. Mylo (113331).
4. Leonard Grover (1134), b. Nov. 17, 1841; d. July 3, 1927; m. Louisa Clay. They had Lovell, Disa "Dicie," m. —— Fieldom; Ed, m. Lillian Crockett. Had Myron, Clayton, Glenn.
5. Emerson (1135), b. Dec. 27, 1844; d. Jan. 23, 1924; m. Olive Williams. Had Frank, John, Delbert, Bert, Elgin, Hubert, Nellie, d. 1903.
6. Cecelia Hannah (1136), unmd.
7. Girl (1137), lived 2 or 3 days.

m. (2) Anna ——, a relative of Louisa.

NOTE: On Mar. 13, 1963, Aunt Flora wrote: Viola's family were here last week-end. Janette slept with me. She always remembered to "do" my hair and wished she could stay with me. I hope she will always remember her great-grandmother with love, as Louise and Lydia did Grandma Appleby . . . I remember seeing Grandpa Appleby once, and of his tall silk hat.

FAMILY OF ISAAC APPLEBY

Isaac Appleby (11J). One of the first directors of Dist. 5 School; m. (1) Elizabeth Southard, "Betsy."

1. Nancy Jane Appleby (11J1), b. Cayuga Co., N.Y. 1834; d. 1902; m. 1854 John Vanderheyden.
   1. Winn (11J11), m. Emma Jane Eaton.
      1. Rose (11J111), m. —— Nerboth.
      2. Frank (11J112).
2. Clarissa (11J2), b. 1837, N.Y. State; d. 1898; m. 1856 Wallace Terpeney, "Wal."
   1. Ella (11J21), m. Lewis Krell.
      1. Stella (11J211), m. Wal Machamer.
         1. Ola (11J2111), m. —— Welch.
         2. Ruby (11J2112), m. —— Bollard.
         3. Phyllis (11J2113).
   2. Addie (11J22), m. Joseph Schwindle.
      1. Ora (11J221).
      2. Alma (11J222), m. twice.
      3. Ralph (11J223), m. three times, the last —— Burgess.
   3. Will, "Willie" (11J23), m. Phebe Hayes. Had Ila, Hazel, Maggie, Olna.
3. Clarinda (11J3), b. 1842 in N.Y. State; d. 1905; m. 1859 Edward Vanderheyden. (See Family of Clarinda Appleby.)
4. Mary (11J4), m. Henry Warne.
   1. Adelbert (11J41).
   2. Willie (11J42), m. Jennie Oliver. Had Laverne.

(Isaac) m. (2) Maria Wilder.

5. Myron (11J5).
6. Eli (11J6).
7. George (11J7), doctor; b. 1860 in Stockton, Ill.
   1. Vera (11J71), m. —— McClelland.
   2. Leonard (11J72), 718 W. Second St., Waterloo, Iowa.
8. Bert (11J8).

FAMILY OF CLARINDA APPLEBY

Compiled by Florence Vanderheyden Pierce

Clarinda Appleby (11J3), b. 1842, N.Y. State; d. 1905; m. 1859 Edward Vanderheyden.

1. Elmina, "Mina" (11J31), b. Dec. 8, 1860; d. Dec. 30, 1930.
2. Elizabeth, "Libby" (11J32), b. Oct. 30, 1862; d. Feb. 20, 1956.
3. Derick (11J33), b. Jan. 31, 1865; d. Dec. 30, 1928.
4. William (11J34), b. Feb. 19, 1867; d. Mar. 19, 1929.
5. Edward (11J35), b. Oct. 26, 1869.
6. Wallace (11J36), b. Mar. 30, 1872; d. Nov. 30, 1930.
7. Maria (11J37), b. Oct. 31, 1874; d. May 12, 1896.
8. Calvin (11J38), b. Feb. 15, 1878; d. May 22, 1934.
9. Ralph (11J39), b. Dec. 1, 1880.
J. Mae (11J3J), b. Dec. 9, 1883.
K. Pearl (11J3K), b. July 20, 1886.

From a letter by Florence Pierce: I am the daughter of Lina and Lib Vanderheyden Parker, and am very interested in family history and genealogy. This about great-grandfather Isaac Appleby's family, and great-grandmother Clarinda's family I got from their obituaries in my mother's scrap book. Isaac Appleby lived near where I live now, on land owned by Ralph Vanderheyden, and my mother was born there. Grandpa and Grandma Vanderheyden lived with her father until after Aunt Mina and mother were born. I was five when Grandma Vanderheyden died . . . I've heard she had a nice disposition. My father always said that the mother-in-law jokes didn't apply to his for he had the best mother-in-law in the country. P.S. We live on one of the old M. K. Hammond farms, one mile south of Stockton on Highway 78.

FAMILY OF ELMINA VANDERHEYDEN

Contributed by Vernena Dow Hooker

Elmina Vanderheyden, "Mina" (11J31), b. Dec. 8, 1860; d. Dec. 30, 1930; m. 1884 George Weldon Dow, b. Dec. 11, 1860; d. Sept. 25, 1909. They had:

1. Orie Welcome Dow (11J311), b. Aug. 9, 1884; d. Oct. 7, 1952; m. Guy Yeager, b. Aug. 7, 1880; d. May 21, 1948.
2. Vernena Arloa Dow (11J312), b. Apr. 7, 1892, County school teacher; m. Feb. 20, 1917, O. Glenn Hooker, b. May 21, 1891. (They run the Pearl City News.) They had:
   1. Betty Jean Hooker (11J3121), b. Nov. 5, 1919, Audit Clerk 17 yrs. for Sears Roebuck office in Freeport. Blonde with brown eyes.

NOTE: Vernena made out a chart of the Clarinda Appleby family, and I am adding some of her dates to the chart of Camilla Tiffany, which is more complete.

CLARINDA and EDWARD VANDERHEYDEN'S 11 CHILDREN

by Camilla (Wright) Tiffany, Sept. 22, 1962

Elmina (11J31), m. Weldon Dow.
1. Orie.
2. Vernena, m. Glen Hooker.
   1. Betty Jean.

Elizabeth (11J32), b. Oct. 30, 1862; d. Feb. 20, 1956; m. Abraham L. Parker.
1. Meade, m. Irene Johnson.
   1. Blanche.
   2. Ben.
   3. Philip, deceased.
   4. Edward, deceased.
   5. Lucille.
   6. Ivor.
   7. Emily.
   8. Jean.
2. Clarinda, m. Roy Gage.
   1. Eileen (adopted), m. Harry Johns.
      1. Colin.
      2. Dee Ann.
      3. Rae Lynn.
   2. Curran, m. Rose Krahenbuehl.
      5 children.
   3. Irmadell (deceased), m. Chas. Finch.
      1. Angeline Doyle.
      2. Regina Doyle, deceased.
3. Leroy, m. Ruby Coppernoll.
   1. Rex, m. Miriam Seace.
      3 children.
   2. Warren, m. Genevieve Wright.
   3. Martha, m. Wm. Kuhns.
   4. Jane, m. Roger Cron.
      4 children.
4. Emily, died at 20 yrs. of age, not married.
5. Florence, m. Leland Pierce.
   1. Elizabeth, m. Carson Herring.
      1. Sherri.
      2. Mark.
   2. Leland, Jr., m. Hazel Downs.
      4 children.
   3. Miriam, m. Morris Blair.
      4 children.
   4. Max, m. Mary Rife.
      4 children.
   5. Edith, m. Lendelle Bauer.
      3 children.
   6. Linda, m. Donald Lloyd.
      4 children.
6. Helen, m. Frank Gallagher.
   1. Julene, m. Jim Schlichting.
      5 children

Derick (11J33), b. Jan. 31, 1865; d. Dec. 30, 1928; never married.

William (11J34), b. Feb. 19, 1869; d. Mar. 19, 1929; m. Mary Dow.
1. Earl, deceased; never married.
2. Ivie, d. Aug. 12, 1964; m. Welcome Momenteller.
   1. Ethel, m. Reynold Brown.
      1. Quentin.
   2. Vivian, m. —— Yeager.
      2 children.
   3. Rose Mary, m. —— ——.
      ? children.
3. Edna, m. Paul Miles; no children.
4. Nola, m. Harry Morse.
   1. Virginia, m. —— ——.
      1. Martha.
5. Fern, m. Harold Higdon.
   5 children.

Edward (11J35), b. Oct. 26, 1869; d. Oct. 1964; m. Rosella Atchinson; bur. in Morseville Cemetery.
1. Emily, died in childhood.
2. Howard, died in young manhood.
3. Leland, m. Orla Tiffany.
   1. Mason, m. June Schap.
      6 children.
   2. Joyce, m. Bob Fox.
      1. Donald.
   3. Bess, unmarried.
   4. Norman, m. Maxine Potter.
      4 children.
   5. Ruth, m. Allen Schubert.
      2 children.

6. Donald, m. Pat Liphart.
   2 children.
7. Dorothy, m. Lyle Osterday.
   1. Garth.

4. Charles, m. Vada Herman.
   1. Ardath, m. Carson Simmons.
      2 children.
   2. Wayne, m. Geraldine Doering.
      1 child.
   3. LaVonne, deceased, m. Ben Walker.
      3 children.
5. Lloyd, m. Myrtle Carpenter.
   1. Malcolm, m. Lois Schmidt.
      3 children.
   2. Duane, unmarried.
   3. June, m. Gene Finn.
      4 children.
   4. Roger, m. Myrna Van Brocklin.
      5 children.
   5. Robert, m. Jane Andrews.
      2 children.
   6. Jack, m. Loral McKee.
      3 children.
   7. Bill, m. Cheryl Spencer.
      2 children.
   8. Sharon, m. Dan Broshous.
      1 child.
   9. Linda.
6. Thelma, m. Edw. Wixon.
   5 children; 2 marriages.

Wallace (11J36), b. Mar. 30, 1872; d. Nov. 30, 1930; m. Mary North.

1. Mabel, m. John Sender.
   1. Leland, m. Ione Fleming.
      5 children.
   2. Wayne, m. Martha Reed.
      8 children.
2. Alice, m. Bert Aurand.
   1. Geraldine, m. Dean Clair.
      4 children.
3. Ruby, m. Bryan Koch.
   1. William, m. Maxine Ortmeier. (He was killed in World War II.)
      1 child.
   2. Robert, m. Joyce Kupersmith.
      2 children, 1 deceased.
   3. Phyllis, m. Donald Kaney.
      2 children.
4. Ivor, deceased, m. Inez Benard.
   1. Gail, m. —— ——.
      2 children.
   2. Neil.
5. Eileen, m. Herman Richards.
   no children.

Maria (11J37), b. Oct. 31, 1874; d. May 12, 1896; m. Earl Eaton.

1. Grace, m. Ora Schubert.
   3 children.
2. Marjorie, m. Wm. Raab, deceased. (In Eaton history.)
   12 children.

Calvin (11J38), m. Clara Belk.

1. John Leo, deceased.
2. William Glenn, deceased.
3. Ethel, m. Oscar Lambert.
   1. Reece, m. Pauline Panther.
      2 children.
   2. Vaughn, m. Wanda Brown.
      3 children.
   3. Marcia, m. Eugene Bengston.
      1 child.
4. Vivian, m. Thomas Taylor.
   1. Eleanore, m. Wes Parker.
      3 children.
   2. Darlene, m. Keith Peters.
      3 children.
   3. Carol, m. —— ——.
      2 children.
5. Deric, m. Martha ——.
   1. Karen, m. —— ——.
      2 children.
   2. Judy, m. —— ——.
      1 child.
6. David, m. Ferna Elliot.
   1. Eugenia, m. Kenneth Sears.
      3 children.
7. June, m. Roger Smith.
   no children.
8. Neal, deceased when young.

Ralph (11J39), m. Emily Carroll.

1. Delbert, deceased; never married.
2. Wilbur, deceased; never married.
3. Doria, m. Carl Schroeder.
   no children.
4. Nora, m. Raymond Stayner.
   1. Rita, m. —— Dickman.
      3 children.
   2. Rosemary, m. Robert Dick.
      4 children.
5. Ruth, m. Vernon Kehl.
   1. Elaine, m. Donald Hayes.
      3 children.
   2. Betty, m. Ronald Nadig.
      1 child.
   3. William.
6. Roland, died in childhood.
7. Berniece, m. Robert Beyer.
   1. Richard, m. Judy Buske.
      2 children.
   2. Diane.
8. Velma, m. Eugene Fox.
   1. Janet, m. Eugene Broshous.
      2 children.
9. Walter, never married.

Mae (11J3J), m. George Palmer.

1. Shirley, m. Glenn Williams, Dec. 17, 1922.
   1. Patsy, Dec. 19, 1944.
   2. Jerry, Dec. 28, 1951.

Pearl (11J3K), m. Millard Wright.

1. Orville, m. Irma Forsythe. (Orville born June 9, 1906.)
   1. Eugene, m. Jean Bawden, deceased, Oct. 7, 1926.
      1. Cheryl, m. Danny Hoy.
         1. Toni.
   2. Joyce, m. James Hill, Oct. 14, 1929.
      1. James.
      2. Steven.
      3. Susan.
      4. Jody.
   3. Richard, Dec. 29, 1931; unmarried, killed in Korea.
   4. Jan Deric, m. Sharon ——; Nov. 18, 1933.
      1. Neatia.
      2. Deric.
   5. Barbara, May 7, 1937.
2. Wilbur, m. Daisy Rife. (Wilbur, Sept. 18, 1909.)
   1. Dean, m. Ruth Dittmar, Nov. 14, 1939.
      1. Kim, June 20, 1961.
3. Orie, m. Audrey Dick; Jan. 23, 1917.
   1. Ronald, Apr. 21, 1944.

4. Robert, m. Evelyn Schofield then to LaVerne Schlick; Aug. 9, 1920.
   1. Kenneth, m. Judy Atz; Aug. 27, 1937.
      1. Tammy, Oct. 28, 1957.
      2. Terry, Oct. 19, 1959.
      3. Tommy, Sept. 6, 1961.
   2. Deborah, Oct. 12, 1951.
   3. Denise, June 10, 1957.
5. Camilla, m. Burton Tiffany. (Camilla, June 20, 1925.)
   1. Barbara Ann, Dec. 13, 1953.
   2. Jan Scott, Oct. 12, 1956.

Dear Violet: Hope this is satisfactory.

Pearl Wright
218 East Trent,
Stockton, Ill.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MYERSES, THE ANNABLES AND THE APPLEBYS

by Different Ones

Aunt Flora writes:

Mrs. Adolf Myers said she thought Grandmother and Grandfather Howland were named Sarah and Silas.

Great Uncle Isaac Annable said, "Grandma Howland was a short, thickset woman, about like my wife. She weighed about two hundred. Prince Annable was a little shorter, thicker-set than I. I've seen Aunt Lydia and Aunt Eunice, real pretty woman Lydia was. I've heard Father say his mother died of the hiccoughs, and his father sat by her side until she died. He was round shouldered, pretty broad shouldered. When he was on the streets in England, and Englishman said, "What you got on your back?" He answered, "Bunker Hill, G.D. you!"

Grandma Howland was De La Farge. Her first husband's name was Dewell.

Prince Annable (some French) had a brother who lived in Cassanovia, N.Y. Prince went on the ocean when he was a boy.

When in New York state with Mother an old man told me, "You'll never be as pretty as your mother." She was a pretty girl. Married when she was young. Only sixteen when she left New York State.

Mother's features were delicate, more of the French type. The Myers' features were stronger, more of the Scotch type. The wife of a Myers' descendant said, "I can hardly bear to look at you, you look so much like my husband."

The Myers' traits were stronger and more aggressive. The Applebys' and Annables' were more gentle. It is noticeable that some of the women in our ancestry seem to be the leaders, such as Grandmother Rachel Smith Myers and Grandmother Louise Appleby.

Violet writes:

The racial strains of the Myerses were mostly Northern European-German, Dutch, English, Scotch, French. They were of the Protestant faith. Blue eyes mostly.

The racial strains of the Annables and Applebys were mainly French, English, and Scotch.

Kind, hard-working people they were. Maybe not great or famous, but loving and strong and good. Birthdays were special events, and they liked picnics and the beauties of Nature. They liked to read, and were good letter writers.

Going to Market

113

FAMILY RELATED TO LOUISA ANNABLE, WHO m. JOHN APPLEBY FAMILY OF HOWLAND

NOTE: Might have been a descendant of John Howland, who came over on the Mayflower.

Silas Howland (1), m. (1) Sarah De La Farge (French).

1. **Ruth (11), m. Prince Annable.** (See Family of Prince Annable) our ancestors.
2. Nicholas (12), m. —— ——. Had John, Eunice, Amy.
3. Jeremy (13), m. Hepsy Howard. Had Alfred Euretta, Delbert, Miriam.
4. Sarah (14), m. Abraham "Abe" Moore. Had Mary Ann, Wesley, Louisa, Melissa and Hannah.
5. Rachel (15), m. Joe Palmer, lived in Victory, N.Y. Had Henry; m. (2) —— Dewell. Had Eliza and Ed.
6. Lucy Dewell (16), m. —— Smith. Had Hannah.
7. Mary (17), m. —— Sutleft, lived in Salina, N.Y. Had Howland.
8. Betsy (18), m. —— Fundy, lived in Syracuse, N.Y.

1

FAMILY OF ISAAC ANNABLE (or Hannible) (French)

Isaac Annable (or Hannible)(1), lived to be 95. Several of his children went to Michigan.

1. Isaac (11), m. Polly Beecher. Had Charles, Doris, Sydney, Newton, Thomas, Lydia. Doris had Lydia who m. Loran Howe.
2. Cornelius (12), m. —— Nabby. He was taken prisoner, War of 1812.
3. Ephraim (13), half brother.
4. John (14), m. —— ——.
5. Lydia (15), m. —— Fiske. Had 7 boys, 1 girl.
6. Hannah (16), m. Adam Casner, a cousin. Wealthy. Lived near Geneva, N.Y.
7. Eunice (17), m. Samuel Brown, printer. Had Volney, Calais, Arvin, and Emmett.
8. **Prince (18, m. Ruth Howland;** b. 1783. (See Family of Prince Annable) our ancestors.

18

FAMILY OF PRINCE ANNABLE

Prince Annable (18). Once a sea captain. Little quiet man; m. Ruth Howland, b. 1783. Her first husband was —— Dewell. After the death of Prince, she m. (3) —— Birch.

1. Silas Annable (181), school teacher, b. Jan. 13, 1805; m. —— ——. Had Margaret and Mary Ann.
2. Lydia (182), b. Nov. 13, 1806; d. May 1, 1884; m. Peter Terpenning; m. Simeon Preston. Had Juliette, William Henry, m. Eliza Burns; Isaac Newton, James, m. Loretta Phelm; Sara Ann Maria, m. Harry Compstock; Ruth Ann, Melissa, Ozro and John.
3. Sarah Ann (183), b. Jan. 23, 1809. Lived to be 90; m. Benjamin Burgess ("Uncle Jack"). Had Caleb, Lucy, James, William, Ruth.
4. Isaac (184), b. Nov. 3, 1810; m. Anna Crichton. (See Family of Isaac Annable.)
5. **Louisa Annable (185), m. John Appleby.** (See Family of John Appleby.)
6. Eunice (186), b. Jan. 23, 1818; m. Albert Plumley. Had Charley and Gorham.
7. Husted Ebenezer (187), b. May 19, 1820; m. Sally Ann Newberry. Had Dallas, Mary, Elizabeth, Oresimus, John.
8. Hannah Cecelia (188), m. John Howland, a cousin. Had Hannah, Cecelia, Henrietta, who d. with 2nd child.
9. Jane (189), d. when little.

Two d. unnamed.

NOTE: Aunt Flora gathered this material of her mother's relatives.

NOTE: Grandma Myers said, "My grandmother's name was Ruth Annable. I've seen two of her brothers. One of them was Jeremy. Aunt Hannah married her first cousin. Her first child died, and she d. with her second child. Her cousin, Hannah Cecelia, is still living, has a family of children.

113

FAMILY OF ISAAC ANNABLE

Isaac Annable (184), b. Nov. 3, 1810; m. Anna Crichton (or Creighton) b. in Bothwell, Scotland. Dau. of George Crichton. She crossed the Atlantic Ocean on a sailing vessel, "The Speed," fueled by coal, starting May 18, 1850, arrived July 7, 1850. Sister of Jane, Dave, George.

1. Ruth (1841), d. 15 or 16 yrs. Bur. in Nebr. with parents.
2. Prince (1842), d. 1 yr. old.
3. Lorenzo (1843), m. Cordelia Brott, had bunch of children.
4. Louise, "Lou" (1844), m. Leroy Young, who d. May, 1940.
   1. Jeanette, "Nettie" (18441), b. Aug. 5, 1877 in Nebr.; d. Mar. 1942; m. John George Frey, b. Apr. 23, 1876 in Switzerland; d. Feb. 13, 1945 at Santee, near San Diego.
   2. Ralph (18442), last heard from in Portland, Mar. 1942.
   3. Guy (18443). (See Family of Guy Young.)
5. George (1845), prospector (mined in Cripple Creek, Colo.). Hunter, Carpenter; d. c. 1949 in San Diego.

OBITUARY

Isaac Annable, the oldest man in Otoe Co. was born Nov. 5, 1810 in Cayuga Co., N.Y. and died at his home, five miles north-east of Syracuse, Jan. 6, 1906, aged 95 years, 2 months and 1 day.

He came with his parents from New York to Illinois over fifty years ago where he was married to Anna Crichton. In 1854 they moved to Winona County, Minnesota. He was converted and baptized by Elder Hamlin, of the Baptist Church, at Pine Creek Valley, Minn., in the year 1855. In 1861 he with his family removed to Illinois and in 1873, came west and located on a farm five miles northeast of Syracuse Nebraska.

There are left to mourn his loss a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters, Mrs. G. Murray, Mandon, S.D.; Mrs. A. L. Young, Syracuse, Nebr.; Lorenzo Annable, Mead, Nebr. and George Annable, Farmington, New Mexico, all of whom were present at his funeral. Six children were born to them, one dying in infancy and the youngest, a daughter, died about 23 years ago at the age of 15.

At the heart of his life was a well-spring of human sympathy that all could feel. He held the unswerving confidence of his neighbors, was loved and trusted in life and is mourned and revered in death.

To the family who will ever cherish his memory, may they all in this hour of sad separation look to Him who is our life, our hope and our resurrection, for a complete unity in a home where there is no death.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father.

Mrs. Isaac Annable,
Mrs. Lucy Murray,
Mrs. Louise Young,
Lorenzo Annable,
George Annable.

LETTER FROM GLADYS BOOMER

December 4, 1963

Dear Violet:

. . . We have done much traveling this year, and when we were at home we had company, also young girls and boys here for week-ends and as much as a week at a time, taking riding lessons from Lowell and getting help from him with their horses. Our traveling was because Lowell judged many hunter and jumper classes during the spring, summer and fall. We still have the printing business and it is doing fairly well, but Lowell has a good man and a very good secretary, and he has things organized so that he can be away for long week-ends such as Thursday or Friday through Monday.

We spent Thanksgiving week-end with our son, Jim, and his wife in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They couldn't come home, nor could they come for Christmas as Jim's wife, Lois, is expecting April 1. Her doctor doesn't want her to take long car trips and Cedar Rapids is 340 miles from here—so we went over there and had a wonderful time. They lost a baby two years ago this past Thanksgiving—3 months premature.

We are well and happy, too. We love our home out here in the country. Mother and Frank are fine and we see them often.

Another thing that has kept me busy is that I do quite a lot of typing and clerical work for Cedars Home for Children. I do it at home but it involves about three afternoons per week. I guess you knew that I didn't work at our office any more. I "retired" three years ago. I love being home and am busy every minute. This is also my 3rd year as treasurer of the Lincoln Saddle Horse Club.

Love,
Gladys

Roca, Nebraska
February 28, 1964

Dear Violet:

. . . Yes, I was married before . . . It was a very unhappy marriage . . . Lowell is not John and Jim's real father, however he legally adopted them when we were married and their names were changed legally to Boomer. I really don't know much about my first husband's people. His name was Fred J. Hoar of Boston, Mass. His father was John Joseph Hoar, died February, 1931. He was quite a great person, was Mayor of Boston in his younger days and also Senator from Mass. . . .

Love,
Gladys

FAMILY OF GUY YOUNG, WHO m. LOUISA ANNABLE

(Compiled by Gladys [Young] Boomer)

Guy Garfield Young, b. Nov. 23, 1880; m. Edna Ruth Betts, Avoca, Nebr. Lived on a farm between Otoe and Syracuse, Nebr. I had a brother, Harold, born at 7 months and lived only a few days. He would have been a year and a half older than me. Then I had a brother, Willis, 3 yrs. younger than me, born in 1908 and died 1910 with spinal meningitis. Mother, Dad and I moved to LaPorte, Colorado in 1912 where we had a fruit ranch.

Edna Ruth Betts Young, b. Nov. 16, 1885. Daughter of Benjamin and Laura Betts.

Gladys Young, b. June 25, 1906. Married Lowell Boomer. Two sons.

James Kenneth Boomer, b. Feb. 10, 1931. Married Lois Ann Arnold. Jim graduated from Electrical Engineering College, Nebraska University. Was a jet pilot during his Air Force training for 3 years, the last year of training he was a jet pilot instructor and was a 1st lieutenant. He is now an electrical engineer with Collins Radio Corp. in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He has been with them since his Air Force training. He and Lois were married in 1957. She is a Kentucky girl whom Jim met while in the Air Force. Her parents are Vaughn and Cecelia Arnold of Calvert City, Kentucky.

John Frederick Boomer, b. Apr. 23, 1929; m. Carolyn Kunkel, June 13, 1954. Carolyn's parents are Dr. Lloyd David Kunkel and Dorothy Ann Kunkel of Weeping Water, Nebr. John graduated from business administration college, Nebraska University. He took his military training in the infantry at Ft. Benning, Georgia in 1955. John is Advertising Manager for Product Engineering Magazine of the McGraw Hill Publishing Co., in New York City. They live in Stamford, Conn. He has been with McGraw Hill since he graduated in 1954, with leave of absence while he took his military training. John and Carolyn have 3 children:

John Frederick, Jr. (call him Jeff), born June 22, 1955.

David Lloyd, b. Nov. 21, 1956.

Mark Steven, b. Oct. 7, 1960.

Lowell Boomer (his name is actually George Lowell Boomer), born Oct. 12, 1908. His father was George Boomer. He died when Lowell was about 16. Lowell's mother is Grace Boomer, still living at age 90. She was born Sept. 26, 1873. Lowell's father was a professor at the Agricultural College here in Lincoln. His mother was a school teacher, later started the Teacher Employment Agency, which became a general employment agency for office help, salesmen, etc., as well as for teachers. She retired just 2 yrs. ago, and lives in an apartment with her sister in Lincoln.

R.F.D. # 1
Roca, Nebraska 68430
Dec. 12, 1966

Dear Violet:

Hope you are well, and have a nice Christmas. We're all fine here, including Mother and Frank, although they don't go anywhere, much, only on special occasions.

Our son John, Carolyn and 3 boys are still in Connecticut. John is still with McGraw Hill in N.Y. We spent Thanksgiving with them. Jim, Lois and Beth, age 2½, are in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Jim is an electrical engineer with Magnavox Corp. —all doing very well and are very happy.

Lovingly,
Gladys

STORIES AND LETTERS ON DARIUS MYERS' SIDE

HERKIMER

by Randolph Sidney, friend of Jack Bratton

May 11, 1958

HERKIMER is a German-Dutch settlement located in the Adirondack Mountains three hundred miles east of the Hudson River and the Palisades between Lake Ontario and the Saint Lawrence River. It is a milltown, with tall trees, pine, fir, cedar, evergreen, sugar-pine, maple—it is a great producer of maple syrup.

Herkimer is built on flats, marshy land, wet much of the year. That is why it used to be called Herkimer Flats.

Mostly German and Dutch people still live there. The town is not too big, with the settlement spread out pretty well. There is hunting of deer and trout-fishing. It is a dairy-cattle country.

It gets very cold up there, below zero in the winter with quite a bit of snow. Summers are mild, not too hot or cold, around 70° or 75°. It is a pretty country, with many small lakes.

(NOTE: Henrich Myer and Anna Kunigunda, our ancestors, brought up their children at Herkimer.)

NICHOLAS AND CORNELIA (LEICH) MYERS

by Flora Washer

WHEN Mother and I visited cousins John (112942) and Mary Myers (112945) in Newton, N.Y. in 1901, they were living in the old house where Great-grandmother Cornelia died, and we slept in her bed. She thought a bright light warned her when she was going to die; and when she was dying, she thought she saw angels at the foot of her bed.

She used to draw barrels of water on a sled during the winter at Valley Forge. The soldiers would let her through, and General Washington would often pat her on the head, and call her a good girl. She was a large woman. The name was called Mayer then.

Nicholas Myers went to the Mohawk Valley, York State. He was a great hand to smoke. He was in the Revolutionary War. He was a weaver. After his death, Cornelia went to live with John and Mary, Uncle Henry and Aunt Elcy's son and daughter. She lived to be about 96 years of age.

Father's old home was near where they lived.

They had old furniture, an old spinning wheel. I wanted something to take home to Lydia, and Mary gave me a blue dish for her. Cousin George lived with them. Must have inherited what they left.

For more than 80 years they lived right there, never been away from home more than 80 miles. They were cousins of Father's, looked a good deal like him. Cousin John was then past eighty. He had a long white beard and the Myers' nose. Mary was a large framed woman, with a sonorous voice. I remember how pleased they were we had come "way from California" to see them.

I got notes from the Bible of Uncle Henry (11294).

FAMILY OF NICHOLAS
STORIES OF SARAH MYERS CARLTON (112922) and ANGIE (CARLTON) HUBER (1129223)

My great-grandfather's name was (Johann) Nicholas Myers. In Dutch they called him "Honicle." . . . He was German . . . never spoke the English plain. . . . He served in the Revolutionary War and drew a pension in his old age. He used to smoke tobacco and drink whiskey and use profane language. Was considered an honest man in his dealings but not a good moral pattern.

Greatgrandma Cornelia was tall. Her husband called her "Red-Cheeked Molly." He was a little short man. She slipped. Her hip was put out of joint. She would never let it be set. . . . She was 96 when she died. She was of High Dutch, well-off people in Holland. Came from Holland, New Amsterdam to York State, near Oswego Village. Gora York conquered it, named it after himself. She ran away with Greatgrandpa, so her people never would give her any money — she was cut off from their estate.

Great-Grandma Cornelia was in York State during the Revolutionary War. They lived on the division between the English and the Americans. She was a young girl. They had two wounded Union soldiers under the bed in the trundle bed. Two English soldiers were on top in the big bed. Both Americans lived. I think one English soldier died.

My Greatgrandfather Nicholas was a Colonel. Uncle John was a favorite son. Great-Grandma Rachel Smith had two sisters, Rebecca and Habakkuk. One of them went around preaching that way.

There is something running in the Myers' disposition, they loved children. They have blue eyes.

STORIES OF SARAH (MYERS) CARLTON (112922)

From the First Homefolks Book

NOTE: Cousin Sarah, born in 1833, could remember some of the earlier members of the family. She died in the Spring of 1924, in her 91st year.

Talking to Louise:

Grandma Rachel was spinner for Great-Grandma Cornelia. Great-Grandma was wanting John to marry a Holland girl, a neighbor—had her all picked out for him. When he married her spinner, she never went to see him. Grandma was an English Jew, born in London. Come to York State. Very smart. They said, "We got all our smartness from her."

NOTE: Rachel claimed she was English and Scotch.

Our great-grandmother talked about the Revolutionary War. The Hollanders are very peaceful. The High Dutch farmers do not like to fight, and some of them went to Holland. Great-Grandfather Nicholas could speak both High and Low Dutch.

Their son, Henry, married Elcy, and they had twins, Mary and Billie. Billie never married. He used to say, "I love the little dears, but I don't want to marry them." The girls liked him, too.

Great Uncle Nicholas came to Iowa. Uncle Fritz (Frederick) ran away from home. He ran away in the French War—went to Canada. A shell struck him in the head. He wasn't very bright, stuttered. He kept a kind of a hotel. We sold our farm and moved to Ohio.

Grandma was always kind of cross. A good nurse. I had bilious spells. I begged for Grandma. Thought she could cure me right away. We lived in Oswego. She lived two miles from us. It was cold and snowy. "Nicholas," she said, "Go up on the hill, get some chestnut limbs, scrape off the inside bark, and make some tea. Get a chicken and make some broth."

Grandma liked children. Smith was her last baby. She cried because she couldn't have any more babies. I went to see her. She said, "Scrape your shoes on the mat before you come in. Now do not get anything out of place."

My daddy was an awful worker just like your father. My grandmother said, "Nicholas is a child after my own heart."

John was a brother. He married Polly. She died of a cancer. They had a daughter, Rachel, who was awfully humored. John had care of a bridge, a toll gate. He got consumption and moved up near Oswego and got him a farm.

Waterman Sears had a tannery. He and Phoebe had Darius and Alice. Waterman was sick one time. "Now," he says,

"I want to go to sleep." When Phoebe woke up, he was dead. She never got over it.

Aunt Survivy came to our house. Grandpa's people moved to Illinois. Aunt Celia was a teacher for the young ladies. Grandpa wasn't a great farmer—an easy disposition.

JOHANN NICHOLAS, JOHN NATHAN, HER GRANDFATHER NICHOLAS, AND HER MOTHER SARAH

by Angie Huber (1129223)

Angie, talking to Violet:

Great-great-grandfather (Johann Nicholas Myers) used to sit by the hour and tell stories of the Revolutionary War. Mother used to say, "Oh, if you could only have heard him!" He was blind.

Great grandfather (John Nathan) was a very fine man, good-looking and kind, industrious. He had to blacksmith at night — the horses worked in the day-time. Shoed horses, both his own and neighbors'. He was even-tempered. Mother used to say that I looked and acted like him.

Grandfather Nicholas was a fine-looking man. I saw him in his coffin, and he was handsome. White skin and dark curls when he was young, but white curls clustered all over his head in his coffin. Betsy, his wife was odd. . . .

STORIES OF ANGELINE (CARLTON) HUBER (11291223)

(Talking to Violet)

April 1, 1942

I've heard Mother tell how Mary and John read the old Dutch Bible. They all lived in Oswego, branched out, had large farms, different counties. Grandfather's farm was 3 miles out, raised grain and hay, sheep, cows, horses.

My grandfather Nicholas was a school trustee and Justice of the Peace. He wanted the school built one place, they wanted it another, so he wouldn't let Mother go to school. So your Grandfather sent my mother to Falla Seminary. Darius was a school teacher and farmer too. One of the smartest men he ever talked to, my father said. Had wonderful judgement.

The hull of the Myerses were all tight about money. Look at Smith. "Git it! Git it!" he'd say. "Git money!"

Smith couldn't do nothin with Em. She was taller than him, very aristocratic, highly educated. Mother'd say, "That was one of the Myerses couldn't rule his wife."

One of the main railroad lines went through there around Plum River and it started up like a rocket. Stockton came later. It was 1873 when we went out to Warren.

Ma thought a lot o' Rachel. Said she was the smartest woman in the hull country, couldn't anyone spin and weave and work like she did. Her floor was curly maple. Ma was almost afraid to walk across it. John was a farmer and a blacksmith. Had great big vats for maple syrup. We'd go down when they were sugaring off. Whenever Ma'd get sick she'd send for Rachel. She was splendid with sick people—good with almost anything.

Aunt Lina was a school teacher. Little, delicate, died. Uncle Jed wanted seven sons. She had five.

Darius had small hands, feet. Not anywhere near as tall as my father. Smith was a small man.

The father of my grandmother Betsy had wild land, a large grant, in Ithaca, New York. He drank.

Old Dan Eaton married Laviny. "Lo Vine," he called her. He was German. Dutch in his ways. Rich in stock and lands. Viny had to live in an old log house. She was the sweetest, loveliest woman Mother'd ever seen, almost.

Phoebe's daughter Alice lived in Syracuse with her little girl, Matie. Viny offered her a home in Rome, but she wouldn't budge . . .

My Grandfather Nicholas bought out his time of his father, took up land deep in the woods, three hundred and sixty acres, cleared it and built a good house. Next to him, a nurseryman cleared his land and set it out to expensive trees, got into debt. My grandfather sold his place, took the money and bought the nurseryman's place, had a fine house on it. Later, he sold it for $75,000. That is where he got his start . . .

Nebraska was pretty much as bad as Kansas. There'd come those hot winds, 'd sweep right through that stretch, 'd come droughts.

We had land in Kansas, we loaned out money on quarter sections, one was made out to me. We tried to save the lands on the Arkansas River. That's the way we became interested in Cripple Creek; trading off those old loans for mining stock. Mother got some stock in Portland Mine, got $200.00 a month dividends. She thought the mine was playing out, sold the stock for 25 cents a share. Then that was the end of her fortune . . .

The Myerses all cling to life. I guess it is in their blood. When Mother was dying, she looked at me and I will never forget that look. "Angie," she asked, "am I going to die?" She did not want to die. And the Myers take death so hard. It seems as though they cannot give up their loved ones. It is hard for them to. Mother was almost a hundred, but I thought of her as being young. She wanted to work and accomplish things. She was capable.

'Pon my word, I'd like to say I was eighty. After all, I'm in my eightieth year, aren't I?

NOTE: Cousin Angie lived to be almost 90.

My greatgrandparents (Rachel and John) thought the world and all of Smith. When she was dying, she told Smith to walk her across the room. She commanded him in that way she had, "If you don't walk me, I'll die without giving you my blessing." So he walked her back and forth across the room three times, and then laid her down on the bed and she died right off.

Amos was hospitable. He'd say, "You girls are good-looking, but you can't hold a candle to what your mother was." He'd let us have dances. I'd had dancing lessons, and could do the Dip in the Schottishe. Ed Vanderheyden and I danced together and we were the best dancers on the floor. We were just going it one night, making a show, and I saw Rosella's face it was red. Your mother said she made him a good wife and mother to his children.

Daniel Eaton's thought they were big shucks. They put on style, didn't have much to do with the others. They lived up on the other hill.

Before we went to Amos Eaton's, Mother, Ruby and I visited over at Dari's in Nora, and stayed until after Elsie's wedding. (That was in August of 1884.) Even then, Dari was fixing to move to California.

At first, the Appleby's lived all around there—Plum River. Your grandfather brought the hull tribe of them from Oswego to Illinois with him. He settled them on a tract of land. When I was there, Ed took me up to the old Appleby house on a hill. One of them, Clarinda, married Ed's father. She was a beauty. We'd never gotten to see relatives before. My! What a good time we had!

I have the Myers hands. See how loose my skin is, and how long my fingers are, with big nails. Those knuckles belong to the Myers hands. Lester has them.

NOTE: Angie has a curved nose and bright blue eyes, large and pretty. Her back is bent, but she walks with decisiveness, on her shapely, small feet. You can see she has been a handsome woman.

Lester hovered near in his bright blue suit, the color of his eyes. His hair is dark and wavey.

When I said Goodbye, I held my cheek against Angie's, and she said, "Please come again."

San Diego
April 8, 1944

About noon, I went down to Angie's on L Street, and she opened the door with more vim than usual, explaining "Come right in, and make yourself to home!" She had on her new brown wool sweater, a striped brown full skirt, and a knitted cap of brown wool fringed with grey. Her face looked fuller, and she said, "I'm getting on all right, I guess."

"Lester is working," she explained. "I'm glad for him to be away for awhile days. It worries me to have a man underfoot, I've lived alone so much. I don't know what I'd do without Lester, he does the shopping. He keeps that radio playing till I think I'll go crazy. I say, "Shut off that sound!" He'll answer, "But it's such beautiful music." He has music in his system.

My mother, Sarah, had the most beautiful voice! Ought to have been an opera-singer. She'd sing so loud milking, a woman on a farm a half-mile away could hear her. She had to milk eight cows before breakfast, and she'd sing throughout. Her father, Nicholas, was a great hand to have everybody work. They got it from their mother, all that family wanted work done, including your grandfather Darius.

Rachel, their mother, was the one they got it from. She'd make John, her husband, do horse-shoeing at night after he'd worked on the farm all day. John'd want to lie down on the sofa, and she'd call him to do something, "Dum, Mommie! What do you want?" he'd ask.

My grandfather Nicholas had a big voice, and blab! How he could talk! He was a Justice of the Peace, and espoused the cause of the widows, made him lots more work. He'd get up in the night and smoke, smoke, smoke, so the house was filled with it. Then he'd go to court and talk loud and much and win his case. . . .

He had an old brown earthenware tea-pot, set on the stove all the time. He'd put new tea-leaves on top of the old till it got almost full, and he'd pour off the tea, strong as brine. He didn't like coffee.

My mother loved tea, too, every morning had to have some. I've felt so bad she couldn't have hot tea the morning she died. They gave her orange-juice at the hospital.

She lived several days. Eva was with her at the last. The doctor said, "This is the last time you'll ever hear your mother's voice." That was 1924. Here it is 1944. Twenty years! My, how time flies!

When your grandmother was last here, she told me about your grandfather's last illness. He had trouble with stomach and bowels and rectum. He called her to him at the last and thanked her for washing things for him. He said, "You've been a good wife to me." It made her happy. It was worth everything she had done.

There was a streak of religion in the Myerses. It'd come out every once in awhile. My grandfather'd preach. Your grandfather'd preach. Got it from their mother, I guess. She'd have expressions, queer ones, you'd laugh. She was a worker. That is a Myers' trait, it goes away back. Though some were well-to-do, they'd keep on working as my grandfather did.

Back behind him was Aunt Mary and Uncle John, lived together. Neither of them ever did marry. She talked thick Holland, I heard her. She had the family Bible, printed in Dutch. There was a Honiker, "Henry" in English. "Why do you and Herman want to know about these forebears? You haven't any children."

"It is for those who have," I explained. "Their descendants will appreciate these accounts."

Memorial Day
May 30, 1944

Last evening, I went to visit Angie and Lester. Angie was pleased with the two lace curtains Eva had sent.

Lester had on his new blue suit, and was humming, trying to catch the tune of a love-lyric he had heard at the theatre. Lester said, "If I could only learn to play on the piano so I could write down the music I hear coming out of the air. It is like a symphony concert, with all the instruments, tunes I've never heard elsewhere. Vernon showed me how to play on this ukulele in one evening. I love fine music."

Angie's shoes were slender. "I used to wear No. 4's," she said. "Rachel Myers had small feet, No. 2's. She was a small woman, but oh, so active! She'd spin wool into yarn, then weave it, like those red blankets my mother's mother made.

Your Uncle Phil came to my grandmother's when he was 17. He was big, filled out, and, oh, so bashful! He stood up along the wall, Grandmother Elizabeth asked him what his name was, and he said, "Epaminondas." she said, "What did your father name you that for?"

Epaminondas defended an army in a narrow pass in Greece, and was a model of virtue. I guess Phil was a model of virtue. I saw him at Plum River.

My father thought a lot of your father, said he was such a wonderful man.

When we lived at Warren, Hank Eaton took us down to Plum River to visit the hull family. I don't think we stayed more'n overnight. Some stayed at Aunt Celia's. Mother stayed at your grandfather's, they were great friends.

Smith's mother Rachel had been to town and seen some baby pots with covers. She thought they'd be nice for honey, all covered up. She set one of them on the table, an' he threw it out.

Smith was a schemer. That was the Jewish in him, they were the smartest people on the face of the globe. They had that God-given power until they rejected their Messiah. When they first began to digress was when they chose a king. Oh, Israel wants a king! And now they are being killed off in Europe by the hundreds.

Violet: Mamma and Etta went to clean Tunis' cabin. There was sugar in a china bed-chamber on the shelf. They had to take a hoe to get the dirt off the floor.

Angie: Mother said Tunis was odd. He had a farm in York State. Was robbed there, and then, in Illinois.

Smith lived in Moline, Kansas. Emma was Smith's wife. She just ruled everything. She was a great big tall woman. He'd say, "Em! Em! Em! Hurry!" She'd just sit down and say, "Well, when you stop hurrying me, I'll get ready."

Clara Webb and her sister were his daughters. They went to the same boarding school your mother went. They were dressed fine, didn't have much to do with us.

I have those two little houses in East San Diego, get a good income. I hang onto them. Lester is good and kind, and stays with me but not one bit inclined that way. He's more musical and literary. He's Johnson's boy.

March 15, '52

Angie Huber talking to Violet

Yesterday, I went to visit Cousin Angie in East San Diego in her small green house with a porch in front, and an evergreen tree in the front yard. I knocked at a window in back, beside Angie's bed; and Angie let me in the front door. Such a frail little body with her head bent one side, wearing a brown dressing gown, neat and clean. I sat in a big chair by the wood stove, and she sat on a straight-backed chair. She was real pleased with the avocados from my own tree, and with Eva's "Signs of the Times," and with a tan wool dress, embroidered in brown. "I'll put it in my trunk," she said. "Put it on yourself," I urged. "Maybe," she promised, "some day after a bath."

Angie: I wish I had gotten more acquainted with the relatives. Thirty-five years I didn't tell your mother we were in San Diego. Your mother and I got along all right. I liked Uncle Darius' family. Ruby and I visited them in Nora. We had the best time. Once, George and Dri, Ruby and I had an oyster

supper in the barn. We made a fire and cooked it out there. All of Uncle Darius' family were workers, weren't they?

Violet: Yes, Aunt Rebecca was, had to be, with all that family. When Grandpa went to search for gold in California, Grandma and Uncle Phil and she had to do the farm work, and even pitch hay. Uncle Phil said he was like a colt that had been worked too young. Grandma had fourteen children, that was work enough in itself.

Angie: But she wasn't in the Myers' line.

Violet: Well, she liked to keep busy with quilts, or shelling peas; she liked to help. Mama was a worker. One doctor said she didn't have a physical conscience, because she'd keep on when she ought to stop. Uncle Dri worked so hard on those different farms. All of the aunts and uncles were workers. Grandpa could do the work of three men, they said of him.

Angie: He got it from his mother. My, she was the workingest woman! Little, but, oh, my! She didn't want to sleep with anybody. There was a ladder by the chimney and she'd climb up and sleep in a little bed, said she kept warm there.

I wish our families could have known each other better. Father was always so busy in that store, we didn't have time much, for relatives. Once, we came to Santa Barbara. We heard of a house back in the hills, and Father rented it and hired a wagon to take our things up, including the organ.

I was a growing girl. Ruby and I went to a school a mile away, but we didn't mind, it was so beautiful in those mountains. I like California. I've lived in San Diego a good many years. Lester says I'll be eighty-eight years old in April. I want to live to be ninety. No matter what happens, I always seem to pull out of it. I'm living, and I'm comfortable. I've got Lester to live for. I'm glad you came, and tell Eva to come. Eva has been so good to me.

End of Angie's Stories

FAMILY OF LAVINA (MYERS) EATON (112913)

ACCOUNT OF EMMA JANE (EATON) VANDERHEYDEN (11291351)

(in the First Homefolks Book)

Written c. 1922

Your Aunt Lyddy B. and Etty (Elsie), Viola, and I were great friends. Uncle Darius had a big barn with boards above the horses in the hay-mow; and in there, we had the playhouse. . . .

Your grandpa Myers was rather quick-tempered. Great grandpa John married a Smith. Grandma Laviny Eaton was a great Christian woman . . . The Eatons never did use tobacco. . . . I never knew a Myers, the older ones, that ever drank any. They were all religiously inclined.

Uncle Tune was the funniest! . . .

The Myers were very contrary, wanting their own way, — very set. The Applebys were rather slow, more mild people.

The Myers were quick-tempered. Sometimes they get mad very easy, and show all their Holland Dutch. Not hands to hold a grudge, though.

Uncle Nicholas and Uncle Smith always dressed very nice. . . . Aunt Euphany was about as strong a disposition as Aunt Celia. Uncle Sol was quite dressy. Every once in awhile someone will have a Myers' nose. . . . The Myers' eyes is rather deep blue eyes. Some of 'em have kind of curly hair.

Grandma wore a lace cap tied with little ribbons.

That seems to be the one great thing in the Myers' family, — to be for education. They like to read, — are quite students. . . . It comes down through the family . . .

They enjoy Nature. I often say: "God is the one that made the beauty."

Letter from Laura Eaton Cohn 112913233

812 N. Hazel
Danville, Illinois
Sept. 17, 1962

My Dear Violet:

You probably do not know who I am, although I do you. My mother and Emma Vanderheyden spent a very pleasant winter with you and your mother more years ago than it is good to think about, and I have always felt as if I had known you at some time or other. My mother was very fond of you.

. . . My grandfather Eaton died when my father was about 14 years old. His name was Daniel, although my grandmother always pronounced it as if it were "Donnel." He married Harriett Louise House, evidently during the Civil War, for my father was born in 1865, and his sister Flora was 5 years older than he was. Uncle Earl was 2½ years younger than Dad, and Uncle Walter will be 90 years old somewhere around the 21st of October.

Uncle Isaac lived in Oklahoma. He visited us once when I was a small child, and I remember him telling me his wife's name was Laura.

. . . We have lawyers by the dozens in our family . . .

You might get better information from Ora Eaton, 80 yrs. old, who lives in Mt. Carroll, Ill. . . .

My sister's 2 daughters live in San Diego, Priscilla (Mrs. Ed) Moore, at 1159 Missouri, and Prudence Schuman . . . Their father, Floyd Newcomer, Yuma, Arizona, is rated richest man in Arizona—raises vegetables and also cattle.

Yours truly,
Laura Eaton Cohn
112913233

GRACE EATON (11291321) FAMILY OF LAVINA

Stockton, Ill.
Sept. 18, 1964

Dear Violet:

. . . Laura Eaton Cohn is a teacher at Danville. Ralph, Jr. is a lawyer in Mt. Carroll. He has a son living in Iowa and a daughter in Washington, D.C. Uncle Walter is in a nursing home in Lena, Ill.; his daughter lives in Warren on a farm and his son, Harold, has a drug store in Mt. Carroll. Donald's wife lives on our street and she has two girls in Chicago, both married and with families.

My sister, Marjorie, is a widow and lives in Shannon, Ill. She has a large family; 14 living children and one little girl died a long time ago.

My half-sister, Ruth, lives near us; she has a son living in Ventura, runs a Mobil oil station and another one is in radar. A year ago my stepmother and brother passed away within a short time. Ruth has a son in the Marines, in N.J., almost at retirement age; a Major. A daughter lives in Samed, Kansas.

We have two daughters, one in Dwight and one in Freeport; a son lives in Monroe, Wisc. Then grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Uncle Ed Vanderheyden was taken to the hospital by ambulance Wed. He will be 95 in October. He had been living with Thelma, his daughter. His son, Charles, is Mayor of Stockton.

Aunt Pearl still lives with Camilla and family; she isn't too well. Aunt Mae and Uncle Geo. live near us too.

Uncle Ralph Van is in a nursing home here in town.

My husband is a paralytic, is able to be around with a walker; thankful for that.

Sincerely,
Grace E. Schubert

FAMILY OF LAVINA ELIZABETH (EATON) CROUSE (1129135J)

Savanna, Ill.
Sept. 25, 1964

Dear Cousin Violet:

. . . Ora Eaton lives about four miles from Savanna, alone, and my sister Mabel and husband were here from Calif. and we stopped by to say Hello to him. . . . I was Libbie Eaton, Amos Eaton's daughter from up in Pleasant Valley. I have been called either Elizabeth or Beth ever since I went to school at Mt. Morris College. I remember being at your home in Chicago with my mother in 1893 during the World's Fair. I was born May 11, 1885 which means I will be 80 years old next May. I have been a widow for over four years but still live in our home. I married a farmer and we farmed four miles out of town until we retired in 1940.

Mabel and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harlan S. Bell, live at 13804 Saratoga Ave., Saratoga, Calif. He is a retired railroad engineer from La Crosse(?), Wisc. They lost one son and the other is married with two grown children. He lives in northern Oregon and is a big official with Prudential Ins. One of my sons is a division Supt. with Int. Harvester at Rock Island, Ill. The other is a member of the firm of Haskin and Sells, auditing firm, with headquarters in Chicago.

We have our family tree traced back to Nicolas Myers who was b. in 1759 and served in the Revolutionary War. It is complete with the exception of the birth of Uncle Daniel Eaton. He is buried in a county cemetery about 20 miles from here near Stockton, Ill. There is a tombstone but the date is lost because a corner of the stone was broken. We have searched for years for a bible with that date. If you have it . . . then I could go on from there and take it up through the D.A.R. organization. My grand-daughters would like to belong to the D.A.R. . . .

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Crouse (1129135J)
217 Adams St., Savanna

FROM FAMILY OF PHOEBE MYERS (12915)

COUSIN ALICE LEWIS

by Ethel Platzek

Aug. 18, 1924

Cousin Alice was daughter of Phoebe Myers, who had married Waterman Sears.

Mamie Ethel Platzek tells of Cousin Alice:—

Cousin Alice had so many stories for children and poems she knew by heart. I used to like to go and stay all night with her (when she lived in Fowler, California). If we had been especially good, Mamma would say, "Don't you want to go and stay all night with Cousin Alice?" I was crazy to go.

She had the most wonderful feather beds I ever saw in my life. She had some dishes of blue willow-ware, and some of brown dishes, the most expensive kind now. And odd-shaped silver ware she had from her mother and different relations. (These descended to her daughter Matie, and they were destroyed when the house burned, but Lydia has one dish of the blue ware.)

She used to have corn-flakes, and peanut butter, and cornbread. She'd make big pans of cornbread. She wouldn't let Helen call her 'grandmother'; it was "Aunty Isaacs." Hermann and Herbert would call her "Mudder." She had all her chickens named.

She would never let anyone help her with the dishes, or whatever she was doing,—she had her own ways.

COUSIN ALICE — LYDIA

Cousin Alice was small and bent, with a dry, wrinkled face and prominent eyes. Mother said she looked like Grandma Myers. She used to get me to tell her fortune in a teacup, and she really believed in it, would tell me it came true!

She often said she came to California to marry a millionaire; saying it with a twinkle in her eyes. She could clean a room the cleanest of anyone I ever saw, but everyone must get out while she did it, and she was particular about whatever she did, but painfully slow. She was a great hand to talk, usually about Matie.

FROM FAMILY OF SURVIVA MYERS (1129176)

LETTER FROM LOLA PEARCE (112916611) TO HERMAN LEHRBACH IN 1955

My father, Parley Arnold, died Mar. 23, 1954; b. May 28, 1863. Almost 91 yrs. old. My mother, Emma Scofield Arnold, passed away May 26, 1954. She was nearly 88. Born June 9, 1866. Both are buried at Warren, Ill., near their old home.

I'm still teaching, and my sister, Harriet Eubanks, expects to make this her last year.

Harry and Lola Pearce,
25214 Gratiot Ave.
Roseville, Mich.

NOTE: They have an auto-court at Castle Rock, St. Ignace, Mich.

FROM FAMILY OF DARIUS MYERS (1129178)

FROM A BOOK ON THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY PLEASANT VALLEY TOWNSHIP

owned by Ed Parker

Myers, Darius, Farmer; Sec. 9, P.O. Pleasant Valley; born in Oswego Co. N.Y., Dec. 18, 1816. Came to this Co. in 1845; owns 160 acres of land; was married in 1852 to Melissa Appleby; she was born in Waynce Co. N.Y., March 20, 1836; they had ten children living: Epaminondas, Rebecca, Louisa, Marietta E., Lydia B., Darius E., Judah, Nebuchadnezzar and George (twins) and Flora; lost two, Euclid died Jan. 15, 1860, and Jane Nov. 3, 1867. Mr. Myers served as Supervisor one year, Commissioner of Highways 3, and School Director several years. Religious belief, Seventh Day Adventist. Myers, Epaminondas, teacher, Sec. 9, P.O. Yankee Hollow.

DARI'S STORY OF FATHER'S FIRST TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Father went to California the first time in 1849, in the spring. It took them six months to get out here.

Some people were driving on the road, and wanted to stay all night. They got to talking about California, and Father said he'd go with them in the morning.

They had an ox team—they didn't use no horses with them covered wagons. They had to carry enough grub with them to last them. After they crossed the Missouri River, it was all wilderness and plains.

They came to Marysville. They were in a caravan. They dassn't to go otherwise. After they'd get to the Mississippi, or Missouri River, they'd wait till enough wagons would get there to start out, about fifty or a hundred wagons.

They came to where the American and other river came in —the Feather River—two of them come in and join there and make another river.

They mined there with gravel—some of them had cradles. He bought back about three thousand dollars in nuggets.

They couldn't go into the plains for lack of water. He said there were wild cattle and horses.

The Spaniards came in early days—these were all Spanish grants then. About '48, I think it was, California was turned over to the United States.

You couldn't get a letter. The mail all would have to go around by Cape Horn. It would take about six months. About '52 they had those pony-express mails. They'd ride night and day—change horses. Take them about thirty days.

FATHER

Louise:

Of my father: after his death more than twenty-seven years have gone, but the heart-ache of his loss is always there. It may not be so to the other children, but I often think—"My Father! Oh, the joy, the glory and loveliness, have passed away with him."

But down through the years we carry with us memories of childhood days when to be near him, and do his bidding to help ever so little, was joy enough.

We knew, we older children, what hard work and privation meant; there was little time for play, but father never spared himself, and never had. And sick or well, he went on, sometimes working eighteen hours.

Adoring him as I did, there was always a fear in my heart he would die or get killed. There were long, cold rides after dark to Savannah for lumber, or to Freeport on business, and I used to stand outside and listen for the sound of his wagon, and pray he would be spared.

He had young horses, and when he had to "break" them there was always the terror of something happening. Sometimes they would break loose and run away across the meadow or down by the river.

Once when I was fifteen he had me help him breaking the young colts, as there was no one else, and he, like myself, had no patience to wait when there was something to be done.

Down in the south meadow I was to hold the young and frightened colts who could not know what it meant to be fastened down. He told me to hold them by the bits, while he fastened the tugs to the long sleigh, and I did so tremblingly, but knowing he knew best.

Something broke, tug or lines, and I held on until they ran over me, and he gathered me in his arms carrying me to the house, some distance, while he moaned over me, blaming himself. Poor father! There were so many children, and he thought we should be self-supporting young.

At seventeen I was teaching, and the present day teachers know nothing of the hardships of those of forty years ago. Sometimes I waded through the snow up to my knees to school, and went all day with wet clothes in a cold schoolhouse.

This was in Missouri, where teachers received twenty-five dollars a month from which they paid their board and all expenses. There were thirty, or more, classes, and children from five to twenty years—often tall young men, larger than myself, a girl of twenty-one.

At one place I boarded, sleeping in an attic where the sky showed through, and the snow sifted through on the bed. There never seemed enough covering, never any heat, and often it was hours before I could get warm enough to sleep, even wrapping my feet in my clothes. Oh, it was bitter cold!

DARIUS' REMEMBRANCE OF GRANDPA and GRANDMA APPLEBY

I was born in Stockton, Ill., in the log house, what we used to call Stockton Center, near to where my mother's father lived. I was eighteen when I and him took a horseback ride to Marysville, Missouri, to his son's, Emerson Appleby. We stopped all night to Chet Tuller's. My grandfather set up pretty near all night playing checkers with him. He was a great checker player. He had a good deal of French in him. He was a nice-looking man, tall—he must 'a been pretty nigh six foot tall, just as straight as could be—stooped over when he got old.

The day he died, in the morning he was hoeing potatoes in the garden. He came in and set in a chair. When his wife came in, there he was, stone-dead. It was heart trouble. He was married twice, had been married four or five years.

His first wife was Louise Annable. Your mother used to go and stay with them. I was about ten or twelve when Grandma died. She was a nice-looking woman—about the same height and build as my mother. She took more charge than Grandfather did. She was kind of the head of the family. He was easygoing, and she took charge. There was two girls and four boys; Melissa and Celia, John, Emerson, Len and Silas. They was all kind of easy-going, never got much ahead. All good workers, but didn't work for themselves. Used to trade horses.

They lived close to Father's. The first time she (Mother) went to school, she went to school to him. He bought her a primer. I kind of think that was in York State, because she was only six years old. I think they was married there. (Note: They were married in Wisconsin, by a justice of the peace.) Went to Freeport first. They first settled in Pleasant Valley. Mother remembers old things. She'll be a good hand to tell.

Sarah says there were three brothers came from Holland—they were my Father's Grandfather's brothers. That old iron kettle came from Holland. It came over on a boat. Your mother says they came from Germany. She, Sarah, visited them, and knew their names. John's wife was a Scotch woman. John was happy-go-lucky, liked to go fishing. Rachel was Scotch—that's where the Myers get their thrift. My Father's brothers were John, Nicholas, Tunis, Smith and Solomon. The sisters were Cecelia, Lavinia, Survivia, Euphemia.

Most of them took after their mother, seemed as if the whole family took after her. They were all saving, thrifty, hard-workers, almost miserly. Three of them, so far as I know, had lots of property, Nicholas, Smith and my father.

Rachel's (Grandma Myers) father was considered well-off. He started a horse-back with ten thousand dollars to buy land, and was never heard of again. Rachel saved up everything. She made clothes. Solomon and my father kept Saturday. Sixty years ago they come out in the faith. Rachel looked more like the Jews than she did the Scotch—had a large nose. Father said she was Scotch. Aunt Cecelia was saving.

Us boys, most of us, take after the Appleby's—we don't have the characteristics of our Father. The Appleby seems to predominate more—more for pleasure than for saving up—don't seem to have that knack of saving up that was characteristic of the Myerses—kind of dropped out. They didn't get down and rustle as they would if they'd had to make their money. Father gave all his boys a start.

NAMING THE CHILDREN

Mother

Your Uncle Gordy was named after a young man who went to school where Phil went. Your Grandfather called him,

'Nebuchadnezzar' for a kind of a nickname. He named Rebecca.

Darius was named after him. Phil was named Epaminondas. He was a Theban general, noted for his love o' truth and was never known to tell a lie, even in jest.

Euclid, he was a great mathematician.

Grandmother Myers wanted Rebecca named after her sister, or mother. Rachel's mother's name was Rebecca. Her children never wanted her to name any o' her children Rebecca. Yes, I guess the girls thought it an old-fashioned name.

Father wanted Bertha named after a girl, Fidelia, I didn't like. I wouldn't have that. (She was given the second name, Serena, after the nurse, Mrs. Davis.)

Elsie was named—Uncle Len wanted her named after a place taken in the South, Marietta, an' I did. Well, they all wanted her called Elsie, so I named her that—Marietta Elsie. It was Lenora in the German. Grandma Meyers always liked Aunt Elcy—she said she never could ha' taken care o' her mother-in-law as Aunt Elcy did. Said she would swear—she was Holland. Grandma Meyers wa'nt Jewish—no such thing! Grandma Meyers told me she was English and Scotch. John's father's name was Nicholas. They was three brothers, came from Germany, an' they scattered to different parts o' the Mohawk Valley.

Theodore Albertus was Bert's name. Your mother named him.

Cousin Melissa Clark Said:

Phil was a freckle-faced, lively lad. He was always so full of life and intelligence—was always up in his studies. He was bright, thoughtful and helpful, yes, he was. My Mark thinks so much of him.

Louise was a chubby, active, bright-looking girl—a little bit inclined to fight for what she wanted—a little bit pugilistic. I remember her sitting in the high chair at the table, an' she was put out at something didn't come her way at the table, an' she doubled up her fists an' was going to fight for it. They just smiled an' let it pass. She was a little bit aggressive. She was fair-haired an' blue-eyed an' chubby.

I come to California the fall of 1906. I stayed (at Judah's) till April, 1909.

Gordy is good-looking, good-featured.

Poor Phil. Had to father two or three generations. He's been very patient under it all.

FROM FAMILY OF SOLOMON MYERS (112919)

LETTER FROM SOLOMON MYERS

Princeton, Iowa
Dec. 20th, 1882

Louisa we received your long-looked for letter a few days ago and must say I most sincerely hope and trust that the man you have chosen as a husband will prove a source of comfort and is worthy of the great trust you have placed in him. . . .

I have not been up on Plum River since I came home. You doubtless have heard that Amos Eaton has lost his wife and two children. . . .

I am intending to leave here on next Monday for Kansas. Don't fail to write me direct to Moline, Kansas.

S. E. Myers

SAVANNA ILL'S OCT. 22 - 1897

Louisa Beck

My Dear Niece

——— Many changes have taken place since you stoped with us a short time in Blair Neb and I find that I am becoming an old man.

——— Was pleased to have you manifest such kind affection towards your parents which is right and just they have both suffered and labored for their children and as you are a mother now you can appreciate their feelings. Your father had many good qualities and done many acts of kindness to his children and neighbors he is remembered in this part of the country with affection and respect where he spent the best part of his life. . . . Your mother has been a true and kind Mother to her children.

You ask about my children. My oldest Melissa still lives at Blair Neb. — Her husband M D Clark — left her a good many years ago to meet the responsibilities of life which she has done nobly — Ellen Fulton lives in Blair her 5 children are doing fine — Newton my oldest son is at Los Angeles California has two children is now a grandfather gets good wages but does not seem to know how to save anything Emma Jane lives with her husband Thomas Greenwood in Argo Burt Co. Neb. he has a large farm She has 7 children Moses my youngest boy is at Mt. Vernon Oregon has but one child a girl now about 14. We moved to Savannah in 1896 have a pleasant home and would be glad to have you call and see us if you come East.

Affectionately yours,
Solomon Myers

FAMILY OF SOLOMON MYERS (112919)

1. Grandma (Rachel) Myers and Grandma (Louise) Appleby

by Melissa Clark (1129191)

Grandma Myers (Rachel) was very thin, and stooped over so she was very small, — about ten-year size, and she was about my size in the first place, — five feet-two. Fine-featured and intelligent looking, — said she was handsome when she was young. . . . She showed she'd been a handsome-looking woman.

She had great respect for Education, an' tried to help her boys. . . . Her boys tried to get an education. My father (Solomon) almost ruined his eyes trying to study by the light of pine-knots.

John was a Methodist minister. Had a daughter, Rachel. She cried herself sick when he died — they was so close.

Grandma (Louise) Appleby was a very pleasant woman, neat and efficient about the house. An old Scotch woman brought her a dress an' she said, "Be sure an' not make it too long, so it won't dwabble."

She was older than him. He liked to tease a little bit. . . . She was a nice motherly old lady. Good cook, neat, good seamstress. Good-featured.

Grandma (Rachel) was always complaining Laviny did not make her tea strong enough. Laviny took me off one side and said, "I'll tell you how I make her tea. First I put in enough tea for five persons, and pour one cupful of boiling water over it. Then I draw that off for Ma, and pour five cupfuls of hot water on for the rest of us." . . .

Grandma and Grandpa Myers lived in our old house near our new house for many years. That is how I knew them so well.

My mother (Phebe) was very pretty when she was married. She was a good housekeeper.

ABOUT OLDER RELATIVES

by Melissa Clark

Uncle Smith was a good teacher, a splendid teacher, fine man naturally,—if the miserly love of money hadn't got a hold on him, he'd 'a been a fine Christian man. Him and Emmy got along all right. Quite musical. Uncle Darius had a good voice, had natural musical ability. Melissa was a sweet singer.

John (Appleby), the oldest son, had his head burned and went out of his head toward the end. Celia wasn't brilliant.

Father and Uncle Smith, 'an Uncle Darius all got along well together. Sometimes Uncle Darius would say, "There's a nigger in the woodpile," when Pa'd be especially careful not to touch any of his sensitive spots. The three of them, they thought so much of each other.

SOLOMON

by Cousin Emma Myers

Solomon's father was blind for a good many years. Said that when there was a baby born, he'd feel their little fingers. All the Meyerses had crooked fingers. He'd say, "Oh, that's a Myers, know by their fingers."

Solomon was a great hand to taste out of bottles. He was always tasting peppermint or anything like that in bottles. He stayed with us for quite a long while. He used to taste the peppermint that was on a shelf. He'd take out the cork and turn it up, and taste it. One day my sister, Ella Keele, had a toothache, and she got some creosote to put in her tooth, and put the bottle back on the shelf alongside the peppermint bottle.

Father came in, and went up, and took the cork out, and tasted of that creosote. Oh! my! you know, it's awful stuff, just takes the skin off the tongue. He got awful mad. Thought someone had done it for a joke; but they hadn't. I felt awful bad; but after it was all over, my son and sister thought it was a joke. I never saw him go to the shelf after that.

He had such a miserable, funny way at the table. Always knew when Father was through,—always took a spoonful of sugar to end up, no matter breakfast, dinner, or supper. He was a dear, dear good man.

When he couldn't remember a name, he'd say, "Oh, Newton, you know that old Shillimaguy lives up there." Newton'd say, "Oh, yes, Mr. So and so." Father was a very, very bright man. He had a very good education. No matter what word in reading the Bible, the children would stop and ask him and I don't think they could have gotten a more definite answer out of the dictionary.

He looked like Cousin Phil, very much. Newton was not like him. Father was a very religious man. Newton was not at all. He was much taller.

When I first met him, he came to a Mission Indian School where I was. Before he came the superintendent said there was a young Jew coming there to work. So of course we called him a Jew. He had a regular Jewish nose, and dark, curly hair. There never was a more honest man. He was always upright in his dealings.

I was married in Dakota City, Nebraska. We moved on a homestead, away off from everybody. We was poor, and Father didn't have very much. He was so fond o'greens, I used to go out and gather 'lambs' quarters.' Father used to say, "I never saw such a woman! You even keep the weeds out of the fields. You even keep the fields clean."

He said, "I never saw anyone get breakfast so fast." Then we moved from Burt County to Neely, Nebraska. Then to California—San Pedro, then Los Angeles.

LETTER OF CHRISTINA (TEENY) MYERS

Christina Adelaide Rogers Myers
M. Frank Wilmer Myers
6013 Piedmont Ave.
Los Angeles 42, California
Nov. 17, 1960

Hello Dear Ones,

. . . Frances and Bill are celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary Dec. 31st. Frances has decided to have open house from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. and invite church members, friends, and Glendale Folk dancers and the Schwaben group.

Nov. 27th the folks danced with their group at Disneyland. Re'ed free entrance and books of tickets for about 50 people. Betty, Edith, and Gary went. Walt Disney wants to take a moving picture. The Swiss and Schwaben costumes are so beautiful.

We have Gary 5 days a week while his Mama works in Bank of America. Edith is expecting in April. John is going to L.A. City College. Wants to be a dentist. Gets his G.I. loan and works part-time for his brother in the gas station.

Young Bill works part-time in another station in Eagle Rock. He graduates next June from high school. Betty plays piano in senior orchestra in Jr. high.

Dear Violet,

. . . baby is a girl, born Sept. 19th and is named Marcy Lynn Swain.

Gary attends Garvanza School. He is the 4th generation to go there. Frances, her three children and I graduated from the school. Gary will probably be transferred to another school as John teaches in San Gabriel.

We attended the reunion of Rogers family Thanksgiving Day. One hundred and four were present. Have held reunion 60 years. Had such a nice visit with all the folks. So many little children. Hard to keep track of which parents they belonged to.

Wish you could have seen Betty's wedding. It was so beautiful. Everyone says she is such a pretty girl. Close to 300 people attended the wedding, held in Lutheran church of the Good Shepherd in Garvanza.

Betty works as a stenographer for the fire-department of L.A. city. Richard works for Sears in Glendale. They live 2 doors from our house. The owners of house live next to the house on other side. When Betty decided to take it, (old house), they did it all over for her. Painted colors she wanted. She is only 17 but showed very good taste in her color scheme and selection of furniture.

My sister Clarabelle came down for the wedding, and one of the twins, Sandra, came with her.

Bill, Sr. isn't very well. However, he is still working for the city.

Bill, Jr's. little son was 2 years old the 6th of this month and speaks very plainly.

I have considerable trouble with my left foot.

Frances is working on the family genealogies.

Well, Violet dear, this will be all for tonight and give my love to Eva.

Love from Teeny

Aug. 26, 1930

Mark Myers
by Violet

While I was away with Lillian, on the trip to Port Angeles, Mark Myers called at our house, from Keene, California. He is Christina Myers' brother-in-law. His youngest girl is married, and lived at 1607½ Gould Lane, Manhattan Beach, near Los Angeles, — Mrs. Fred Gaylord. Her two boys, Lawrence and Albert, expect to be called into the service. He hears from Emma Greenwood often.

FRANK MYERS 11291921

All I know about it was what Grandfather told me—that we originated from the German-Jews; that his Grandfather changed the spelling of the Meyers' name from Meyers to Myers. I was between fifteen and sixteen years old, about thirty-six years ago.

I went down from Neely and stayed with them about three months, down on the farm. Had a good time, working, hoeing in the yard. Old Grandpa was a great old worker.

As near as I can remember, him and Phil look as near alike as any two men I ever saw. And they talk a good deal alike—slow. And their actions were similar.

Phoebe, she was all right. She had a great streak of curiosity about her. If I'd get a letter I'd either have to burn it, or she'd hunt the house over, or my clothes, to see it. She had that woman's curiosity about her, she wanted to see it.

ANGIE, FRANK and LOUISE TALK

Violet writes:

Angie Huber and Frank Myers are here. Angie says she sees some likeness of the Myers in Frank. Teena says he looks like Mark Clark. Frank says his grandfather Solomon Myers said they were German Jews. Angie insists her mother said her grandmother was an English Jew from London.

Cousin Angie says her mother used to tell her about Uncle Tunis. He said he would never marry—he "didn't want any woman blatting around for shoes and dresses."

Mama says—He couldn't bear to have a woman touch him. He was a woman hater. And yet Grandmother said that he was the best looking boy she had.

M—Some of them could carry a tune and some couldn't. Uncle Sol couldn't. He was going to get married the second time, and he was feeling happy. He was singing out by the woodpile—Dri called me to see. He was trying to make a tune go. We had to laugh—we couldn't help it. (Note: [by Flora] Uncle Tunis used to make a great fuss when anyone played the organ, as though he disliked it very much, but I remember seeing him trying to play when he thought no one else would hear. It seemed pitiful as he was then old and blind.)

Angie said—Mother had a beautiful voice. Oh, she was a beautiful singer! She could go 'way up high, when she was a girl. She told how far they could hear her when she was a girl. She told me how far they could hear her when she was out milking. She lost her voice five years before she died. Neither Father nor Grandfather could carry a tune.

M—Celia couldn't, I know. Father had a strong voice. He had learned by note, and could read music. Mother had a sweet voice, but did not keep time very well.

(Note by Flora: Mother sang so sweetly during the last summer before she died at eighty-eight. She was at my house.)

Angie—I remember hearing my Mother sing,

"When the Jews crucified our God-man
Oh, the sun refused to shine
In its majesty divine,
When the Jews crucified our God-man."

Oh it was a beautiful song, I wish I could remember it. I wonder why they don't keep up those old songs?

Mother said she remembered when Darius and Fame and someone else would come over the hill in the sleigh singing—"When Gabriel blows his trumpet." They were young. Darius came out from the Millerite movement, I believe. The Millerites started with the ten commandments, and the Adventists came out on the Revelations as a continuance of Daniel.

M—They used to believe in hell.

A—They don't now. There is no hell, except in the Judgment.

AUNT CELIA HILLIARD (11291J) TO LOUISE:

Stockton, Illinois
c. 1897

Dear Louise:

I have got your quilt peaced it is not done very nice my fingers are stife an Eyesight not good can not do as well as I could once and the cloth is to thick to sew easy. I sent by Ema E. to Lenark when she took Ed to school it is not just what I liked but I could not go myself. You will higher someone to quilt it for you it is not quite as large as mine, it takes two inches just as many blocks but a little smaller. Will send this week I think by mail if I can if you would quilt the white blocks in checks and the peace blocks just as they are peaced or bies ways. The quiltin will not show on the peace blocks they charge here a dollar a spool for quiltin.

Now Louise do not ever think I am mad at you unless you do something to offend me where is Mr. Beck write soon and tell me all about how you got home, how you are, how the little girls are all about yourself, I thought you would write me when you got home. Are you well? I hope so, every body is well excepting Meusels. Bill Bowens have a little boy almost two weeks old getting along nicely. Mr. Smith seems just about the same, Howard came home the last of Nov. he looks much better than when he left last Spring. I was over there last week Mrs. Smith sent for me, she seemed very pleasant wanted me to stay a week, she has had a girl most of the fall, Kate Keller but she went home for Christmas.

They are both glad to have Howard home again. I got letters from your Mother Jude Flora Burtha and Lida Christmas. All well but Pam he had chills. I also got a letter from Your Uncle Smiths Family Ema Clara and Owen, Owen saying Uncle Smith was very poorly confined to his room for the last two weeks and wished me to come to see him at once. I wrote back that I was not able to undertake such a journey alone. I should like to go and see him but I know I am not fit to go.

I have not seen Uncle Solomon's wife or heard from her. My health is just about the same as it was when you were here. Ann and Lont is just the same only more so Ime Trud is here about two thirds of her time, but Baby does not go with her any more. Write when you get this and don't waite for me you know what a poor letter writer I am. Perhaps you cannot read this, love to all and good wishes from your loving

Aunt Celia Hilliard.

Colts playing

OLDER PHOTOGRAPHS
MYERS and EATON (mostly)

Top Row: Chet and Euphemia Fuller. Standing: Delbert Simmons, William Scofield, Parley Arnold. Seated: Emma Arnold, Millie Simmons, Charity Scofield, Melissa Myers. Darius Myers.
Middle Row: Alonzo and Cecelia Hilliard, John Nathan Myers. Rachel Myers. John Myers.
Lower Row: Amos and Emma Eaton. Emma Jane Eaton, Lucy Vipond, Mary and George Eaton, 1926. Cecelia Hilliard and Rachel Rees, 1901. Smith Myers.

OLDER PHOTOGRAPHS
ON MYERS' SIDE

Top Row: Mary Myers. Henry Myers. Violet and Eva Beck.
Middle Row: Howard and Will Smith. Harriet Louise (House) Eaton. Viola Eaton.
Bottom Row: Angeline Lulu Carlton "(Cousin Angie"). Phil Myers. Florence (Bedford) Myers ("Aunt Flora A.").

OLDER PHOTOGRAPHS
ON BOTH SIDES

Annable, Plumly, Preacher Smith, Young, McKenzie, Comstock, Beck, Munkley, Eaton

Top Row: Maggie and Sim Annable, Charlie Plumly, George and Lorenzo Annable, Mrs. Smith, Preacher Smith.
Second Row: Louise Annable, Nettie, Roy Young, Howard Smith, John McKenzie.
Third Row: Sarah Maria Comstock, Guy Young, Violet Beck, Tom Munkley, Flora Eaton.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, NO. 6

First Row: Wedding picture of Harry and Lydia (Myers) Wilder. Ralph, their son. Lydia B. Myers.
Second Row: Amos Eaton. Emma Eaton. Louise Edith Myers.
Third Row: Alta and Edna Childers. Bertha Myers. Anna, second wife of our ancestor, John Appleby. (She was an aunt of Louisa, his first wife, our ancestor.)

STORIES AND LETTERS ON MELISSA JANE (APPLEBY) MYERS' SIDE

ON THE APPLEBY SIDE

LETTERS FROM SILAS APPLEBY AND LOUISE (ANNABLE) APPLEBY

Lincoln, Neb.
(about 1883)

Dear Niece

I will inform you we are well wishing so by you. Ems folks are not very well at present the children has been unwell But are better now . . . Olive is unwell now and Em wal today it is real warm Em has his corn planted apple trees are full in bloom A week ago Luc, Mary Joe is working for us.

I have been to Neb all well out there I saw Lou Young and Dal's wife & Johnny Annable & Cuttings and Elwin he is to work in Adams . . . John Cutting is on his place Orsemus and Stapling has gonn to Desota . . . wal Luc ant Anny took it very hard when Ruthie Annable Died wal Lue we received a letter last week from your Mother all well . . . not much changes since you was here it is very Dry We are in kneed of rain It is so in Neb. Wal Lue we received those portraits I will have them in fraims it has been a good time since I have written to you but you must not do as we do tell your man the Otoe Reserve Comes in Market the last of this month or indian land it is south of Beatrice wal I must close by saying best respects to your husband & yourself.

Good by
for now
From S. Appleby

Dear grand daughter

I was very much pleased to see you and your man i would be more to see you real in person you dont now how lonsome i have been since you went from here i couldent hear your seet voice no more my health is a litle beter than it was to or three weeks a go i hope this will find you well injoy your self.

A poor pen
from you Granma
(Louise Annable Appleby)

NOTE: These were in one envelope.

Jan. 14, 1884
Lincoln

Dear Children,

Your letter came too late for Mother to see. We buried her today. She died night before last twenty minutes past eleven. She is past suffering. She sat at the Table with us at Diner about two O'c between 4 or 5 O'c she was Struck with Death. She longed for Death . . .

Louisa, she received that collar you sent & thought it very nice. She had it on when she was Burried Mother looked very pleasant and as if she was asleep . . . She would like to see your Babe almost the last word she said about you. She kept her reson till she was struck with Death.

. . . We have had a little thaw it is turning cold. I am going to stay and help straiten up. I would like to come & see you before Long if your Father is willing

from your Mother,
Melissa J. Myers

ELMER APPLEBY'S SONG

A wonderful house have I, that God has made for me—
With windows to see the sky, and keepers strong and free.
The door has a tuneful harp, a mill to grind my bread,
And there is a golden bowl, a beautiful silver thread.
A fountain is in the house, a pitcher lies at hand,
And strong men the Lord has given, to bear me o'er the land,
To bear me o'er the land.
The keepers must work for God, the harp must sing his praise.
The windows look up to Heaven, the strong men walk His ways.
This wonderful house shall fall, as death at last shall come—
The good have a better house, above, in Jesus' home.

MOTHER'S BROTHERS—THE APPLEBYS

by Cousin Lou

Silas was an old bachelor about fifty. Then he married and had three children.

He said he'd never leave home until his mother died. He was splendid to plan the work and see that they did it.

Father said Silas was honest, that he always paid back every cent. Uncle Em was awful good. They were all good. Em had brown eyes. I've heard mother tell how Olive talked to him. On Fourth of July she used to deck herself in bright colors.

(Note:—by Flora—I remember seeing Uncle Em in 1901. He was slow moving and seldom spoke, even to Mother whom he had not seen for some years. He wore a beard. He took us out to see his tall corn, and how his angora goats climbed up on him when he fed them from a pan. His son John had a great many peacocks.)

I had to laugh so. We had corn meal mush once (at Grandma's) in one of those big iron kettles, held a pail and a half. Sile took it off the stove, and set it on the porch to cool. When he was ready he went out, and there were four cats, standing on their heads, with their tails out, eating the mush! I laughed and he laughed. I guess he had to get something else for supper.

AT EDITH PARKER'S HOUSE

by Violet

Oak Park
Suburb of Chicago
April 18, 1942

Here I am, at Edith Parker's house, where I slept last night. Last evening, I had a visit with her and her father about old times. Mrs. Hanson didn't want me to pass by their house.

He was the teacher at the Elmoville School when Uncle D'ri' and Ed Van were about sixteen. He is seventy-nine now, a tall slender man, with shocky hair and an upper-lip that curls back; a gentle, erudite, scholarly man, very dear to his daughter, you can see that. Her hair is white, she is about my age and size, wears glasses, and teaches in the Lucy Flowers' Girl's Technical High School in Chicago.

She told of an incident including my mother.

Edith Parker:

My aunt Lib Van, Nellie Sughroe, Louise Myers, and Mina Dow, big girls, took it into their minds to see if a drove of pigs could be diverted from the road as they were being driven by some men. They took hands and strung across the road. Nellie was a large girl, and stood with sprawled legs. A big hog ran right between them, and carried her along, riding backwards. The girls always laughed about that when they retold the tale.

Ed Parker:

At that time, when I taught there, we had between forty-five and sixty pupils in the Eaton School, according to the season. The Myerses were six, the Vanderheydens, five, the Cahills were four. The Kehoe's were there before that. Mr. Smith had bought that place and they were raising the Crowley boy. Howard was gone, and Louisa.

D'ri' was sixteen; Judah fourteen; the twins, twelve; Flora, ten; Bert, eight. Judah was the age to a day of Chess Beam, my nephew. His birthday was on the 24th of August.

I went to visit the Myers' family at Nora. Then they went to Volusia county, Florida, and lived there awhile.

My sister wrote my brother and put the address on the outside of the letter in a four-line poem.

"Carry me away at a rapid rate
To Joe Davies' County, Illinois State,
And in the Post Office let me stay,
Till Bennie C. Parker takes me away."

Flora Eaton wrote a rhyme to your mother like that and your mother picked up the idea, and come back with a similar line.

Your grandfather was a great traveler—had been to California in the gold rush.

My mother had a brother who went in '49, went across the plains, nearly starved. Many did go by the Isthmus of Panama, then called the Isthmus of Darian. Some went around the Horn.

TRIP TO HARLEY

by Violet Beck

Ed Parker and I went to Harley out of Chicago, on the Greyhound bus. We went by Lake Michigan a long ways. Along the road for miles were places where park trees grew—elm, maple, box-elder, cottonwood, and green underbrush.

Hyde Park, where we used to live, had big houses. Our first home in Cottage Grove has long since given way to an elevated station.

We got off at 147th Street, and there, right across the road, was the home of Ava Zweifel. It was an old-fashioned house, fixed up nice inside, with a yard and space to look out and around.

Ava was a comfortable young woman, plump, and had big blue eyes. Her father, Parley Arnold, Emma's husband, was tall and slender, a carpenter. He had lived on a farm in an adjoining township ten miles from where Ed Parker was born, in the same year. They had grown to manhood without meeting until this day. Ed said it was just so with his wife. They had been living close to each other, he in Pleasant Valley, she in Apple River Valley, until they were grown, and met at a party.

The same way with Ava. She had gone to a Fourth of July party in Apple River Valley, and met her husband. "In those days," Ed said, "We didn't know many people, just those close neighbors to us. That was nothing unusual to grow up so close and not meet until we were grown, and then marry."

Ed Parker said I was related by marriage to him not only through Lib Parker but through Ellen Myers, Solomon's daughter. He used to know a lot about genealogy until his first daughter died.

Ed, Ava, and Parley visited about mutual friends through a good dinner. Then Ava took me into the garden to see her roses, and Parley took Ed upstairs to see his carpenter-work—a cabinet and a garden-seat. He is seventy-nine, and still does good work.

We had to leave right afterwards, and took the Elevated Railway back to Chicago. I wanted to go to Marshall Fields. We rode on the escalators clear to the ninth floor and clear down to the basement, where I bought a gray grip to carry my coat in. We stood straight and adventurous holding the leather strip on each side. My, it is a large store!

We went over to State Street, and Ed treated me to a pineapple-malted-milk at a drug store which his cousins, Parker and Parker, had started. He told me that his sisters, Emily and Martha, went to Mt. Carroll Seminary, at the same time my mother went.

We went back to the bus station, and got me located for my trip further on. Then, I went to the ticket office of the El with him. Crossing streets, I took his arm, and the last street I would have slipped on a fruit-peel if he had not supported me. He kissed me goodbye twice. We both had had a big day.

THE FLOOD

by Ed Vanderheyden

Stockton, Illinois
May 10, 1942

Ed: When I was a little boy, real small, Plum River had overflowed. My father'd went to Morseville after groceries. Came up that big rain. The water was over the bridge so high, couldn't see where the bridge was. Ef his team'd hadn't ha' stepped off, it'd ha' been all right. Besides, he had a dollar's worth of sugar, — He'd put it under his arm under his overcoat, — that hindered him quite a lot.

That flood-water was pretty swift, — you had to catch on to anything the water'd take you to. Pretty hard to swim in water running that fast—you have to go with the stream.

There was no railing on that bridge, — it went over Plum River near Darius Myers' house, — about three hundred yards from the house. I don't know how the neighbors knew he was in there, — but some of them got there. Wouldn't any o'them go in after him till Mr. Myers got his horse. The rest of them got the team out, — they were washed against the bank, tangled in the harness, — they throwed a rope around them some way, and kind of pulled them out. One horse stepped over the edge—he'd naturally go down, pulled the other horse off, they were fast to the rig, pulled everything off. The horses were frightened. My father hung on to the tree, quite a little while.

Mr. Myers got a horse, must've had a bridle, rode him up in the deep water and got him.

Lib: Pa couldn't hang onto the tree hardly — Mr. Myers made two or three attempts to get to him. I think he took him on the horse. He said it was all he could do to hang there any longer.

Paul Edwards heard Pa hollering and yelling. Paul wasn't man enough, and him just a young man. They didn't let Ma know till morning. They took him to the house and Mrs. Myers worked over him all night, het him and put hot water on him.

It was cold, there was ice in the creek; floods in the Spring when it was breaking up. There aint any bridge there now.

Paul Edwards tried to throw ropes, when Mr. Myers come with the ropes, but he lunged right in.

Pa had on an old soldier coat and he had been in a cutter. He tied a rope 'round him, put his groceries in his blouse, which made him that much heavier.

Funny thing was, both of them mares had colts come spring. Paul Edwards always gives Mr. Myers credit for saving Pa's life.

VISIT TO STOCKTON, ILLINOIS

by Violet Beck

May 17, 1942

From Lincoln, I went on the train by way of Omaha, Cedar Rapids, and the Apple River Canyon to Stockton, Illinois, where I got the "Parlor" room in the Stockton Hotel, which Angie told me used to be used by bridal couples. It is a nice front room on the second floor, looking out on the main street. I stayed there several days.

May Stock and her husband, her mother, and white dog lived nearby and she directed me to Ed Vanderheyden's house only a block away and close to the Methodist Church. He and Rosella, his sweet wife, welcomed me and all next day he took me around to Pleasant Valley, Yankee Hollow, and then to the cemetery where relatives of mine are buried.

I saw the tombstones whereon are the names of John and Rachel Meyers, of Janey and Euclid, or Uncle Phil's two babies, and there were Eaton tombstones, and others.

At the old homesite in Pleasant Valley lived Mr. and Mrs. Schubert and two daughters. The house was a newer one and had been built on the site of the old one. Across the road, up on the hill, still stood the Smith house.

I met Ralph Blair in the Barber Shop, and Rose Townsend and Bessie Justus Tiffany in the Stockton Department store.

Mrs. Kampmeier and her two sons were in the rock-house. Mr. Zink, who was working in the basement, thought I looked like my mother, whom he called "Louisa."

Mrs. Huffman said she was a friend of Howard Smith. I met an old man who took care of the cemetery.

I met Lloyd Vanderheyden's wife, and Duane and Jackie, and Will in their home.

Mason Vanderheyden was in the meat-market and Bess Vanderheyden, his sister, was in the Dairy Shop. Also, I met his other sisters, Dorothy and Ruth. Charles Vanderheyden was in his big furniture store, and his wife Vada came in while I was there.

At the printing shop were Charles Shugroe and his typesetter. Two railroad men at the station, talked about the Great Lakes.

The innkeeper, his sister, son and daughter seemed pleased to have me there, and the sister kept putting clean sheets on my bed everyday.

Libby Parker came back home from somewhere, and we had a good visit at her two-storied house where I met Florence, her daughter, and Max, Marian and Leland Pierce.

Mae and George Palmer came to Sunday dinner at Rosella's and Ed's house. After dinner they showed me the garden, especially the lilies-of-the-valley plot.

Also, I met Pearl Wright and her daughter Camilla, and a little boy, Kenneth Wright, who was staying with them, and Ralph Vanderheyden, her youngest brother.

Mrs. Pirl Reed, the Sunday School Teacher, knew Leonard Appleby.

Walter and Donald Eaton were in their law-office, and the older one stood up when I entered and cried out, "Louisa, how are you!" Then I was sure I must look much like my mother.

Out away from town, Millie Giles Simmons lived with her son Howard and daughter Grace.

Then, there was Ardath Vanderheyden who married Carson Simmons, and their children Carol Ann and Wayne Charles. Also, Clarinda Gage, wife of Roy Gage, and Gene and George Bartch, and Mrs. Jesse Bartch. Most of these were relatives whom I visited in their own homes.

LIBBY (ELIZABETH) VANDERHEYDEN

Mrs. A. L. Vanderheyden

(talking to Violet Beck)

April, 1946

Nobody ever called me "Lizzie" but Mr. Hilliard. I don't like that. My grand-daughter doesn't object to being called "Lizzie."

I was two years younger almost than Mina, who was your mother's age. They chummed together. They both went to teaching right out of a country school, and went to Teachers' Institute together.

I'm to have my new house built across from the cheese-factory, they're fixing the foundation right now. Roy is building it for me—when I'm through with it, it's his house. He's just now been elected treasurer of the county. He's the one who owns the old homestead, the Parker house.

There were three brothers came here, each had a farm, Ben, Chete, and Lon.

I married Linc Parker, born in Lincoln's time, and named after him.

Roy's youngest boy Warren was a Captain and a Major, was gone almost four years. He's bought some land next to the old homestead, that used to belong to it. My husband's father Ben took it up from the Government, and none of it has ever gone out of the family. I hope there'll always be a Parker Place. Millard Filmore, the 8th President, had his name on the deed.

We lost a girl when she was sixteen. We have two boys and three girls living. I have 22 grand children and 17 great-grand children, and oh, dear! they're just getting started.

Sunday we had a real family dinner. Before that at church, they was presenting me with an especially nice bouquet, but I said, "No, that is for Aunty Sharp." She is 92.

CAMILLA WRIGHT

April 1946

My mother, Pearl Vanderheyden, married Millard Wright and their children were Orville, Wilbur, Orie, Robert, and myself, Camilla.

Orville was already married when I was born. Wilbur used to come to kiss me good-night. Orie was the last one at home. Robert was five when I was born. I used to tell my mother, "You had four bad boys and one good little girl." I'm pretty spoiled.

Here's my father's picture, I look like him. He died of heart trouble when I was a Junior at high-school. Then I had to be a business-woman.

I want to show you my high-school medals. Here is my glee-club medal. This, for getting on the honor-roll all eight years I was in grade school. This is for the high-school honor roll. This for the Athletic Association in grammar school and these three are for competition in solo singing.

Mother depended on Daddy. He never had an enemy. He always had some good to say of everyone. He was a Sunday School superintendent for sixteen years. Shirley and I joined the Methodist Church together.

Shirley and I used to go up above Aunt Mae's to the little house which the hired man used during harvest. We'd go on a big horse, Bird, I'd ride in back. We'd turn him loose and go camping. We thought we were in the mountains.

I think Aunt Mae's house is awfully nice, don't you?

My mother's father died in April, before she was born in July. It gave Grandma quite a lot to do with all those children. She built a new house when Mama was two years old. She never married again. She died when Mama was nineteen.

THE OLD STONE SCHOOL-HOUSE

Bridget Cahill Clancey

(talking to Violet)

Stockton, Illinois

April 25, 1946

I went to school with Lib. She's Parker, used to be Vanderheyden. She was four years older than I. Her sister, Mina Dow, was my teacher. When she married him, she quit teaching. He went into the banking business when he sold his farm. He was a young man when he got sick and died. She had two children, a boy and a girl. She was a nice person. Another lady, Joanna Shugro, she and Mina chummed together. Lib and Nellie chummed together.

I used to could sing pretty good when I was a girl. They used to set me up on a seat for me to sing so they could dance. Didn't want to go outside, would dance around, two girls.

That school is almost a hundred years old, probably is past the mark for all I know. It is a pretty good building yet. Several teachers taught there are dead and gone. They're thinking of tearing it down, building a consolidated school, two or three miles further down South, where there's another school-house. There've been lots of farming people educated there. Every family that lived around there had large families. The Acheson family had five brothers.

They used to pay them — oh, land, the men teachers in the winter-time only got twenty dollars a month! The women teachers, Bell Leader and Dora Leader got eighteen dollars a month and they had to pay their board out of that. A lot of girls from Gallena taught there, good teachers. Gallena always did so well. Maggie D. Weir, she taught there, living at Gallena now. Libbie Parker and her are great friends. She had a sister, Nora.

There were fifty-five scholars when I went there. Howard Smith used to go there. He'd draw pictures. He'd draw the girls on paper and colored them up. He kept right on that to when he was making a business of it — people, and animals, and sceneries. He was kind, lots of fun in him. Great hand to cut up and make fun for all the kids.

Oh, yes, I went to school to Louise, your mother. Your mother was six years older than me. Louise taught when she was young, a good teacher. The school-houses were quite close, in different districts. The teachers would change around, they thought it would be good for the scholars.

The teacher's desk was at the west end of the schoolroom, a small high desk on a platform with a chair. Every bit of the floor was covered with seats, clear down, two scholars to a desk, even in the front, last row out. They'd have the little kids sit there, didn't have to do writing. There was a big wood-stove right in the center—saw a cordwood stick in two, throw it right in. Didn't have coal them days. Keep awful warm. Oh, so many scholars.

We didn't play games so much. The big boys outside were always playing ball. The little kids would get a ball, play Ante-Over, throw it over the roof, it'd roll down. I was afraid of getting hurt, stay close to the door, ball come so swift.

The creek was not far — close, awful nice, lots nicer than it is now. Floods have filled it up. The girls would go down, pull off their shoes, wade the water, go bare-footed.

There was a log-house by the creek. Pam Myers lived in it. It was a well in the yard, the scholars lots of times would get water for the school. Flora, his wife, had that house spic and clean, awful nice, just the one room with an upstairs. Had chairs and rocker, and a nice bed to the west end. The building was more long than square. It was always so neat, always was a memory to me how nice that log-house looked. They'd both be so nice to us.

The Myers girls would piece quilts, lovely quilts. They'd invite their school-mates.

In the spelling matches, Derrick, Howard Smith and Ed would be the last ones everytime, just splendid, couldn't be beat. Oh, there was some girls, too, but we were proud of the boys — they'd come out ahead of other schools.

Poor Derrick, he drove across a creek, reached to get a tug to get a double-tree, the horse must have kicked him in the head and killed him. The renter-lady saw the horses standing in the barn, notified the neighbors, found him dead. Those Van Derheydens liked to drive high-spirited horses, even Lib used to like to drive 'em.

I knew those Myers' girls, Becky, Louise, Etta, Lydia, Flora. Becky, while she was home, had to take the lead in her home with her mother. Thirteen children, lots of work. Never got as much schooling. Flora was awful nice, had beautiful hair, awful thick long hair. Any girl had light hair, they used to say, "You got auburn hair."

Neb was real fat when he was a little fellow. He was quite a big boy. He'd run home and get their dinner, a big bucket of dinner, nice and warm. Neb would come rushing in, he'd hold the bucket up, and call, "Here's our dinner!" The rest of them would come and get their hot dinner.

Pam and she had two chillun, died. She was a cute little woman. Had a brother Charles used to drive down, see his sister. After awhile, they left there.

Louise had glasses, big blue eyes, more round face, lots of hair, light.

Etta looked a lot like her mother, Melissa Myers. She always was good to work. When she had a quilting-bee, my goodness! She'd pitch in and work!

Stockton, Illinois
May of 1946

(Bridget Cahill Clancey and John Cahill talking to Violet)

Bridget: When we went to school in those days, there were fifty-five scholars in that school where you were yesterday, the Eaton School. Mr. Eaton donated the ground the school was built on. The Eaton and Myers children went to school when we did.

Only two of the Eaton girls are living, Mary in Savannah, and Delilah. The lawyer Walter's father was Daniel Eaton. Amos Eaton and his whole family, parents and children, are dead. The Hilliard family are all dead, only Amy Johnson is living, near Marshalltown, Iowa. My children live around Berkeley, California, Camillus, Berner, and Cecelia.

I used to pick currants, apples, and do things for Cecelia Hilliard on Saturdays. One summer she fell out of a hack, the seat come loose; she fell and hurt her back; never rightly got over it, when she was quite an old lady. She was always awfully good. She'd call on me; many a day, she'd have me pick those red currants on bushes; she'd make a red currant jelly out of them.

"Now, Lonson," she'd say to her husband, "you go down in the cellar and bring me up some potatoes," or whatever she wanted. Her daughters' children, they'd call him "Grandfather." The in-laws would call him "Uncle Lonson." The old Hilliard house is empty now. Mr. Kaepp has bought that farm. He'd get a tenant in to work it.

John: Pam looks a lot like his father in the picture. His younger brothers went to school when we went, quite a bunch of boys, nothing mean about them. I was nearest in age to D'ri, he might have been a year or so older. He was more quiet than any of the rest of the boys. He'd hardly ever lift up his head when he was in school; was always a great fellow to get his lessons.

Judah was younger. He'd be right in that schoolhouse every morning. He'd grab his books soon as he got his cap off; he was a real fellow to learn. My, he changed awful in his picture since he went to school. You say Flora is alive, teaching school? I tell you, there was a girl took care of her books when she went to school. She sure was a great scholar.

Bridget: Lydia and I were about the same age. She had such a lovely complexion. I never forget the time when Mina Van Derheyden was teaching school and Lydia and Derrick each had the same marks in Spelling. The last day, Derrick got the head-mark because Lydia missed one word. Mina had practiced Derrick on words at home, I had an idea she did. Lydia went home crying.

Well, the Van Derheyden boys are all gone but Ed and Ralph. Tell the Myers children my brothers James and Frances are still living. There was a big family. I have two sisters living in Chicago, Lillian and Josephine. Sister Julia lives in Brownwood, Texas. She has two sons that were in the war.

John: Basil Zink and his brother Albert still live down the street second to the last house. The sister Lizzie is in Rockford. Em the oldest died. Mrs. Mary Smythe's daughter married my son Joe Clancey. Mary Smythe is the teacher at the school. Another man, Alexander Lyons, lived down in the valley south of the Myers' farm. That is called the Myers' farm to this day.

Tom Munkley, who bought it of Mr. Myers, wanted my son Frances to buy the farm. "Give me enough to know I've sold it," he said, "and you can have it." He offered a couple, Mr.

and Mrs. Dickson, a sum of money to take care of him the rest of his days, but they took the money and travelled on it. Tom died in a little flat; he was sick with cancer in one of his eyes.

I never heard how Eden's got ahold of the farm after Tom died. He put tenants in it. The Schauberts are in there, now. But it is still the Myers' Farm by the old-timers, the best farm in Pleasant Valley; they ain't got any better. They used to have plenty of high water; but they ain't got any lately. When we used to go fishing with the spears, George caught the biggest fish I ever saw, a foot and a half long. Take an old cotton comforter; tear it up; wind it tight with strings, put it in a wire basket; soak it in kerosene oil; tie it on a pole; one of the fellows hold the torch for the others to see. Many a night I carried it for the Meyers' and Van Derheydens'.

Then, later, they didn't catch fish with spear and seine; they got to catch it with hook and line. They was red-horse fish; then they was suckers; a nice fish, don't get very big.

MAY STOCK'S ACCOUNT

Stockton, Illinois
May, 1958

Len Appleby lived at Nora on the farm where Darius Myers later lived. The Appleby's went west to Minnesota. Dica and Ed Appleby went to school when I did. Flora Myers was about my age, fourteen. She was quite pretty.

When I saw this picture of your Uncle Phil, I thought it was your Grandpa.

We were getting old enough to go sliding at night on the ice in the fields. One night, we went on a sleigh-ride to your grandma's, and she gave us mince-pie and fruit-cake, like a party: probably something stored up for an emergency.

STORIES OF ROSELLA (ATCHESON) VANDERHEYDEN AND ED VANDERHEYDEN

Rosella: My father bought that farm with the old Rock House from Darius Myers, I believe. I was born in that little front bedroom. When I was nine, we moved from there to Kansas.

Howard Smith came to visit us there when I was twelve, and stayed that summer. The hot winds took everything and we decided to leave.

My father had been killed digging a well when the box of heavy dirt broke loose and fell on him. That left a mother with eight children, almost in a strange country. So my brothers decided to go to Iowa. My mother and the two youngest children went ahead. Howard went with us. There were two covered wagons; they were loaded. He and Henry played on violins—sawed away quite a bit to pass the time. Howard drew this picture in my autograph album of me frying pancakes "for the hungry immigrants." We filled the skillets full and flapped them. After we got home, Henry wanted us to make "them roadcakes." Henry died last December, leaving four children.

Some of us were at Eaton's the night before Earl Eaton had that dance. Howard and Will come up, time to go home; and when Howard asked me to go with him, Effie Vanderheyden said, "Will's already asked her." Howard said, "I'll take a back seat this time."

Ed and I always seemed to be together a good deal. His folks always thought I was all right. We've had good times and bad. Had lots of sickness. Doctor gave me a box of pink pills and one of white, and they cured him. Thelma and Ed got better, too. The old doctor is dead, now—I sure wish't I knew what those pills were.

We named the oldest boy Howard. The one Howard Smith married was related to Mrs. Smith, his mother. Amy's father was Mrs. Smith's brother. This father had been disappointed in love, and been gone for years. Howard went to hunt him up in British Columbia. Amy was one of many children. Howard went again to visit them and made the remark, "When you grow up you'd make a good housekeeper." Amy never forgot that. Mrs. Smith lived till he was older, she wouldn't let him marry anybody while she lived. She had a stroke, couldn't say a thing.

Katie Nash taught our school, took two of our boys up to see her. Mrs. Smith wanted so bad to talk to them. She was a raw-boned woman, never fleshy. Good woman, awfully smart. Could speak six or seven languages. They both taught school in their younger days. Mr. Smith was tall. He was a pretty good preacher, preached every Sunday in that old school house. They never paid him, that I knew of, and your grandfather preached there on Saturdays. I heard him.

He was quite interesting, he'd get to talking, never knew when to quit. He'd talk long as anybody'd stay there. Would preach in the evenings, too. He'd preach about the world coming to an end. Farisee people, Catholics, they'd go to hear him. They lived next to Amos Eaton's. Amos Eatons were Advents. Viola was Advent. They'd have two or three weeks going to conventions daytimes, on the Edward's place. Elsie was baptized there. Evenings, they'd go to the school-house.

Kehoes', Donahues,' Sughroes', Carrolls', other Irish in the valley had farms. Not now, not farms.

That Catholic church was up there when we went to school. Mrs. Cahill said afterwards that she believed that we should never have had that dance hall near the church. The cemetery was started.

When Grant worked for Sughroe's, they had so much fun. There was one priest, Kilkarney. This one that tore up things was Father Schunic. He come from Stockton. Didn't like to go to Pleasant Valley, so he had them tear the church down. Crazy idea! They got rid of him, and got this priest, Rogerman, he told them to leave the graves be. He wouldn't ha' had them tear that church down. This priest gets young people going together, awfully friendly with the Protestants. He marries 'em, wants 'em all to be Catholics.

Louise Myers was away from home quite a bit. Pretty good looking. She and Mina Dow went to teaching when they were sixteen, right out of that country school.

Ed: Us kids and them were pretty much raised on cornbread, mush, and milk. Phil (we called him Pam), and Flora lived in a log-house below the school. They lost one baby there.

Judah was more like his father, he was quite a worker, tended toward religion. D'ri told some stories, not in school. We'd play ball. Elmoville Store, they changed the school's name. Busy Brown changed the name. It is a stone school, built in the time when old rock-houses were built. It didn't have any addition at that time. The stove, an old round one, was right in the middle of the room. The district would buy the wood from the neighbors, lots of wood was needed then. Generally, some scholars, bigger ones, carried wood in. In the winter, we had men teachers—Jenkins, J. L. Crowley (several terms), McQuarry. Some of the Myerses went to Hattie Williams. Later, I went, too. Sometime in the wintertime the big boys went because in the summer time, the older boys had to help on the farms. They planted all of the corn by hand. They'd be as high as sixty in that one little room. Some big boys would be twenty-one, and the beginners would be four and five years old.

There were seats—boards with backs—desk in front, on the back of the next seat, for two pupils. I sat with D'ri. One day, our seat kind of collapsed, went over sideways. We couldn't do much with it, and we got to studying. We were a little uneasy, but teacher made believe she didn't see us.

Rosella: See my brace, all steel, helps my poor crooked back. Had to use it after I was sixty. Mrs. Edwards said I shouldn't lift so much. They done a lot of lifting those days, carrying milk out of the cellar, churning such like and after I was married had plenty to do for.

Ed: Always had a lot to cook for.

Rosella: I always boarded the teacher. They'd say, "She cooks for so many, might as well have one more." Our boys were a lively bunch, would bring their friends in on any excuse. Thelma was the same. It seemed pretty lonesome when they were all gone. Thelma is in California, near Corona, lives in town. He has a milk-route.

Ed: It's been four years since we went there.

Rosella: Two years ago this fall, she came with the little children and that is quite a trip.

SWIMMING, SCHOOL, TOBACCO AND DRIED FRUIT

Lib: Down there at the Bluffs, the girls would go down swimming the noon hour from school with our swimming dresses. We'd get real wet, then change in the woods in our schoolclothes and get back by one o'clock; or tell where we was.

Rosella: We'd go down to the creek to get plums in our dinner pails. Mina Dow and Louise Myers both went to that school. They were in the same class. There wasn't any grades, just about sixty pupils packed into one room. Linc started when he was four and I started when I was five, to Smith Hilliard.

The Annables place was between where George Palmer's is now and Pulfrey's—there was a house there then. It was near Stockton Center, about half a mile from George and Mae's. There was a Methodist Church.

Ed: Violet says she didn't think her Grandpa would ever raise tobacco. He raised some here. Up at Nora, it was about their main crop.

Violet: I'll have to speak to Grandpa about that, when I get to Heaven.

Rosella: Had big tobacco-worms.

Violet: Mama told of pulling worms off potato plants at so much a pail.

Ed: Darius sent raisins from California to us.

Lib: Judah used to send barrels and boxes of dried fruit—apricots, figs, peaches, raisins, pears. Them raisins were the nicest we ever got. We'd order the fruit and when the barrels came, we'd divide it. Them raisins sure were nice.

VENDERHEYDEN REUNION

Stockton, Ill.
June 20, 1951

The 32nd annual Vanderheyden reunion was held Sunday, June 20, at the Yankee Hollow school with 99 members present for the delicious dinner. Attending from a distance were the Ben Parker family of Toulon, the Lou Swedberg family of Sycamore, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lambert, Vivian Taylor and Clara Vanderheyden from Iowa.

The afternoon was spent visiting and playing games. During the business meeting in the afternoon Helen Gallagher was elected president, Shirley Williams, vice president, and Nora Stayner secretary and treasurer. Meade Parker, Ruby Koch and Camilla Wright were named the entertainment committee.

After the business meeting ice cream and cake were served.

I belong to the Universalist Church. There are six churches in our little town of Stockton, Methodist, Universalist, Nazarene, Evangelical, Lutheran and Catholic.

Stockton's got lots bigger within the last year. Strangers come from Chicago, buy nice homes.

Our family reunion is on the third Sunday of June. Pearl was going to have the first one, but she went to the hospital and had Camilla. We went to Wal's instead. Last year, we went to May's. One year we were billed out in the park, but it rained and rained, and we went to the Masonic Temple. May's boy comes from Iowa, others'd attend from different places. It'd be nice if you could come sometime.

219 E. Benton
Stockton, Illinois
June 7, 1956

Dear Flora and all,

I must get busy and answer your nice letter. Time seems to go faster than I can nowadays. If it didn't it wouldn't get very far. Well, it looks very much like rain this morning. We have had lots of rain. It has made the corn planting late, so wet. Lots of feed for stock. Ed is getting so hard of hearing that is one reason he got rid of his car. Yes, nearly every one has a television. We don't have any yet, but a good radio.

One of Maria's girls lives quite near us, comes in quite often, she is the oldest one, her hair is white as snow. The other lives near Mt. Carmel, she has a large family; has had fifteen children all living but one little girl that died when she was 2 years old. They are 7 girls and 7 boys nearly all married. I wouldn't have any idea how many grand-children there is, one of her girls started to count them one day she got up in the 40's and stopped.

This is our month for reunion again always the 3rd Sunday in June. We have a nice Park now close to town and it is always filled on Sundays especially. Had the reunion there last year but not this.

We were down to the Morseville cemetery on Decoration day. It was a lovely day but flowers were real scarce so many had artificial flowers. Our oldest boy was buried at that cemetery. Pearl was in to see us one day last week, Cal's son David and his wife were here from Iowa and Cal's wife too she lives alone at Waterloo, Iowa and some of her children live there, too. Cal has a nice family, too bad he had to die so young.

Nice George could be with you to see the parade. All my folks are gone, too. I often wish I had some of them to talk to but it won't be too long till we will all be there. I am piecing a quilt as I can't work in the garden any more, have to have something to do to pass the time away. Have callers nearly every day I don't go very far if I have to walk.

Leland's youngest daughter was married a week ago to a boy in service so they are on their way to Georgia where he is stationed. I guess he couldn't stand it alone so he came home on furlow and they were married. I think she will be a homesick girl never was away from home very much.

Well I must close and get dinner.

write when you can.
With love
Rosella and Ed.

Later Visits:

HOWARD SMITH'S PAINTINGS

by Violet Beck

July 13, 1958

Twice since that first visit, I have gone back to visit Stockton, and have again been taken to see the places where my grandfather's family lived, and where the Annables and Applebys lived. Ed Vanderheyden and George Palmer were good to take me around, and Rosella or Mae liked to go along. We even went to Nora and, where Grandpa's house used to stand, I found some pieces of dishes which Grandma may have used.

On the last trip, Grace (Eaton) Schubert took Pearl and me out to see the Bluffs. It was raining when we came by Aunt Celia's house.

Once Lib took me to see the cheese factory.

George and Mae would invite me out to their pleasant place at Stockton Center for family dinners. My! What nice times we had!

One person most gracious every visit was Mrs. Clarence Hanson, the librarian in an upstairs library. She was so pleased

when I sent her a first Home Folks' Book and was really interested in all of our family and in Howard Smith's family. She it was who got up an exhibit of Howard Smith's paintings, and collected enough money to have his name put on the Smith family tombstone. She told me how proud the town was of their native artist.

When Howard Smith's daughter Mary came with her two boys, and her young daughter, to visit Eva and me this Spring, she told me that Mrs. Hanson had invited her to attend the exhibit, and she wished she could have gone, with me along. We should have been there.

Eva and I visited Howard and his two daughters in Vancouver, British Columbia on our return from Honolulu, in 1934. Amy, his wife, and Thelma, his oldest daughter, had died, but Mary and Lucille were there, also. Howard had a garden of daffodils in bloom. He took me in his car out to Puget Sound, where we each painted a picture. A man bought his before it was finished.

I ordered paintings of Grandpa's family, and he painted those which are reproduced in this book. The originals have meant so much to me through the years. Some of them Eva and I keep on the walls of our home.

Date lost

Dear Violet,

Brother Ralph isn't very well.

. . . Camilla has little Barbara Ann who was four years old in December. She is a beautiful child, big brown eyes and her hair is beautiful curls. Jan Scott is or will be two years old in October. Has beautiful big blue eyes and blond hair. Both are so adorable. Camilla plays the piano and teaches in the basement at Sunday School. Barbara Ann just loves Sunday School and learns so many things.

How have you been and how is Eva? Also Flora. The Vanderheyden reunion was held in our Stockton Park this June as usual and 112 attended.

Love Pearl.

Stockton, Illinois
Dec. 25, 1959

Dear Miss Beck,

. . . Rosella Vanderheyden passed away early this spring—maybe it was still winter. She was such a remarkable person and we miss her. Ed stayed with his son Charles and wife, and then he went to his daughter Thelma. Charles is the mayor of our town, and is doing a fine job of it. They have installed sewers and you should see our mud!

The Palmers celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary. Each of them had a stroke but were able to be out to church Sunday. Their only child, Shirley, lives on a farm in Pleasant Valley. She married a grandson of Preston Williams and they have two lovely children, a boy and a girl.

Pearl Wright attends church quite regularly. She has children who live in California—near Whittier.

Yes, I feel as you do about the stone school-house, in fact, about all the country schools so dear to the hearts of rural folks who attended them as youngsters. They have sold practically all of them and converted them into homes, or corncribs, or machine sheds. The one I attended was always used as a school on first floor and as a church on second floor, so the church people just took it over, and converted the schoolroom into a social center with kitchen for serving.

Yes, we'd be glad to have your copy of the Smith poetry book at the library.

We have a very attractive art club in town now and many who had never tried to paint are doing some promising work. I wonder if the Howard Smith art exhibit we had at the library didn't start or at least help the movement.

Best wishes,
Sincerely,
Carrie Hanson

Freeport, Ill., Sept. 17, '62

Dear Miss Beck,

My maiden name was Hattie Link. I was the eldest daughter of Theodore Link. He worked for Thomas Munkley by the day for many years. One dollar a day or seventy five cents or less when doing the lighter labor. Also furnished his own board. So you know that a large family like my father had didn't go in for luxuries. I had seven brothers and five sisters. My brother Adolph is an artist. He took his first lessons from Howard Smith. He has made his living as an artist for sixty years. . . .

. . . Love and best wishes, *Hattie Flickinger.*

Stockton, Illinois
Dec. 4th, 1962

Dear Violet,

. . . Did you receive the information you wanted pertaining to the Family tree? My daughter Camilla was very good to do it for you. . . . We did it the best we could.

Love,
Pearl (Van) Wright

Sunday, June 28, '64

Dear Violet,

Our Reunion was held last Sunday in our Stockton Parkhouse. Almost 90 attended. . . .

Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1964

. . . Camilla's children, Barbara Ann, 10½ yrs. Jan Scott nearly 8 yrs. are so good to do my errands and will mail this.

Brother Ed 94 yrs. lives with his only daughter, Thelma. Ralph, 84 yrs. is in a nursing home.

So nice to have Mae and George so near (just 2 blocks). Their grand-daughter, Patsy, is in 2nd yr. College—son Jerry 7th grade. . . .

Camilla is still working in the office at the Kraft cheese plant. I feel I have nearly raised the children. They are very good to me.

Love,
Pearl

Wild Horses.

STORIES AND LETTERS ON THE ANNABLE SIDE

GRANDMA MYERS and GRANDMA APPLEBY

Louise writes:

AM asked as one of the elder members of the family for my memories of grandparents, especially Grandma Myers and Grandma Appleby. The former died when I was three years old, and I can only remember when Father took me to see her lying in her coffin, and put my hand on her cold face which made me have a shuddering horror of the dead ever since.

Grandma Myers must have been a wonderful woman, tho' small physically, and frail, and ill for many years, she was of such strong personality, and had so many traits of character, of Puritan decent, seemed to have all the sterling characteristics they bore. She had a large family of sons and daughters, and all of them bore the imprint of her character and training. Truthfulness, honesty, loyalty, integrity, industry, economy, she tried to implant in their minds. And all were free of any desire for intemperance or dissipation. Our Father had never been inside a saloon, and I don't doubt the five other brothers could say the same.

Grandma Myers was not of a happy disposition, perhaps owing to ill-health, and had periods of depression and sorrowful foreboding, and passed this on, unfortunately, to her decendants, with acute headaches, which were agonizing for days. But her children loved her beyond words and I have heard Uncle Smith and Father mourn for her forty years after her death—Aunt Euphema and Aunt Cecelia too.—Her words of counsel, her teachings, her example, left so strong an influence that children and grandchildren could praise and remember.

Grandma Appleby was not so strong and dominant a personality, but her children equally gave her obedience and affection all her life, and she could say, "They never spoke a disrespectful word to her." She suffered more than thirty years with incurable bronchitis, and coughing left her so weak she could not do housework the last years we remember, yet her guiding hand and mind tried to keep the house as orderly as she always loved it to be.

Both Grandmothers were neat and orderly beyond the usual, but my maternal grandmother was the most patient with the mistakes of others, and very patient and uncomplaining no matter how much she suffered night and day, as we know she did, with paroxysms of coughing that racked her sorely. My earliest recollections are of happy days and nights spent in her home, where she treated me as one of her own, and I never remember a cross word to me, or critical one from her. She did not seem to resent idleness and disorder as I would, only sometimes her easy-going husband brought forth her displeasure, and his love of "gadding to town," as she expressed it, made her indignant, when there was work to be done at home.

LOUISE BECK and GEORGE ANNABLE TALKING

Jan. 25, 1925, San Diego, Cal.

George Annable is here; he just had some bread and butter, honey and milk with Mamma. Now they are talking.

Geo.—I took you from a school you were teaching to Uncle John Appleby's.

Mamma—I remember I was awful sleepy. I had been to a dance the night before. You kept coming to the foot of the stairs and called, "Get up and hear the little birds sing!" It was cold.

G—I had a sleigh, I think.

M—They used to sit around the store—Uncle Silas and Grandfather used to smoke steady. The air was blue with smoke. Uncle Silas would get up and stretch and say he had to tend to the stock. If he wasn't smoking, Grandfather would want to play checkers—could beat me. Well, he had plenty of practice. Let the boys do the work.

G—Yes, Len and the boys did the work.

M—I remember how much fun we had. Roy used to tell about Samantha Allen and the dumb fits. We used to laugh and laugh. He had a sense of humor and I had, and we had so much fun. This was in Missouri, Nodaway County. Cousin Lou lived in Nebraska, and Ray used to come over to get horses. Grandfather was a pretty good horseman.

G—Yeah, he was all right.

M—I asked Phil how it was that Mother was so restless, and he said, "Well, how about Grandfather? There wasn't a day of his life but he had to hitch up and go to town." Grandma used to always keep neat, a little white lace collar around her neck, little trim dress.

The day she died she got up, and put everything in its place all around the house, and went and lay down on the bed, and closed her eyes, and died.

Grandpa was tall, straight, dark eyes, good-looking man. Eyes kind of pouched underneath, lovely, dark eyes, a well favored-man. Kind of bald, just a fringe of hair.

G—Len looked most like him. He and Len were pretty chummy. Both were Masons.

M—Never was much of a hand to talk.

G—Except by spells.

M—Uncle Silas was a regular old woman to gossip. I remember he used to go around—Here, don't put down what I'm saying! I'm just talking to George. Anthony Williams used to have a playhouse. Colored dishes. I used to play with him. He was crippled. Someone had let him fall when he was a baby. Anthony has been gone a long time.

Grandfather used to like to have Roy come over there. Once in awhile they used to come home smelling a little too much of 'tea'—but that didn't hurt.

G—Sile took me over to Morseville. Gave me whiskey, got me drunk as a lord. My mother wouldn't let me go with him again. Once he gave us a bottle of alcohol—Lorenzo and me. We lay around in the wheat field, one Fourth of July. Didn't get drunk. But that day in Morseville, I sampled everything.

M—Uncle Silas about supported Grandfather's family. Got married and worked hard.

G—Yeah, Ma was wild-eyed, strictly on the warpath about my getting drunk.

M—Grandpa used to like children. He cried when Janey died. I remember seeing him at the funeral, the tears running down his cheeks—kind of a pet of his.

Grandma used to scold him, but she wouldn't let anyone else. I remember he started for Williams' with a patch on his coat, and she said, "John, come right back. I'm not going to have you go to the neighbor's looking like that." He came back.

Whatever she said was all right.

G—She used to cook beans.

M—And oo-ooh! the sausage. Thought it was the best I ever tasted. Ed Van used to help. She put it in. Grandpa used to chop the hash. They had so much company they had to emigrate.

G—John was good—had an old head on him for a boy. I was no better than the rest. I was never any good around the house.

M—Cousin Lou says you are awful handy.

G—I smoked my last cigar in Seattle before I went to Alaska.

M—When I was at Flora's, George brought some pig's-liver to her, and it tasted so good, best for forty years. I ate it seven o'clock and thought it would kill me, but it didn't. (Explaining to Violet):

G—Your grandmother and me were first cousins.

M—My grandmother and his aunt were first cousins. Grandma Appleby, who was Uncle Isaac's sister.

G—My father's sister. My mother was Scotch, born and raised in Edinburg. My Father was born in New York—English and Scotch.

M—Your mother was a wonderful woman.

G—Quite a woman. No schooling. I left photographs in Mexico. If I had a picture of her, I lost it. I was always a rambler.

M—You gave me a little three-cent silver piece with a hole in it. I was at your mother's.

M—Grandma always had her hair combed down smoothly. Had gray eyes. Was taller than me. Grandpa must have been a six-footer in his day. She must have been five-foot-five. She smoked.

G—She didn't burn up much tobacco. She would drag on it when that coughing came on.

M—Grandpa was always patient.

G—Always patient with her. But he didn't have an overdose of patience with anyone else.

M—I never got acquainted with him. Grandma was always grateful to him because he was so good to her father and mother. Grandpa took them in and was good to them.

Note—This was George Crichton Annable, born April 29, 1861, in Minnesota. Mother's maiden name was Anna Brown Crichton, born in Edinburg, Scotland. Father's name was Isaac Annable, born in New York State. Brother of Grandma's father.

LOUISE TALKS WITH COUSIN LOU

Grandfather had a cutter and sleigh-bells and a buffalo robe. Once I asked Father why mother liked to go, and he said, "She didn't have far back to get it—grandpa had to go to town every day."

Cousin Lou—Yes, he went quite a good deal. I remember Aunt Louisa wanted him to do something for her, and he wanted to go to Morseville, and she said, "Gad and gas; gad and gas, that's all you're good for!" He'd never talk back, you know.

M—I remember Warren Appleby came and worked for a few days. He had a beard. Looked more like Sile. He said to father, "You are a rich man." Father said, "What do you call rich?" "Fifty-thousand dollars," Warren said. "Paw! Paw! Paw! Paw!" Father said, and went out.

C. L.—Uncle Hute was my father's brother. He was on a hay-wagon, and Warren was driving, and the horses ran away, and Uncle Hute made one jump and his knees were right under Warren's neck. But he got ahold of the lines and stopped the horses, or they might have had a bad runaway—horses get hurt or them. Warren lay on his back under a tree and laughed. Uncle John looked at him and said, "Dumb fool! Don't know nothin'!"

C. L.—I was to Grandma Appleby's in Illinois. She put a lunch—I think it was dinner, or the middle of the day. There was a little of different things, like, you know we have left sometimes. I remember there was buttermilk pop for one thing, and she said, "We must eat up all the orts." Uncle John was there. I was the only little one there. One day they'd had a lot of dishes to wash, and she said, "Why couldn't we eat on clean chips and save on all that work?" They had a big pile where they split the oak wood, and they were so nice and white and clean. Looked nice. I used to think they looked so pretty. I used to pick up different sizes and shapes. Yes, she said, "Why couldn't we eat off of chips? Then we could burn 'em."

They didn't have sinks—dishpans—then they'd pour that into a pail, and it all had to be carried out.

There's such a change since then. People lived in a simple way, you know. Your mother's Grandma Appleby used to spin and weave—had those blankets, they used to weave—called them coverlets then. The goods lasted. Used to make dresses and men's shirts. They lasted so long. Roy's father used to weave. I had a blanket.

Note—Lydia and Louise each have one of grandma Myers' woven counterpanes, and I have one of her woven pillow-cases, with R. M. on it—Flora.

Cousin L.—My Grandfather Annable died in the middle of the day. They went to wake him up to come to dinner, and he was dead in bed. Aunt Sarah Ann was 90, father was 95.

M.—Grandma Annable was 94.

C. L.—Father had a brother Silas.

I think of death as a deep sleep. Mother used to say about my sister, Ruth, who died when she was fifteen, "It seems as if she were near, as if there is only a vail between us." Mother often said that.

M.—Grandma Appleby was tall, handsome as a girl. She had been sick so long. Always dressed plain with lace at the neck—neat.

C. L.—Her father and mother deeded their place of eighty acres to a daughter, if she would take care of them till they died, and her husband put them right out with only their clothes.

Aunt Lydia had hair that touched the floor. She married a Terpenny and then a Leisenring.

Then great grandma and grandpa had to go to be taken care of by someone else, and it was Aunt Louisa and Uncle John that took care of them to the end of their days. Uncle John—all over people called them Uncle John and Aunt Louisa. Everybody did.

M.—Someway I took the place of a daughter to her. She once said, "You and I have never had a word."

C. L.—Your father was proud of you.

M.—Yes, I know.

C. L.—She had blue eyes. Uncle Hute, Aunt Celia and Eunice had brown eyes, pretty eyes, and Aunt Louise had blue eyes.

M.—Len had sparkling brown eyes.

GREAT-AUNT ANNA and UNCLE ISAAC ANNABLE

Anna Brown Crichton, born in Edinburg, Scotland, married Isaac Annable, of New York State.

Her daughter, Louise, married Roy Young.

Cousin Lou said,—"My mother was six weeks and three days on the ocean, and two weeks on the lakes from New York to Chicago, coming from Scotland to the United States. She wrote about the trip when she was sixty-nine. Something about the ship Speed.

"Farewell to the ship and her noble crew,
Long may she sail o'er the ocean blue.
"We were entire strangers when we first set sail,
We had not much heart to encounter the gale."

There was a birth, a death and a wedding on board the ship.

She saw Queen Victoria and her husband, and two or three of her children. One was King Edward.

On my father's side was French. It was his father (Prince Annable). His mother was a Howland, that was your Grandma Myers's grandmother (Ruth Howland).

Mother had a keen eye. Mrs. Green used to say if mother could have been educated she would have been one of the foremost women. She was an efficient woman. She kept a little dictionary on the stand, and when she was in doubt she would consult it. She had wonderful judgment.

There's no use of worry and grieving. My mother always helped me so much. I'd study and study, and then I'd go to

Mother, and she'd clear things up. She'd say; "There's no use worrying about the future. This may be the best thing that ever happened."

ACCOUNT BY GEORGE ANNABLE

March 22, 1942

Grandma Creighton came after my mother did from Scotland. She was very old, white hair, smoked a pipe.

My mother had snappy black eyes, dark-brown, as near black as any I ever saw. She wasn't tall, kind of medium heavy. She was a real woman.

We had a farm, forty acres, had a meadow, garden stuff, kept a cow — used to run out on the commons. Father and Mother got along nicely. He was easy to get along with, calm, quiet kind. She was snappy. It was a 50-50 proposition, one was as much boss as the other.

I'd go back of the farm, catch anybody's horse off the government land, make a bridle out of hickory bark, ride him awhile. Or take trips into the woods.

Your mother lived near us there, was closest to me in age, we seemed to hitch better. Then they moved to Plum Hollow.

My mother called me a spit-fire, guess I got it from her. Father was the reverse, blue-eyed, tall, about 6 feet. Was a good worker. You bet, I had to work, sunup to sundown. Didn't enjoy it especially. Never liked to stay in towns. Always wanted to see the mountains.

Darius Myers was pretty strict, honest to the letter. Wanted the children to do right. Was a conscientious, Christian man.

GEORGE ANNABLE'S STORIES

April 20, 1944

I was born in Minnesota, but was taken right afterward to Illinois, and I knew your grandmother Melissa's people, who were also my people, the Annables. Louisa was the sister of my father Isaac Annable, and she married John Appleby, I knew Len and Silas and her other children. She was easy-going, smoked a pipe, to help her asthma. The John Appleby house was up the road from our house. Your grandfather lived for awhile in that house, before they moved to Yankee Hollow.

Your mother and my sister were both named after Louisa. They were about the same age and were chummy. Lou wasn't so pretty but she was pleasant, and everybody seemed to like her.

John Appleby was a pretty good gink. Wasn't such a talker. Was a trader, dickered around, bought horses, sold them, traded, not on a big scale. Oh, yes, he was nice to me and to all boys. He was medium height, kind of medium heavy, wasn't fat, wasn't skinny like I am. He used to do farming. I never knew him to work overmuch.

We cut the grain off of that pasture alongside the house with flails. Darius Myers could reach farther than my father, used a bigger heavier flail. My brother took the lightest flail of all. We were clearing the land, cutting down trees to make fields.

There was a long road that went north toward Warren and Lena. Pitcherville was five or six miles. Beyond the cross-roads, to the north-east was the Stockton Center School-house.

On the west side of the long two-mile road south from there Jesse (Somebody) had his house. Hollands' ran the store with his kid, Patrick Henry; and later, Winters. Then came the John Appleby house where Darius Myers lived for a time. It had a fence between it and the Annable house, and was just a board cabin. It was about three-fourths of a mile to the schoolhouse. English people, the Polfrey's lived on the east side before you came to the Cross-roads. Beyond the cross-road on the west, lived Marshman's who were English, then Warne, then Parker, and on the east, before you came to the next cross-road, was the house John Appleby's moved to before they went to Iowa, and a fourth of a mile to the east lived young John Appleby.

When the Darius Myers' family lived up above us, Louisa, your mother was eight or nine. She wore her hair flowing. She, kinda like myself, was a little kinda on the mischievous order. All went bare-footed. Becky was twelve or fifteen maybe not so bright at school. She was a favorite with her mother, and Louisa with Darius, you could see it.

Oh, Gee! All I remember about Lyddy was she had white hair, tow, like my brother Lorenzo, nearly four years older than me, but their hair turned brown, like mine and yours. She couldn't have been over six, just average size.

Cousin Melissa wore her hair parted in the middle, kind of plain, smoothed down, like most of them did. She seemed slightly on the meek order. Mr. Myers was kinda on the strict order. He expected the children to obey him.

Uncle John Appleby was kinda the same way. He liked kids awfully, Uncle John did. He used to take me on his knee and talk to me. His son, Emerson, let me ride his horses, Stub and Paddy, — plump, fat. I was riding Paddy when I fell off. I wasn't used to the galloping business, and I fell off in front of him, and he stopped quick, didn't want to step on me, knew I was little.

Once, I went over to Roy Young's in Missouri, where your mother was teaching, and we rode back to Uncle John's in Bradyville, Iowa, and I helped her out of the buggy, and I didn't do it right. She made me help her in again, and out again.

I took her to a county superintendent's place in Nebraska, to get her a certificate for teaching in the country, four and a half miles from Syracuse. She was a nice-looking girl, a little on the fiery order.

She boarded at my mother's house when she taught that No. 10 school. I was home. Part of the time, she boarded at the Talbot's, straight across the road from the school. Glen was there at the time, and Earl and Guy.

The Talbot's both used to be school-teachers. I went to school to Mr. Talbot. Glen was a nice-looking girl, bright, quite slender. She married a man with money, went to school in Lincoln, met Babson. Was that Roger Babson, who ran on the Prohibition ticket related to her? (Note: He was her nephew.)

Uncle John Appleby was a Democrat. So was my father's brother Husted. I'd always been a Republican. I switched to vote for Roosevelt, and now I'm sorry. You can see things after they're over with better than you can see ahead. I'm fed up with his dynasty. My first vote was for Blaine, when Cleveland ran. Bob Ingersoll was one of the greatest orators of all time.

All the Appleby's, Annables, Burgesses came from New York. I used to hear them tell about Syracuse and Utica. Used to hear Uncle Husted tell about the fighting, bar-room rough and tumble fighting. Uncle Jack Burgess married my father's sister.

I never saw either one of my grandfathers. I saw both of my grandmothers, used to light their pipes for them. I'd take a live coal, put it in the bowl of the pipe, on top of the tobacco, take a few drags on it to get the fire started, and give it to them. They both lived there in Illinois, near Stockton. My grandmother, Ruth Howland, was also the mother of Louisa, your great grandmother. She wasn't very large. I was only four or five years old. She lived with us. On my mother's side, she was Scotch, Anna Creighton. Annable came from "Hannibal" my father said.

Louise (Annable) Appleby's children were John, Leonard, Emerson, Silas, Melissa and Celia. When Celia was a girl she was bright, but she had a love affair, and her mind went bad. All but Silas had houses of their own around there. John and Leon went driving around with the black and gray. He and his wife came down to our place, when we lived in Nebraska. Len was in the Civil War, so he was quite a big fellow.

I quit smoking in 1921. I got disgusted and quit. I smoked cigars and a pipe, a dirty habit.

Lou loved the sea-shore. She never got half as much out of life as she was entitled to. She worked plenty hard at the farm, and at the beach, too. Netta did a lot of work, too, on the farm and after she married Frey. She was slow, but she accomplished a lot.

I've had a lot to be thankful for in my life. I had a happy childhood. I've been blessed with pretty good health. I'm as good as the average of my age. I had a good father and a good mother. If my mother'd have had the advantage of schooling, she'd been pretty well up. I was never farther East than where we lived there, across from the Mississippi.

I used to like your father, August Beck. I guess everybody did. He came down to 1224 Front Street to see me in San Diego about 1912, before Lou and Roy sold their place and came out here. I was in Los Angeles a good deal of the time.

I've put in a good deal of time prospecting for gold and silver, never made anything worth while. I'd do carpentering. I railroaded up in Alaska, liked it up there, was there twelve years, I came out two times, winter of 1920-'21 and '24 and '25. I worked on the Alaska Railroad, construction part. I was at Anchorage. Cook's Inlet runs up couple of miles. You could see the highest mountains in the North American continent, Mt. McKinley, 23,000 feet. I boarded and batched. Got acquainted a little, never reached out for a lot of acquaintances.

Then, I picked out this site at Ramona. I have a pretty good view, good air, get a breeze. Nice house, has electricity and electric ice-box. I have a cat with kittens. Donna Stout takes care of them. Donna and her mother are not far. I'm pretty contented, radio helps, everything helps. Forty miles away, I have relatives, you-folks and Guy's. San Diego isn't so far.

Guy came up one week, stayed at my place. Slept in my chicken house. I have a bed in there, it's a good place to sleep, no chickens, and it's clean. Well-built, with cement floor. Frey slept in there the night he came up. Guy stayed one week, then went home to Carrie.

Way I look at it, there's nothing after death. We get scattered to the elements maybe all over the world. I won't know about it, but I'd rather have my ashes put over Lou's grave, that's the place I'd prefer.
Note: His wishes were carried out.

COUSIN LOU'S STORIES

Cousin Lou Young Told Violet:

I don't know as we'd ever been told, but when we went to Graveyards, we always talked low, and whispered part of the time.

I remember going with your mother (Louise) once to a cemetery at Pleasant Valley where her little brother and sister were buried. We were going to the post office at Yankee Hollow, and we went in there and read inscriptions. There were stones—wasn't it Euclid's that had a lamb engraved on it? I remember about us talking low; we were so in earnest, reading the inscriptions.

When we went to school together we were in the same classes. We never had any arguments over our studies, but we always tried to come out even on our studies. I was always anxious for knowledge. When I was a little bit of a girl, I used to say I was going to teach school.

We didn't have much literature. No, it was scarce. Weekly papers and some magazines. No library at all like we have access to now.

Yes, we thought they had wonderful stories in the Youth's Companions. They had stories of adventure and wild animals. Then there'd be poems, and most always a continued story.

In the springtime, oh, the beautiful flowers! We'd gather violets and buttercups, and oh, such pretty flowers in the woods! The woods were right near our house. There was a little clearing, for grain and garden and orchards. There were stumps. Your mother used to ride a horse when her father was plowing among them. She was supposed to guide the horse and she'd get so tired she'd go to sleep.

Your mother was bright. I always wished I could have a chance to go on. Her hair was cut right off, like mine. Combed back straight, parted in the middle, and cut off square. I have my picture in a tintype. I used to play with the boys. We'd take a cart and go up in the woods and get wild crabapples—they had a different taste from any others I've ever had. They were green at first; then they'd turn a lighter color. We'd cook them whole with water until they were tender. Then peal them and slice them when they were cool, and eat them with cream and sugar.

One beautiful, bright morning, oh, how happy we were! We were going to explore. Our mothers said we could go. They gave us enough for one day, but they said we'd have to look out for ourselves. Oh, how we planned! They fixed some clothes for us.

We went across a field where there were buttercups and violets. There was clover, and then all amongst it was little flowers—little white star-shaped flowers—those were more in the deep woods—shooting stars.

In the fields were dandelions and honeysuckles, with a stem like a dandelion. We used to suck the honey out of them. We'd see those sometime in the field, and the Sweet-Williams! Then, in the woods, the wild turnips, a beautiful red flower. And it had bulbs that had a bite, awfully strong and sharp. Sometimes a boy would get a little piece of bulb, and try to get the girls to taste it.

Well, we trotted along with our bundles. We wanted to find a suitable place, because we thought we were going to stay there awhile. We wanted a secluded place. We found a regular bower of vines, and we could go away back under there. The grass wasn't high, and we smoothed it all back. We decided that was the place. Seems as though there were bushes that grew around in a circle. Then there was a thick mass of vines that kind of run along to the top.

We were out along, looking for flowers. I remember about eating, and how hungry we were, but I don't remember what we had. We were going to stay several days, that was the plan. Well, we explored and worked, and were so busy we didn't know it was getting dark. And we didn't have any bedding, so we decided we'd go home. But I'll always remember that happy day.

We were about seven. That was the end of it. We didn't seem to think about going back the next day.

We used to gather nuts; hazel-nuts, black walnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts, wild plums, wild grapes.

For years and years after I was married I used to want to go back.

Cousin Lou Young said to Violet:

My! I always thought a lot of your grandmother. I think she was wonderful. She told me so much of when her children were small. It took them six years to build the stone house—to quarry out the stone, and smooth it down, and build the house. And in that time three children were born. She told me that seven years ago when she stayed with me a week.

My father had a wonderful memory. I always regretted that I hadn't written down so many interesting things about early days in New York. I asked him after he was ninety if life had been so long, and he said, "No, it doesn't seem as if it has." He used to dream about talking to his mother. His mother and father were Annables. (Prince Annable and Ruth.)

Sarah Gray sang "Maggie"—*the first time I ever heard it I thought it the loveliest song!*

WE'VE WANDERED today to the hills, Maggie,
To watch the scenes below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.

But the green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the violets sprung.
And the creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

But now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done,
Let us think of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

But now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As sprays by the wild breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

The city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the aged and the blessed,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place and a rest.

'Tis built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,
And we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

We used to sing, "Young Charlotte," at the quilting-bees:
"Young Charlotte lived on a mountainside
In a cold and dreary spot."

COUSIN LOU'S STORIES

They made their own soap in those days. I've made lots of it. They took ashes—wood ashes that was. Then put water on it and let the lye run off in a dish. Then they'd put in grease and cook it 'til it was like a jelly. Then they'd put that soft soap in jars and keep it. Sometimes they'd boil that down and make hard soap, make cakes of it.

I think that my mother never bought any soap till we went to Nebraska. You see, we'd lived in Illinois. In 1872 we left Illinois. I was born in 1859, and I was fourteen when we went there.

It used to take us so much longer to get a meal. We used to carry water, from a well, fill a tub half-full of water, and Nettie and I'd carry it up to the house.

My mother said in Minnesota the water was so nice and cool, nice springs of water—used to dip trout up with the dipper.

We had big stoves, the old-fashioned ones. The oven used to be on top. Then they'd have an oven out in front. When I was learning to write I took chalk and wrote on the hearth. The fire'd get so hot I could hardly stay there, but I'd get interested making the figures and letters.

We didn't have paper. Oh, yes, paper was scarce. I suppose it must have been expensive. Why, no, children didn't get paper to write on. I used to write on the blank corners of newspapers, and we didn't get them but weekly or monthly. I suppose that's the way people got to be saving, had to, and they got used to it.

We used slates. My, it was a terrible thing if we broke our slates. And those round combs we used to wear; if I broke one of those I used to cry and cry. We used to have rags to wash our slates with. Later on, children got sponges. That chalk—we didn't really have chalk. We used to find yellow clay, and it would make a mark. And we'd find chunks of broken slate, it seemed like the natural slate.

That was kind of a mineral country. They'd get a good deal of lead at Morseville. They'd haul it to Warren. The chunks of lead looked so bright in the sun.

Schools—they didn't have any grades. Your mother and I'd be in the same classes with boys of seventeen. When we were ten they used to stand in a row to spell. They used to offer prizes. I had several prizes. Your mother used to get prizes too.

Louise—that time I spelled down the whole spelling match I didn't realize it until only a few were left up. When I came home and told Father about it, he said, "There must have been some mistake."

COUSIN LOU'S STORIES

There used to be baptisms. They'd come for miles. The minister'd walk for a long ways. Elder Torrey come, he'd have to walk four miles anyway, down in Rush Creek. That was three-quarters of a mile from where we lived. He baptized Lucy and my father, too. I saw Lucy baptized.

They called it a creek, but it was deep and wide. They baptized a good many of my friends that day. They waded out waist-deep in the stream. They sang—people along the banks of the stream. They sang and then the minister always had some ceremony. He'd say, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

There were about thirty-five baptized that day.

COUSIN LOU and MAMMA TALKING

Cousin Lou—They used to let us go to spelling matches, because we were pretty fair spellers. They used to go in a sleigh—a bob sleigh—it looked like two sleds with a wagon bottom on.

Mamma—I think that was the kind that Mrs. Buckley fell out of—her coffin fell out, and they didn't seem to miss it—snow, you know. They were racing and they didn't notice. They had to go back. The night before they had a wake, and they danced, and they set the coffin outdoors. They were Irish, you know.

COUSIN LOU and MAMMA LOOKING OVER THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

Mamma:

This is our picture taken soon after we were married. I think August is fine-looking, not tall, but fine-looking. This is Eva, and this is Violet. They used to wear those high Normandy bonnets.

Here I was when I was seventeen—four or five years we were acquainted before we got married.

This was taken from a daguerrotype—my father. See the funny way he fixed his hands.

Mother looks like the last rose of summer. She looked kind of thin.

Cousin Lou—I was sixteen. Remember how? I bet you wore your hair that same way. Put up, two curls down your back. I never weighed much. I weighed a hundred-twelve last time I weighed. I've been house-cleaning.

Lou—This is Flora A's mother. She was an awful nice little woman.

AT HOME OF GLADYS BOOMER

Lincoln, Nebraska
May 12, 1942

Here I am at the home of my cousin, Gladys Boomer. She is the grand-daughter of Louise (Annable) Young, whose father, Isaac Annable, was brother to my grandmother Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers' mother, Louise (Annable) Appleby.

When I got off at the big bus station, I phoned Gladys at the office of the Coryell Company where she works and then went up to see her. She is a pretty young woman, with dark hair and eyes, a gentle voice, and kind manners. She wore a black dress with gold braid.

She phoned Jerry Frey, and told him I would come to the depot, where he is train dispatcher, at four o'clock. I met him there and we went out on the bus to his home. Grace, his wife, was home and we had a talk about George Frey, Jerry's brother, who is at Edgemoor Farm near San Diego. He is husband of Nettie, Gladys' aunt.

Gladys and Lowell Boomer, her husband, came for me in their car. On our way home we went by the Adventist College where Aunt Salema and Hester come to their camp-meetings. Their home is out five miles from the business section, with a big house, and a barn and corral for the five riding horses.

Edna and her nephew Frank live upstairs. She was Guy Young's first wife.

ACCOUNTS BY EDNA YOUNG

Nettie played the piano real well. George Frey played the violin real well. Guy played the trumpet, the flute and the trombone. Grandma Young was proud of them all.

Gladys started learning the scale on the trumpet when she was four. She made her first public appearance when she was nine, on a Lyceum program in the Consolidated School in Colorado. She was thirteen when we came here to Nebraska. We left Guy and the ranch when she was eleven.

Grandpa and Grandma Young used to come back on trips from California to see Nettie here in Nebraska, and they'd stop at our ranch in Colorado. We had a fruit ranch—apples, pears, peaches, cherries, strawberries, red-raspberries and plums.

Very shortly after Gladys and I left, Guy sold the ranch to Morton Young, a minister. He went up around Cheyenne, and from there to California.

I knew George Frey when he was young, such a nice-looking person, clean, smart as he could ever be, nice appearing and everything. When Guy and I were married, he was coming to see Nettie. They were married shortly after we were. We were married the sixth of January, 1903 or 1904. Gladys was born June 25, 1905.

Grandpa and Grandma Young lived at Syracuse, Nebraska on the farm. I met Guy through a school-teacher, Miss Flowers, who boarded at Young's. We had a party at the house in Holke, twelve miles from there, and she came to it with Guy. We were married at my home, and all of them were there including Ralph, Guy's brother. Guy told me that night, that his mother could hardly wait to see me. I said, "She won't see very much." George Annable laughed. I weighed about ninety-five pounds.

When we went back to their ranch, we stayed there until after Grandpa and Grandma Annable had died. Right near, about three city blocks away, were Grandpa and Grandma Annable, in a little house in the woods, on Grandpa Young's place. Grandpa and Grandma Young and George Annable kept them. Grandma Young and I did all their baking, bread, pies, and cakes: We'd take them some every time we baked.

Grandpa Annable was a tall man with beautiful blue eyes. George Annable looks something like him. Grandma Annable was short and had sparkling brown eyes. She was a very alert old lady and was the sweetest thing!

Grandpa Annable wanted me to come near so he could feel of me. He was blind, couldn't see a thing, sat in his chair years before he died, never went to bed. He had white hair, kind of bushy. He was smooth-faced; Grandma Annable shaved him. He called me when I came in the house and felt me all over. "Huh!" he said, "Guy always wanted a little woman. Guess he got one."

Grandpa had a lot of witty sayings. Grandma had his tobacco in a tin can with a lid on it. She kept it on the chair by him. He'd take and feel around until he found it. She'd light his pipe for him. He'd talk to himself; think out loud. One time I was sitting quietly; he didn't know I was there. He dropped the can, it was almost empty and it rolled across the floor. He said, "Go it, darn ye! There isn't anything in yuh anyway!"

Grandma would use Scotch expressions, such as "Puir little lassie!" She came over from Scotland on a sailing-boat that must have had some steam, because she had a piece of coal which one of the men who had charge of the ship had made into a little black ebony-like heart. She was eighteen when she came across with friends. I just loved to hear her talk about Scotland and the long trip over here.

My oldest sister, Frank's mother, lived in Aurora, Illinois.

Edna:

The Annables were a gentle type of people, French. Grandpa was a kind person. With all his suffering, I never heard him complain. When he died, he just passed away. The swelling got up in his heart from his feet, and he just went to sleep.

George Frey was a great chess player, so was Guy. Those two would play chess over the telephone. They had their boards and men way up high near the phone. About every Sunday night, that was their pastime.

All her life, Nettie had love and protection of her father and mother. She thought so much of her mother, and they were such good companions.

Grandpa Young was so generous to Guy. We couldn't have lived, with the two children, if they hadn't helped us. Guy had his share out of the farm. When they'd kill a beef, we'd share. We had a share of everything. He'd give Guy ten, fifteen, fifty dollars. He favored Guy. He was always saying, "Guy does this or that." That was hard on Ralph. Ralph was the little black sheep.

I didn't know how to milk. Grandpa Young wanted me to learn. Grandma Annable took me to one side and said, "I'm perfectly willing to take care of Gladys while you learn to milk. But Roy won't let Nettie, his own daughter, learn how, and if you do, you'll have it to do all the time." So I didn't learn how. Gladys was about fourteen months old at the time.

After Grandpa and Grandma Annable both died, then the folks built a home for us right across the fence. It was awfully cute. Guy laid all of the flooring. The window-casings looked like oak. He built the house. He sent to Gordon Van Tyne for the material, cut to our picture, five rooms, two upstairs, three down. We were there a year and a half before our house was built. It was cold, stormy weather.

When Grandpa and Grandma Annable lived in the woods, and we lived with Grandma and Grandpa Young, we had lots of fun, never had a cross word that I can think of. Grandma Young was so sweet and kind and jolly. Grandpa Young was pleasant also. We had a new Edison Victrola, and he'd bring new records home every time he'd go to town.

Oh, my goodness, yes! They wanted a grandchild! Gladys was born the 25th of June. I did the housework. Grandma Young gave the baby all the baths she had till Gladys was four months old, she got such a thrill out of it. She'd say "Grandma's little sweetheart!" When Gladys would get into things, she'd pick her up and carry her off up stairs. When she thought I had cooled off, she'd bring her back, and pat her, and say, "Isn't she sweet?" She'd get me over being mad at the little dickens.

Gladys was always such a little old lady, such a sweet little thing. Grandpa Young used to walk around and she'd mimic him. She liked all little animals and would follow him to feed the chickens. She was always right at their heels. She was used to going to bed early in her Grandma's room in her own little bed. The first word she ever said was "Ice." She'd love to watch Guy put the ice in the ice-box!

Aunt Tish, Grandpa Young's sister, came and wanted to see the sun rise in Nebraska. Gladys was standing beside her at the window in her pajamas, and Aunt Tish asked, "Who made the sunshine?" "D'ampa," Gladys answered. (He'd made her doll's crib and cradle.) "No," Aunt Tish corrected, "Gawd did." So Gladys would answer Grandpa's Young, "Who made the sunshine?" with "Dawd."

In all my association with Grandma Young, I never saw her get mad or sputter around like other folks. She was even-tempered, always the same. She was just so calm and composed. I've never seen her so heartbroken and feeling bad that she couldn't smile. She never jumped all over you and scolded. She would just keep it to herself.

Grandpa Young was awfully generous and kind-hearted. He had a lot of good points about him. He had a lot of friends in Nebraska. He was a hard-working man, and a wonderful stockman. He was an awful good farmer. Everything he decided to do turned into money. He was kind to Grandma Young. She wanted to go somewhere, he had the money ready.

Nettie was kind-hearted and cared for her mother and father. There never was a more devoted daughter. She always seemed to think so much of Gladys and Willis. Willis died when he was two. Grandpa Young called him "Bill." They were a nice family, they sure were. I liked 'em, the whole Young family. I never saw anyone I thought more of than Grandma Young. We used to tell each other our secrets.

I'm just so glad to have seen you. You are kind of a link with the past.

THE MILK-HOUSE

Aunt Flora E. stirring cake-batter on steps of home-place. Bertha, with basket of eggs. Violet with kittens. Grandma tending to milk-pans. Uncle Judah pouring milk for cats. Bert bringing in wood.

OLDER PHOTOGRAPHS
ON GRANDMA'S SIDE

Howland, Annable, Boomer, Appleby, Wright, Vanderheyden, Williams

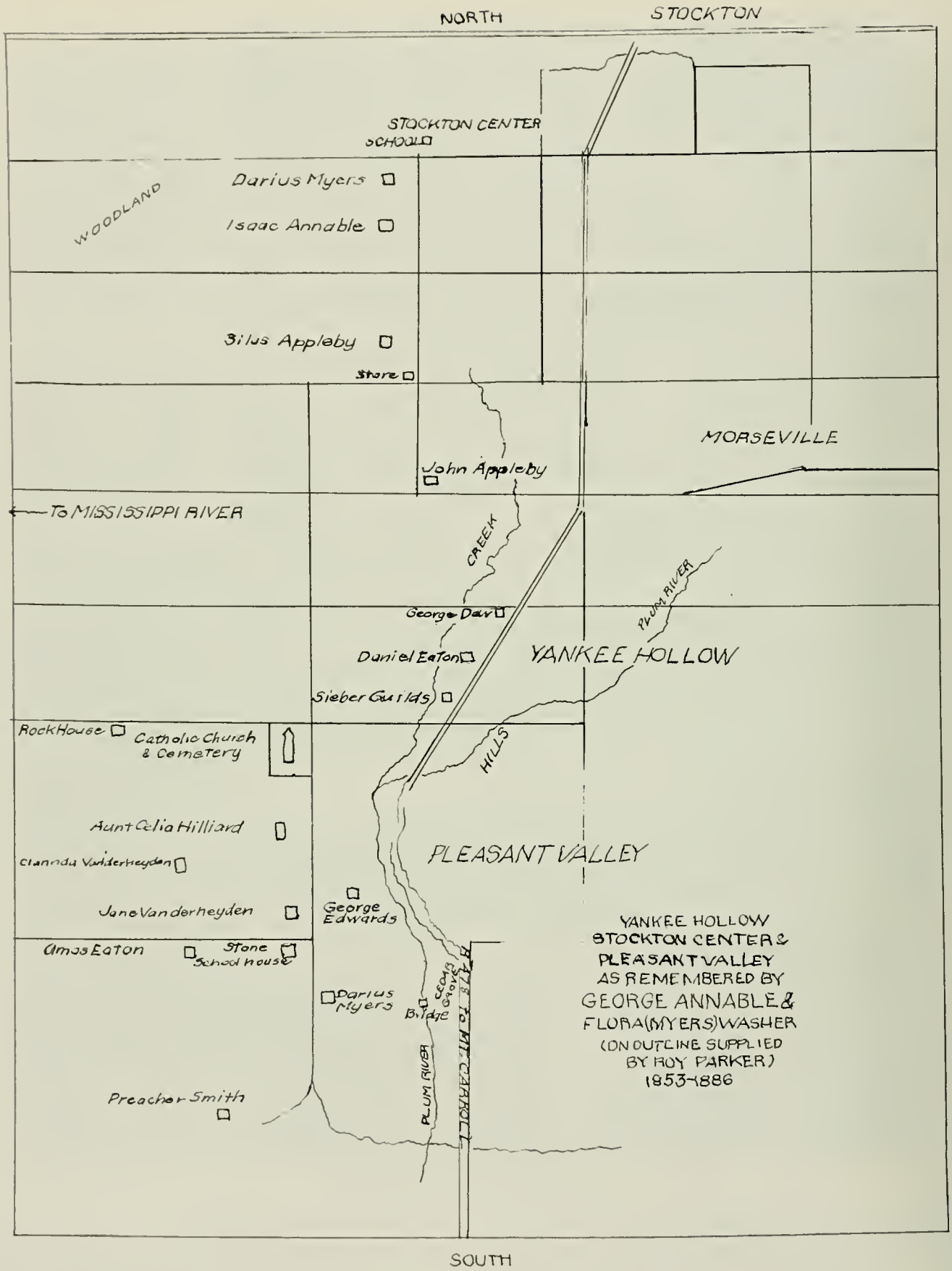
Top Row: Ruth Howland. Isaac Annable. Jon and Frederick Boomer. Nettie and Cousin Lou. Anna Annable.
Second Row: Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers. Louise (Annable) Appleby. Ralph and Guy Young. John Appleby (tintype). John Appleby.
Lower Row: Silas and Mamie Appleby, with Arthur and Elmer. Guy and Louise Young, George Annable. Guy, Louise Beck, Cousin Lou. Nettie, George Annable, George Frey, Lou Young, Eva, Louise Beck. Louise Beck and Cousin Lou, Nettie, by house in Ocean Beach. Ralph Young, watching Nettie put flowers on mother's grave in Greenwood cemetery.
(Below): At George and Mae Palmer's house at Stockton Center: George, Glenn Williams, Rosella Vanderheyden, Shirley with Patsy, Pearl Wright, Ed Van, Mae, Rosella and Pearl.

MORE DISTANT RELATIVES

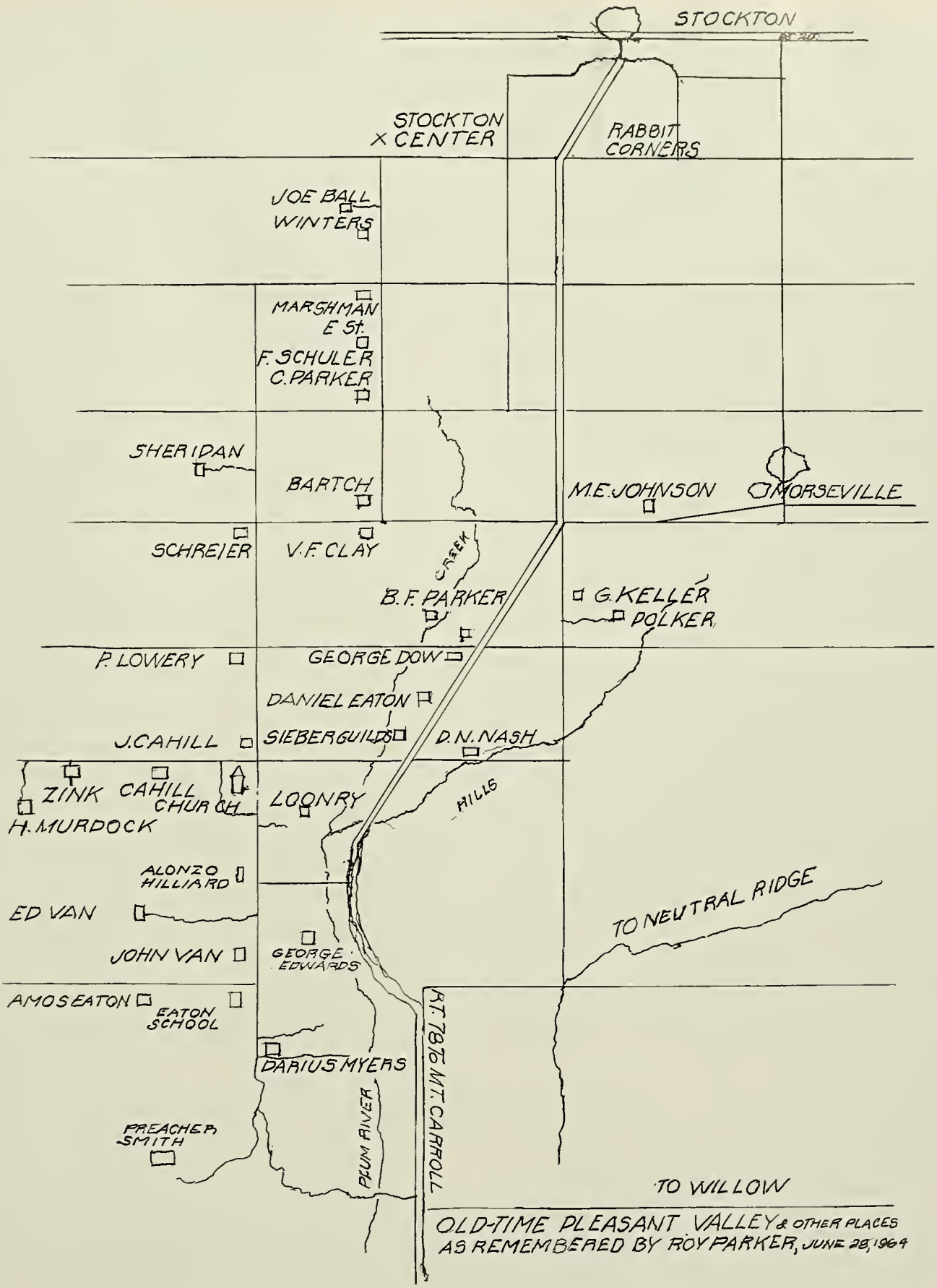
Top Row: Herman, Matie and Philip Lehrbach (Family of Phoebe Myers). Fara, Herman & Matie. Louise and Roy Young (Family of Prince Annable).

Middle Section: Frances, Edith, holding Bill Jr. and Bill Brehm (Family of Solomon Myers). Sarah Carlton. Lester Johnson (Family of Nicholas). Helen Daugherty. Gladys Boomer, George Annable, Guy Young (Family of Prince Annable). John King with Charles Sutton. Jennie with sister Annie and Clarence King (Bedford Family). University of California at Berkeley, Campus, 1906.

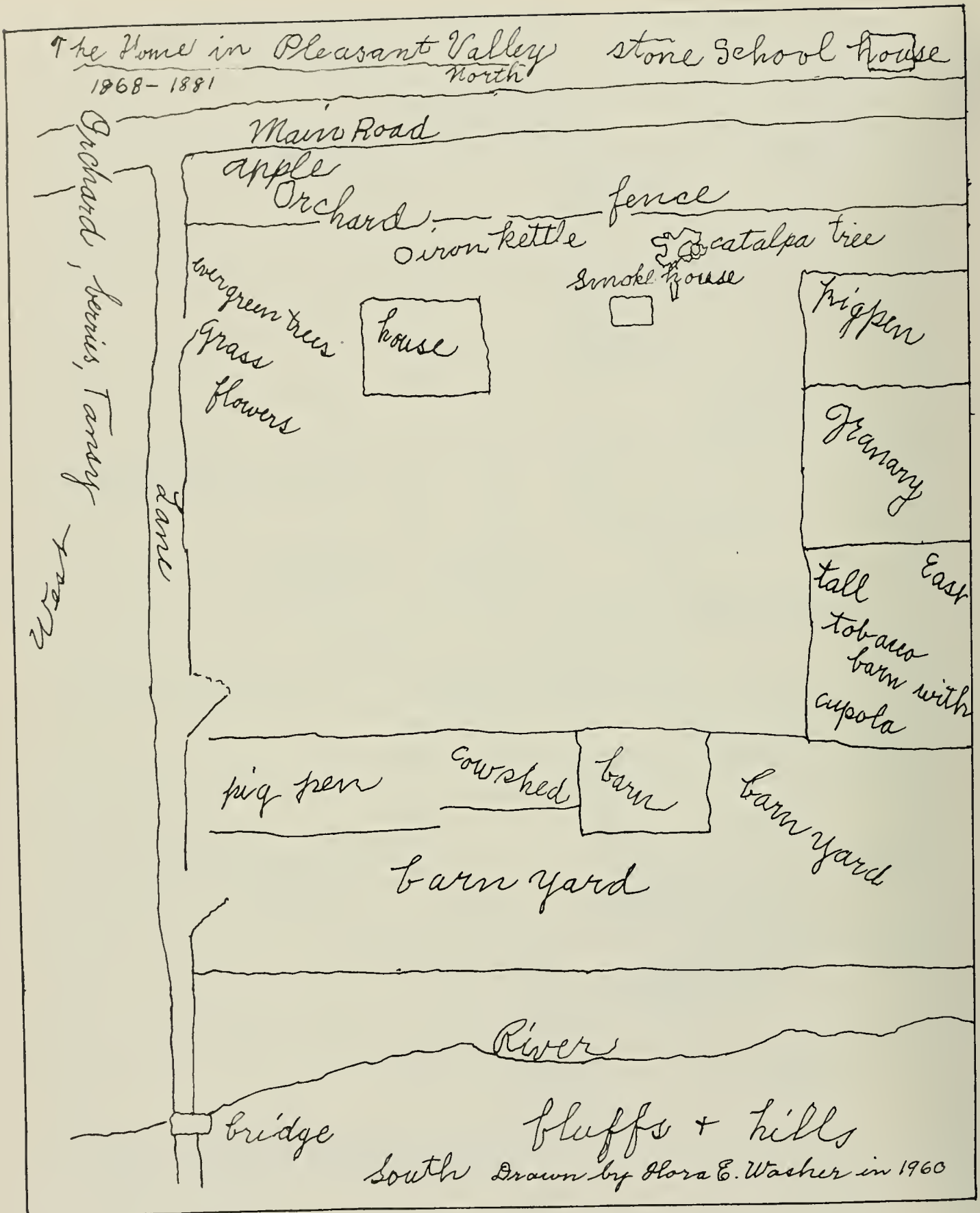
Lower Row: Mark Clark, Ruth H. Watson, holding son (Family of Solomon). Lola and Harry Pearce, Harry and Harvey Eubanks, Ova and Fred Arnold (Family of Surviva Myers). Priscilla Newcomer Cohn (Family of Lavinia Myers).



Yankee Hollow, Stockton Center, Pleasant Valley, *by Violet Beck*



Old-Time Pleasant Valley and other places, *by Roy Parker*



The Home in Pleasant Valley, *by Flora Washer*

OUR PLEASANT VALLEY HOME

by Lydia B.

IN a valley between hills running north and south in Northwestern Illinois, there was our home—a picturesque and pretty country very appropriately called Pleasant Valley.

Here the farming community lived, as one might say, "shut in from all the world outside." In those days life jogged along very slowly and comfortably. In the early seventies, people did not rush along as they do now with automobiles and motorcycles, airplanes and what not. We did not know much about the railroad trains, for Pleasant Valley was a long ways from the sound of the steam cars.

When we recall the earliest years of our childhood how interesting they seem to us! We are used now to thinking of the farm house there as being old but at the time I am recalling, I'll say when Flora Ethel was a baby, it was "the new house." We had only been living in it for about three years then.

Before that we lived in the old log house that stood in the north field, for a year or so, where Judah was born. And before that in a long frame house at Stockton Center where Darius was born.

At first father had built a large fine stone house on the hill and west of Aunt Cecelia Hilliard's home. Here is where he had expected to stay and to make his permanent home but he had trouble about getting a road out from it to the county road and so he finally sold out and bought a home down in the valley.

In the beginning, the family of Meyers had come to the then new land of Illinois from New York State. They began to come about the year of 1852, and our father was the first one to come. He then helped mother's family, the Appleby's to come, also from New York State.

And after that all of father's brothers and sisters and their families came, also his father and mother. So that in the early days there was quite a settlement of the Meyers family on Plum River and in Pleasant Valley.

On the twenty-third of May 1953 Darius Meyers our father and Melissa Jane Appleby our mother were married.

I have often wished we might have the history or story of those early years of life of their home-building in the new country.

Our eldest brother Phil was born in July, 1854 so that to return to Flora's babyhood, he was twenty years old the fall that she was born, in 1874. If a baby could remember the first things of life, she could tell of many welcoming faces about her cradle for there were nine brothers and sisters to welcome her in the new frame house in the Valley.

The oldest sister, Rebecca, was eighteen that summer and Louise was nearly fifteen, Elsie was ten years old and Lydia was eight. So there were sisters four to care for the new baby. Darius was six years old, Judah four and George and Gordon, the twins having just passed two years, were more nearly her age and they were her playmates.

A blue-eyed, sunny-haired child she grew to be. All the sisters loved the golden curls—none of the rest of us had curly hair, we were older and we rather liked to make a pet of Flossie, as we called her. Louise had named her after Flora Ethel Eaton, a graceful cousin, who was at that time her greatest chum and friend.

When Flora was a year old the family made a great change in their life by selling out the Pleasant Valley farm and moving away south to the summerland of Florida. This was on account of mother's health as she was a great sufferer from asthma at that time and father hoped the warm climate there might cure her. He bought a small place at Daytona in Volusia County, near the Halifax River and set out an orange grove.

I remember how wonderful it seemed to me to be riding on the train—through snowy and bleak land at first and then afterwards where it was green and warm, and we saw cotton fields and negroes for the first time. At Jacksonville, Fla., we got on a schooner and sailed down the St. John's river to the ocean and thence to the Halifax River. Wonderful it was on the St. John's River by moonlight! Somewhere on the trip we landed at a place called Mayport, I think, and visited a light house. There were large pink oleanders in bloom on either side of the walk, the sands were very white. I can still see the roll of the waves there and smell the perfume from the flowers.

In Florida the air was very balmy, it seemed to be full of the smell of flowers. There were many beautiful orange trees, so glossy green and full of golden fruit it did indeed seem to be almost a fairy land. There were live oak trees festooned with long streamers of gray moss, and palmetto trees, and at Christmas we had bright holly berries in our yard, and I remember also magnolias.

There was quite a forest land about us and back towards the inland, I remember the woods and undergrowth came close up to our line fence on one side. There was a little path we would follow just along the fence on the outside, here at night we would see the fireflies thick among the trees and brush, twinkling and flying about, while on the ground there would be glow-worms.

They were all new to us, also the red birds among the trees. There were wild orange groves and the perfume from the blossoms would reach us from far away. How glowing and lovely we thought the orange trees were! Sometimes we would gather great branches of them with the fruit hanging on them to hang up around the walls of our big living room. On Christmas eve a neighbor named Waldron brought us a big pail of the juicy sweet oranges and several quarts of fresh oysters just taken from the shells. There was an oyster bed in the river and people had all the oysters they wanted to eat.

Daytona was built along the river with one main street. It was fine to live near a river large enough so that we could go boat-riding on it in row-boats or sail-boats. The young folks used to get up what they called moon-light parties and sail across to the peninsula and land, and then walk across it to the ocean beach to see the full moon rise out of the sea. Sometimes they would stop on the peninsula at a pavilion for a dance.

Phil was going with a girl named Lula Blivens. Louise had several beaux. She was a high-spirited girl of sixteen and full of life and charm. Rebecca who was older had become acquainted with Henry Bryan, a young business man full of fun and laughter, whom she married in June on her twentieth birthday.

They went to house keeping right away in a pretty new house father gave them in town, living next door to Henry's folks. Henry had a sailboat and would often take us children boat riding. He was good natured and liked children.

We only stayed one year in Florida as mother's asthma grew worse and father liked the north the best. So we moved back to Illinois and even bought back the same old home. Rebecca stayed behind, when we came away, and lived there until she died in 1889, at the early age of thirty-three years.

So we went back home to Illinois. It was the Centennial year, 1876, called so because of the great Exposition held in Philadelphia that year to celebrate the hundredth year of American independence.

Phil was twenty-two years old that year and he decided to go to the Centennial. It was a very interesting event and also it was very interesting to be coming back home again. I remember yet what a warm welcome we had from the many Cousins, and Aunts and Uncles; for there were many of them now, especially cousins, up along the Plum River, in Stockton, and at "the Center" farther north where grandpa and grandma Appleby lived, and Uncle Leonard Appleby with his family.

There were relations on father's side and relatives on mother's side of the house. Uncle Solomon Myers had moved away to Nebraska with his family years before this. Uncle Nicholas Myers, who had had a store in Warren, had also moved west.

Father's Sister, Aunt Euphamie Tuller, had moved with her family to Missouri. The youngest brother, Uncle Smith, had married and gone to Iowa.

But Aunt Lavina's family, the Eatons, lived near us, and so did Aunt Surviva, and Uncle Ben Guilds and their married son, Seber Guilds, farther north, in Yankee Hollow.

Aunt Cecelia Hilliard, the Aunt we knew and loved the best lived with her large family up on the hill about a mile north of us. We used to call it Hilliard's Hill. From it they could look down towards the south over a long stretch of the valley. It was a beautiful location.

We girls used to love to visit Aunt Celia's although we thought it was a long climb up that long hill to get there, but we liked the view from the top after we got there. We could see our home and away along the valley, the river flowing along, and the hills and woods and the old stone school house where we spent our days for about three months in the summer, and five months in the winter-time.

Grandpa and Grandma Meyers had died in 1863, long before the time of which I write, three years before I was born.

And also up in the old family burying grounds were the graves of a little brother, and our little sister Janie, long mourned by our father. Euclid died in January, 1860, aged twenty months, and Ida Jane died November 3, 1867, aged about five years. There was a large family of children but father had never ceased to long for those two who had died in their childhood. He kept some little keepsakes of Janey's in his tin trunk until his death when he was past eighty years old.

Flora Ethel was the twelfth child and after her came Bert and then Bertha so that our family numbered fourteen children. As we older girls had petted and babied Flora as our younger sister, so did she prove to be a little mother to Bertha as she grew older. So that Bertha has always clung to Flora more than to any of the rest of us.

Other near neighbors were the Vanderhuydens who were cousins on mother's side. Jane and Clarinda Appleby had married brothers, John and Edward Vanderhuyden, and their two places joined sides. Their children were our schoolmates, and playmates. Maria, one of Clarinda's girls, was Flora's age and one of her chief chums during her school days there. Mina and Louise used to be friends, and Libbie and Elsie and I played together. We always thought a lot of Cousin Jane and Cousin "Kin," as we called Clarinda. They were both good kind women.

And so the years were going by—when Flora was five and I was thirteen Phil was married to Florence Bedford, in 1879. He had been teaching school at a place called Roe's Corners, near where the present city of Stockton stands, and he there met and loved the girl who was to become his wife, slender, dark-eyed Florrie, as they called her. She was nineteen and he was twenty-four years old.

Bert was our baby then—he was hardly a month old, and Florrie helped name him Theodore Albertus; but father always wished him to be called Bert.

Louise also had been teaching school.

What was the keynote of all that life during all those years?

Our father was an intensely religious man, reverential to God and a lover of His word, and we were brought up to trust daily in our Heavenly Father.

What a glorious inheritance we have in the remembrance of that family circle of prayer; the daily assembly at the "Mercy Seat," to read a portion of God's word, to sing a song or hymn of praise, and to listen to the earnest prayer offered up to the throne of grace in our father's well-beloved voice.

The faith taught us there, the hopes engendered then will ever remain firmly established in our hearts. The songs will recall themselves in our thoughts—"The Glad Songs of Zion," as one writer calls them, for much is said in sacred writ of the singing of songs. Those we learned in those childhood days, in that hour of morning devotion, have come to our minds through all the years since like a chiming of bells, often calling to prayer, to holier thoughts and right living.

Their various words seem to fit every time and occasion, thoughts of them and what our father taught us of God have been the golden threads running through all the woof and warp of our lives:

"And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet.
Where there are somber colors.
It is true that we have wept. But oh, this thread of gold.
We would not have it tarnish! Let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web
And where it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession."

And in the words of another writer I would also say:

"Thus ever has the light of song
Illumed our darkest hour,
And cheered us on life's toilsome way
And gemmed our path with flowers,
The sacred songs our fathers sung
In days of Auld Lang Syne."

A living and abiding faith was ever the beacon light held before us. Our dear Mother too was a lover of God who taught us to be gentle and kind, self-forgetful and forgiving even as our Lord would have us be. She loved to sing and tell us of the gentle Jesus.

The words "Auld Lang Syne" recalls also the songs that father taught us other than the religious songs and those were mostly Scotch. We had not much music in the home other than the human voice excepting that of father's flute. This he loved to play on occasions, and he taught us some old Scotch ballads and tunes to sing with it such as "Bonnie Doon," "Over the Water to Charlie," "Annie Laurie" and "Auld Lang Syne." His mother was of Scotch descent and related to the Douglas family of Scotland.

How we loved the music of that flute! It was a red-letter day when he would take time to play it for us; more often in the long winter evenings when the snow lay thickly spread outside.

And then he would tell us sometimes of the stirring times when they used to "train" and learn to march in companies back in New York State and he had played the fife. It was wonderful to us to hear about the fife and drum corps.

He also told us many anecedotes of his boyhood days, of the fun and good times he and "Fame"—Aunt Euphamia—used to have. She and he were near of an age. They used to help about making the maple-syrup at their old "Sap Bush."

Later, as he grew older, there were exciting bear hunts in the thick timber. Then there were reminiscences of his school teaching days in Oswego.

In the "Miller Movement" of 1845, when many devout people were looking for the second coming of our Lord, he was one of the most enthusiastic believers. He was then about 30 years of age, as his birth year was 1816. As we all know, the orthodox Church people of that time were most bitterly opposed to this elucidation of the Scriptures. His own brother, John, his eldest brother, refused him shelter in his home on a dark and wet night because of this religious belief. Uncle John was something of a preacher. He died while yet in his young manhood.

There was much opposition from all quarters to such a startling doctrine, but our father never gave up his belief throughout all his life in the soon coming of Christ to set up his kingdom on the earth.

He believed that the time pointed out by many prophecies was now due to begin the Restitution of all things "which was spoken of by all the prophets since the world began," as he would tell us.

It was, and is, a glorious faith! Our thoughts and ideals have ever looked forward to this Divine consummation. Tennyson, the poet calls it,

"The one far-off divine event,
Toward which the whole creation moves."

But to us not far off, but near, very near!

The whole Bible is full of it almost from the beginning.

It is a Promise, a wonderful promise and in some way spoken of by every writer in that Book of Life, often with the most beautiful poetic imagery. Isaiah points out that "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains and all nations shall flow unto it." This is the "last days." Here Christ's government or kingdom is called a mountain.

Our poet Edwin Markham calls it the Fraternal Commonwealth and says:

"St. John beheld it as a great white throne,
Above the ages wondrous and afar;
Mazzini heard it as a bugle blown,
And Shelley saw it as a steadfast star."

but, he adds,—

It is a vision waiting and aware;
And you must draw it down,
O men of worth;
Draw down the new Republic held in air,
And make for it foundations on the Earth."

This was his idea, but we do not believe it lies in men's hand's to "draw it down." The "times and seasons" are in His hands who made all things, and when the great clock of the Universe Strikes the Hour it will be done. This is that Mount Zion, the Heavenly Jerusalem, the "City of the living God," The Temple of God composed of living stones, the Chief Stone of which is Christ. He tells us that the Stone which the builders rejected is become the head stone of the corner. Father used to quote the passage from Zachariah to us where the Head stone was brought forth with "Shoutings and cryings of Grace, grace unto it!" It shall be a joy unto all people. But the time had not yet come when William Miller looked for it altho' it was drawing nigh. And so the lives of men went on much as before but to those who had "looked for Him" must ever have come a clearer vision, a higher ideal, a purer life for having entered into that belief in the prophetic numbers and had that faith in unseen things.

William Miller himself said, "many thousands have been made to study the Scriptures by the preaching of the time. God's wisdom has marked out our faith, which He has devised for such good as He will accomplish in His own time and manner."

All this was away back of our lives and yet it was a living issue to Father, a sort of heritage to our thoughts, something that went to the making up of our lives and our beliefs, taught as we were from day to day by our father in intense earnestness. He had known the "tarrying time,"—The coming of Christ was but delayed, and so we felt it to be—"For the Vision is for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

The appointed time we had not known. And so with this wondrous Event ever before us we passed the years of our home life.

The days were going by, the children were growing up. As they grew older they felt the limitations of the narrow Valley; outside of those enclosing hills was the real world, they thought, where life must be at its best and highest. Phil had gone away to attend a business college at Dubuque, Iowa when he was a young man. Louise had attended a Young Ladies' Seminary in Mt. Carroll and then gone to teach school in Nebraska and Missouri, where relatives lived. Rebecca had gone for awhile to study dressmaking in Whiteside county, forty miles away where Mother's Aunt Sarah Ann Burgess lived and other relatives. She was a sister of Grandma Appleby and sometimes Grandma and Grandpa would come down to our place from Stockton Center where they then lived to go with Father and Mother there on a visit. I used to think it was a long delightful ride. When I was very small and heard the folks talk about Whiteside I used to think they meant a cloud. Often I used to fancy that when we would come to the top of a hill we would see the end of the flat earth, a sort of a jumping off place!

I never tired of looking for it. Many hills we climbed but there was always a road down the other side.

Grandpa Appleby's folks moved away to Missouri about the time that we went to Florida. When they lived near, we older girls used to love to visit Grandma, and I remember staying a week and recall yet the sound of the solemn tick-tock of the old clock that ran by weights and Grandpa would wind with great care each time. No other clock I've ever heard could tick with such solemnity and impressiveness. At night the very house seemed hushed, listening to it. There was also a large old Family Bible on a stand, and out in front a row of poplar trees stiff and straight like soldiers on guard. Everything was orderly and settled. Grandma would move around so quietly. She never seemed hurried, or flurried about anything. She was a wonderfully neat housekeeper. I liked the kitchen with its yellow painted floor and blue woodwork. I liked the whole quiet and orderliness of it all. At our house the only quiet place was Father's room, or study, I suppose it might be called, where he would go by himself to read or write or study the Bible as was his wont. It was always in order and smelled of apples—father liked apples and kept some in his room sometimes. When I grew to be older, I used to like to go there to do writing too.

Louise was named after Grandma and I was named Lydia because of great Aunt Lydia Terpening and also after a girl named Lydia Hamilton whom Father knew and admired when a young man. He also gave me the name of Belvidere. I have always liked my name of Lydia Belvidere partly because Father named me, I think.

Louise was supposed to be Grandma's favorite but I am sure she liked me too, and Grandpa gave me a small fur tippet and muff for Christmas and a little accordion. Our folks all came for Christmas dinner, I remember, and Grandma set a separate table for the children. We had a dish of red cherries, canned or preserved ones. I never see red cherries without thinking of Grandma's, they seemed so good.

Grandpa was tall and had dark eyes. He was a fine looking man. When dressed up he wore a tall silk hat and always carried a big gold watch with a prominent gold chain. Grandma's family name was Annable. Her father's name was Prince Annable, her mother's name was Ruth. She had been Ruth Howland.

They were long-lived people. Mother says her great grandfather Phinney lived to be ninety-four years old. Mother says she had four or five children when he died, in Cassanovia, New York. Grandma's brother Isaac Annable lived to be ninety-five years old, and Great Aunt Sarah Ann was ninety.

After Grandpa and Grandma moved to Missouri, mother went to visit them nearly every year and once Grandma came back on a visit. I remember she liked to have me brush her hair for her. She had fair hair, very long and fine and it never seemed to get much gray.

I wonder what characteristics—or traits—have we inherited from these ancestors of ours. From Grandpa Meyers we would have German blood in our veins. From Grandma

Meyers we would have kin-ship with the Scotch. Grandpa Appleby was descended from the French. His great-grandfather Michael Appleby came from France, and Grandma Appleby's grandmother was named Sarah De la Farge when she was a girl. She was said to be a short thick set woman who weighed about two hundred pounds.

The Annables were also said to be of French descent. But we children thought little about these things when we were young. We felt as if nearly everything concerning our lives had begun just where we lived between the enclosing hills of Pleasant Valley. Those were the long, long years of life. No other years are ever so long as these first years of life. No matter how long we live it seems as though the greater part of our life was lived while we were at home with father and mother.

Still those years began to hurry and we were some of us getting too grown-up for the old slow school-house. When I was fourteen I was sent away to the small town of Nora, twenty miles north of us, to attend the High School there. The next year father bought a farm near Nora and we moved away from the valley for awhile, and Phil came back from Missouri to take charge of the farm there.

It was about this time, in the year 1881, when I was fifteen, that father took me on a trip back to New York State with him to visit his old home near Oswego. This was a great experience to me. We first attended a large religious convention in Rochester for a week and from there went to Oswego. Here of course Father found many changes since he had last been there, but mainly in the people—so many of the old friends had died and the younger ones had grown up or moved away. Only two families of cousins lived there still near where his old home was, not far from a little place called Minetto. His uncle Henry's two sons, John and William Meyers and their sister Mary lived at their father's old place still, and Henry, another son, lived not far from them. He was the only one of the four who had married. Uncle Henry was the uncle father talked most of and Aunt Elcy was a favorite Aunt. She was the one our sister Elsie was named after.

We first visited at Henry Meyers' house. He was one year older than father so that now they were both getting to be old men. But they had been boys together and so upon this re-union it was almost like renewing their youth. Their voices grew eager while they talked and I remember how they sat for long into the night outside the door in the moonlight, talking over old times. Cousin Henry produced a fife from some where and father played old-time tunes on it.

We next visited John and William and Mary,—the two latter were twins of forty-five or fifty. They had always lived in this old house where their parents had lived and died. It was an interesting old place with the old furniture and everything in place as Aunt Elcy had left it. Cousin Mary showed me the bureau near which she said an angel had appeared and stood shortly after her mother's death. It is no wonder there were stories to tell in places where there must have been so many memories. If I had only been a little older and wiser I could have asked many questions about the past and gathered mental pictures of our father when he was young. Uncle Tunis told us of the time he fell into the spring when he was little and one of the girls, Aunt Lavinia or Aunt Phebe, who were doing the washing there pulled him out. He thought he was drowned and commanded them to "Shake me! Shake me!" Something about it amused Uncle Tunis so that he still laughed over it when he was old.

They said that Grandpa had been known far and wide as Uncle Jack and was well liked by all. He liked to fish and hunt and was of rather a jovial nature I fancy. Grandma was more of a manager and the care of the family was more on her mind than it was on Grandpa's. She was always spoken of as one who worried a great deal and as the one who was ambitious for her children. Father said she was a woman of deep thought. She must also have been a great worker for there were so many quilts and sheets of her weaving to be passed on among the sons and daughters. I still have a beautiful blue and white coverlet, the work of her hands, which is one of my most precious possessions. It must be now eighty or ninety years old. It came to me through Uncle Tunis to whom it was given after Grandma's death.

It seems to me that she must have had the strongest personality of all of those back of us whom we have heard talked of, she has always been spoken of with such deep feeling and admiration and love.

Father's family all migrated to Illinois from there but Uncle Henry's had stayed and lived still on the same farm. It was curious to me to see the boundary fences built of stones picked up year after year, they said, from the land so that it could be plowed and planted. It was all new and interesting to me, the scenes were so different, the air seemed softer than it was in Illinois. It was something like one might feel coming back to a kind old mother after long wanderings. Mary Meyers wanted me to stay with her and I have always wished since that I had, but felt then that I did not want to be separated from father for any length of time. I was always a great girl for my father. Some of the people who entertained us there were the Bohannan's Cousin Jeanette—Father's Aunt Margaret Master's daughter—had married John Bohannan. There were two sons, Arthur and Asa Bohannan. I liked them and we played croquet together. Several other places we visited I can not recall the names. We did not stay long for father was anxious as he always was to be at home.

As I wrote before, we had moved to Nora for one year and here in the fall of 1882, November 9th, our sister Louise was married to August Beck. He was from Chicago and had the position of Chief Clerk in the Missouri War Department. Louise was twenty-two and had come home from her school teaching in Nebraska or Missouri. They had a nice wedding. Her bridesmaid was Flora Eaton and the best man John McKenzie whom Flora married not long afterwards.

They all seemed very handsome to me. Louise's wedding dress was a blue silk and very becoming to her. I do not recall Flora Eaton's dress but I always think of her as being very graceful and having lovely clothes and hats. We had a wedding dinner and Flora and John stayed to see the bridal couple off on the midnight train for Chicago.

So one more of the home-circle was gone from us in marriage. This stay in Nora seems but an interval—we were soon back in the old home again.

Flora Ethel was now nine years old and these are perhaps the years that she can remember best of all in the Valley. She will remember them and the years before them as the time when life was most carefree.

There were:

"Golden dreams of happy childhood,
When the earth and skies were new,
When in meadow and in wildwood
Only flowers of Eden grew;
Then the birds were always singing,
Then the leaves were always green,
Then the sun shone always, bringing
Rapture in its very sheen."

What happy days they were we little knew until the years had gone by and we could look back to them. We did not know then that the skies were the bluest, the days the fairest, the white fleecy clouds the most heavenly that we would ever know. Nor how dear would be the memory of that old house, the evergreens about it, the long line of willows to the north. Also the wide well-filled barns and granaries with the swallows

wheeling about their eaves, the clover meadows and the cornfields stretching away with their long, long rows of corn. Down to the old Cedar Bluff we would go for our Sabbath walks, Elsie and I. Sometimes Darius and Judah would go with us. We would linger along the banks of Plum River and enjoy finding new flowers along the way. In one marshy place there grew a long strip of blue iris, or fleur-de-les, Mother called them.

There were plenty of the sweet-smelling wild roses, and orange colored tiger-lilies we would find and the perfumed sweet-williams. In the spring time we loved the blue violets, sometimes there were white ones, after the little yellow "may flowers" were gone. Mother would send us to hunt for the yellow cowslips. She was fond of them for greens. We would always be trying to find the four-leafed clovers. In this hunt Flora was always the luckiest. She could find more four-leaf clovers than any of us. Down on our knees among the clover we would excitedly hunt for them—to find one was thrilling.

Do you remember the pretty pussy-willow buds in the spring time and how the swollen waters used to run in little streams along the roads and every where! A few mild days would come in March perhaps and some of the snow and ice would begin to melt.

There would be a glorious feel in the air, an indescribable thrill of joy and exhilaration would possess us and we would run and laugh and shout. We would want to be out of doors all day long with the March winds and the hurrying rivulets of water. It was the wild delight in the spring-time;

"The cloud hares were running
Along the blue sky;
The wind hounds were after—
We heard their shrill cry!
The elm trees were sweeping
The air wondrous clean;
Oh, those were the blithest
March days ever seen!"

Soon the blue birds would come in flocks, and the robins and the loud singing bob-o-links. The air would be full of songs. Louise loved best the song of the shy wood thrush, deep in the woods. The whip-poor-will would fly low and skim across the sky uttering its queer notes just after sundown. Phil would often imitate its call in a clear whistle across the fields to Will Smith. We would listen and soon hear his answer through the evening stillness.

All up and down the Valley at night-time it would be very still, we could hear the bull-frogs croaking in a mighty chorus down in the meadows. Sometimes a melancholy sounding owl would hoot in the woods across the river. We would go to bed early and oh, how soundly we did sleep! We never, indeed seemed to get enough sleep for we had to be up early in the morning to do all the chores: cows had to be milked, calves fed, chickens looked after, horses ridden to water.

The little boys used to think that great fun, riding the horses to water down to the creek. Bessie and Nellie and Bob and old Dagon and many others before and after.

Louise loved to ride horse-back on our Nellie. She was a beautiful dark bay of race horse stock. And they made a pretty picture as she went cantering over the roads. Louise was the gayest of the girls. She liked to ride horseback. She liked to go to dances, she enjoyed flirting with the young men and many were the beaux she had when she was a girl. And she had more girl chums than any of us. She and Mina Vanderheyden, Flora Eaton, Nelly Sughroue, Ella Knell, and Cousin Lou Annable all had good times together. There were parties and dances.

It seems to have always been quieter and duller for Elsie and me when we grew up to be young women. We thought the Valley very dull. Now that Louise was married, Elsie was the oldest girl at home.

She was nineteen and I was seventeen. Elsie was always a home body, a great help to all of us. But great changes in our lives were just before us. That fall I went to Chicago to attend High School there and to stay with Louise. So that I had a taste of what living in a great city was like and I know I must have been a very green country girl. However, I soon grew used to city streets, and sights and sounds. Although I remember how glad I was to come home again in the spring. It was my first long absence from home. I was eighteen years old now and celebrated that event by becoming a school teacher. That summer I taught in the old stone school house. It was a happy summer. The only thing that marred it was the loss of sister Elsie from our home. She was married in August to a man we knew little about named John Hamilton and they went to live in the town of Elizabeth; not far away, but it seemed hard to give up Elsie who had always been near me. My room-mate and playmate and nearest to me of the sisters. I missed her very much.

Darius and Judah were now sixteen and fourteen years old and the twins, George and Gordon, twelve and so able to help Father on the farm quite a good deal, but he was planning to give up the old home place and go to Nora where the children could have better schooling advantages. The next three years were to be the last we were ever to spend in the old home in the valley.

Our little sister Flora had now grown to be a tall little girl of ten with earnest, deep set eyes, and a passion for reading and for hearing stories. Bert was just learning to read and Bertha, our baby, was three years old. Mischievous boys of twelve, the twins' main object in life was to torment Flora and tease her. Louise and August came on a visit with their little baby girl Evalinda. She was a very tiny child. We admired August who carried himself erectly like a soldier and had such brilliant dark eyes. He seemed to enjoy the country very much and liked to go fishing with the boys. Louise, too, enjoyed being home from the city. Meantime my school went on until August. I had about thirty-five pupils, most of whom I had known all their lives.

Viola Eaton, only a few years younger than me, was my oldest "scholar." She was fifteen and seemed quite a young lady. There were Francis and Jim Cahill of thirteen and fourteen and several boys of twelve and thirteen, among them George and Gordon and Wallie Van. Of Flora's age there were Maria Van, Delilah Eaton and Neal Crowley. Flora and Neal had a friendly rivalry as to which would learn faster especially in arithmetic, both of them bright and quick to learn. Neal was an Irish boy who had been sort of adopted by Preacher Smith's folks. At least he was making his home there for awhile. Many of our old friends and neighbors were Irish. There were the Farisee's, and the Sughroues, the Carroll's, the Donahues', Jim Cahill's family and Ed Kehoes', the Shea's and the McCarthy's and many others, most of them old Settlers there. My littlest children were Maud and Agnes Crowly, six and five years old, Katie Crowley, a cousin to them, and little brother Bert who was five years old. I remember on the last day of school he spoke the piece of "Ding-Dong bell the Kitty's in the Well," etc., quite an undertaking for so little a boy. We had the usual closing exercises of recitations and songs, and giving of prizes. We were all glad to say good-bye to the school room as August was a hot sultry month.

It did not seem long until Autumn and I was getting ready to go back to Chicago to school. That summer I had had several pleasant buggy rides with Calvin Nuss. He was a violin player for dances. His brother Henry Nuss, was a music teacher and had married our neighbor Clara Davis. Calvin had a merry laugh and was good company but I did not care to marry him as he asked me to do. So I went away again to school through the winter months and stayed with Louise and August. Sometime in the winter they moved from 24 Gilpin Place to Brook-

line, a suburb of Chicago, where they had bought a house and lots. They were on Cottage Grove avenue. Then I began attending the Cook County Normal School at Englewood. The winters were long and very cold there—many storms and plenty of snow. I rode part way by train and then had to walk about a mile to Normal Park. I studied hard but it was not "all work and no play." Henry Luther used to take me sometimes for long sleigh rides, and sometimes to church entertainments. He was very attentive and wanted me to promise to marry him but he was thirty years old and I thought him quite aged although I enjoyed his company and kindness. Altogether the days went by very happily although I would get dreadfully homesick for Father and Mother and the children. I wanted to;

"Hear their voices singing,
In merry childish glee—
Oh, I longed to see the little ones at home!"

and Father had written to say he would be glad when I came home again as he was lonely this long cold winter. So I was more anxious than ever for the time to come when I could go. The longest winter will at last give way to spring and spring time will merge into summer. It was June when I finally went home. This was destined to be one of the most well remembered summers we ever had in the old Valley. It proved to be a sort of a family re-union time as all the married children came home on a visit. In the first place it was a wonderful thing to have our sister Rebecca come home from far-away Florida where we had left her nine years before. To us younger children she seemed almost a stranger, and indeed she had changed greatly; from being a strong, rosy-cheeked girl of twenty, she had grown old looking and hollow eyed. Her stay in the south had not been the best thing for her health and she had five children to care for; Mina, Myers, Stephen, Renvy, and Bessie. Mina was just past eight and Bessie, the youngest was about sixteen months old. Mina was a very affectionate little girl and freckled and mischievous. Renvy was nearly three years old, round and rolly-poly and good-natured. Bessie, whose real name is Rebecca, was only about a year and a half old, but she liked to climb and climb everywhere she could.

They came first to Louise's in Chicago and visited us there for awhile. They came the latter part of March. She seemed to have grown like the Southern people in her talk. She was very anxious to get to the Valley to see all the home-folks, their memory was enshrined in her heart, she seemed to dwell especially on recollections of "my brother Pam," as she would say. We all called Phil that years ago. So she soon went on to Pleasant Valley. I went home in June and later Louise and August came with their little Evalinda now nearly two years old. Phil and Flora had been living in Missouri and they came to join the rest of us this happy summer. So we had a great family gathering at the old house, all together again under the old roof-tree. Mr. Henry Luther also came for awhile, just for a few day's vacation from Chicago.

We all visited, went to see the neighbors and made expeditions into the woods and over the hills. One day we had a picnic up at the old Timber lot which was several miles away and the men thought they might hunt a little, perhaps get some squirrels. This was reached after quite a drive thru the woods up past the Shea place and nearly over to Con Mallanes'. It was always lovely to be in the woods and especially we thought so of "our woods," where were springs of living water, and groves of beautiful birch trees, old oaks and black walnut trees and maples. It was a great treat to get out into the woods in real earnest and to stay for a while so we enjoyed that day especially well.

Then there was the long drive to Savannah and a little boating on the Mississippi which some of us took. We had cousins living in Savannah but it was a seventeen mile drive, so we had never gone often. Sometimes Cousin Libby Elliot and Cousin Vista Clark would come from there to visit us. Henry Eaton also lived there and Mother's brother John and his wife Aunt Jane.

It was a glorious trip to go there I always thought, "Over the hills and far away"; and then, when we were nearly there, the view of the Mississippi River, that mighty stream of water, was a wonderful thing to burst upon our sight from a hilltop! Father would stop the horses for us to look at it. It always filled me with delight and awe much as the first sight of the ocean does now. Then the Bluffs along the river were very beautiful, especially in the Autumn when the leaves were all in bright colors on the trees and bushes; and what a fascinating thing it was to see the boats on the water, steam-boats and sailboats and row boats.

Mr. Luther took me out in a little row boat and it was a very, happy, lovely day—at nineteen one can enjoy life immensely. Those little trips from home that summer were very pleasant. The work on the farm had tied us all down most of our lives so we had not many days of real vacation.

Early in August, Henry Bryan came from Florida to take Rebecca and the children home. He did not seem to have changed much only he was stouter. He was jolly, quick-witted and always had a merry twinkle in his eye. He thought he could not stay long so very soon they were all bidding us all good-bye and started homeward. Elsie and John were still living in Elizabeth, a nice little drive of ten or twelve miles distance west of us. Some of us went out to visit them as often as we could get away. On August 12th of this year their little boy Hugh was born. Mother went out and stayed with Elsie for a while. John was usually very good and especially kind in sickness, but he had the unfortunate failing of often being the worse for liquor, and then he was ugly tempered. He was a Southerner, from Alabama, and always quick tempered. He had lost one arm but still was a very good workman at his trade of house-painting and quick in all his ways. He kept on being a hard drinker so eventually Elsie had to leave him.

It had been a long and happy summer to most of us but finally the visitors had returned to their homes again—"Over the hills and far away." No longer did the hills seem to shut us in so closely. We older ones had gone far beyond them. We knew better now the charm and peace of that quiet country to which we eagerly returned after every going away, home again to Father and Mother.

In all the world's music there is no sweeter note than that to hear the call, "Children, come home!" We used to sing the words in one of our hymns:

Children, let your lamps be burning,
In hopes of Heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At Dawn or Even.

When He comes a voice from Heaven
Shall pierce the tomb:
Come, ye blessed of my Father
Children, come home!"

And so they had come, the children had come home; And gone again! And they in their turn were making homes for their children. So the years were to go by.

Father was getting old and each year he dreaded more the cold winters of Illinois. All our lives he had been promising us that some time we would move to California—now he began to plan for it in earnest. Mother's health was very poor as she was a great sufferer from asthma and he hoped she might be benefitted by going there and he wanted us all to have a home in that pleasant climate for he had been there several times and longed to make it his home. He had gone to Northern California in the gold mining times of 1850 before he was married and had revisited it several times since then.

It seemed always to call to him.

Now he began to arrange his affairs to go. Still it was several years before he could get away. But we began to talk of it and we children thought of it as a wonderful dream, almost too good to come true.

The next year was the last one we spent in the old home, the year of 1886. This fall and winter I did not return to Chicago to go to school as mother was not able to do the work and needed me. Flora was still too young to be of much assistance and in such a large family there was always much to be done, besides most of her time was spent going to school. This winter term was taught by one of my Nora schoolmates, Hattie Williams, which was rather an innovation as we usually had a man teacher for the winter term of school.

The social life of the neighborhood livened up during the long evenings and they had weekly debates at the school house, at which there would be also a literary program and much fun among the young people.

Often also there would be held a spelling contest in which the teachers and their pupils from other schools would take part, coming sometimes many miles to spell us down if they could. Or we would be invited to attend some other District's "Spelling School."

There would be merry times when the Sleighing was good, with the sleigh loads of young people or in the single cutters in which a young man would have his best girl for a ride—all going to spelling school or a debate or to a dance somewhere.

This winter brother Darius went away to Nora to attend the High School there. He was now quite a young man of seventeen. He boarded at Uncle Leonard Appleby's as they rented and lived on our place there.

A new young man had come to our neighborhood, a nephew to our Minister, "Preacher Smith," named Joe Webster who seemed quite interesting. He was a Virginian and I used to admire his polite ways. He would call quite often at our house. So this was not a dull winter at all. Besides Father had taken me with him when he went on his annual business trip to Fremont, Nebraska. We stopped over for a few days to visit some friends named Hastings in Iowa, and then went on to see Uncle Solomon Myers and Aunt Phebe in Blair, Nebraska.

This is the first time I remember ever seeing them. Their children were all married and gone so they two lived alone. They seemed very cosy and comfortable in their little home. Uncle Solomon seemed frail and old. I remember with what warm affection he welcomed Father. They were now two old men who had been boys together in New York State and neighbors in Illinois after they were grown and had families. Uncle Solomon had moved to Nebraska many years before this. Here his children had married and settled around him. Only two of them lived near enough at this time for us to visit and they were Emma Jane Greenwood and Moses, the two youngest. Melissa Clark I did not see at this time nor Ellen Fulton nor Newton. Emma Jane had three children then. She was quite pretty with a pink and white complexion and light curly hair. Moses had not long been married. He and his wife were both very young. She seemed only a young girl. They had one baby girl.

Father was worried over Uncle Solomon's apparent ill health and wanted to buy him a warmer overcoat. It was a cold winter, the snow lay white and deep as far as the eye could reach across those level plains. It was the last time I ever saw Aunt Phebe or those cousins, but Uncle Solomon visited us afterwards in Illinois after Aunt Phoebe's death, when we lived in Nora.

He was on his way to New York State where he married a second wife, someone he had known there when young.

After we left Blair, Father took me to visit his friend Judge Smith at Fremont, Nebraska. He was a widower with two children at home and kept a house-keeper. He had a large beautifully furnished house. I enjoyed our stay there very much and remember yet the thrill of the sleigh ride over the snow behind Judge Smith's beautiful fast going team of horses which he drove himself. He seemed a pleasant genial man, and went to a small church with us one night where Father held a meeting so that he might talk to the people about the coming of Christ and the setting up of His Kingdom on the Earth. This was the theme in which he never lost interest throughout his long life. He liked to tell of the time when Evil will be overthrown and the Kingdom of Righteousness prevail, when there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing for the former things are passed away. "Behold, I will make all things new." There shall be a new Heaven and a new Earth," sayeth the Most High One. "The Earth shall be full of the Knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," he would tell us.

I remember it was at that meeting that I first heard the words of the hymn about "His loving-kindness, oh, how good!" There were many hymns that Father loved to sing and to have us children sing with him. The one about:

How firm a foundation,
Ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith
In his excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge hath fled.
Fear not, I am with you. O, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by my Righteous Omnipotent Hand."

This was one of his favorites. And he and I used to like to sing together this one:

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My Comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your burdens feel.
Awhile forget your griefs and fears
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To yon Celestial Hill.
Look far beyond this narrow space,
Look forward to that Heavenly Place
The Saints' secure abode,
Our conflicts here will soon be past.
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head."

Oh, to have him for a Comrade, forever and ever! He loved to speak of the sounding of the trumpets, of their giving a joyful sound, and of the time of the Sounding of the Seventh Trump:

"That shall never call retreat
Till He's sifted out the hearts of men
Before His Judgement seat."—when the Arch-angel's voice will bring the dead to life when "all that are in their graves, shall hear His voice and come forth." It seemed almost as if he could see the Banner of God lifted up on the high mountain, and Christ Jesus riding on gloriously in majesty and might, and hear the inhabitants of Zion "crying" out and shouting" when they realized that the King of Glory was indeed come.

He would dwell, too, on the thought of God's people being like springs of living waters that shall never run dry, and have us think of the River of the Water of Life, clear as crystal, flowing out from the throne of God and the Lamb. He enthralled our souls with his vision of things that are to come. The things spoken of by the Prophets were living and vital and would surely come to pass.

"His rapt eyes shining
Had the seer's vision, outward far dimming
Horizons beyond ours."
"He 'wildered us with snatches
Of strange and haunting songs."—

It does seem wonderful to me now to think how many hymns and songs are associated with Father, and of some just a verse maybe or a few lines were all we ever heard, such as the one about, "Playing on a harp with a thousand strings," and "Walk up and down the Golden Streets of the New Jerusalem"—and the verse about the "Ancient of Days:

"There a Daniel doth stand
In the midst of the band.
With his bright shining face,
Praising God for free grace;
While the Apostles unite,
With the old Isrealite,
Singing Glory to Jesus, blest Lamb,
And the Ancient of Days!"

"And the Ancient of Days" he would repeat several times. He must have had a wonderfully good voice as a young man. for he kept his voice for singing until the day of his death almost, and he was nearly eighty-one years old.

The trip to Nebraska had helped to shorten the long winter. Finally spring time came and the last summer of our home life in Pleasant Valley.

Mother was fifty years old this birthday the 20th of March, and when December came Father had reached his seventieth year. The fiftieth milestone in one's life should be a beautiful one on which many things might be recorded. Mother had come a long way through the years with Father, since she was the rosy cheeked blushing bride of seventeen. And mostly they had been toilsome ones but, let us believe, happy ones too with her children growing up about her. Four were now married and gone, eight were still left at home.

If the fiftieth milestone should be a white one, the seventieth should be of gold I am sure. In thinking of Father and his life I am reminded of the "Wayworn Traveller" of the song who "shouted as he journeyed 'Deliverance will come!'" and of the chorus to it which says, "Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, palms of victory we shall wear.!!" for he was fond of talking of the shouts of triumph of God's people, and of Christ, for which he was striving all along the way. Now, though Father and Mother had come to the white and the Golden milestones of life which point toward the sunset, to long, quiet days, or hours, and to the dreaming over again of bygone times to most people of that age, they were planning to go forth to a new land, sundering old ties, old friendships and associations and forming new ones, new interests, and facing new problems in their declining years.

It seems to me there was something brave and undaunted in this. Perhaps they felt young too with so many youthful faces and hearts about them.

This was the year that I was twenty, Darius eighteen, Judah sixteen, the twins fourteen; our tall little Flora was twelve in November. Our smallest boy, Bert, was eight and Bertha, the baby five years old. The younger ones were not sad but full of glad anticipation of a change to a new place. Father had sold out sometime during the summer to our old friend and neighbor Tom Monkley, an old bachelor, who was henceforth to tread the ground, to till the soil, to open and shut the doors, to look forth on the scenes that had been ours till now.

And we were to go to a land where we would nearly forget about the looks of the long rows of tasseled corn, the summer rains, and how it felt to be enclosed by wooded hills—although these scenes would be forever enshrined in our hearts, and memory would seem to tell us that no other day could ever be so dear as those we spent there.

But this summer and winter were ours in the Valley—not until the next spring did we leave it to go away. Louise came to visit us in June and again in the fall with August. She had gone with me to attend the Teacher's Institute in Warren where I stayed when she returned home. I always loved school life, the lessons, the intellectual activity; and found the lectures by the different Professors very interesting. This time I was made proud by being escorted on two separate occasions by Mr. Robert Brand, our County Superintendent. One evening he took me to a lecture, and again I was invited to a little supper at which the others were all Professors or lady teachers and the Superintendent had taken me. I recall that our cousin Smith Hilliard had also attended the Institute this time and when they came after me he rode home to the Valley with us.

Home again and to the daily round of house-work. Then sometimes life seemed dull for there was not much social life for the young folks in the summer time. Occasionally I saw Joe Webster, the nice-mannered Virginian. We tried to arrange for a big picnic in Dow's Grove but there was so much rain we had to give it up. It was a big dissapointment. But, never mind, I was getting ready to go back to Chicago to school in the fall to attend the Cook County Normal.

Elsie was coming home and would help with the work so I could be spared. She had secured a divorce from John Hamilton and had been living in Missouri for awhile with Mother's relatives there. After this all that I knew of the Pleasant Valley days was told me in letters. Here is an extract from one of Flora's telling me about her twelfth birthday. She says:

"I had a party on my birthday, Maria, Delilah, Dolly, Cal Van and Bird Eaton came. Maria gave me cloth for an apron. She has one just like it. Delilah gave me a pretty ribbon and Dolly gave me a bouquet of paper flowers. Bird Eaton gave me a slate pencil and Cal Van did too. I invited Samantha but she did not come. Ma gave me a pair of pretty garters. Elsie gave me a pink nightdress and a white apron. Bert gave me some candy and Gordy and George gave me some gum with pretty motto pictures. Ma and Pa went up to Nora, Tuesday. They came back yesterday. I got a letter from Dicie. She wrote me this verse:

"Remember me so long as I stay,
Remember me so far away,
And if the grave should be my bed
Remember me when I am dead."

Poor Dicie! She died when she was still young, in her early married years, leaving her husband and two little children to mourn her loss.

Judah wrote a little later about their sale of livestock. He says in his letter, "The river is all frozen over, and the ground is all frozen and the road is awful rough now. We kept Ruby and the three sucking colts and Nellie's year old colt. Uncle Len bid off Bessie but I guess Pa will keep her if we move up to Nora next spring. A man by the name of Mr. Kepp bought Dolly and Jack. He gave $60.00 for Jack and $77.00 for Dolly. George Edwards bought old Fluky Jane. He gave $29.75 for her. Tom Monkley bought eight of our two-year-old steers for $31.00 a head and he bought our corn marker too. He has torn up the scales and put a tight board fence from the shed to the corn crib so we go through the barn now to milk the cows. We sold all but five head of cattle.

We have lots of fun at school playing baseball. Mr. McCreary is going up to the Post Office so I will stop. I feed the chickens and turkeys every night and morning and tend to feeding the hogs, too."

December 4th, Elsie wrote of their plans for Christmas. She said, "We are going to take the turkeys off and then get things for Christmas. We think we will have a tree and instead of buying candy we are going to get sugar and make it. I wish you could be here it would seem more like Christmas."

This was the year that Louise's second little girl came to gladden their lives. Little blue-eyed Violet was born on the 15th of December, just three days before Father's seventieth birthday. A neighbor, Mrs. Eastman, was the first person to greet her and hold her. Soon after, I came with Dr. French, a woman doctor, from Grand Crossing. It was a brilliant wintry morning with snow and frost glistening in the bright sunlight. Eva was past three years old so she was not so much trouble to care for. She was our little dark-eyed pet. We were glad the baby had blue eyes for a contrast.

August had to go down town to his office each day, but he hurried home at night as early as possible and attended to the fires. The base burner in which they burned hard coal, was kept going day and night. We were all very comfortable if it was cold. In about two weeks we were over-joyed to receive a visit from Father and Mother.

I can not remember whether they came before or after Christmas. Here is a quotation from one of Elsie's letters about their Christmas at home written December 29th, she writes: "We had a merry Christmas with a tree and everything. The children were well pleased. Hugh got a white headed boy-doll, a whistle and rubber doll with two bells on it, a trumpet and a harmonica. Bertha a string of beads, a cradle for her doll, a lounge, one chair, a table and a cupboard all made by the boys. They were nicely done and painted red, and Flora had dressed the doll in white. Bert got a horse on a little cart and a handkerchief. The boys all got nice books.

Neal Crowley stayed all night and brought some things for the boys. For dinner we had stuffed turkey with cranberry sauce and all the other fixings, pork cake frosted, red, white and blue, mince pies and coffee. Tom Monkley and Bob Thompson were the only ones here besides our folks. Darius went away in the morning and did not come back until night. At night we had candy-making, popcorn and walnuts. The children had a good time pulling candy.

At the School house they have debates every Tuesday night. The last time they debated the question whether old bachelors should pay to support one old maid or marry her. The school house was full, they had to stand up. I have had lots of company since Ma went away. The next day Aunt Celia and Mrs. Atchison came and stayed almost all day. Will Smith was here and spent the evening. I get along nicely, there is no need of Ma hurrying back. I would like to see the little baby. It weighs half a pound more than Hugh did. What are they going to call it or haven't they found a name yet? And what does Pa say about it, and what does Eva think about it. Tell me everything.

The teacher went home last Friday and came back Monday about five o'clock. He had one ear frozen and one foot; he is almost crippled. He walked from Mt. Carroll.

Darius came back all right. It was very cold. He said that he wished he hadn't started; it was away below zero. He got back about six o'clock. I bet Pa worried about him. It was the coldest day we have had. I had to keep putting wood in the stove to keep the children warm."

Elsie cetrainly deserves credit for her good letters. Father and Mother did not make much of a stay with us—They felt as if they must get home—This was the time I think when they had those photographs taken from which we have all had enlarged one made of Father. Louise took them to a good photographer in Chicago.

In March the family moved to Nora where they lived until the year 1890, and then came to California where we have all ever since resided.

Elsie wrote me a letter dated March 13, 1887, saying—"Our snow is almost all gone, all but the snowdrifts. It is all mud now. I guess Spring has begun. We have sent the things we could get along without and the house seems bare. I hate to leave here—I know no other place will ever seem like home. Every way I turn I see some place that brings back to my memory some pleasure or pain that seems dear. It is hard to go away from the old home—It seems like leaving a good old friend. Perhaps I may never see it again. Saturday I went up to the Rock House where you and I were born; I was all over the house . . . I don't believe I will ever have any more happiness. I don't believe my clouds have any silver lining, but there isn't any use of complaining take it as it comes."

A sentiment, however, which only goes to show how little we know of the future or of what happiness awaits us just a little way on ahead.

For in Nora, Elsie met a good and true man who loved her, and they were married in 1889, and lived happily together for twenty years, the most of the time in California. Having a family of seven children besides Hugh, four boys and three girls.

Of the years spent by the home-folks in Nora there seems not much to say. It never seemed like home to me only an interlude, between the two homes of Pleasant Valley and Fresno, California.

For Father's dream had at last come true; he was given the happiness of ending his days where the winters were mild—where he lived to see the golden oranges shining among the green leaves of trees he had himself planted. He lived here the last seven years of his life, surrounded by his children and grand-children. And where, eventually, all the children were married and settled in homes of their own.

It was hard to give up Father when he died. The years have seemed long without him, and I've always missed him. A certain dearness and sweetness in life went with him, never to return. It was as if a lighted lamp was taken from our midst and life never so bright afterwards.

Mother's health greatly improved after she came here, her asthma was entirely cured. She was spared to us for twenty-seven years after Father's death.

Surely God will bring them back to life again, and all those dear ones taken away from us by death, so that we may all be together again.

This is my faith and Hope.

—Written by Lydia B. Wilder.

"Tell me, gentle traveller, who hast wandered through the world, and seen the sweetest roses blow, and brightest gliding rivers, of all thine eyes have seen which is the fairest land?

Child, shall I tell thee where nature is most blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, ample is it above kingdoms; though it be a desert, through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers."

Our Pleasant Valley Home, by Howard Smith.

HOWARD SMITH, Artist.

PLUM RIVER.

THE HOME IN PLEASANT VALLEY
by Howard Smith

In the barn at the Homeplace.

House in the orchard.

Family worship at the Homeplace.

Grandpa's little orange tree.

Christmas at the Homeplace, 1894.

His first ride.

Reunion at the Homeplace, 1901.

Looking out toward the carriage house, barn and dryer from the Homeplace.

Howard Smith near his chicken-house.
Vancouver, B.C., 1933.

Paintings by Violet Beck

Family of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers. Taken in Lena, Illinois, c. 1889.
Standing: George, Flora, Darius, Judah (with hand on Bert's shoulder), Elsie, Lydia, Gordon.
Sitting: Phil, Grandma Melissa, Bertha, Grandpa Darius, Louise.

OUR BRANCH OF THE MYERS' FAMILY

1. JOYANAS, or JOHANNES MYER, b. in Palatinate region of Germany
   1. HENDRICK MEYER, m. ANNA KUNIGUNDA
      2. JOHANN HENDRIC MEYER, 1715-1805 m. ANNA MARIA GETMAN, 1716-1810
         9. JOHANN NICHOLAS MEYER, 1758-1843 m. CORNELIA LIKE, 1756-1852
            1. JOHN NATHAN MYERS, 1782-1863 m. RACHEL SMITH, 1782-1863
               7. DARIUS MYERS, 1816-1897 m. MELISSA JANE APPLEBY, 1836-1925

Children of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers

112917

1	Epaminondas Philo Myers	1854-1929	m. Flora Bedford	1879-1929
2	Rebecca Jane Myers	1856-1889	m. Henry Bryan	1890
3	Euclid Hannibal Myers	1858-1860		
4	Louisa Edith Myers	1860-1933	m. August Beck	1845-1917
5	Ida Jane Myers	1862-1867		
6	Marietta Elsie Myers	1864-1915	m. (1) John Hamilton	
			m. (2) Max Platzek	1862-1909
7	Lydia Belvedere Myers	1866-1928	m. Harry Wilder	1928
8	Darius Elihu Myers	1868-1932	m. Susie Bedford	1866-1938
9	Judah Myers	1870-1933	m. (1) Nettie Miller	1869-1900
			m. (2) Salema Babbitt	1871-1959
10	Gordon Elisha Myers	1872-1950	m. Gertrude Robinson	1878-1921
11	George Elijah Myers	1872-	m. (1) Daisy Graham	1878-1918
			m. (2) Susie Mary Lucas	
12	Flora Ethel Myers	1874-	m. Eugene Patrick Washer	1876-
13	Albertus Theodore Myers	1878-1951	m. Rose Graham	1884-1955
14	Serena Bertha Myers	1881-1929	m. Levi Gilmore Childers	1899-1943

FAMILY OF DARIUS and MELISSA JANE APPLEBY MYERS

DARIUS MYERS

112917

DARIUS MYERS, farmer, school teacher, Bible student, pioneer, gold-miner, business investor, b. Dec. 18, 1816 at Minetto, New York, son of John Nathan and Rachel (Smith) Myers, d. Sept. 14, 1897, aged 81 years at Malaga, Calif. m. May 23, 1853 at Townsend Settlement, Wisc. to Melissa Jane Appleby, b. Mar. 20, 1836, "the day the stars fell," at Butler, Wayne Co. N.Y., d. Jan. 5, 1925. Dau. of John Appleby, and Louise (Annable) Appleby.

FAMILY OF PHIL MYERS

1129171

1. EPAMINONDAS PHILO MYERS, "PAM," "PHIL," b. July 12, 1854 at Pleasant Valley, Ill. Farmer, schoolteacher, Executor with Judah of his father's estate. d. Nov. 23, 1929 at Fresno, Calif. m. Jan. 1, 1879 Florence Augusta Bedford, "FLORA A.", "FLORRIE" b. Oct. 5, 1860 at Clockville, N.Y. dau. of Cornelius E. and Caroline Patience (Steadman) Bedford. Played the organ, sang, wrote poetry, immaculate housekeeper, d. Apr. 25, 1938 at Malaga.
   1. ELVESTER PALMER MYERS "VETTIE," b. Dec. 18, 1879 in Pleasant Valley, Ill. d. Dec. 27, 1879.
   2. GERTRUDE MYERS, b. Jan. 23, 1881 d. Feb. 5, 1881. Both bur. side by side in Myers-Eaton cemetery at Pleasant Valley, Ill.

FAMILY OF REBECCA JANE MYERS (1129172)

2. REBECCA JANE MYERS, "BECKY," b. June 3, 1856 at Pleasant Valley. Named after her great grandmother and aunt. Sewed beautifully. d. Nov. 19, 1889 at New Symarana, Florida. m. June 3, 1876 at Daytona, Florida, Henry Bryan, d. Nov. 1890.
   1. MINA ISHERWOOD BRYAN. Housekeeper and nurse for Dr. Adelaide Brown in San Francisco, for many years, b. Mar. 31, 1877 in Florida, d. Dec. 21, 1957 in Pacific Grove. Unmd.
   2. MYERS SIDNEY BRYAN, farmed at Malaga, b. Nov. 16, 1878, at Daytona, Fla., d. Mar. 28, 1930. Unmd.
   3. STEPHEN SHARP BRYAN, "STEVE," Railroad signalman, b. Sept. 6, 1880 at Daytona, Volusa Co., Fla. d. Aug. 12, 1945, bur. Marblehead, Mass. m. (1) Pearl White, div.; m. (2) Dec. 24, 1914 at Eugene, Oregon Anna Laura Truesdale, b. Dec. 25, 1892 at Oklahoina dau. of John and Mary (Hill) Truesdale, who d. 1949.
      1. Mina Dolores Bryan, b. Sept. 25, 1915, at Portland, Oregon, d. Aug. 6, 1921, bur. Cypress Lawn Cem. San Francisco.
      2. Stephen Truesdale Bryan, nurseryman, b. Nov. 14, 1916 at San Francisco, m. May 28, 1938, at San Francisco, Mable Crooks.
      3. Matilda Bryan, "Tillie," b. Jan. 17, 1918 at San Francisco, m. July 12, 1940, Hans Muhleman.
      4. Florence May Bryan, "Flossie," b. May 11, 1920, m. (1) Glen Simmons
         1. Carol Ann Simmons, b. Aug. 16, 1942.

         m. (2) May 12, 1947, Jim Hardison
         2. Diana Hardison, b. Nov. 16, 1948.
      5. Naomi Bryan, b. Dec. 20, 1927, at San Jose, m. June 4, 1931, George Weber.
      6. Kenneth Bryan, b. June 2, 1929, at San Jose, m. May 12, 1950, Alice Millieur.
         1. Marilyn Bryan, b. July 10, 1952.
         2. Jannine Bryan, b. Aug. 8, 1954.
         3. Cynthia Bryan, "Cindy," b. July 27, 1958.
         4. Donald Bryan.
      7. Harold Bryan, b. Dec. 17, 1931. Killed in auto accident as paper boy, d. Jan. 4, 1944, at San Mateo. bur. Cypress Lawn, San Francisco.

4. Renvy Melissa Bryan, lives 1615 N. Rolinda Ave., Fresno 5. b. Dec. 10, 1881, at Tomoka Creek, Fla. m. (1) Jefferson H. Glass "Jeff," b. c 1866, blacksmith at Toll House, Friant, and Madera, m. Feb. 24, 1900, at Fresno, son of Henry and Mary Glass, d. May 15, 1904, at Madera.
   1. Francis Henry Glass, Supervising Psychiatry nurse in State Hospital at Atascadero. b. Nov. 28, 1901, at Toll House; m. (1) 1928 at Fresno, Gertrude Williams.
      1. Theodore Jefferson Glass, "Teddy," teacher in navy-school, Tennessee; m. Ila ——.
         1. Terry Glass.
         2. Michael Glass.
         3. Sandra Glass, b. in Siam.

      m. (2) Ruth Shannon.
   2. Ione Renvy Glass, trained nurse. b. May 10, 1904, at Madera; m. (1) Arthur Buchman, drapery salesman, b. at San Francisco; d. 1948.
      1. Beverly Barbara Buchman, b. Sept. 20, 1926, at Fresno; m. at Carmel, Collin Wilcox, store lamp merchant in San Francisco.
         1 Christopher Wilcox, b. Sept. 19, 1958.
         2. Jeffery Arthur Wilcox, b. June 5, 1960.

      m. (2) Tom Maloney, Detective Lieut. of Los Angeles Police Dept.

m. (2) Sept. 25, 1907, at Hanford, Lawrence Vought, farmer, dairyman, son of Samuel and Phoebe (Goble) Vought, of Decatur, Mich.; m. at home, cousin of Jeromus and Mary High.

   3. Samuel Vought, "Sam," farmer at Riverdale, b. 1909 at Fresno, m. (1) in Fresno, Mabel Crapskysy, div.
      1. Lawrence B. Vought, farmer at Kerman, b. Aug. 8, 1930, d. June 9, 1959. m. at Fresno, Jennie Bateman.
         1. David Lawrence Vought, b. July 8, 1959.
         2. Samuel Vought, "Sammie," b. Nov. 28, 1946, Fresno — State College 1965, m. Lucille ——.

5. Rebecca Jane Bryan, "Bessie," b. Dec. 7, 1883, m. Dec. 31, 1903, at Fresno, Otto Wright, "Bud," Logger at Northfolk Power House, 1A Mountain Guide, b. Dec. 28, 1872, at Clemons, Mariposa Co. Son of Elisha and Adeline (Armstrong) Wright. d. July 27, 1959, bur. at Northfork Cemetery.
   Bessie d. Aug. 27, 1966, bur. Northfork Cemetery.

   NOTE (by Leroy): The Armstrongs were English, one was a Colonel. There may have been a mixture with the dark Pennsylvania Dutch, who had Indian blood in them. They were part Cherokee Indian.

   1. LeRoy Douglas Wright, "Roy," 2966 E. Ashcraft Ave., Fresno. Operating engineer of heavy construction and moving equipment. b. Feb. 25, 1905, at Fresno; m. (1) Alice Bunton, div.

   m. (2) Meda Belle Carlton, b. Oct. 6, 1916, Dau. of

James L. and Grace Land Carlton, sister of Homer, Cora, Bertallie and Imogene.

NOTE: Leroy and Meda were killed in an auto accident in Fresno, Feb. 23, 1964, and were buried in Northfork.

1. Sharon Lee Wright, b. Aug. 8, 1945, m. Summer of 1963, lives in Santa Clara.
2. Larry Douglas Wright, b. Nov. 22, 1948.

2. Beth Adaline Wright, b. July 29, 1906, at Fresno. m. (1) Nov. 28, 1923, Ellis Stillman Wells, in Forest Service at Northfork, b. Oct. 3, 1900 at Madera. Son of G. A. Wells and Cora Belle (Willet) Wells, div.
   1. Laverne Marie Wells, 846 E. Beverly Way, Fresno, b. Sept. 27, 1924, m. Sept. 2, 1944, Alvin Paulson, "Bud," Repairman for Ruschhaupts Appliances, Fresno. Son of Walter and Elsie (Marley) Paulson.
      1. Virginia Paulson, "Ginger," b. Nov. 13, 1945, at Fresno, m. at Fresno, Feb. '64.
      2. Jacquelyn Paulson, "Jackie," b. Sept. 14, 1947, at Fresno.
      3. David Ellis Paulson (Twin), b. May 22, 1956.
      4. Don Edward Paulson (Twin), b. May 22, 1956.
   2. Ellis Stillman Wells, b. Jan. 29, 1927.
      1. Laurel Diane Wells, b. Mar. 13, 1950.
      2. Terri Jane Wells, b. Oct. 7, 1952.

      m. (2) Pauline Howell, b. Sept. 8, div.

3. Alice Bell Wright, b. Sept. 2, 1908, at Shadduck's Mill, Tollhouse, m. Erwin Ernest Wells, in Forest Service at Northfork, b. Sept. 29, 1902, at San Jose.
   1. Marjorie Mae Wells, b. May 2, 1927, m. July 15, 1945, John "Johnny" Hawksworth, in Forest Service.
      1. Richard "Rickey" Hawksworth, b. Sept. 15, 1946, m. Aug. 14, 1965, Paula Montgomery.
      2. Charlene Hawksworth, b. Aug. 12, 1948, m. Apr. 1, 1966, Ronald Millrant.
      3. Elaine Hawksworth, b. June 26, 1950.
   2. Barbara June Wells, b. June 27, 1928, m. Sept. 22, 1945, William Cook, "Billy," at Santa Cruz.
      1. Christine Cook.
      2. Linda Cook.
      3. William Cook, "Billy."

4. Milton Edwin Wright, Employee, Pac. Gas & Elec. Co. at Penoche. Lives at Firebaugh, b. May 30, 1910, at Fresno, m. Dorothy Pourth.
   1. Everett Otto Wright, b. Sept. 28, 1939.
   2. Joyce Marie Wright, b. May 25, 1942.

RELATED FAMILY: Ellis Stillman Wells, Sr. who m. (1) Beth Wright; m. (2) Gladys ——. They had Harvey Lee, Gloria, and Norma Marie.

6. Lydia Josephine Bryan, "Little Liddy," "Helen," Employee Goldberg-Bowen Grocery Co. in San Francisco for years. b. May 3, 1886, in Florida.
   m. (1) Ross Butler, farmer.
   1. Byron Butler, b. July 19, 1903, m. — Lv. at Watsonville. Had 2 children, d. c. 1962.
   2. Helen Butler, "Little Helen," b. July 29, 1906, m.
      1. Audrey, b. in Taft.

      m. (2) Christensen, d.

      m. (3) William Fischer, "Bill," d. c. 1959. Lydia d. Jan. 21, 1965 at Redwood City, bur. Jan. 25, 1965.

7. John Henry Bryan, "Jack," Painter in Childrens' Hospital, San Francisco for 17 years, De Leon Springs, Fla., b. Feb. 18, 1888.
   m. (1) Neva Dodd, annulled.
   m. (2) Sept. 3, 1943, Edythe M. Bennett (Scotch, Irish, English).

8. Katie Bryan, b. and d. Nov. 12, 1889 at New Symarana, Fla. Bur. with mother in same casket.

(End of Rebecca Family)

FAMILY RELATED TO EDYTHE M. BENNETT who m. JOHN HENRY BRYAN

1. Jonathan Smith Bennett, founder of Bennetts, of Groton, Mass.
   1. Thomas Edward Bennett, m. (1) 2 children; m. (2) Mary Ann Nutting, 2 children.
      1. Reuben Lewis Bennett, m. Lillian Hoyt.
         1. Edythe M. Bennett, b. Dec. 3, 1889 in Ashby, Mass; m. (1) Ernest Woodfin, b. Aug. 5, 1888; d. May 15, 1942.
            1. Ernest Raymond Woodfin, m. Margaret True Woods. Had 2 girls, 2 boys.

            m. (2) John Henry Bryan, Feb. 18, 1943 in Marblehead, Mass.

RELATED FAMILY OF HENRY BRYAN who m. REBECCA JANE MYERS (1129172)

JOSEPH D. BRYAN, d. Apr. 5, 1894. Aged 74 yrs.; m. 1850 RENVY C. SHARP, d. Aug. 11, 1891. Aged 56 yrs. Edyth Bryan, Jack's wife, writes: "Records are all up in Jacksonville, none in De Land. No marker on the father's grave in Daytona or mother's in Glencoe. The grand parents were buried on the "Island" where Jack grew up and the wooden markers and large chain enclosure all have disappeared into the jungle. Here are the childrens' names."

1. Henry P. Bryan, b. Mar. 4, 1852.
2. David L. Bryan, b. Dec. 11, 1853.
3. Sidney S. Bryan, b. Apr. 28, 1855.
4. John S. Bryan, b. Aug. 17, 1857.
5. Oscar H. Bryan, b. July 7, 1859.
6. Parson C. Bryan, b. July 31, 1861.
7. Martha Bryan, b. Nov. 22, 1866.
8. Josephine N. Bryan, b. Sept. 28, 1869.
9. Gadsten D. Bryan, b. Oct. 31, 1871.
10. Edgar W. Bryan, b. Dec. 18, 1874.

Mina Bryan tells:

Sidney Bryan, m. —— Smith.

1. Carrie Bryan, lived in Florida, at De Leon Springs; m. (1) —— Bryant; m. (2) —— Owens. Had Dell (a son), John (d. in Detroit), and Theodore.
2. Annie Bryan, lived in N.Y. Had one boy, fireman in N.Y.

1129173

Euclid Hannible Myers, b. Apr. 24, 1858; d. Jan. 15, 1860 at Pleasant Valley, Ill. Bur. in Myers-Eaton Cemetery.

FAMILY OF LOUISE EDITH MYERS

1129174

Louise Edith Myers, "Lou," school-teacher, letter-writer, business woman; b. Feb. 4, 1860 in Pleasant Valley, Ill.; d. July 23, 1933 in San Diego; m. at Nora, Nov. 9, 1882 August Beck, Chief Clerk, War Dept., b. Jan. 26, 1845 at Neckarsulm, Ger.; d. Nov. 9, 1917 at Honolulu, T.H.; bur. Schofield Barracks.

1. Evalinda Estella Beck, "Eva," trained nurse, real-estate investor; b. Sept. 11, 1883 at Chicago, Ill.; d. Nov. 8, 1965; m. May 1909, in Berkeley, James Clark Earl, carpenter, writer of tracts, Seventh Day Adventist; b. Sept. 3, 1870 at Ontario Canada; d. Mar. 9, 1958 in San Diego; bur. Greenwood Cemetery. Son of Nathaniel and Melissa (Bowen) Clark.
    1. Flora Lillian Esther Earl, nurse; b. May 21, 1910 in Mill Valley; m. 1932 Claude Sutton, airplane mechanic in Navy Air Corps; d. Nov. 19, 1966, auto accident. Claude d. Sept. 1967.
        1. David Claude Sutton, "Dave," b. Dec. 10, 1933 in Honolulu. Floor manager and Ass't Director Channel 10, KOGO T.V. station, S.D.; m. (1) Carolyn Cooke, b. Dec. 7, 1937. Dau. of Martha Cooke. Div.; m. (2) at S.D. Sept. 13, 1963, Claire Spencer, b. Oct. 18, 1927.
        2. Charles Matthew Sutton, "Chuck," b. Apr. 5, 1935 at Newport, Rhode Island. Work in forestry, electronics, construction of mobile houses at Ontario; m. at Las Vegas, Joyce Meador, mother by a previous marriage of:
            1. Linda Lee, b. Feb. 13, 1951; m. Steve Harwood, Marine Corps (1968).
                1. Traci Rene Harwood, b. Feb. 14, 1968.
            2. Tony Glen, b. Sept. 27, 1952.
            3. Darrel, b. Aug. 10, 1955.
    2. John August Earl, b. June 23, 1912 in Berkeley; d. Nov. 6, 1912. Bur. in Children's Cemetery.
    3. David Maxon Earl, artist, b. Jan. 23, 1914 at St. Helena; d. of polio Nov. 6, 1930.
2. Violet Miriam Beck, honors in English, B.L. and M.L. degrees at Univ. of Calif. Berkeley. Teacher in high school and college. Poet. Artist. Landlady, b. Dec. 15, 1886 in Chicago.

RELATED

FAMILY OF AUGUST BECK who m. LOUISA EDITH MYERS (1129174)

1. Friedrich Jacob Fees, Freeman and Shoemaker (Burger e. Shuster) in Neckargartash Oberamt Heilbron, Germany; m. Katharina Elizabeth Hagner.
    1. Katharina Sofia Fees, b. Jan. 10, 1805 in Neckargartach, Ger.; d. Sept. 3, 1880 in Stuttgart; m. Johann Friedrich Ziegler. They were Lutherans.
        1. Louise Ziegler d. as a young woman because she was not allowed to marry a Catholic young man.
        2. Friedrich Christian Gottlieb Ziegler, b. July, 1835; d. Mar. 22, 1888; bur. Mar. 22, 1888 on Palm Sunday, in Stuttgart; m. Anna ——. Had Johanna Ziegler, teacher. Lived with mother in Stuttgart until 1890. They went to Shonau, in Wiesenthal, Baden.
        3. Maria Magdalene Christine Ziegler, d. Feb. 2, 1877 in Lienzingen; m. Carl Fischer, Polizei Secretar unser Dienst, Stuttgart, Germany.
            1. Eugene Fischer, 1898 Pfarrvicker in Neuenberg. 1902-1903 Pfarrweser in Afalterbach. Minister Lutheran Church. Teacher of languages; b. Aug. 29, 1868 in Lienzingen, O. A. Maulbronn; d. Apr. 29, 1938. Unmd.
            2. Karl Gustav Fischer, b. Nov. 11, 1869 in Lienzingen; d. Mar. 3, 1916 in Berlin; m. Apr. 4, 1897 in Basel (Schweiz) Emma Katharina Schoepflin. She is still living (1962) and supplied much of this material. They went to Berlin, for schooling of their children. After Gustav d. they went to Basel, Switzerland, where she still lives, with Elsie, her daughter. Her second husband d. Gustav was a merchant.
                1. Elsa Fischer, b. Mar. 8, 1898 in Wien, Austria; m. Dec. 13, 1921, in Basel, Hermann Freuler, merchant; b. Sept. 5, 1898. Div. 1945 Hermann Freuler, rem., had son and daughter. His records go back to 1423.
                    1. Beatrice Freuler, b. Mar. 14, 1923. On May 31, 1923, the family moved to Canada, then, after 5 yrs. to N.Y. Beatrice m. John Hewitt, lives at 51920 St., Niagara Falls, N.Y. In 1960 she visited Emma and Elsa. Also in 1964.
                2. Lydia Fischer, artist, b. Aug. 16, 1899 in Wien; d. Mar. 19, 1961; m. Feb. 2, 1928 Johannes Neumann Ritter von Spallart, b. Dec. 12, 1900 in Wien. Actor (Schauspieler); d. 1962.
                3. Karl Alfred Fischer, b. Mar. 3, 1901 in Wien. Drogist; m. at Uznach, Oct. 17, 1931 Rosa Schwyter, Catholic.
                    1. Hans Fred Fischer, studies to be a chemist in Hinterthur.
                    2. Erma Fischer, dentist and dental technician; m. 1965 Karl Schmidt.
                        1. Son, b. 1967.
                4. Erich Fischer, b. 1903 in Vienna. Left for U.S.A. in 1920. Since 1950, all letters stopped.
                5. Oscar Robert Fischer, b. Aug. 8, 1903 in Berlin, Schoneberg, m. at Basel, Dec. 22, 1932 Ida Erna Marie geb. Gauggel; d. 1966.
                    1. Winny Doris Lillian Fischer, b. Aug. 11, 1933.
    4. Johann Friederich Christian Ziegler, b. Jan. 26, 1845 at Neckarsulm, Wuertemberg, Ger. In the fall of 1865, taking the name of Augustus Beck, he came by boat to New York. 30 yrs. service in the U.S. Army; d. Nov. 19, 1917 in Honolulu, T.H.; bur. at Fort Scofield Cemetery; m. Nov. 9, 1882 Louise Edith Myers.
        1. Evalinda Estella Beck, b. Sept. 11, 1883 at Chicago; m. James Clark Earl.
            1. Flora Lillian Esther Earl, b. May 2, 1910; m. Claude Sutton.
                1. David Claude Sutton, b. Dec. 10, 1933; m. (1) Carolyn Smith; m. (2) Claire Spencer.
                2. Charles Matthew Sutton, b. Apr. 5, 1935; m. Joyce Meador.
        2. Violet Miriam Beck, b. Dec. 15, 1886 in Chicago.

Sources of Material

1. Dr. Hermann Vietzen, Stadt. Stuttgart, Kulturamt Stadtarchio und Rathhausbucherei, Stuttgart 1, Postfach 161.
2. Emma Fischer—Schoepflin, Dornach, So. Fickeweg 42, Switzerland, and Elsa Freuler, who lives with her.
3. Karl Alfred Fischer, Ulznach (Schweiz), Hazelgasschen.

RELATED

FAMILY OF CLAIRE SPENCER who m. DAVID SUTTON (1129174111)

1. Joseph Bransky (Jewish); m. Esther ——. Had 13 children, of which Oscar Bransky was 2nd child.
   2. Oscar Bransky, m. Thelma ——. Had 3 children.
      1. Ruth Bransky, m. Willard Findling. 3 children.
      2. Seth Bransky, m. Solange Levet Arnaud. 1 child.
      3. Claire Bransky, b. Oct. 18, 1927; m. (1) Richard Spencer. Div.
         1. Sandra Spencer, "Sandy," b. Oct. 15, 1943 in San Antonio, Texas; m. Chet Hanson, b. Oct. 14, 1940.
         2. Bertrand Spencer, b. Dec. 13, 1947 in New Haven, Conn.

      m. (2) Sept. 13, 1963 David Claude Sutton.

FAMILY OF JOYCE MEADOR who m. CHARLES SUTTON (1129174112)

My mother's name was Vela Joyce Meador. My father's name was Brodie Meador. My oldest sister, Rita May, m. Bert Martin, they had 3 boys. My twin sister, Velma June, m. Gerry Parks; They had 4 children. My oldest brother, Gene Meador, m. Ione ——; they had Kenny and June. My brother, Rodney Meador, m. Janice Harrison; they had Allen, Tammy, Dennis, Timmy and Tommy. My youngest brother is Rodney Meador.

I married (1) Glen Hopkins, b. June 13, '31; d. Feb. 25, '57.

1. Linda Lee, b. Feb. 13, 1951.
2. Tony Glen, b. Sept. 27, 1952.
3. Darrel, b. Aug. 10, 1955.

m. (2) Charles Matthew Sutton.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARK EARL who m. EVALINDA ESTELLA BECK (11291741)

Historical Background by James Louis Earl, April 10, 1964

According to the Doomsday Book, two Earl Brothers came into England with William the Conqueror, one settled in Wessex, the other in Northumberland. The latter held land in fief to the Percy Clan; the crest of the Northern Earls was a Horse-head with an arrow in its neck.

About 1750, a Presbyterian minister by the name of Earl is mentioned in Boston church records. About 1780, the name Earl is mentioned with the New York disputes over land in Southwestern Vermont. Grandmother told me the Earls were from Vermont and, being Torries, moved to Quebec during the Revolutionary War. Grandfather Earl was a Presbyterian minister and a Professor of Divinity at a school in Canada, but became a follower of Joseph Smith and resigned to become a missionary of the Latter Day Saints.

According to Grandmother, the first Bowen held a large grant of land from the King of Holland in the Mohawk Valley of New York. Knapp's History tells of the settlement of the town of Pawnal in S.W. Vermont by Dutch from the Mohawk Valley. A John Bowen was conducting a store or an inn near that place as early as 1740. Mention is made of travelers stopping at "John Bowen's Place" in 1755. A John Bowen was visited by a small party of Indians who were raiding for the French. He stalled them off by getting them drunk and sending them away with cloth from his stock. In the Iroquois raids of 1758, he killed 2 Indians and buried them under a bridge, thereafter called Indian Bridge. Grandmother said that her great-grandfather was John Bowen of Vermont.

Grandmother's mother's maiden name was Goffield. The Goffield's were pioneers in S.W. Vermont, from Mass. In 1755, there is mention of a Benjamin Goffield and 2 brothers-in-law and their families at Ft. Hinsdale near the present city of Bennington, Vt. The Iroquois raided, killing the men and carrying off the women and children including Nathaniel Goffield, who was Grandmother's great grandfather and about 2 yrs. at the time. He died about 1846. Grandmother remembered hearing him tell about his boyhood with the Indians. He was with Ethan Allen during the Revolution. Ref.: Knapp's "The Story of Elsa Howe," Ira Allen, "Historie of Vermont," one of the McGuffy Readers, Belknapp's "History of Vermont," publ. N.Y. 1795.

FAMILY OF JAMES CLARK EARL who m. EVALINDA ESTELLA BECK (11291741)

1. —— Bowen, m. —— ——. Had Melissa, David, John.
   2. David Bowen, m. —— Gaggield.
      1. Melissa, m. Nathaniel Earl, a preacher.
         1. Sarah, m. —— Heite, moved to Texas.
         2. Francis, stayed in Michigan.
         3. Amy, m. John Harris, L.D.S. preacher. Had Irene, who m. —— Frishkorn. Had Myrtle, Amy, who m. —— Crawford.
         4. Miles, settled in Oregon, d. c. 1948.
         5. Mary, m. —— Dohney; d. in Kansas City, Mo. c. 1954. Had Clarence J. Dohney, works in oil business.
         6. Benjamin D., d. in boyhood in train accident.
         7. James Freeman Clark Earl, b. Sept. 3, 1870; d. Mar. 9, 1958; m. (1) Alice Anne Webster, b. St. Louis, Mo. Had, by first husb. Allan, who went to South Seas, c. 1909, not heard from.
            1. James Louis Earl, "Jimmy." Historian of Everett, Wash. and environs; b. 1898 in Seattle, Wash.; m. Lily Seymour, dau. of Alfred John and Katherine (Salsburg) Seymour; sister of Sidney, Alfred, Earnest, Elizabeth; b. 1895 in London, Eng.
               1. Alice, b. July 13, 1925. B.A. Wash. State College 1947; m. Robert Knight, Production Manager Werehausen Pulp mill in Everett. Son of Robert Bradford and Elizabeth (Kuga) Knight.
                  1. Cindy Lynn, b. Sept. 15, 1956.
                  2. James, "Jim," lv. Mountain Home, Idaho. B.S. 1952 Univ. of Wash. Capt. in Air Force; b. Apr. 8, 1928; m. Melba Watkins, b. 1930, dau. of George and Nonie Watkins, who had 12 children. Had Elizabeth, b. 1953; Glen, b. 1954.
                  3. Sidney, Elem. Sch. teacher at Duvall, Wash.; b. May 1, 1929. B.E. Central College of Educ., Ellensburg; m. Virginia Hartig, who by first husb. had Cathy, Charles, Linda and Steven.
                  4. David Milton, U.S.A.F. stationed at Glasgow, Montana; b. Aug. 2, 1930; m. 1952 Geraldine Weaver. Had Marsha, b. 1953.
                  5. Allan Charles, lv. at Cudahy, sheet-metal worker; b. May 21, 1933; m. 1952 Thelma Cooper, b. 1936. Had Allan James, b. 1952; Michael David, b. 1954; Wesley Eugene and Leslie Charles, twins, b. 1956; James Arthur, b. 1961.
                  6. Sylvia, b. Oct. 7, 1934; m. 1951 Albert Pioli, b. May 9, 1931 in

Seneca Falls, N.Y. Son of Louis Pioli (1889-1961 and Josephine Giovannatti Pioli, 1892-1941). Works at Werhausen's. Had Rene, b. 1953; Angie, b. 1954; Debora, b. 1955; Ann, b. 1958; Sandy, b. 1958; Lora, b. 1959; Brenda, b. 1961; Matthew, b. 1963.

2. Charles Earl, Teamster for H. D. Fenton Material Co. since 1931; b. Nov. 17, 1907; m. June 19, 1928 in National City, Myrtle Frishkorn, b. Sept. 20, 1905.
   1. Robert, b. June 3, 1929; m. 1952 Margie Mangelsen, b. Aug. 1933. Had David, b. Nov. 11, 1953; Dean, b. June 9, 1959.
   2. Irene, b. June 23, 1934; m. Charles Thorp, b. Jan. Had Charles Alfred Thorp, b. Jan. 20, 1954.

m. (2) Evalinda Estella Beck. (See Family of Louise Myers.)

End of Family of James Clark Earl who m. Evalinda Beck.

1129175

5. Ida Jane Myers, b. Jan. 19, 1862 at Pleasant Valley, Ill.; d. Nov. 3, 1867; bur. in Myers-Eaton Cemetery.

FAMILY OF MARIETTA ELSIE MYERS

1129176

6. Marietta Elsie Myers, b. Apr. 1, 1864 at Pleasant Valley; d. Dec. 25, 1915 at Fowler; m. (1) Aug. 2, 1884 John Hamilton, house-painter and paper-hanger.
   1. Hugh Hamilton, electrician and inventor; b. Aug. 12, 1885; d. Jan. 1948; m. Ruby Jenkins.

m. (2) Oct. 10, 1889 Max Platzek, harness maker. Had shop; b. Dec. 23, 1862 in Breslau, Germany; d. Dec. 25, 1909 at Fowler. Son of Jonathan and Paulina —— Platzek, brother of Marie, Emma, Elmira and Richard.

2. Rudolph Ralph Platzek, "Rudy," later Ralph. Rancher in Fresno, lumberman, real-estate investor in Oroville; b. Apr. 4, 1890 in Illinois; d. Jan. 9, 1958. Bur. in Christian Burial Society Cemetery 6 mi. south of Chico. m. (1) Dec. 14, 1911 Nellie Hittle Green; m. (2) Ethel Basye, b. May 14, 1900.
   1. Rudolph Platzek, "Rudy," landscape architect; b. Nov. 4, 1930; m. June 7, 1957 Hope Rubsamen, b. Mar. 6, 1936, dau. of Walter Rubsamen.
      1. Zanda Platzek, b. Jan. 6, 1958 in Bagdad.
      2. Mark Rudolph Platzek, b. Sept. 29, 1960 in S.F.
   2. Ethel Lucinda Platzek, "Cindy," b. Nov. 20, 1932; m. (1) Dec. 21, 1950 Harold Higgins, "Hal;" div.
      1. Neil Curtis Higgins, b. July 18, 1953.

   m. (2) July, 1958 Paul E. C. Smith, in theatre business.
      2. Trina Smith, b. Feb. 20, 1959.
   3. Norma Mae Platzek (twin), b. Nov. 14, 1936 at Oroville; d. July 10, 1946 when the home burned down. Bur. Catholic Cemetery, Feather River Blvd.
   4. Nadine Laverne Platzek (twin), b. Nov. 14, 1936; m. Mar. 11, 1953, Carl Kofler, son of Robert Kofler.
      1. Vickie Ann Kofler, b. July 7, 1953.
      2. Johnny Kofler, b. Feb. 7, 1956.
      3. Allen Ralph Kofler, b. March 7, 1958.
      4. Dennis Eugene Kofler, b. Nov. 25, 1960.
      5. Janet Kofler, b. Sept. 27, 1962.
   5. James Thomas Platzek, "Jimmy," b. Dec. 26, 1943. Studying micro-biology at U.C. Berkeley, will graduate June 1966; m. Denna Jo Brown, b. in Louisville, Ky., March 12, 1944. Dau. of John Haynes and Lillian Brown.

3. Leonora Eunice Platzek, "Lalie," b. Oct. 25, 1892 at Fowler; d. July 1936 at Fresno; m. Jan. 7, 1912 Oliver Hittle, b. Sept. 10, 1889 in S. Dakota. Son of John and Martha —— Hittle. Employee for oil pipe-line, carpenter.
   1. James Elmo Hittle, d. at birth, 1913 in Fowler.
   2. Marie Elsie Hittle, b. Jan. 19, 1918 at Fowler; m. (1) May 26, 1950 at Bakersfield Earl Williams Rider. Div.; m. (2) Nov. 26, 1953, Leslie Provencher, "Les," Administrator of Lakeside Community Hospital at Lakeport. Marie is a bookkeeper.
      1. Maurice Provencher, b. July 19, 1955. They adopted Marisa, b. 1967.
   3. Dorothy Ellen Hittle, b. July 19, 1921; m. Aug. 2, 1944 in Seventh Day Adventist Church at Fresno, Ernest Glen Angell, son of Ernest Alden Angell and Edna Caroline (Bergquist) Angell. They adopted new born babies.
      1. Mark Oliver Angell, b. June 19, 1949 at Loma Linda Hospital.
      2. Marilee Estella Angell, b. Feb. 23, 1953.
   4. Pauline Estella Hittle, b. Apr. 10, 1926 at Mendota; d. Apr. 26, 1926.
4. Mamie Ethel Platzek, employee, Raisin Assoc., Fresno; b. May 5, 1895 at Fowler. Unmd.
5. Arthur James Platzek, "Jimmie," owner of furniture store in Oroville, real-estate investor, Oroville; b. Sept. 12, 1897; d. Aug. 3, 1961 at Oroville. Bur. with military honors; m. Dec. 31, 1919 Delphia Clark, b. May 13, 1900 in Tuolumne Co. near Confidence. Dau. of William W. and Maggie (Copeland) Clark. Sister of Ida, m. —— Landon, Charles.
   1. Max Wesley Platzek, b. Nov. 30, 1920.
   2. Robert James Platzek, b. Aug. 12, 1923; d. Oct. 8, 1928. Bur. in Belmont Memorial Cem., Fresno.
   3. Maybelle Platzek, b. Oct. 5, 1929, at Selma. Librarian, school-teacher; m. 1949 Joel E. Shelton, b. Feb. 7, 1928; Counselor for teachers, Sacramento schools. Son of John and Rose (Evans) Shelton; adopted Sofia Rose, b. Aug. 31, 1964.
   4. Ruth Caroline Platzek, b. Apr. 10, 1932 at Oroville; m. (1) Dec. 23, 1950 Jack A. Mosley, b. Feb. 10, 1930; d. Sept. 2, 1951 in Korean Conflict; m. (2) Mar. 1, 1953 Thomas E. Campbell, b. Feb. 12, 1932 in Iowa. Son of Lester Campbell.
      1. Carron Leslie Campbell, b. Mar. 11, 1955 at Memphis, Tenn.
      2. Thomas Clayton Campbell, "Clay," b. Sept. 14, 1957, Memphis.
      3. David Bradley Campbell, b. Feb. 10, 1960, Memphis.
      4. Jonnie Gayle Campbell, b. Aug. 2, 1961, Memphis.
6. Carl Max Platzek, employee of Taft High School; b. Oct. 7, 1899 at Fowler; m. Mar. 1, 1921 at Fowler Ostrid Oleson, "Esther," b. Aug. 1, 1902 at Brooklyn, N.Y. Dau. of Pauline Oleson, sister of Sally.
   1. Richard Carl Platzek, b. July 25, 1922 at Fowler; m. Dec. 25, 1942 at Tacoma, Wash. Adelaide Rose Petersen, b. Aug. 3, 1921 at San Luis Obispo. Dau. of Elliot Petersen.
      1. Michele Elaine Platzek, b. Nov. 26, 1946, at San Luis Obispo.
      2. Laurie Dianne Platzek, b. Mar. 29, 1950, at Alhambra.

3. Kristi Elise Platzek, b. June 13, 1953, at Alhambra.
4. Richard Elliot Platzek, b. Nov. 15, 1956 in Whittier.

2. Harold Max Platzek, b. Oct. 8, 1923, at Fowler; m. Nov. 2, 1942, at Bakersfield, Florence Ada Orton, b. June 25, 1920, at San Diego.
   1. Rosalee Platzek, b. Apr. 12, 1943 at San Diego; m. Mar. 23, 1963 Walter S. Bowser, b. Sept. 13, 1937 in Las Vegas, Nevada.
   2. Roger Carl Platzek, b. Dec. 24, 1949 at Long Beach.
3. Eugene Hakon Platzek, b. Sept. 5, 1925 at Fowler; m. Mar. 24, 1945, at Chicago, Ill. Katherine Theresa Thomas, b. Nov. 19, 1924 at Memphis, Tenn. Dau. of Walter and Zella —— Thomas.
   1. Thomas Walter Platzek, b. Nov. 7, 1946 at Taft.
   2. William Arthur Platzek, b. Jan. 17, 1949 at Richmond.
   3. Patricia Carol Platzek, b. Apr. 6, 1954 at Bethesda, Maryland.
4. Carla Jane Platzek, b. Feb. 23, 1932 at Taft; m. (1) Dec. 3, 1949 Jack Oney, b. May 29, 1922 at Santa Cruz. Son of Asa and Lulu —— Oney. Div.
   1. Luan Leonore Oney, b. Dec. 12, 1950 at Bakersfield.

m. (2) Kenneth George. Div.

m. (3) Sept. 8, 1962 Virgil John Jamison.
   1. John Virgil Jamison, b. Nov. 29, 1963 in Bakersfield.

7. Gertrude Elmira Platzek, nurse, b. Sept. 21, 1901 at Fowler; d. Aug. 1949; m. June 1, 1920 Jesse McCarty, employee of Assoc. Tidewater Oil Company, who d. Sept. 26, 1959.
   1. Bernice Pamela McCarty, b. Mar. 23, 1921; m. (1) Gene Hale.
      1. Genette Hale, b. Jan. 4, 1942.

   m. (2) Carl Lawrence.
      2. Son.
   2. Maxine McCarty, b. Mar. 19, 1923; m. Thomas Loveless.
      1. Judith Loveless, b. Oct. 3, 1944.
      2. Thomas Albert Loveless, b. May 17, 1951.
   3. Elsie Wilda McCarty, b. Apr. 1, 1925; m. (Filipine). Settled in Chicago. Have several children.
   4. Opal Lavonne McCarty, b. July 7, 1929; m. ——.
8. David Jonathan Platzek, "Johnny" and "John," Westinghouse Electric Coordinator, at Sunnyvale; m. Dec. 24, 1936 at Fresno Elva Wright, b. Oct. 25, 1906 at S. Dakota. Dau of Elliott and Mary (Tobin) Wright. Elva is a school-teacher at Cupertino.
   1. Kimet John Platzek, b. Aug. 13, 1946 at San Jose.
   2. Larry David Platzek, b. Aug. 15, 1949 at San Jose.

RELATED

Children of Ethel and Leon Basye

Ethel Basye, dau. of James and Elizabeth (Cuenat) Huyd; m. Feb. 6, 1919 Leon R. Basye, b. Feb. 6, 1894; d. Feb. 1927.

1. Bernice Leon Basye, b. Apr. 4, 1921; m. Feb. 12, 1938 John Forest LaFlesh.
   1. Thomas Jefferson LaFlesh, b. Oct. 19, 1942.
   2. Joyce Margaret LaFlesh, b. Dec. 21, 1944; m. Apr. 27, 1963 Willard Read.
   3. Hal Arthur LaFlesh, b. Oct. 18, 1949.
   4. Susan LaFlesh, m. Nov. 5, 1960 Bob Burlingance. They had Tony Anthony, b. July 16, 1961.
2. Bettie Lou Basye, b. Jan. 15, 1923; m. Dec. 26, 1948 Jay Milan Hutchinson.
   1. David Hutchinson, b. Oct. 30, 1949.
   2. Dianne Lynn Hutchinson, b. Dec. 31, 1951.
   3. Paul Basye Hutchinson, b. Apr. 6, 1954.
   4. Jenifer Hutchinson, b. Sept. 27, 1956.
3. Leon R. Basye, b. Nov. 3, 1924; m. June 18, 1944, Cleo Montford.
   1. Lorrie Carla Basye, b. Nov. 30, 1946.
   2. Mary Lou, b. Jan. 18, 1950.
   3. Cathy Anita, b. Jan. 6, 1953.
   4. Sylvia Darlene, b. Aug. 29, 1954.
4. Mildred Basye, b. Aug. 13, 1926; m. June 12, 1949 Robert Waterman.
   1. Jannett Waterman, b. Dec. 15, 1950.
   2. Kathy, b. Aug. 15, 1952.
   3. Joan Margaret, b. Dec. 2, 1954.
   4. Robert, b. July 23, 1959.

Related Family of Ernest Glenn Angell who m. Dorothy Ellen Hittle (112917633)

Alden and Grace Angell (Grandparents).

Ernest Alden Angell and Edna Caroline Bergquist Angell (Parents).

Children:
Howard Rule Angell.
Ernest Glenn Angell.
Lloyd Edward Angell.

End of Family of Elsie

FAMILY OF LYDIA BELVEDERE MYERS

1129177

Lydia Belvedere Myers, "Lydia B," school-teacher, writer of beautiful letters; b. Mar. 24, 1866 in Pleasant Valley, Illinois. m. Jan. 1, 1897 at the Homeplace, Malaga, Harry Wilder, farmer; d. June 7, 1928; bur. Mountain View Cemetery, Fresno.

1. Robert Ray Wilder, b. Nov. 18, 1897; d. Dec. 1897.
2. Ralph Wilder, State Hospital, Stockton; b. July 26, 1899. Farmer. Hospital orderly. Service in the Army, World War II.

End of Family of Lydia

FAMILY OF DARIUS ELIHU MYERS

1129178

Darius Elihu Myers, "Dri," b. Aug. 2, 1868 at Pleasant Valley, Ill., farmer, champion horse-shoe player; d. Nov. 29, 1932 at Parlier, Calif.; m. at homeplace, Malaga, Susie C. Bedford, b. July 8, 1866. Sister of Hattie, Elsie, Nettie, Charlie, Florence, and Frank.

1. Glen Hazel Myers, b. Sept. 25, 1891 at Malaga; d. April 7, 1915; m. Alfred Wyckliffe, b. in Missouri, farmer.
   1. Winifred Clara Wyckliffe, "Winnie," 1006 W. San Jose, Fresno; b. Jan. 3, 1914 at Malaga; m. Charles Andresen (Danish), self-employed farmer, b. July 21, 1908 at Fresno. Son of Conrad Peter Andresen and Marie Magdalena (Nielsen) Andresen, b. in Denmark.
      1. Charles Andresen, b. Oct. 8, 1931 at Fresno; m. Midge Hazelton.
         1. Terrie Dean Andresen, b. July 27, 1956.
         2. Jeffrey Charles Andresen, b. Sept. 22, 1959.
      2. Janice Andresen, b. Nov. 20, 1936 at Fresno; m. George Watson.
         1. George Watson, b. Sept. 18, 1957.
         2. Kristi Lee Watson, b. Dec. 18, 1959.
      3. Dennis Andresen, San Francisco Dental College 1964; b. Aug. 14, 1941; m. Aug. 8, 1964 Bette Rhoads, from Fresno, a teacher.

2. Wilma Caroline Wyckliffe, 109 Calabasas Rd., Watsonville; b. Apr. 2, 1915, at Malaga; m. Fred Treseler.
    1. Barbara Jean Treseler, b. Oct. 4, 1935, at Watsonville; m. Glen Johnson, Lutheran minister (Swedish). Lv. at 67 Belgian Dr., Danville.
        1. Mark Johnson, b. Oct. 2, 1957.
        2. Elizabeth, "Lisa," Johnson, b. July 24, 1959.
        3. Timothy Johnson, "Timmie," b. June 4, 1961.
    2. Frederick "Freddie" Treseler, b. Oct. 11, 1939 at Watsonville; m. Diane Rossi.
        1. Pamela Treseler, b. April 18, 1962.
2. Patience Leora Myers, b. Feb. 4, 1893 at Malaga; d. 1896 of rheumatic fever.
3. Gertrude Evangeline Myers, 70 Navarra Dr., Santa Cruz (1963); b. Feb. 19, 1895 at Fresno; m. Jan. 8, 1917 at Del Rey, Calif. Fred Roy Rhodes, ranch manager at Parlier, b. May. 16, 1884 at Dawes Co., Missouri. Son of John Edward Rhodes, whose mother was a Duncan, and Mary Ellen (Johnson) Rhodes. Brother of Robert, Rufus, Etta.
    1. Doris Ellen Rhodes, Sec. of Kingsburg High School (1962); b. Oct. 21, 1917 at Fresno; m. Aug. 1938 Wayne Harlan, of Selma, son of Clinton and Edna (Youngblood) Harlan.
        1. John Wayne Harlan, b. June 18, 1940 at Selma; m. June 27, 1964 at Visalia, Sharon Louise Camp, dau. of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wayne Camp.
            1. John Wayne II, b. Nov. 25, 1965.
        2. Melinda Jane Harlan, b. Mar. 11, 1947 at Selma. Musician. Plays the piano and electrical organ.
    2. Hazel Maurine Rhodes, b. Aug. 28, 1919, at Fresno; m. at First Mennonite Church, Reedley, Sept. 6, 1941 Donald Neufeld, b. June 21, 1912, at American Falls, Idaho. Son of Aaron J. and Anna (Enns) Neufeld. Bro. of Floyd.
        1. Dennis Orville Neufeld, b. May 23, 1944 at Selma.
        2. Kent Donald Neufeld, b. Aug. 9, 1955 at Reedley.
    3. Mable Fern Rhodes, b. May 12, 1921 at Fresno; m. Aug. 12, 1943 at Carson City, Nevada, Jake Hagan; b. May 18, at Oklahoma. They have an adopted dau. Marta Hagan, b. May 25, 1953.
    4. Frederick Richard Rhodes, "Freddie," mail-carrier, 5406 Ashlan, Fresno (1963); b. Feb. 27, 1924; m. at Reno, Nevada, Mary Frances Noel, b. May 22, 1932. Dau. of Clay and Audie (Bookout) Noel.
        1. Richard Allen Rhodes, b. Nov. 4, 1956 at Fresno.
        2. Sharon Kaye Rhodes, b. Mar. 4, 1960 at Fresno.
4. Earl Stedman Myers, b. Oct. 9, 1898 at Malaga; d. Sept. 30, 1927 at Fresno; m. Oct. 25, 1922 Alice Riedel, b. Sept. 21, 1906.
    1. Edward Earl Myers, high-school teacher; m. Pauline Cleven.
        1. Susan Elizabeth Myers.
        2. Earl Tobias Myers.
5. Trueman Myers, b. 1903; d. later in 1903.
6. Mildred Maurine Myers, "Lucindy," b. July 10, 1910 at Malaga; d. March 30, 1920 at Fresno.

Related to Susan (Bedford) Myers, who m. Darius Elihu Myers (112917) and Florence (Bedford) Myers, who m. Phil Myers (1129171).

List of Children, in families of:
Stephen Bedford, and wife, Christianna (or-Ine) Powers.

1. John Wiley Bedford, b. Dec. 6, 1810, Marysbury Twp. Ont., Can.
2. Alexander Bedford, b. 1812 or 1813, at same place.
3. Jane Bedford, b. Dec. 1815, on Fox Isl., N.Y.
4. Cornelius Edwin Bedford, b. Apr. 20, 1818, Amherst Isl., Ont., Can.
5. Edward Bedford, b. Mar. 18, 1820, at Lyme, Jefferson Co., N.Y.
6. Jacob Bedford, b. July 24, 1822, at same pl.
7. William Bedford, b. Aug. 5, 1825, at same pl.
8. Harriett E. Bedford, b. Feb. 27, 1829, at same pl.

(All married once or more; and most had families; not all data available.)

Cornelius Edwin Bedford, and wife, Caroline Patience Steadman, whose ancestry goes back to her gr. gr. gr. gr. grftr. Thomas Stedman, "Mariner,' 1649, Ct.

1. William E. Bedford, b. Dec. 29, 1846 at Cleveland, Ohio.
2. George E. Bedford, b. May 7, 1848 at Painesville, Ohio; d. Yng.
3. Infant, b. 1849; d. age three weeks.
4. Harriett Huntington Bedford, b. Oct. 11, 1851, at same pl.
5. Ella Melinda Bedford, b. June 9, 1853, Clockville, N.Y.
6. Emma "Annette" Bedford, b. Feb. 11, 1855, at same pl.
7. Charles Edward Bedford, b. Dec. 29, 1856, at same pl.
8. Florence Augusta Bedford, b. Oct. 5, 1860, at same pl.; m. E. P. Myers.
9. Gilbert Grant Bedford, b. May 26, 1864 at Stockton, Calif.; d. yng.
10. Susan Caroline Bedford, b. July 8, 1866, at same pl.; m. Darius E. Myers.
11. Frankie (sic) Bedford, b. Nov. 19, 1868, at same pl.

Clarence Edwin Wesley Bedford, later King, born May 9, 1885, Stella, Nebr. Lvg. 1964 at Long Beach, Calif.; m. (1) Mrs. Laura (Hyde) Segger, but had no issue; was divorced from her, 1920, at Los Angeles, Calif.; m. (2) Nov. 2, 1924, at St. Vincent, Minn. to Jane (Jennie) Grace McGlashan, b. Nov. 8, 1896, at St. Vincent, Minn.; Lvg. 1964; had one child.

John David Bedford-King (called King), b. May 24, 1930, at Bakersfield, Calif. Lvg. 1964 at Huntington Beach, Calif.; was 4 years in U.S. Air Force, one year in Korea before Armistice; then m. Jan. 4, 1957, at Long Beach, Calif., Mary Margaret Densmore (of Wm. H. and Margt. Muriel Cilley Densmore), b. Mar. 15,1937, at Long Beach, Calif. Lvg. 1964. Margaret Anne King, b. Jan. 15, 1960 at Long Beach, Calif. Lvg. 1964. David William King, b. Dec. 14, 1957 at Long Beach.

I think this wraps it up, as far as you need it, Violet. Selah. Supplied by Clarence King, Mar. 20, 1964.

FAMILY OF JUDAH MYERS

1129179

Judah Myers, farmer, Executor, with Phil, of Darius Myers' estate; b. Aug. 25, 1870, in Pleasant Valley, Ill.; d. May 2, 1933 in Oroville; m. (1) Nellie Miller, b. Dec. 20, 1869; d. Nov. 24, 1900, at Malaga; dau. of "Grandpa and Grandma Miller." Sister of Clifford O. and Clinton I. Miller.

1. Paul Miller Myers, 4492 East Nevada St., Fresno (1963), Credit Manager of Sunland Refining Corporation; b. Nov. 16, 1900 at Malaga; m. Mar. 27, 1929 Lela Sophronia Lowell, school-teacher, b. July 2, 1905, at Yates Center, Kansas. Dau. of Steven Nelsen Lowell and Frieda (Armstrong) Lowell (Scotch).
    1. Paula Mae Myers, b. Aug. 25, 1931 at Fresno; m. James Albert Beddall, b. July 14, 1928, at Fresno. Son of Harold J. and Grace Beddall. Her father was from Ireland.
        1. Jeffry Beddall, b. Oct. 16, 1950, at Madera.
        2. Debra Lynn Beddall, b. Sept. 18, 1953, at Madera.
        3. Richard Paul Beddall, b. Sept. 16, 1954 at Madera.

2. Nancy Lou Myers, b. July 17, 1938, at Fresno; m. Harvey Charles Hudelson, b. Aug. 6, 1935 at Oskaloosa, Iowa, son of Harry Charles and Mildred (Witlach) Hudelson.
    1. Lori Lynn Hudelson, b. May 6, 1961.
    2. Lisa Ann Hudelson, b. Oct. 1, 1962.

m. (2) May 20, 1903, at Warsaw, Iowa, Salema Amy Babbitt, school-teacher at Cambridge, Nebr. Friend of Nettie Miller; b. July 6, 1871. Dau. of Calvin and Rebecca (Caldwell) Babbitt.

2. Esther Myers, d. at birth, Apr. 6, 1905. Bur. at Fresno.
3. Raymond Myers, d. at birth, June 22, 1907. Bur. at Fresno.
4. Hester Nettie Myers, 2637 South 9th St., Fresno, Wyatt Rest Home. Seventh Day Adventist. Piecer of quilts for Dorcas Society. Writer of Letters; b. April 28, 1909 at St. Helena.

Related Family of Salema B. Babbitt who m. Judah Myers (1129179)

1. Calvin Babbitt m. Rebecca Caldwell.
    1. Salema B., b. July 6, 1871; d. Jan. 18, 1959; m. Judah Myers. Had Esther, Raymond, Hester.
    2. Cecil m. Nellie ——. Had Blanche, Mildred, Wayne, Clayton.
    3. Pluma, b. Nov. 3, 1875; d. June 28, 1962; m. Robert Mousel. Had Robert, C. K., Dorothy, Agnes, Claude, Lloyd, Wendell; 23 g. chn.; 4 g. g. chn.
    4. Orren, m. Jessie ——. Had Harry, Wilbur.; 2 g. chn.
    5. Isis, b. May 23, 1874; d. Apr. 28, 1962; m. Will Smith. Had Wilbur, Roy, Harry, William, Velma, Madge, Mildred, Marjorie; 29 g. chn., 22 g. g. chn.
    6. Earl, b. July 29; m. Florence ——. Had Betty, Shirley; 3 g. chn.
    7. Ethel, m. —— Gilpin. Had 3 chn.
    8. Edith, m. Ira Chandler. Had Ruth, Esther, Evelyn; 6 g. chn.
    9. Bertha, b. Sept. 28; m. Ed Samuel Frenchard, b. Jan. 19, 1884; d. July 22, 1962. Had Paul, Elaine; 4 g. chn.
    10. Faye, m. Ed Cadwallader. Had Miles, Joe, Lois, Ann, Fay; 9 g. chn.
    11. Harvey, m. Bernice ——.
    12. Harry, m. Grace ——. Had Beulah, Virginia.
    13. Beulah.

FAMILY OF GORDON ELISHA MYERS

112917J

Gordon Elisha Myers, "Neb." (for Nebuchadnezzar) and "Gordy." (Twin). Farmer at Malaga and Hanford; b. Sept. 25, 1872 at Pleasant Valley, Ill.; d. June 27, 1950; bur. at Glen Daniels, West Virginia, in Constance Lacy's family cemetery; m. Dec. 28, 1902 Gertrude Mae (Robinson) Brooks; b. May, 1878 in Kansas; d. Feb. 9, 1921; dau. of Joseph Carr and Emma Jane (Baumgardner) Robinson.

1. Beulah Belvedere Myers, b. Apr. 14, 1904 at Fresno; m. Apr. 14, 1924 at Fresno, Alton Lambert Marley, barber at Fresno and Alameda, self-employed, owned shops. Past Pres. of the Eagle Lodge of Alameda and Moose Lodge of Oakland; b. Aug. 1, 1900 at Pierre, Sou. Dakota. Son of Judson and Livia Adeline (Bergeson) Marley; d. Oct. 15, 1966 in Missouri. Bur. Mt. View Cemetery, Fresno.
    1. Brent Farrell Marley, 31385 Hugh Way, Hayward. Truck-driver for Kenosha Auto-Transport, Richmond; b. Aug. 3, 1926 at Fresno; m. Myrtle May Eustacky, employee, Telephone Co.; b. May 14, 1925; dau. of Nicole Eustacky.
        1. Laurie Anne Marley, b. Oct. 25, 1947 at Alameda; m. June 4, 1966 Laurence Frank "Larry" Mora, b. Aug. 10, 1946, son of Esquipula Louie and Lila Mary Mora. Sister of Genievera Lupe Mora, who m. George Early Hunt.
            1. Shelley Anne Mora, b. July 9, 1967.
        2. Chris Lambert Marley, b. Sept. 25, 1948.
    2. Elden Judson Marley, 33501 13th St., Union City, truck-driver for Insured Auto-Transport, Richmond; m. Helen Margaret Kakaalia, works for Safe-T-Mike, b. Sept. 4, 1932; dau. of (father) Jones. Mother unknown.
        1. Kathy Ann Marley, b. Sept. 27, 1953, at Oakland.
        2. Karen Gay Marley, b. Mar. 31, 1956, at Texas.
        3. Kimberly Marley, b. Oct. 21, 1965.
        4. Kristen Louise Marley, b. Jan. 1969.
    3. Boyd Wilbur Marley, 14569 Pepper Tree Dr., San Jose; b. Jan. 6, 1934 at Fresno; works for Hadley Auto-Transport Co. in Milpitas; m. in Germany, Nov. 26, 1957 Mildred Brodmerkel, "Betty," b. Dec. 13, 1933 at Merca, France. Dau. of Fritz and Pauline (Kepner) Brodmerkel.
        1. Heidi Marie Marley, b. Jan. 28, 1960, at Oakland.
    4. Milo Odell Marley, b. Feb. 15, 1945, at Alameda.
    5. Tamara Adeline Marley, "Sister," b. Apr. 8, 1946, at Alameda; m. Oct. 19, 1962 at Park Wedding Chapel, Reno, Nevada, Sam Sansoni, son of Toury and Lillian Sansoni. Div.

Sam Sansoni m. Tamara Adeline Marley (112917K15). Div. Sam's mother's name was Lillian. (I don't know her maiden name. She was born in New York City, N.Y. His father, Tony, was born in Italy, but was brought to the U.S. when he was an infant (to S.F.).

They had five children: Alfred, Eunice, Samuel, Edward, and a girl, Rose.

ALTON MARLEY m. BEULAH MYERS

Alton's Genealogy

My mother's name was Livia, and she married Judson Marley, and had three sons, Alton, Dayton and Lyle. Her mother's name was Livia, daughter of my great-grandfather Burgeson, but whom he married, I don't know. Their children were Herman, Charles, Alfred, Anton, John, Oscar, Otto, and Andrew. I've seen Herman, Andrew and Otto. Andrew married Anna, and they had Douglas and Celeste, a school-teacher. Charlie married Annie and had eight children. Anton died when a baby. John was a bachelor, a miner. They were all big men.

2. Genevieve Constance Myers, "Connie," b. Nov. 26, 1906 at Malaga; m. Oct. 13, 1927 at Fresno, William Earl Lacy, "Bill"; b. at Raleigh, W. Va. Dec. 27, 1898; d. Dec. 24, 1940. Farmer. Son of Joseph Lacy and Laura Belle (Painter) Lacy, b. Sept. 20, 1872.
    1. Gertrude Belle Lacy, b. May 18, 1929 Glen Daniels; m. April 23, 1949 Harry Franklin Carr (Scotch); b. April 3, 1929. Son of Charles Carr, b. in Philadelphia, and Margaret (Kennedy) Carr, b. in Phila. Her father was b. in Ireland, her mother in Scotland. Harry took care of the home farm, Rt. 3, Box 172, Beckley, W. Va.; d. July, 1964.
        1. Linda Carol Carr, b. Nov. 11, 1950.
        2. Leatha Ann Carr, b. Mar. 15, 1953.
        3. Violet Lea Carr, b. Sept. 2, 1955.
        4. Margaret Joyce Carr, b. Dec. 19, 1959.
        5. Alice Mae Carr, b. July 1, 1962.

2. Mary Ellen Lacy, b. Sept. 3, 1929; m. at Harper, W. Va. June 6, 1947 Carl Shorter, b. June 29, 1923, at Harper, W. Va., electrician.
    1. Arnold Lee Shorter, b. Feb. 2, 1949 at Madison, W. Va.
    2. Shirley Ann Shorter, b. July 26, 1951 at Madison.
    3. Jackie Dean Shorter, b. Apr. 23, 1954 at Scott, W. Va.
    4. Danny Carl Shorter, b. Mar. 9, 1957, at Scott.
3. Juanita Merle Lacy, b. May 21, 1931, at Glen Daniels, W. Va.; m. Apr. 12, 1951, Gene Hearth Meadows, b. Aug. 27, 1930 at Coolidge, W. Va. Works for the road. Drives a truck. Box 55, Glen Daniels. Son of Hubert and Hattie Meadows.
    1. Dale Gene Meadows, b. Jan. 29, 1952 at Beckley.
    2. Theresa Juanita Meadows, b. Feb. 28, 1953.
    3. John Meadows, b. June 7, 1954.
    4. Gary Wayne Meadows, b. July 10, 1955.
    5. James Ray Meadows, b. Sept. 12, 1956.
    6. Rickie Lee Meadows, b. Nov. 12, 1957.
    7. Dana Meadows, b. Nov. 11, 1958.
    8. Steve Eric Meadows, b. Mar. 1, 1960.
    9. Howard Herith Meadows, b. Mar. 15, 1961.
    10. Joyce Ann Meadows, b. June 8, 1962.
    11. Paul Michael Meadows, b. June 6, 1964.
4. William Earl Lacy, "Bill," 77½ Chicago Ave., Columbus, Ohio, works at Elder and Elpers Service Station; b. Aug. 1, 1932 at Glen Daniels; m. Janice Ann Lester, a red-head, dau. of a minister, William Lester.
    1. Drena Lee Lacy, b. July 22, 1962.
    2. James Earl Lacy, "Jimmie," b. Mar. 16, 1965, a red-head.
5. Robert Flood Lacy, "Bob," 1970½ Sullivant Ave., Columbus, Ohio. Gas station attendant, Elder and Elpers Service Station; b. Jan. 8, 1935 at Glen Daniel; m. Dec. 30, 1958 Ann Rose, dau. of Frank Rose (Indian and Irish) and Leah (Lester) Rose (English and Irish).
    1. Roberta Dean Lacy, b. July 12, 1960.
6. Leonard Gordon Lacy, 2063 Jane Ave., Columbus, Ohio. Employee Bonds Bakery; b. Mar. 5, 1936 at Glen Daniel; m. Apr. 12, 1958 Mary Alice Frye, dau. of William Tobby and Sally (Christian) Frye.
    1. Leonard Gordon Lacy, "Butchie," b. May 18, 1959.
    2. Deborah Lynn Lacy, b. July 17, 1961.
7. Charles Ray Lacy, 135 Belvedere St., Columbus, Ohio (1962). Service man at Elder and Elpers Service Station; b. June 7, 1937; m. Carol Sue Riffe.
    1. Lesa Carol Lacy, b. Apr. 16, 1959.
    2. Jeffrey Wayne Lacy, b. July 2, 1961.
    3. Mark Anthony Lacy, b. Apr. 18, 1965.
8. Violet Eva Lacy, 2421 Deming Ave., Columbus, Ohio; b. May 21, 1939; m. Dec. 19, 1959 Thora Kenneth Treadway, driver of truck for Stewart and Silver Co. (1962).
    1. Kenneth Lee Treadway, b. Nov. 21, 1961.
    2. Sharon Elaine Treadway, b. Sept. 1964.
9. Frances Lee Lacy, 272 East Hudson St., Columbus, Ohio. Key-board punch operator for Woolworth Store, Columbus.
    1. Darryl Dewayne (twin), b. Aug. 3, 1961.
    2. Sheryl Lynn (twin), b. Aug. 3, 1961.

3. Raymond Myers, b. Aug. 20, 1908; d.

FAMILY OF WILLIAM EARL LACY who m. GENEVIEVE CONSTANCE MYERS

112917J2

Laura Bell Painter's father was James K. Painter, b. in Fayette County, W. Va. He married Sarah G. Kendell, b. in Summers Co., W. Va. Laura Bell's brother was Earl Painter in Fresno. Her daughter was Vella Crawford. She remarried —— Tolbert. She died June 20, 1935 at Glen Daniels, leaving 15 grandchildren, 22 great grandchildren, and 18 great great grandchildren. Bur. in Mausoleum, Sunset Memorial Park, Beckley.

William Earl Lacy had 3 children by a previous marriage, Richard, Robert and Geraldine.

Richard Earl Lacy was b. Feb. 18, 1921. He m. May 12, 1941 Alma Ellen Shorter. His first child was Richard McArthur Lacy, "Mack," b. Mar. 12, 1942, who works in a steel factory at Cottageville, W. Va. (1962). Peggy Joyce Lacy was b. Jan. 22, 1943. She was m. May 29, 1960 to Sonny Ray Sias. They have Cynthia Lynn, b. Nov. 12, 1960, at Beckley, W. Va. Barbara Lea Lacy was b. July 29, 1944. David Earl Lacy was b. July 9, 1949.

Robert Lacy was b. June, 1923. His grandmother Tolbert was caring for him when he died, before Connie and Bill reached W. Va. after their marriage.

Geraldine Lacy was b. June 8, 1925. Grandma Tolbert had been taking care of her, and brought her to the homeplace, shortly before she died. She hung herself from a tree, and is bur. in the family cemetery on the hill above the house. Sept. 30, 1963.

NOTE: Richard was a little boy of 5 or 6 when Connie married Bill. When Bill was killed in an auto accident, in 1940, Richard was called home from the Service, and helped all he could by working in the mines and on the place. He m. a neighbor girl, Alma, and they had 3 children. Both families lived in the same house until Richard built his own home, on the hill across from the big house. Gertrude, with her family, now live in the homeplace. And Richard's have moved away.

FAMILY OF CARL SHORTER who m. MARY ELLEN LACY (112917J2)

Woody Shorter, b. June 6; d. June 21, 1936; m. Alameda Snyder, b. Apr. 6; d. June 7, 1934.

1. Clyde Shorter, b. at Mercer Co., W. Va., Jan. 7, 1934; m. at Hix, Summers, Co., W. Va., Oct. 6, 1920 to Hettie Cortney Grimmett, b. Feb. 16, 1906 at Judson, Summer Co., W. Va.
    1. Carl Shorter (part Indian) m. Mary Ellen Lacy.
    2. Alma Ellen Shorter, m. Richard Lacy.

John Grimmett, b. 1865; d. 1940; m. Dalia Adkins, b. Dec. 26, 1880; d. July 31, 1938.

1. Hettie Cortney Grimmett m. Clyde Shorter. They had Carl Shorter, m. Mary Ellen Lacy.

FAMILY OF ANN ROSE who m. ROBERT FLOOD LACY (112917J25)

Ann Rose was daughter of Frank Rose and Leah (Lester) Rose. Leah was dau. of Harrison Lester (Irish) and Amanda (Stevens) Lester (English). Harrison was son of Floyd Lester. Jane Ann Lester's father was William Lester.

FAMILY OF MARY ALICE FAYE who m. LEONARD LACY (112917J16)

by Mary Alice

My mother's mother was Mrs. Manerva Christian. Maiden name Mullins. My mother's father, Mr. James Christian. My

father's mother, Alice Holmes. My father's father, Montgomery Frye. My mother's name is Sally Christian, married my father, William Tobby Frye. I have three brothers, Clarence M. Frye, Haroldine Frye, and Garner Frye.

Sent by Mary Alice

She adds: "I am very happily married and I have a wonderful Christian husband."

FAMILY OF CAROL SUE RIFFE who m. CHARLES RAY LACY (112917J27)

The Riffe Family

William C. Riffe, b. May 15, 1826 in Montgomery Co., W. Va.; d. May 22, 1891; m. Frances Gray, b. Mar. 20, 1839; d. May 26, 1921 in Franklin Co., W. Va. They had John C. Riffe, b. Jan. 7, 1877, at Sophia, W. Va.; d. Mar. 4, 1943; m. at Mahscott, W. Va. Delia Davis, b. Nov. 26, 1882. They had Basil William Riffe, b. Dec. 6, 1902 at Crab Tree Orchard, W. Va.; m. Etta Roberts, b. Aug. 24, 1906 at Frankfort, Ky. They had Carol Sue Riffe.

The Roberts Family

Patrick Roberts m. Smatha Pickett. They had James H. Roberts, b. Feb. 18, 1877 at Frankfort, Ky.; d. Mar. 13, 1955; m. Martha Woosby, b. Feb. 21, 1882 at Frankfort, Ky.; d. March 13, 1955. They had Etta Roberts, b. Aug. 24, 1906, at Frankfort; m. Basil William Riffe, b. Dec. 6, 1902. They had Carol Sue Riffe.

FAMILY OF THORA KENNETH TREADWAY who m. VIOLET EVA LACY (112917J28)

supplied by Violet (Lacy) Treadway

Thora Kenneth Treadway, son of Thora Edwin Treadway, who was b. May 19, 1907, d. May 1, 1963 at Maple Fork, W. Va. He m. Agnes Treadway, b. Sept. 10, 1908, at Maple Fork.

Thora Edwin Treadway's father was Homer Edwin Treadway, b. at Maple Fork; m. Lydia Belle Lester.

Agnes Treadway's father was Tom Treadway, b. at Maple Fork; m. Alice Cradcock, b. at Maple Fork.

NOTE: Agnes Treadway was a Treadway before she married. That is both her maiden and married name.

Thora Edwin Treadway and Agnes Treadway had 7 girls and 5 boys.

Girls

1. Lillian, m. Robert Thomas. They had Frances, James, Mary Ann.
2. Lessie, m. Harmon Davis. They had Laura Ann, George, Michael, and Jan.
3. Helen, m. Dayton Lilly. They had Carolyn, Linda, Flora and Jean.
4. Louise, m. Junior Bowyers. They had Danny.
5. Shelby Jean, m. Lotus Davis. They had Roger, Doretta, Kenneth, Dewayne, b. Mar. 1.
6. Judy Dale, m. Ronald Wickline, b. Mar. 19.
7. Emogene, b. Sept. 11.

Boys

1. Jack Lee, m. Ella Davis. Had David, b. Nov. 21.
2. Gay, m. Janis Davis. Had Patricia Lynn, Brenda Kay, b. Sept. 9.
3. Thora Kenneth, m. Violet Eva Lacy. Had Kenneth Edwin.
4. Shirley Ray, b. Dec. 17.
5. Homer Edwin.

FAMILY OF GERTRUDE ROBINSON

data supplied by Nettie Robinson

Gertrude's mother m. (1) ..... Robinson. They had

1. Guy, m. (1) Maude. They had Wanda who m. Ralph Wilson, 3833 N. Sadlier Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana. They had Linda and Sue Kenny.
   m. (2) ..... They had Leila and Don.
2. Gertrude m. Gordon Myers.
3. Will, m. Nettie ..... They had Eleanor Leatha, who m. Dave Dobustein, 3233 E. Lamona, Fresno and Thelma Frances, who m. Francis Foder, 5232 La Paz Dr., San Diego. They had Ann and Sue.

m. (2) ..... Brooks. They had

4. Leatha, m. William Whitehead. They had 5 children. Will, m. Dorothy, lives in Madera. Dean m. Norma Lee, 3548 Norwich Ave., Fresno. They had Deanie, Charlotte, Cathy. Robert m. Jo Ella, 1274 Collins Lane, San Jose. They had Jeanette, Bobby, Dan. Ben, m. ....., P.O. Box 1409, Palm Springs, Calif. Margaret d. age 18, infantile paralysis, college student.

FAMILY OF GEORGE ELIJAH MYERS

112917K

George Elijah Myers (twin to Gordon), b. Sept. 25, 1872 at Pleasant Valley; m. (1) in 1893 Daisy Dell Graham, b. Mar. 1878 in Ray Co., Mo.; d. July 24, 1918 at Auberry. Dau. of William and Mary Graham.

NOTE by Erna: "Dad died May 30, 1966. He was 93 years and 8 months old and a wonderful man."

1. Lawrence Darius Myers, farmer and machinist. Has mt. home 20 miles above Northfork on Mammoth Pool Road at San Joaquin Tungsten Mine; b. Oct. 8, 1894 at Malaga; m. July 20, 1919 Ruby St. Clair. Div.
   1. Lawrence St. Clair Myers, "Larry," and "Sonny," Commander in U.S. Navy, at Shagge Island Radio Station (1963); b. July 22, 1920; m. Sarah Jane "Sally" Track, dau. of Albert and —— Track, b. in Mexico, Maine.
      1. Ruby Jane Myers, b. May 6, 1948 in Bethesda, Maryland.
      2. Barrett Elaine Myers, b. Dec. 17, 1949.
      3. Lauren Kathleen Myers, b. Dec. 11, 1951 in Yokohama, Japan.
      4. Miki Myers, b. Oct. 1959 in Japan.
      5. Valeria Myers.
      6. Lawrence Myers, b. in Morocco.
   2. George Edward Myers, "Buddy," graduated from College, 1955. Scientist in Navy at Elvina Lake (1963); m. Mrs. Ilene Priest,, had 3 children by previous marriage, Kathleen, Cathy, Bob.
   3. Velma Eileen Myers, b. Mar. 16, 1928; m. Ed. Van Horn, Western Div. Manager, Decker & Blade, Electrical Equipment, Maryland.
      1. Leslie Van Horn.
      2. Marie Van Horn.
      3. Lorrie Van Horn.
      4. Vicky Van Horn.
2. Gladys Ethel Myers, b. Sept. 3, 1897 at Malaga; d. Jan. 10, 1935 at Malaga. Bur. Belmont Memorial Cemetery, Fresno; m. Bernie Clay Bibb, farmer, b. Jan. 23, 1897 in Missouri. Son of Robert Shirley and Clara (Rank) Bibb. Bro. of Irvin, Harry, Marnie, Mary, Helen, Olive; d. July 10, 1950 in Fresno. (After Gladys died, Bernie m. (2) in 1943, Ruth Johnson.)
   1. Bernie Morris Bibb, "Junior," 5150 Vine St., Fresno. Line Assigner for the Telephone Co.; m. Feb. 7, 1948 at Reno, Betty J. Pippig (Ger., Irish, Dutch, Eng.), b. June 27, 1926; dau. of Andrew C. Pippig (son of

Charles and Elizabeth (Gass) Pippig), and Norma (Dehl) Pippig, who was dau. of Sylvester and Isabel Dehl.
1. Bernie Morris Bibb, Jr., b. July 10, 1949 at Fresno.
2. Leroy Andrew Bibb, b. Aug. 7, 1950 at Fresno.
3. Gail Elaine Bibb, b. Feb. 10, 1952 at Fresno.

3. George William Myers, "Georgie," Restaurant-worker. b. June 21, 1902 at Malaga d. Sept. 16, 1955 in Oakland, bur. in Washington cemetery at Fresno. m. Gladys ——.

m. (2) Mary Susie Lucas, b. at Bowling Green, Ky. June 23, 1880; d. Nov. 5, 1958 at Visalia. Left 11 gr. chn, 13 gr. gr. chn. Had by first husband (—— Lucas), James R., Osa, and Bessie.

4. Seymour Oscar Myers, "Sim," Landscape Gardener. b. Feb. 15, 1909 m. Erna Petersen, b. Aug. 27, 1906, dau. of Nels Petersen (d. c. 1942) and Andrea (Smith) Petersen (b. Oct. 9, 1872). Sister of Edna, Roy, Walter and Harry Petersen.

5. Shirley Ann Myers, 639 E. Edison St. Visalia b. July 29, 1924; m. Robert Montgomery, son of Norman Montgomery
1. Jeanne Sue Montgomery, 1015 E. Kaweah St., Visalia. b. Jan. 26, 1942, at Visalia; m. at Visalia, Aug. 5, 1961 Bobbie Harold McCowan, son of Robert Lee and Ethel Esther (Warren) McCowan, bro. of Ernest Lee, Gene Edward, Shirley (McCowan) Conway and Kathleen.
1. Steven Shay McCowan, b. Oct. 26, 1962, Keweah Delta Dist. Hosp. at Visalia.
2. Michael Cris McCowan, b. Feb. 25, 1964 Keweah Delta Dist. Hosp.

2. Norma Montgomery, b. Sept. 20, 1943 at Visalia.

FAMILY OF FLORA ETHEL MYERS

112917L

Flora Ethel Myers, 3335 Madison St., Fresno. School-teacher. b. Nov. 30, 1874 in Pleasant Valley, Ill., m. Feb. 3, 1903, at Malaga, at the Home-Place Eugene Patrick Washer, Farmer, carpenter, mountaineer; b. Feb. 3, 1876, at Bowling Green, Ky. Son of George Patrick Washer and Ellen (Hancock) Washer. They had a reception on their Golden Anniversary, Feb. 3, 1953.

1. Ethel Eugenia Washer, b. Dec. 3, 1903 at the Home Place, Malaga m. Jan. 14, 1923 Martin Lafayette Churchill, Water-well digger, grain-elevator operator at Cantua Creek. Son of Charles Henry and Hester Emma (Pennell) Churchill.
1. Eugene Henry Churchill, "Sonny," Cat-skinner, tractor-driver, dry-ice plant operator, many other things. Roamer. b. Jan. 13, 1924 at Tehachapi m. Autumn Elizabeth Reid, b. Nov. 10, 1927, dau. of Glen Fausett and Autumn Elizabeth (Arnold) Reid.
1. Autumn Elizabeth Churchill, "Peaches," b. Dec. 29, 1949.
2. Clifford Churchill, b. July 30, 1951.
3. Nina Marie Churchill, b. Jan. 19, 1956.
4. Teresa Ann Churchill, b. Oct. 30, 1957.
5. Eugene Patrick Churchill, "Pat," b. Sept. 17, 1959.
6. Mary Lou Churchill, b. July 1961.
7. Martin Glenn Churchill, b. May 28, 1963.
8. Paulette.

2. Richard Ellsworth Churchill, Forest Ranger Service. District ranger at Springdale, b. June 4, 1926, m. Sheila Anne Coleman. Is now, 1967, Timber Sales Manager for U.S. Forest Service.
1. Debra Ann Churchill, b. Feb. 10, 1954.
2. Denise Lynne Churchill, b. Apr. 28, 1956.
3. Dorothy Jean Churchill, b. Oct. 24, 1961.

3. Bobby Churchill, Twin, b. and d. Dec. 31, 1928.

4. Barbara Churchill, Twin, b. Dec. 31, 1928, lived a few weeks.

5. Peggy Jane Churchill, b. Jan. 29, 1930, m. Mar. 20, 1959 John Conley, 16751 E. Cragmont, Covina. Insurance and Police work.
1. Michele Joan Conley, b. Apr. 27, 1962.
2. Joan Michele.
3. Sean Fitzpatrick.

6. Viola Mary Churchill, b. Nov. 20, 1931, m. Cecil Howard Div.
1. Janette Elaine Howard, b. Oct. 21, 1950.

m. (2) Jerold R. Miller, "Jerry," Machine Shop Superintendent, 701 S. Chestnut, Cortez, Colo.
2. Robert Matthew Miller, b. Aug. 11, 1954.
3. Jeffory Miller, b. Oct. 25, 1955.
4. Edward Martin Miller, "Eddie," b. Apr. 22, 1957.
5. Carolyn Gail Miller, b. Apr. 7, 1961.
6. Marvin Thomas Miller, b. Apr. 24, 1962.

7. Dorothy Lee Churchill, b. Apr. 14, 1935, m. Feb. 8, 1953, Rudy Collins, b. Sept. 24, 1929, son of Joseph Steve Collins and Genoveva Gastelum.
1. Steven Kelly Collins, b. May 25, 1953.
2. Paul Dana Collins, b. Aug. 30, 1954.
3. Michael Anthony Collins, b. Dec. 5, 1955.
4. Patricia Ann Collins, "Patty," b. Dec. 4. 1956.
5. Amy Elizabeth Collins, b. Feb. 22, 1961.
6. Christopher Allen Collins, b. July 6, 1963, d. Aug. 1963.
7. Kathleen Casey Collins, b. March 19, 1967, on Palm Sunday.

8. Marjory Ann Churchill, b. Mar. 12, 1938, m. (1) Dec. 8, 1957 Richard Matthew Peste. Div.
1. Kimberly Ann Peste, b. June 2, 1958.
2. Tamara Marie Peste, b. June 2, 1960.
3. Mori Rhea, b. Mar. 3, 1963.

m. (2) Harold Lee Van Zant, b. Nov. 21, 1929, son of Odie and Inez Van Zant, of Tranquillity.

2. Miriam Eunice Washer, "Sister," Employee of Post Office in San Francisco for many years. Violinist, b. Nov. 11, 1904, d. Feb. 12, 1952, m. June 29, 1925 Witte Bunn. b. in Russell, Ark. Son of Alva Ambrose Bunn and Daisy Harris Bunn Div. Equipment Engineer in a hospital. He remarried to Violet Coe.
1. Douglas Ivan Bunn, Construction Equipment operator. 17452 Pinedale Ave., Fontana, b. Oct. 17, 1930, m. May 12, 1951 Billie Louise Biltman. Both teach in Sunday School in Church of Christ Church.
1. Valla Marie Bunn, b. Mar. 6, 1952.
2. Shawn Patrick Bunn, b. June 20, 1953.
3. Kevin Allan Bunn, b. Jan. 24, 1955.
4. Lawrence Michael Bunn, "Larry," b. Apr. 13, 1957.
5. Holly Norine Bunn, b. July 27, 1958.

m. (2) Edward V. Gardner. In the Army; d. late in 1952.

3. Donald Charles Washer, "Don," Crop Manager of Vista Delano Ranch, Cantua Creek, (1962) b. Mar. 2, 1907, m. Sept. 14, 1929 Jessie Gertrude Smith, dau. of Arthur B. Smith and Della May (Williams) Smith.
1. Virginia Irene Washer, "Ginny," b. Apr. 8, 1930, m. Harvey Pontius, Manager and owner of a store at Cantua Creek, and one at Half-way. Brother of Bill Pontius.
1. David Lynn Pontius, "Davey," b. June 14, 1949.
2. Carolyn Audrey Pontius, b. Dec. 15, 1954.
3. William Alan Pontius, "Billie," b. Nov. 1, 1956.

2. Donald Lee Washer, "Donnie," Fresno, Fireman, 3031 W. Nielson Ave., b. May 28, 1931, m. Jan. 1, 1951 at Fresno, Catherine Milligan, b. Oct. 15, 1933, dau. of Wesley and Ruby (Henry) Milligan.
    1. Marlene Denise Washer, b. Aug. 12, 1952.
    2. Norma Elaine Washer, b. Aug. 9, 1955.
    3. Vicki Kathleen Washer, b. Nov. 5, 1956.
4. Chester Arthur Washer, "Chet," and "Jack," Real-Estate man, Store for Coins & Stamps. 3260 Rolland Drive, Santa Cruz, b. Feb. 10, 1909, m. (1) at Inglewood, Sept. 2, 1930 Nina Story, b. Mar. 12, 1912, dau. of Walter and Cecilia (Jacobsen) Story. d. Oct. 25, 1959.
    1. Sharon Anne Washer, b. Apr. 14, 1933, m. (1) 1953 Clyde Edgar Beatty. In the Navy. Div.
        1. Mark Beatty, "Story," b. July 5, 1953.
    m. (2) 1956 James Joseph Sampson, "Jim," High-school teacher in Santa Cruz, b. Aug. 29, 1926.
        2. Katherine Cecelia Sampson, b. Nov. 7, 1956.
        3. Christina Jo Sampson, b. Sept 9, 1958.
        4. Anthony Sampson, b. Nov. 2, 1959.
        5. Stephanie Nina Sampson, b. June 7, 1961.
    2. Story Washer, b. May 17, 1935, d. Friday, 8:30 a.m., Nov. 4, 1951, in an auto accident between Cantua and Fresno.
    m. (2) March, 1960, Helen Page Le Taue, granddaughter of Crocker, of Crocker Anglo Bank, by his son. She has a daughter, Margo, attending college in Washington, D.C.
5. Ruth Opal Washer, b. Nov. 11, 1912 at Malaga; m. (1) June, 1935 Ernest H. Langley, cameraman in motion picture theatre.
    1. Suzanne, b. Nov. 2, 1945; m. Jan. 12, 1964 Richard Berryman.
        1. Richard Lance Berryman, b. Aug. 4, 1964.
    m. (2) June, 1950, Andrew Saucier, furniture-store merchant.
6. Edith Elinor Washer, b. July 31, 1916. Lives at Nutmeg Lane, in Walnut Creek; m. Lester S. Reed, field representative and buyer for fruit and vegetable cannery; b. Nov. 10, 1912. Son of Edmond Roscoe and Evelyn Elizabeth (Meil) Reed of Reedly.
    1. Donna Jean Reed, schoolteacher, b. Oct. 28, 1942; m. Dennis J. Myers, resides 5512 Broadway, No. 2, Sacramento, Calif. He is in the service.
        1. Kelleen Michele Myers, b. June 23, 1966 in Sacramento.
    2. Dale Alan Reed, b. Jan. 19, 1945.

FAMILY OF MARTIN CHURCHILL who m. ETHEL EUGENIA WASHER (112917L1)

Martin's father was Charles Henry Churchill, b. in Illinois; d. in 1930 in Tivy Valley; bur. in Centerville. Resided in Fulton Co., Ill., Missouri, and Chino, Calif. Policeman in Lamar, Mo. Horse-trader and farmer. Blue eyes, fine features. Violin player. Distantly related to Winston Churchill of England; m. in 1915 at Carthage, Mo. Hester Emma Pennell, of Indiana. Her sister-in-law Dessie lived at Paramount, Calif.; d. c. 1963. They had:

1. Martin Lafayette Churchill, b. 1899.
2. Lulu May Churchill, m. Walter Chapman.
3. Pansy Churchill, d. at Sanger.
4. Beulah Ellen Churchill.
5. Mary Churchill, piano-player, m. Amos Faulk.

Hester Emma Pennell was raised by her oldest sister, Rose, after the mother died, along with the others.

1. Rose Pennell, m. in Carthage, Mo. —— Smith. Also lived in Oklahoma.
2. Lydia Pennell, m. in Mo.
3. Hester Pennell, m. Charles Henry Churchill, "Hank," had a brother, Lonzo. With their father, they traded horses.
4. Nancy Pennell, m. —— Lincoln, in Carthage or Lamar, Ill.
5. Will Pennell, d. in early 1920's. Lived in La Habra.

FAMILY OF NINA STORY who m. CHESTER WASHER (112917L4)

112917L4

Nina Story, granddaughter of William M. Story and Emily P. Story. They had Walter Story, her father, born Feb. 15, 1880 at Nevada. Railroad machinist. Landlord. A Protestant, an Eagle, a Mason. Industrious, gregarious, loyal; m. Cecelia Jacobsen, b. 1890 at San Francisco; dau. of Peter Jacobsen and Anna (Jensen) Jacobsen. Lived in Tulare before marriage. Generous, loving, clannish. Housewife and property-owner. Belonged to the Episcopal Church.

FAMILY RELATED TO JAMES STORY SAMPSON who m. SHARON ANNE WASHER

112917L41

1. Sharon Anne Washer m. **James Joseph Simpson.** His account: Elizabeth Kepler m. James Hoar. They had Mary Josephine Hoar, b. Jan. 16, 1905, in Cripple Creek, Colo.; m. James Anthony Simpson, b. Dec. 5, 1904 in Hot Springs, Ark., son of Margaret Shanahan and Louis Simpson. They had James Joseph Simpson, b. Aug. 29, 1928, at Lenau, Colo.

FAMILY RELATED TO SAMUEL LESTER REED who m. EDITH ELINOR WASHER

112917L6

Edith Elinor Washer, m. Samuel Lester Reed.

Thomas Law Reed, b. 1847; d. 1911; m. Amantha ——. They had: Edmond Roscoe Reed, b. 1875 in Michigan; d. Oct. 31, 1941 in Reedley; m. Evelyn Elizabeth Meil, dau. of James Polk Meil and Olivia (——) Meil. They had:

1. Bay E. Reed, b. 1898; m. at Reedley 1918 Elsie Bollin.
2. Gladys Elsie Reed, b. 1899; m. 1925 at Reedley Winfred Henry Cornelius.
3. Thomas Laurence Reed, b. 1900; d. 1901.
4. Dorothy Ellen Reed, b. 1904; m. 1923 at Reedley Alfred W. Gillingham.
5. E. Meil Reed, b. 1906; m. at Taft, Winnie ——.
6. T. L. Reed, b. 1907; m. 1935, at Clovis, Gladys Evelyn Francis.
7. Ed Roscoe Reed, b. 1909; m. 1938 at Reedley, Jessie Patterson.
8. Samuel Lester Reed, b. 1912; m. 1940, at San Francisco Edith Elinor Washer.
9. Nina Amantha Reed, b. 1914; m. 1934 at Reedley, George Peter Enos.
10. Vivian Reed, b. 1916; m. 1938 at Reedley John Petinak.

Edith wrote: Edmond Roscoe Reed was a director of Alta Irrigation Board, 1905-1941. Director Kings River Water Association. Very active in athletics in Reedley High School, helping many boys before they had a coach. Helped in many civic projects.

Evelyn Elizabeth (Meil) Reed helped establish the First Baptist Church in Reedley. She was a wonderful mother to a large family of children.

ANCESTRY OF EUGENE PATRICK WASHER

by Flora (Myers) Washer

On his father's side—

Jacob Washer m. Rachel Clark.
George Washer m. Rachel Ellen Hancock, 1858-59.
Eugene Patrick Washer m. Flora E. Myers, 1903.

Mother's side—
Charles Hancock m. Nellie Chambers.
Isaiah Hancock m. Mary Howell.
Rebecca Ellen Hancock m. George Patrick Washer.
Eugene P. Washer m. Flora E. Myers.
John Satterfield m. Mary Osborne.
Rebecca Satterfield m. Thomas Howell.
Mary Howell m. Isaiah Hancock.
Rebecca E. Hancock m. G. P. Washer.
Eugene P. Washer m. Flora E. Myers.

Washer or Wesscher

Jacob Washer m. Rachel Clark.
Henry Washer m. Polly ——.
Lizzie Washer m. Charles York.
Jacob and Henry came from Holland.

Jacob Washer m. Rachel Clark.

1. Emily m. Geo. Pedigo.
2. Kitty Ann m. James Pedigo. They were twins. Had Ray and Doty.
3. William m. Sally Dick.
4. George Patrick m. Rebecca Ellen Hancock.
5. Mary m. Johnathan Osborn.

Emily m. Geo. Pedigo.

Mary Jane m. John Broady.
William m. Lottie Parker.
George m. Ella Potter.
Henry m. Mary Stater.
Jeff m. Lassie Meador.
Jessie, d.
Martha Ann m. Edward Pedigo.
Rhoda m. Elijah Moulder.
Cettie m. John Pedigo.

George Patrick Washer, b. July 5, 1832; d. June 17, 1913; m. 1858 or 59 Rebecca Ellen Hancock b. Feb. 8, 1841; d. May 14, 1895. Their children:

1. Mary d., three weeks old.
2. Thomas d., 8 yrs. old, Feb. 6, 1864.
3. Charley b. July 26, 1870; d. age 31 of accidental gunshot.
4. Tillie b. Nov. 13, 1866; m. Feb. 3, 1886 to Bee Sturtevant. Had Chester. Tillie, d. when her baby was born.
5. Ada b. Apr. 23, 1872; d.; m. John Brunson, farmer,
   1. Elmore, b. Sept. 11, 1911; m. Helen Lawrence Dec. 3, 1936, Douglas.
   2. Uldine, b. Nov. 14, 1913; m. Wyatt Moulder. Had James Stephen.
6. Lutie, b. Dec. 13, 1868; d. of measles when teaching school.
7. Jacob, "Jake," b. Feb. 6, 1874; d. 1962; m. Amy Lawrence, an English theatre woman.
8. Eugene Patrick, b. Feb. 3, 1876; m. Flora E. Washer, Feb. 3, 1903. (See Family of Flora Myers Washer.)
9. Ida, b. Nov. 1877.
10. Pernie George, b. July 5, 1879. (Julia m. John Steiger.) Children of Julia and John Steiger.
    1. Catherine Mary.
    2. Robert.
    3. Donald) twins
    4. Constance)
    5. Glancy
    6. Patricia
11. Marie Ethel, m. Oliver Dalbotten. (Had Theodore Eric, b. Aug. 13, 1922.)
12. Henry, b. Mar. 22, 1884; d. 1961.

FAMILY OF EUGENE PATRICK WASHER

by Eugene Patrick Washer

On my mother's side John Satterfield m. Mary Osborne. Their daughter, Rebecca Satterfield m. Thomas Howell. Their dau. Mary Howell m. Isaiah Hancock. They had 5 children.

1. Jane m. George Cadmor. 3 children.
2. Ann m. —— ——. 3 girls and Billy Cassidy.
3. Rebecca Ellen m. George Patrick Washer, see Family of.
5. Nancy m. Jimmie Gorman. They had 3 children.
   1. Webb. m. May Taylor, had 3 girls, 1 boy.
   2. Susie m. (1) —— Lucas. They had
      1. Bessie, who m. Bob Hoover.
      2. Orie (2 children).
      3. Raymond, m. twice; d.
      4. Henrietta, d., 4 yrs.

   m. (2) George Myers. They had Shirley Ann.
   3. Letty m. Roy Hudlow. They had Herbert and Elizabeth.

On my father's side, Jacob Washer m. Rachel Clark. They had 5 children.

1. Girl m. John Will Owens.
2. William Washer (German & Irish), m. —— —— (Irish).
   1. William, dentist, vineyardist.
   2. Luther.
   3. George.
   4. Ellen m. Burrel Tabor. They had Burrel, Fred, Mamie and Myrtle.
   5. Laura Washer m. Jim Phillips.
   6. Jonathan Washer, school teacher, Socialist.
3. Girl, m. —— Pedigo. They had Tommy and 2 girls. Lived in Virginia.
4. Girl, m. —— Kirkendall.
5. George Patrick Washer m. Rebecca Ellen Hancock, 1958 or 59. (See Family of, by Flora (Myers) Washer.)

Note by Gene:

Mose Howell was my mother's uncle, my great-uncle, a big husky guy. A sea captain.

My grandmother Rachel was a caution—smoked a corncob pipe. Boy! If we didn't do just right, she worked us over. She did a lot for us, liked us. Had black hair and black, shiny eyes. Snappy.

Aunt Jane Corner, my mother's sister, had a husband, George Corner, nicest fellow you'd ever met. He was good to his children. Gave $5,000 to each of his five children, three girls, two boys, when they came twenty-one. They got along fine. Divided everything equal.

FAMILY OF RICHARD BERRYMAN who m. SUZANNE LANGLEY (112917L51)

by Richard's Aunt Louise

Richard was son of John Richard and Ruby Mae (Gossett) Berryman. Ruby was dau. of Morrell and Maudie (Strock) Gossett. R. J. was son of Richard and Novella (——) Berryman.

Morrell was son of John and (——) Snyder, who was dau. of Judge Snyder of Springfield, Missouri. The Snyder family was wealthy, but the town was entirely burned out, all records were lost, and the estate was never settled.

Sept. 12, 1966

Dear Violet:

. . . The picture was very nice. Mother will be taking it over to show Grandma Tue. night.

Aunt Louise (Gossett) Wiyciechowski gave you the info. (Rich's mother's sister.) The man standing next to Rich is her husband Edward. They have one son, Dan. Rich's grandparents have 4 children, Ruby, Louise, Marie and Raymond. All living, with children.

Rich is called Dale by all his family; nicknamed by Aunt Louise when an infant.

Love,
Richard, Suzanne
and Lance

End of Flora Chapter

FAMILY OF ALBERTUS THEODORE MYERS

112917M

Albertus Theodore Myers, "Bert," rancher Colporteur. Deacon and Elder in Seventh Day Adventist Church. Landlord, b. Nov. 17, 1878 in Pleasant Valley, Ill.; d. Jan. 31, 1951 at Santa Cruz; m. July 4, 1899 at Malaga, Rosa Lee Graham, dau. of William and Mary (——) Graham; b. Apr. 15, 1884; d. at Santa Cruz March 4, 1956. Golden Anniversary celebrated at Santa Cruz 1949.

1. Wardie Lee Myers, b. Sept. 18, 1900; d. Dec. 26, 1905. Run over by train near home place, Malaga.
2. Ruby Theodora Myers, b. Sept. 7, 1903; d. Aug. 3, 1938 at Modesto; m. at Fresno Feb. 14, 1921 David McClelland "Dave," b. Dec. 18, ——. Son of Robert and Naomi —— McClelland. (After her death he remarried.)
    1. Elwin David McClelland, b. Apr. 13, 1924, at Fresno; m. at Modesto, Feb. 2, 1943 Thelma Jenkins, b. Nov. 2, 1924.
        1. Diane Louise McClelland, b. Aug. 12, 1948.
        2. David Lawrence McClelland, b. Sept. 13, 1950.
3. Jesse Albert Myers, b. Aug. 27, 1906; m. (1) Feb. 14, 1929 Eva Capps. Div.

m. (2) Elvira Ferria, "Vira," b. Oct. 13, 1927 at Turlock. She had Pauline Ferria by a previous marriage. Rt. 2, Box 395, Ontario, Oregon.

4. Nellie Esther Myers, b. July 27, 1908 at Fresno; m. at Battleground, Wash. Dec. 22, 1927 Gilbert Sproule, dairy farmer. Rt. 2, Box 398, Ontario, Oregon; b. Aug. 30, 1910 at Battleground. Son of George A. and Eliza Ellen (Hartford) Sproule.
    1. Gilbert Jess Sproul, railroad inspector; b. Nov. 20, 1928 at Battleground; m. at Sunnyside, Wash. Elsada Miller, b. July 22, 1928, dau. of Earl and June (Rise) Miller. Sister of John Rice.
        1. Sharon Rose Sproul, b. July 2, 1947 at Ontario, Oregon.
        2. Leroy Jess Sproul, b. Sept. 17, 1951, at Spokane, Wash.
        3. Gail Annette Sproul, b. Mar. 22, 1954, at Spokane.
        4. Eddie Jerome Sproul, b. May 15, 1956, at Davenport, Wash.
    2. Barbara Jane Sproul, b. Oct. 14, 1931 at Battleground, Wash.; m. June 9, 1949 at Ontario, Merle Goode, b. Mar. 17, 1928 at White River, S.D. Son of Grover and Edith (Carson) Goode. Bro. of Edith and Elton.
        1. Linda Jane Goode, b. June 3, 1950 at Ontario, Oregon.
        2. Gary Merle Goode (twin), b. Mar. 15, 1951 at Ontario.
        3. Cherry Elaine Goode (twin), b. Mar. 15, 1951 at Ontario.
        4. Wade Raymond Goode, b. Nov. 21, 1952 at Ontario.
3. Robert Lee Sproul (112917M33), b. at Battleground, Washington, Dec. 16, 1933; d. June 13, 1968 in Vietnam War; m. Feb. 25, 1955, Audrey Edmunds, b. Apr. 22, 1933 in St. Catherine's, Ontario. Dau. of Herbert and Doris May (Freeman) Marshall. Bro. of Henry Thomas Fernay of Wigham, Lancashire, Eng.
        1. James Frederick Sproul, "Jim," b. Oct. 17, 1952. Child of Audrey by previous marriage. Legally adopted by Robert.
        2. Robert Marshall Sproul, "Bob," b. Dec. 14, 1955.
        3. Randall Lee Sproul, "Randy," b. July 9, 1957.
        4. Jeffery Dale Sproul, "Jeff," b. Apr. 7, 1960.
        5. David Jon Sproul, b. Apr. 7, 1961.
        6. Nancy Doris Sproul, b. June 3, 1964.
4. Rose Ellen Sproul, "Rosey," b. Jan. 24, 1936 at Battleground; m. Nov. 29, 1953 at Plymouth, Idaho, Frank Wessler, b. Mar. 16, 1920. Son of Louis and Anna (Kowalski) Wessler. Anna was sister of Victor Kowalski.
        1. Nicolette Ann Wessler (twin), b. Dec. 30, 1954 at Woodland, Calif.
        2. Robinette Jo Wessler (twin), b. Dec. 30, 1954, at Woodland, Calif.
        3. Carlene Michelle Wessler, b. June 4, 1957 at Sacramento.

        Note: Gilbert and Nellie adopted new-born babies:
        1. Susan Esther Sproul, b. June 2, 1946 at Ontario.
        2. Judy Gay Sproul, b. July 21, 1948 at Tacoma, Wash.
5. Ruth Mildred Myers, 318 Elm St., Santa Cruz, b. Nov. 29, 1910; m. June 28, 1928 Kenneth Casper, lumberman, b. June 25, 1907. Son of William Casper.
        1. William Merle Casper, b. July 14, 1931 at Vancouver, Wash.; m. at Coquille, Oregon, June 17, 1957 Barbara Jean Thompson, b. Aug. 6, 1930.
            1. Michael William Casper, "Mickey," b. Nov. 9, 1955 at Denver, Colorado.
            2. Steven Merle Casper, "Stevie," b. Jan. 11, 1958 at Myrtle Point, Oregon.
        2. Mable Rose Casper, b. Dec. 17, 1936 at Battleground, Wash.; m. at Compton Dec. 23, 1958 Dwayne Lee Roy Baughman. Son of Lee Roy Baughman. Law school at Salem Oregon 1962.
            1. Cheryle Lynn Baughman, b. Nov. 17, 1959 at Walla Walla, Wash.
            2. Michell Rose Baughman, b. Jan. 23, 1962 at Salem, Oregon.
            3. Lori Baughman, b. Jan. 23, 1965.
6. Lee Roy Delbert Myers, b. Oct. 28, 1918, at Madera. Owner of three transport trucks; m. at Modesto, July 21, 1940 Violet Marie Squier, b. Feb. 14, 1922 at San Fernando.
        1. Stephen Delbert Myers, b. Mar. 25, 1946, at Modesto.
        2. William Jon Myers, b. June 4, 1948, at Santa Cruz.
        3. Marilyn Myers, b. Feb. 1, 1954, at Spokane, Wash.

End of Family of Bert

FAMILY OF BERTHA SERENA MYERS

112917N

Bertha Serena Myers, b. Apr. 4, 1881, d. Jan. 31, 1929; m. Levi Gilmore Childers, "Gil," b. May 23, 1879 at Malaga, d. Sept. 1943. Son of Oliver and Louise Lee Childers.

1. Alta Beth Childers, b. Jan. 21, 1900; m. June 16, 1917 James Tillman Bratton, "Tillie," b. Feb. 25, 1896 in Tennessee. Son of Robert Washington and Martha (Manley) Bratton. Bro. of Blanche, several other brothers and sisters who d. Half-brother of Lucy.
    1. James Wilmer Bratton, "Bill," Master Sergt. Army Reserve. Deputy Sheriff, Hospital Attendant, b. Nov. 20, 1918 at Fresno; m. (1) Helen Curtis, b. 1919 dau. of Stephen Hiram Curtis, b. in Michigan, and Mary Jackson Curtis, sister of Emery, Evalyn, Leonard, Barbara, Jane, Myrtle, and Doris.
        1. Jackson Lee Bratton, "Jackie," b. Aug. 28, 1941 at Fresno. (1962) in U.S. Army. S.P. & chemical warfare; m. Aug. 10, 1963 Patricia Aranjo.
            1. Douglas Eric, b. Mar. 20, 1965.
            2. Alexandra Beth, b. Apr. 15, 1968.
        2. Geraldine Kay Bratton, "Gerry," b. June 4, 1943 at Fresno; m. Sept. 1, 1962 at Fresno, Edward William Chatfield.
            1. Jeffrey Allen, b. Oct. 1964.
            2. Thomas Dale, b. Feb. 28, 1965.

    m. (2) Ruby Swartoret. Div.

    m. (3) Bernice ———. Div.

    m. (4) Luella Esther Higginbotham, "Lue," b. July 3, 1910 at Fort Morgan, Colorado. Dau. of John Pinneo (French Civil War veteran) and Bertha (Ames) Pinneo, dau. of a Cherokee princess. Sister of Lyle, John, and Lawrence. Adopted when 3 wks. old by Charles and Lena Thomas. Youngest member of the G.A.R. 3 brothers received land grants for Indians from the Govt. Mother of Gerald N. and Eugene K. Higginbotham.
    2. Edith Loraine Bratton, Lvs. at Fairfield, b. Aug. 13, 1921 at Fresno; m. Robert Schmidt, greenskeeper, b. Aug. 13, 1921 at Fresno. Son of William Schmidt, "Bill," of German-Russian parents in Russia and Louise Schmidt. Bro. of Alvera, Louise, Bill, Henry, Gilbert, Norma, the twins and 2 others.
        1. Carol Louise Schmidt, b. Jan. 19, 1942 at Fresno; m. Leland Eldon Broyles Sept. 17, 1960.
            1. Jenny Lynn Broyles, b. June 5, 1962.
            2. Aron Wayne Broyles, b. Feb. 10, 1964.
            3. Amy Louise Broyles, b. Sept. 23, 1966.
        2. Dennis Schmidt, b. July 2, 1943; m. 1965, Carol Brogan.
            1. Sandra Lyn Schmidt, b. Mar. 20, 1966.
            2. Karen Marie Schmidt, b. July 2, 1967.
        3. Patricia Ann Schmidt, "Patty," b. Dec. 13, 1943 at Fresno; m. Mar. 20, 1960 Waldo Wringler.
        4. Penny Joe Schmidt, b. Jan. 21, 1951 at Fresno; m. 1966 Earl Barr.
    3. Philmore Bratton, "Phil," b. Jan. 27, 1923; d. July 12, 1943. Lieutenant, killed in action in Tunisia in World War II. Awarded Purple Heart. Member of U.S. Army Air Corps.
2. Edna Alma Childers, b. Mar. 8, 1901; m. Louis Paschke, at Big Creek, July 11, 1927. Sep.
3. Florabelle Bertha Childers, 249 W. Hampton St., Fresno; b. Mar. 10, 1903; m. (1) Dewey Clouse, b. 1899; d. 1950.
    1. Albert Clouse, b. Oct. 1920; d. Thanksgiving Day, 1920.

m. (2) at Merced, 1924, Charles Francis Tavener, "Frank," b. July 26, 1890 in Columbus, Ohio, son of Charles and Anna May (Stewart) Tavener, who came from Dumbarton, Scotland; d. May 29, 1929; bur. in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Glendale.

2. Isabelle Emmaline Tavener, twin. Works at Yosemite; b. Feb. 14, 1924 at Auberry.
3. Annabelle Frances Tavener, "Anne," Registered nurse, twin, b. Feb. 14, 1924 at Auberry; m. (1) in Monterey Co., Calif., Mar. 2, 1948 Preston Pires, b. June 2, 1924; d. June 3, 1953 at Fresno. Bur. Belmont Memorial Cemetery. Son of Carl Manuel Pires and Elsie (Petersen) Pires.
    1. James Preston Pires, b. Oct. 5, 1949 at Fresno.
    2. Daniel Carl Pires, b. Mar. 29, 1951 at Fresno.

m. (2) Dec. 10, 1954 Jack Knutsen, real-estate salesman, b. in Ohio, Apr. 14, 1921. Son of Herman Peter and Cornelia (Biddulph) Knutsen.

3. Kris Jon Knutsen, b. Dec. 15, 1959 at Fowler.

4. Audrey Cecilia Tavener, b. June 8, 1928 at Clovis; m. Clinton Guyer, 4753 Begravia, Bakersfield (1962).
    1. Linda Susan Guyer, b. Mar. 20, 1943.
    2. Clark Tavener Guyer, b. Apr. 8, 1945.

4. Theodore Gilmore Childers, "Teddy," b. Nov. 14, 1904; d. Oct. 19, 1908.
5. Oliver Marion Childers, b. Aug. 27, 1906; d. June 7, 1908.
6. Walter Allan Childers, b. Apr. 15, 1908; d. Nov. 25, 1908.
7. Melissa Jane Childers, b. Sept. 22, 1909; d. Aug. 1, 1926 by heart attack and drowning in San Joaquin River.
8. Ellen Louise Childers, b. Dec. 27, 1912 at Auberry; m. at Big Creek, July 11, 1927 Robert Eugene Newton, "Bob," store-keeper and owner at Alder Springs. Son of Edward and Lucy (Combs) Newton. Bro. of Booker, Clarence, Glen, William and Arlene. Clarence m. Birdie, sister of Ellen.
    1. Bernadine Ruth Newton, b. June 29, 1928; m. Stanley A. Gruver, b. Mar. 28, 1926. Son of Nick and Ina (Owens) Gruver. Bro. of Shirley.
        1. Cathleen Marie Gruver, b. Mar. 28, 1946.
        2. Mickey Lynn Gruver, b. Feb. 24, 1949; d. Feb. 11, 1957 of leukemia. Bur. Belmont Memorial Cemetery.
        3. Stanley Thomas Gruver, "S. T.," b. Oct. 6, 1951.
    2. Gerald Lee Newton, "Jerry," owner of electrical shop, Fresno; b. June 29, 1930 at Fresno; m. Sept. 12, 1953 at West Roxbury, Mass. Mary Roberta Mandile, b. 1933, Boston, Mass. Dau. of Fred and Roberta Mandile.
        1. Richard Newton, "Dickie," b. Oct. 17, 1954 at Los Angeles.
        2. Jeri Marie Newton, b. Dec. 17, 1955 at L.A.
        3. Laura Ann Newton, "Lori," b. May 13, 1957 at Fresno.
        4. John Edward Newton, "Jackie," b. Sept. 20, 1958, at Fresno.
        5. Michael Newton, b. Jan. 3, 1960 at Fresno.
        6. Edward Newton, b. Nov. 10, 1962 at Fresno.
        7. Alan Newton, b. Mar 1, 1961.
        8. Ronald Ray Newton, "Ronnie," b. May 15, 1964.
    3. Joyce Irene Newton, b. Mar 31, 1933 at Fresno; m. at Fresno, Dec. 4, 1952 John Crowder, b. Sept. 27, 1928 at Woodbine, Iowa. Son of Cashus Roy and Ruth Pearl (Puckett) Crowder.
        1. Stephen Bruce Crowder, "Steve," b. Sept. 10, 1953 at Fresno.
        2. Marion Crowder, "Bobo," b. Oct. 19, 1955.
        3. James Edward Crowder, "Jimmy," b. June 16, 1959.
        4. Julie Ann Crowder, b. Jan. 28, 1961.
        5. Tammie Lue Crowder, b. Dec. 1, 1964.

4. Thomas Wesley Newton, "Tommy," 4052 N. Phillips Ave., Fresno; b. Jan. 31, 1935; m. at Fresno, Gloria Ruthledge, b. Feb. 2, 1939, at Donna, Texas. Dau. of Albert and Enriquita (Rios) Rutledge.
   1. Douglas Wesley Newton, b. Nov. 7, 1960.
   2. Dwayne Craig Newton, b. Apr. 17, 1962.
5. Mary Ellen Newton, b. Oct. 3, 1937 at Auberry; m. Oct. 20, 1957 Donald Howard Donwell, b. Oct. 6, 1936 at Fresno. Son of Stanley S. and Ella E. (Lenlow) Donwell.
   1. Terry Lynn Donwell, b. Aug. 6, 1957.
   2. Robert Lee Donwell, b. Aug. 19, 1959.
   3. Patricia Donwell, b. Sept. 10, 1961.
6. Robert Stephen Newton, "Bobbie," b. Sept. 13, 1947 at Fresno.
7. Daniel Newton, "Danny," b. Aug. 11, 1950 at Fresno.

9. Lydia May Childers, Del Paso Trailer Court, Delano, b. Mar. 12, 1914 at Auberry; m. (1) Sept. 8, 1945 Fred Dustin, "Freddie," b. Dec. 20, 1912 at Hollywood. Son of Harry Dustin. Bro. of Harriet (Dustin) Bell.
   1. Joseph Gilmore Dustin, "Joey," and "Joe," 1350 West Mesa, Fresno. Service station operator and owner; m. at Hanford, Nov. 19, 1955 Verna Mae Phillips, b. Sept. 25, 1938 in Arkansas. Dau. of Vernon C. and Clester (Gadberry) Phillips.
      1. Davene Sherrie Dustin, b. Apr. 2, 1957 at Fresno.
      2. David Anthony Dustin, b. May 14, 1958.
      3. Darlene Ronda Dustin, b. Aug. 26, 1959.
      4. Diana Violet Dustin, b. Feb. 23, 1961.
      5. Daniel Joseph Gilmore Dustin, b. May 21, 1966.

m. (2) Alexander Seifert, "Alex" or "Alec," b. Aug. 5, 1908. Son of Alexander and Marie (Enrich) Seifert. Lydia, Alex, Joey and family belong to Jehovah's Witnesses.

10. Mina Esther Childers, b. Jan. 12, 1916; d. Apr. 9, 1948.
11. Martha June Childers, b. Feb. 20, 1918; d. 2 yrs. old of scarlet fever.
12. Eugene Lee Childers, 9 Edgewood Road, Metuchen, New Jersey. Physician, b. July 3, 1921 at Auberry; m. Jan. 25, 1945 at New Jersey Jacquelyn Martine, "Jackie," b. July 27, 1922 at East Orange, N.J. Dau. of Henry and Rose Miriam (Lopez) Martine.
   1. Eugene Lee Childers, b. July 27, 1951 at Long Island, N.Y.
   2. John Gilmore Childers, b. May 28, 1955.
   3. Roy Alan Childers, b. Mar. 29, 1957.
   4. Anne Gabrielle Childers, b. Sat., Mar. 24, 1962.

112917NM

Bertha Emma Childers, "Birdie," 4985 E. Iowa St., Fresno; b. Nov. 16, 1923 at Auberry; m. in Reno, Nev. Clarence Newton, foreman of a Diesel plant for trucks, b. Aug. 31, 1921 at Fresno, son of Edward and Lucy (Combs) Newton.

1. Clifford James Newton, "Cliff," b. Jan. 28, 1945; m. July 17, 1965 Janice Jorgensen, b. Feb. 26, 1966, dau. of Donald and Mina Jorgensen. Sister of Denton, Russell, Douglas, and Ricky.
   1. Shelly Jean Newton, b. Feb. 26, 1966.
   2. Karen Leigh, b. April 7, 1968.
2. Charles Edward Newton, "Chuck," b. Apr. 17, 1947; m. Jan. 28, 1967, Fresno, Barbara Kay Elkins, dau. of Carl and —— Elkins.
   1. Charles Jr. Lee, b. Feb. 12, 1968.

FAMILY OF VERNA MAE PHILLIPS who m. JOE GILMORE DUSTIN (112917N91)

Supplied by Verna

Verna Mae Phillips was dau. of Vernon Phillips, b. Dec. 15, 1911 in Arkansas, and Clester (Gadberry) Phillips. They had

1. Verna Mae, b. Sept. 25, 1938.
2. Frankie Joy, b. Apr. 30, 1941; m. at Fresno, Oct. 15, 1960, Woody Lyle.
3. John Ray, b. July 8, 1943, in Arkansas.
4. Audrey Fay, b. Dec. 23, 1944, in California.
5. Billy Wayne, b. Feb. 12, 1950, in California.

Verna Mae (Phillips) Dustins' Ancestry

Supplied by Vernon and Clester Phillips

Verna is English, Irish, German, Scotch and some Indian. Clester Gadberry was born in 1919. Her mother was Martha Fluty, b. July 15, 1900. Martha's father was John Daniel Fluty.

Her father was Harley W. Gadberry, b. Dec. 5, 1894. Harley's father was John Daniel Gadberry and he m. Nancy M. ——. He and his mother traveled by covered wagon and ox-cart from Illinois to Missouri, from whence they moved to Arkansas, where he died. Later, his two sons and daughter came to California.

Vernon Phillips' mother was b. Oct. 1888. She was named for all her father's sisters—Martha, Louisa, Elizabeth, Cynthia, Petrania, Nettava, Jane, Sarah Jane. Her father was Abe Moore. Martha died 1967.

Vernon's father was William Phillips, b. 1880; d. 1943, age 83. He was the son of Nathan Phillips who m. Genny McCall.

EUGENE LEE CHILDERS (112917NL)

by Jacquelyn (Martine) Childers

Eugene Lee Childers is a Physician. He was educated in Fresno State College, Upsula College and Jefferson Medical College. In World War II, he was an aviator. Won D.F.C., three air medals. Joined the Roman Catholic Church. Belongs to the Knights of Columbus, the Exchange Club, Middlesex County Medical Society, the American Medical Association, the American Academy of General Practice, the New Jersey State Medical Society.

Jacquelyn (Martine) Childers was educated in Drew University. She is President of St. Peter's Hospital Auxiliary, County Medical Society Auxiliary, Esebargette Club. She is a Medical Technician.

They were married by Father Rought.

FAMILY OF LEVI GILMORE CHILDERS who m. BERTHA MYERS (112917N)

Data Supplied by Alta (Childers) Bratton

Oliver Marion Childers m. Louise Lee. They had:

1. William Childers, restaurant keeper, m. Wife d. before he did.
2. Charles, "Charlie," butcher in Fresno; m. Dora Eva ——.
   1. Lawrence M.
   2. Doris.
3. Almira, "Mira," b. in Kingston, near Auberry; m. F. M. Rutherford. Left 21 grandchildren, 20 grt. grandchildren.
   1. Homer, of Hanford.
   2. Elmer, of Laton.
   3. Warren, of Selma.
   4. Marjorie, m. Calloway.
   5. Celia, m. Claus.
   6. Ara, m. Lowder.
   7. Etta, m. Rohe.
4. Arzella, m. Wellington Root.
   1. Theodore, "Thede," m. Martha Emaline House, "Em," "Mother Em," b. May 22, 1853; d. Apr. 2, 1944; bur. Belmont Memorial Park.

1529 Winding Way
Belmont, California

Dear

We were very interested to find your name among those listed as being collectors of Lee or Kidwell family history.

The first Lee I know of to whom I can prove relationship is George Lee, who was born in Kentucky or Va. on March 31, 1804. (County unknown) He died at Fort Yuma on the Calif. border while on the wagon train to Calif. on July 1, 1857. He married Louvicy Kidwell on Dec., 13th 1826. She was born 31, May, 1809 Kentucky. My recent discovery places it as Madison County. Her family was there in 1810-1800-1820- I believe her father to be Drury and her grandfather Jonathan Sr. They had come up out of North Carolina.

George Lee gave property for church, school, and cemetery at the town which he started, Clarksville, Illinois in Clark County. The 1820 census gave Levi Lee a boy under 10, 2 girls under ten, and his wife and he both 26-44. Next was Stephen with a boy 16-18 who obviously was George, and a boy 16-25 who obviously was Enoch. A woman over 45 was with them, whom I would believe to be their mother. Enoch also had a boy under 10, and a girl between 10-15 (sister or daughter)

All of George's children came to Calif. while all of Enoch, Stephen's and Levi's stay-in Illinois, as far as I now know.

I would appreciate any clues where the Lee s lived in Kentucky. They are supposed to be cousins of Lighthorse Harry and his son Robert E. Lee. If this is a tall tale it was told a very long time ago before Robt. E. became known and before George died in 1857.

George's children- all born Clark County Illinois- all came to California. & Louvicy"s

Daniel Lee	B. 6, Dec., 1827	M. Lucy Ann Wood(she died in Texas on the wagon
Belinda	B. 2?, Jan, 1830	M. 1. L. Walters 2. James Jordan. on train.
Louisa	B. 15, May, 1832	M. Oliver Childers 185?
Eli	B. 14, June, 1834	M. Nancy Elizabeth Wood
Philip	lived four years.	
Susanna	13, Apr, 1838	M. George Wallace
Mary Lee	24, Aug, 1843	blind seamstress in 1860
Twins Edith	12, Jan, 1848	D. 23, Sept., 1852
Enoch	"	M. Eva Ballard- 1877 (who was desc. from s. Houston)
Hulda	B. 22, Mar, 57	B. on wagon train, D. 12, June, 1868

(a census called her Malinia??) She then must be Daniel's daughter- who Louisa Lee saved by nursing her with her own baby.)

Back in Illinois, George and Louvicy had raised the children of Levi and Mary Burriss Clapp. They were supposed to be aunt and Uncle- How I know not! Mary Burriss had a twin brother named Daniel. It is a puzzle because George Lee also had a brother by the name of Levi, and he also named his first son Daniel?? The 1810 census in Madison Co. Ken. shows a Burriss living alongside of the Kidwells. ??

In 1850 Clark County census shows related Lee's and Kidwells.
Lee- Icabod and Cynthia, Andrew & Lydia, c. Ann, William and Henry.
Enoch and Catherine had Lucinda, May, Jane, Sarah, Martha, Eliza, & Amy.

Kidwell Stephen and Elizabeth & c. Izella, Levi, Robert, Sarah, Wesley (they all stayed in Parker County, Texas when they left the wagon train in 1857. Levi Childers and his brother Oliver had been building a bridge down there for Sam Houston (tradition) Oliver joined the train, but Levi stayed in Parker County, Texas.
Wm. & Rebecca & c. Newton, Erastus, Andrew and mother Hannah Kunco from S. C.
James & Rachael & c. Rebecca, James, & Nancy.
Levi & Sabia &c. Angeline.
Amanda (widow of Delaney) c. were Isaac, Eliza, Jane, Albert, Alfred, James, William, Malinia, Elizabeth and Delaney Jr.

North Carolina was evidentally the home of the Kidwells before 1800. Metcalfe was one of the names on the wagon train from there to Ill. The Lees were in Ill almost ten years before the Kidwells. Also, it is a mystery what drew the Richard Childers and Peggy McCauley Childers family over to Illinois unless it was to be with a married daughter.

I hope this will be of some help- please do write and share your Lee s or Kidwell s with us., since I would like to include them all- in my book. I also have all the Calif. descendents whom I did not enumerate.

Thank you-
Irene Childers Gough

1529 Winding Way
Belmont, California, 94002

Dear,

We were happy to find you name among those interested in Childers family History. We are endeavoring to compile information for a family book.

The first Childers I can locate is my 2g grandfather. Where he came from and beyond him I know nothing.

In the 1880 census his daughter Lucy said he was born in Tenn , and Peggy was born S.C. while his son Oliver said he was born in Kentucky and Peggy in N. C. I am trying tp locate 1880 census for the other children to see what they thought.

1. Richard Childers
B. 1810 where?
D About 1852 in Clark Co . Ill.
M. Paoli, Orange Co., Indiana 1828 (I have lic.)
C. Milda Lucy Oliver , Levi, Richard, George, Hiram, Hariete, Katherine
went to Ill Cal. Cal. Texas Ill Kansas Kansas

M. Peggy McCauley
??
D. Must be in Ind last child b. there 1848
c. all born Indiana

2 Oliver Childers
B. 1832, Indiana
D 1902, Sanger, Calif.
M. Marshall Clark Co , Illinois- March 11 1852
Children- George Richard both born in Texas, and William, Sarah, Izella, Charles, Marion, and Gil all born in Calif Melissa Jane, the oldest was born in Ill

M. Louisa Lee dau of George Lee & Louvicy Kidwell
B. 15, May 1832 Clark Co , Ill
D B. Kingsburg, Calif

3. William Harrison Childers
B March 15 1859 at San Bernadino, Cal.
D. May 4 1933
M. 1886
Children- Alfred Lee Roy, and Albert Leland (died 6 mos.)

M. Mary McDowell Hague d of B M. Hague & Eliz Berry
B. Sept. 26, 1866 At Congressman Berry's plantation on Bear River, Cal
D. Nov., 20. 1888 Wildflower, Calif.

He was youngest of family

2nd- M. Fannie Russell Swan
B. Michigan, 1870 D. 1963
C. Olive Childers Kreyenhagen

Alfred Lee Roy Childers
B Jan 23, 1887- Wildflower, Calif.

1- M. Anna Mary Martha Elizabeth Auwater
C. Dollie Brindle & Pearl Keeler

2nd M. Josephine Gasparini
B. Dec 24 1897- Smith Flat, Placer Co
C. Irene, Alma. Alfred Jr , Joseph H

5 Irene Childers
B. Aug 13 1918 Sacramento, Calif.
C Noel Dennis Gough m. Jerianne Jackson, has son Steven aged 4 (what a redheaded doll!)
Kathleen Jo Gough- unmarried at 24

M. Noel Adair Dryden Gough
B. July 1-4, 1910 Berkeley Calif.

This is quite brief, but I can give detailed info on any of these people and many others. I would be pleased to exchange Childers information. As you can see I am stuck back in 1828. The only family I have found to whom Richard might be connected is in Carrollton, Ken. We have eight names in common within a generation. Susah being repeated eight times Levi four or five and others. ????? Any information on Childerses would be appreciated!!!

Please send me your family line, and Please may I use it in the book??

Sincerely yours,
Irene
Irene Childers Gough

2. Lulu, "Lu,' July 7, 1908 in Visalia; m. Wes Qualls, living (1963) at Auberry. Mail at Toll House.
   1. Ora, m. T. Cunningham.
   2. Otis, m. (1) had daughter.
      m. (2) Eva Powers, school-teacher. They had Wes, "Little Wes."
   3. Perry D., m. Ethel Wetherson.
   4. Ida D., m. Leslie Crenson, "Les," d. 1917.

5. George Childers, m. George Ann Bradford, b. June 5, 1897; d. Jan. 26, 1937.
   1. Charles, "Charlie."
   2. Oliver, "Ollie."
   3. William, "Bill," m. Alice Tatum, sister of Tom Tatum; m. into Root family; d. 1949, left 14 grnd children and 6 grt. grandchildren.
      1. George William, b. Jan. 26, 1957; m. Virginia —. Had Eugene, Barbara, Winston.
      2. Henry, m. Virginia ——.
      3. Hazel, m. H. McFarland.
      4. Oscar.
      5. Hallie.
   4. Philip.

6. Cora Childers, m. Harry Taggart. They had Lawrence.

7. Sarah, m. Joe Foster; d. 1926.
   1. Ida, m. —— Ryan.
   2. Hazel.
   3. Clarence, d. 1941.
   4. Robert, d. 1940.

8. Marion, b. Feb. 5, 1873; d. 1952; m. (1) Anna—(2) Martha C. Cravened, d. Mar. 25, 1952.

9. Levi Gilmore, b. May 25, 1873 at Malaga; d. Sept. 1943; m. Bertha Myers.

End of Family of Bertha

COMPUTATIONS

Number of Descendants of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers, as of February 14, 1965

No.	Name	Living	Dead
1.	Epaminondas, "Phil"	—	3
2.	Rebecca Jane, "Becky"	57	11
3.	Euclid Hannibal	—	1
4.	Louisa Edith, "Lou"	5	3
5.	Ida Jane	—	1
6.	Marietta Elsie	54	10
7.	Lydia Belvidere	1	2
8.	Darius Elihu, "Dri"	30	6
9.	Judah	9	3
10.	Gordon Elisha, "Gordy"	57	2
11.	George Elijah	25	2
12.	Flora Ethel	60	5
13.	Albertus Theodore, "Bert"	36	3
14.	Bertha Serena	62	15
		392	67

Living	392
Dead	67
Total	459

Combined Ages of Darius and Melissa Myers and Their Children as of December 1, 1964

	Name	Years	Months	Days
	Darius Myers	81	8	27
	Melissa Myers	89	10	16
1.	Phil	75	4	11
2.	Rebecca	33	5	16
3.	Euclid	2	8	21
4.	Louise	73	5	19
5.	Janie	5	9	14
6.	Elsie	51	8	24
7.	Lydia	62	2	13
8.	Darius	64	3	27
9.	Judah	63	8	27
10.	Gordon	78	9	2
11.	George (Lvg.)	92	2	12
12.	Flora (Lvg.)	90	0	1
13.	Bert	73	2	14
14.	Bertha	48	9	27
		977	92	271

977 yrs. + 92 mos. + 271 days = 985.41 yrs. of living.
985.41 yrs. × 365 days = 368,674.65 days of living.
368,674.65 days × 24 hrs. = 8,848,171.60 hours of living.

ADDED DATA

Marisa Provencher, adopted dau. of Marie Hittle Provencher, b. December 29, 1966.

Dorothy (Hittle) Angell (11291763), reported concerning the children of Gertrude Elmira Platzek (11291767).

1. Bernice m. 4 times, had 1 girl, 1 boy. Lives in Portland, Oregon.
2. Maxine is with a lady doing housekeeping. Lives in Beverton, Oregon.
3. Wilda m. —— Ordaz; 4 living children, 2d. Lives in Wisconsin. Parents are high in government in native land (Philippines?). Husband supervises braceros. Gets $500 a month.
4. Opal. Lives in Santa Barbara.

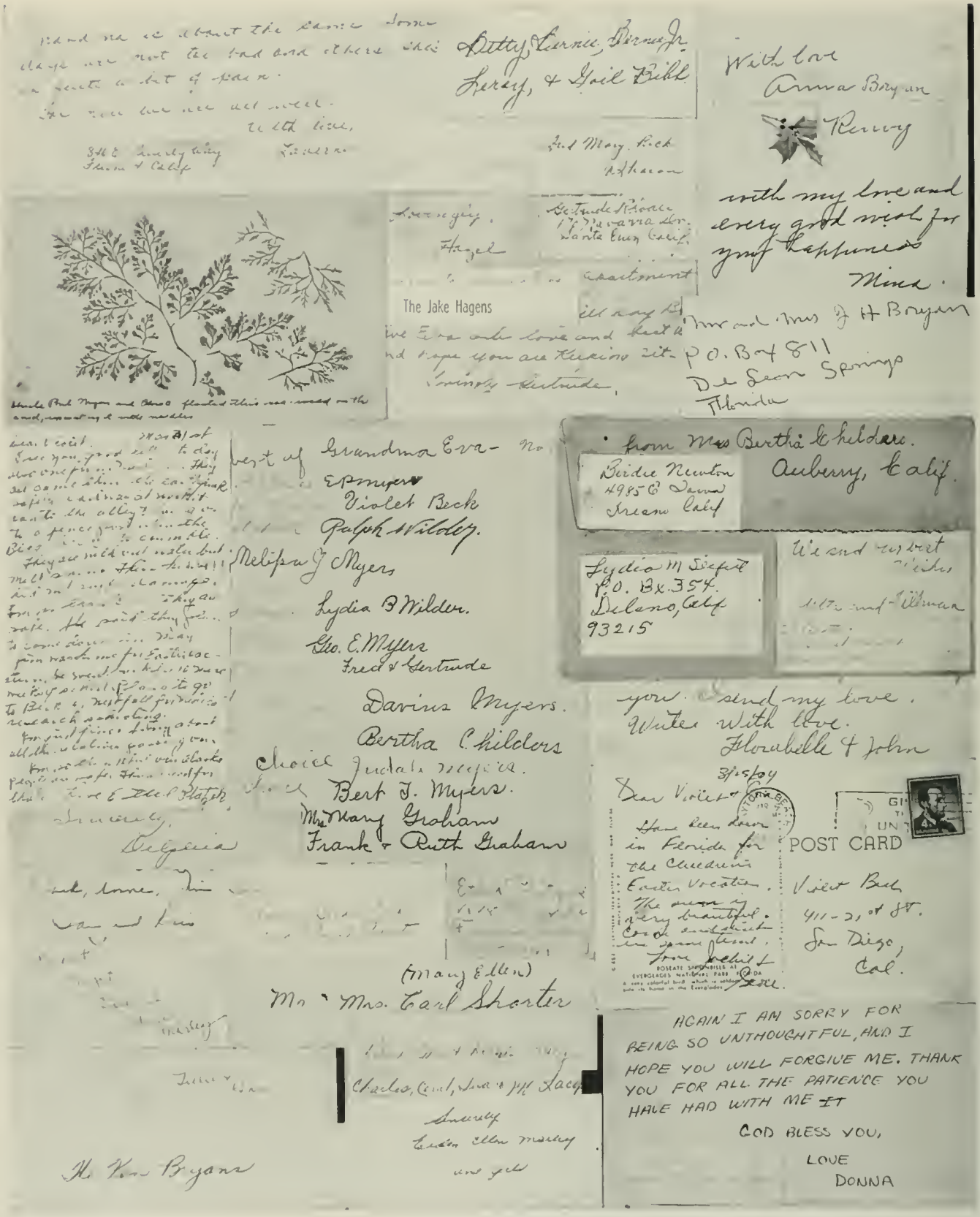
The Plough Man and his Companion.

SIGNATURES

Top Row: Envelope (1895). Letter (1882) from Darius Myers. Letter, Solomon Myers. Envelope (1912). Letter, Glen Myers. Postcard (1909) from Elsie Platzek. Postcard (1909) from Glen, Lenora.

Middle Row: Letter, 1895, from Darius Myers. New Year's Greeting from Aunt Daisy. Postcard, 1929, from Aunt Bertha.

Lower Row: "from your granma" (Louise Annable Appleby). Letter Melissa J. Myers. Letter, 1913, from Lydia. Letter, 1915, from Lydia. Postcard, 1916, from Gladys (Myers).

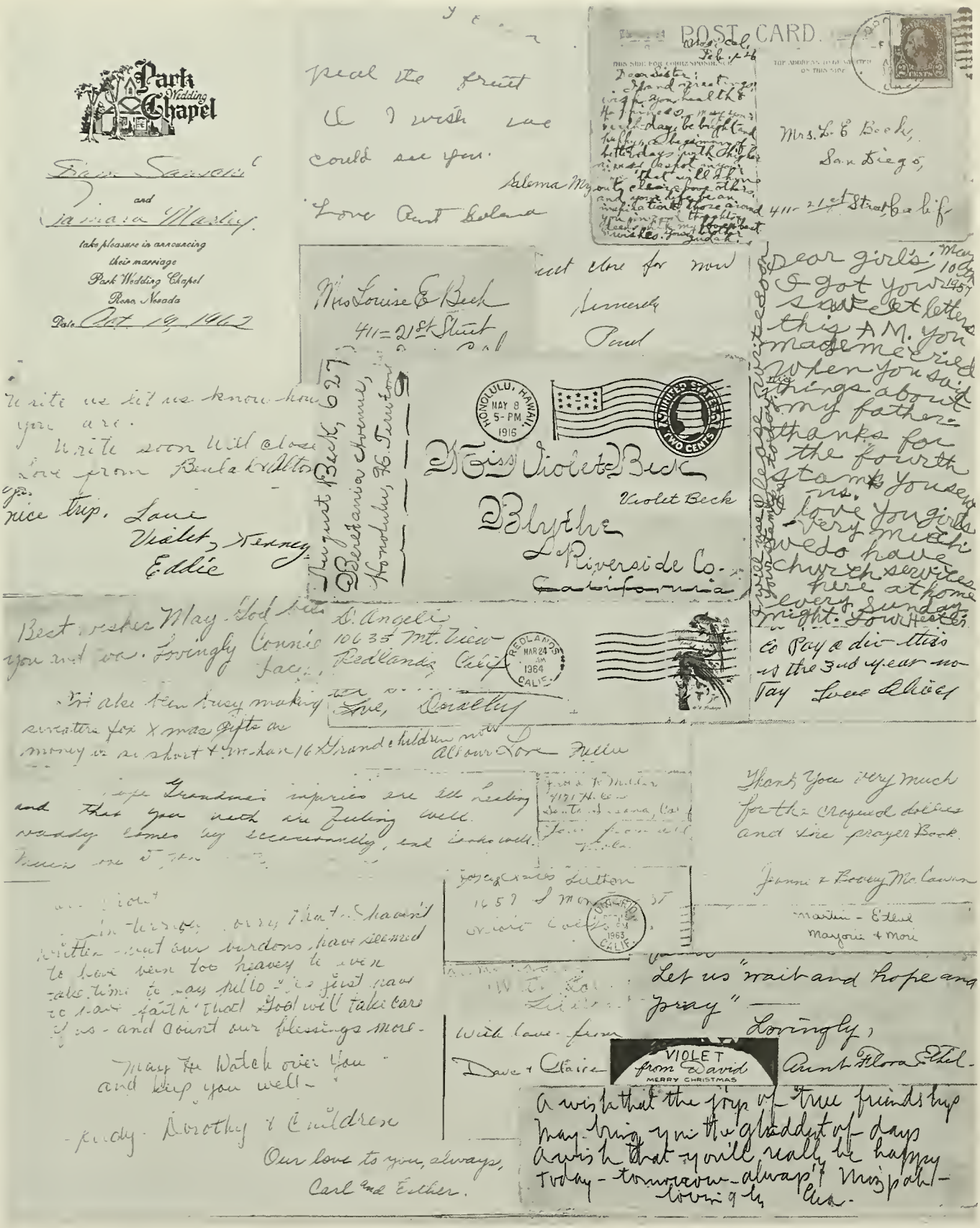


SIGNATURES

Top Row: Laverne, seaweed (Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora), Betty, Winnie, Hazel, Mabel, Mary, Gertrude, Anna, Renvy, Mina, Edyth.

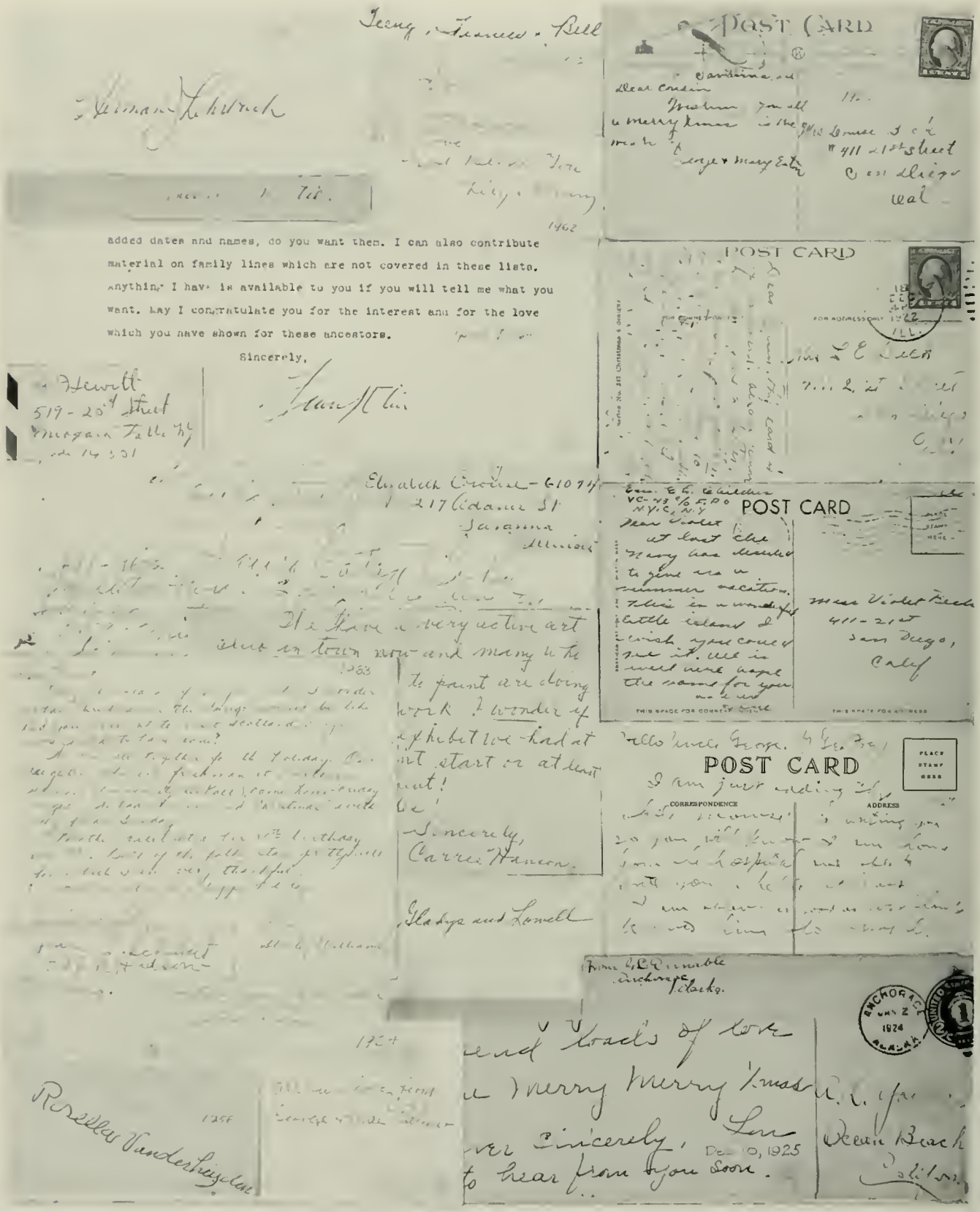
Second Row: Ethel (Oroville) Platzek, Delphia. (List of those ordering Reunion picture): Eva, E. P. Myers, Violet Beck, Ralph, Melissa J. Myers, Lydia B. Wilder, George E. Myers, Fred and Gertrude, Darius Myers, Bertha Childers, Judah Myers, Bert T. Myers, Mrs. Mary Graham, Frank and Ruth Graham. Birdie, Lydia, Bertha, Alta, Tillman, Florabelle, Jackie.

Third Row: Anne, Brent, Tillie, Ken, Birdie, Ethel (Fresno) Platzek, Mary Ellen, Robert, Charles, Elden, Billie, Donna.



SIGNATURES

Top Row: Tamara Sansom, Beulah, Violet (Treadway), Aunt Salema. Louise E. Beck, Paul, August Beck, Judah, Hester.
Middle Row: Connie Lacy, Sharon, Dorothy (Angell), Nellie, Viola, Oliver, Jeanne McCowan.
Lower Row: Dorothy (Collins), Esther, Joyce Sutton, Lillian, Dave (Sutton), Ethel (Churchill), Aunt Flora Ethel, David (Earl), Eva.



SIGNATURES

Top Row: Herman Lehrbach, Clarence King, Franklin (Bowman), Frances (Brehm), Lily and Jimmy Earl, George and Mary Eaton, Viola (Eaton).

Middle Row: Laura Eaton Cohn, Shirley Williams, Carrie Hanson, Gladys and Lowell (Boomer), Eugene (Childers), George Frey.

Lower Row: Pearl (Wright), Rosella Vanderheyden, George and Mae Palmer, Lou (Young), G. C. (George) Annable.

OLDER PHOTOGRAPHS

Top Row: Lawrence Myers. Gladys Myers. Daisy Myers.
Second Row: Stephen, Bessie and Lydia J. Bryan. Melissa Jane Myers. Max Platzek, with Lalie, Johnny and Mamie.
Third Row: Epaminondas Philo Myers. Melissa Myers. Darius Myers. Louise Myers, Charlie Bedford, Florence Bedford, Phil Myers. Flora Ethel Myers.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, NO. 5

First Row: Lydia B. Myers. Louise Edith Beek. Glen Myers.
Second Row: Flora A. Myers. Phil Myers. Flora Myers.
Third Row: Mina Bryan. Flora Ethel Myers, 1897 (graduate of State Normal, San Jose, Calif.). Evalinda Estella Beck.

DARIUS MYERS LETTERS and MEMORIES

Pleasant Valley, August 3, 1878

Mrs. Smith

My wife tells me you wish to see me and I was in hopes I would get time to call. But have been too busy. My wife says you were offended about my not paying Pierce Coontz. My assessing you too much, and my not paying Wm. twenty-five cents.

To the first I will reply I paid Coontz all that was agreed upon, or talked of when he came to hire out. There was not *one word* said about his having over one dollar per day, for I had written to him before he came; that $1 was all I could pay per day, and all he said was that he did not want to work but ten hours for a dollar and that was agreed to, and when he worked over ten hours he charged ten cents per hour and in fact he worked by the hour for in settling he had charged it on his day book, some days but six hours and some 13 hours per day, and I paid him for every hour according to his account for I had not kept account of the hour. He had when he first came to me asked if I was willing to allow him fifty cents per day for Howard Smith and I agreed to do so, ———— and did so and paid him every cent I agreed to.

It is true, when we settled, Coontz claimed $1.50 per day for himself. But I told him if he got it, it would be by a law-suit, or I would stand a law suit upon it before I would pay him any more than was agreed upon . . . You yourself know how contemptable it was, after a fair agreement, for him to try to wring in for 50 cents per day more than was agreed to and in truth I do not think he earned me one-half I paid him and it was like throwing it, into the fire.

Now as regards your taxes the winter I assessed as being out of proportion to others, the receipts will show and as far as I had anything to do with it, I am willing it shall be judged by Him who knoweth all hearts, but why has this thing not been brought up until now . . . Ed Frozell with the equalizing commity of Supervisors raised my assessment 40 cts. on the dollar for this town for that year.

Now as regards my promising Wm. Smith twenty-five cents for putting up more hay than Melissa. . . . I recollect of his helping to put up hay the next summer after we moved on this place that was 7 or 8 years ago he was a large lad some 16 years old I should judge. I recolect of telling him if he would put up twice as much hay as my wife did I would give him 25 cts. above his wages. This he never claimed at the time ———— You yourself know it is not reasonable that I should offer him anything but what was reasonable he should do, for he was able to put up almost double she could.

Darius Myers

NOTE: It may be Grandpa never sent this letter.

DARIUS MYERS

Nora May 31, 1882

From Darius Myers to Louisa E. Myers, Otoe

I have just received your letter of May 30th only one day in coming. In reply to your taking the school, Cummings offers, I do not see how I can know what is for your best good. If you feel over-worked I hardly think it best to teach until after a rest. Our hapiness is of far more importance than any other consideration, and if you think it will be for your best good to come home we will all be glad to see you. . . .

I have had to hew my way through by bodily strength . . . You know after you are rested how uneasy you will be unless you can get into some business. I have always been the most happy when in business.

. . . You know you are not obliged to work out or teach school for a living, what little I have I shall not need but a short time, for my health is poorly this spring, in fact I have been able to do but little since I got hurt last fall.

. . . A person enjoys life better among an intelligent people.

Yours Darius Myers
Malaga, Cal., Oct. 23, 1895

———

Louisa E. Beck, Benicia, Cal.

. . . I will enclose in this a few tracts for your consideration. I am too poorly to write much I am at home but feble, both in body & mind, the rest are about as usual. . . .

Now you will see by reading the tracts my belief about the 3 harvests and the coming of Christ in June next to gather the two wave loaves which will constitute the first fruits of the Church of the first borne.

. . . After about June 5th 1896 and the two waves loaves are harvested, Christ is again to build up the tabernacle of David after which he is to reign upon it as Priest & King. . . . Now Louisa there are two resurrections, 1000 years apart to which of these do you hope to come, both are to be entered through much tribulations.

Darius Myers
Malaga, Cal., Jan. 21, 1896

———

Louisa E. Beck, Benicia, Cal.

I received your letter and also the socks for which except my thanks. I think I now have enough socks to last me the rest of my days. Now as to the matter of a future life. . . . I once was very doubtful and also of the religious experience. . . . I made this a matter of special prayer for days . . . In about 3 weeks the spirit manifested itself to me in such a way that it took all my doubts away from me and filled me with joy and gladness. . . . Now as to passing into death it is no strange thing that you or I should feel anxious about ever coming out of it again. It was something our Lord was greatly anxious about. Why is it strange that we should feel anxious about the resurrection from the dead for if the dead rise not then they who believe in Christ are perished. . . .

Louisa, I sometimes fear I may be found wanting in the day God makes up his people there are so many so much better than I am that in making up the 144,000 of first fruits, can it be you or I will be found without falts in the sight of God? Louisa, it is a great thing to be preferred in the sight of our Creator, made fit for the gift of Eternal life, which is now hid with Christ in God.

from your Father Darius Myers

———

Malaga

Dear Louisa,

— Now as to Eva's being baptized, I think you should examine her, and see if she understands for what she is to be baptized for, and if you think she knows why, I should by all means let her be baptized. As I understand it baptizing is the public confession, and obedience to Christ's requirements, by which we publicly acknowledge him as our savior — our king, at any rate he has taught us to be baptized. (Mark 16-16.)

Louisa, I have never known you to be interested or act as if you cared about a future life, or one beyond this life for which you were anxious to be examined to know if you would be qualified but as life wears away, and you find there is but little real enjoyment in this life you may become more interested in the great beyond, of which none of us know much about except it be reveiled in the Bible and all the consolation we get from that is from our full persuasion that it is a revelation of our Makers will, concerning us and our final outcome and resurrection from the dead and the gift of Eternal life in

the (and for) the Ages to come, which gift we are told is now hid in Christ. (See Col. 3. 3-4.) (See also John 5. 11-12.) (Rom. 6.23.) (John 5. 23-29.) (See John 10. 27-28.) Now we are told Christ's sheep will hear his voice and follow Him (John 10.4) as many as the Father hath given me, will come to me. No one can come to Christ unless the spirit draw him and if we seek Him we have the promise, the spirit will lead us to Christ. (John 6.44.) (John 12.32.) (James 4.8.) He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. (John 6.37.)

Now Louisa, if you follow the instructions in the scriptures quoted, you will soon be fully persuaded that God is able to fulfill his promises as was Abraham (Rom. 4. 21-5.) Darius (Myers).

Now I must write a few lines to August and first will say I have just returned from a trip over on the west side of the valley and went (by) or near to Shelbyville a very sandy place and no one to point out his lots to me. And therefore could not locate it, but I have understood Shelbyville took a rise a few days ago, and went up over ten times higher than it had ever went before and the day I was there it took another flight and some of it went over a hundred (100) feet high in the air and finely rose and went over Fresno and my place also it even darkened the sun, the air was full of it and that part rose it will trouble you to find it.

D. Myers

Louisa (Myers) Beck writes in her journal about her father, Darius Myers.

May 12, 1901

My blessings? . . . I know I need never be absolutely poor or dependent on others. . . . With my pride, that is a comfort, and for it I must thank dear Father, not myself. I wonder if he thought, through the long slow years of careful saving, of constant work and anxiety, that it was a provision for the future years of his children, when he should be away.

Oh, how I miss him and his words of comfort and advice! There is no one in the world ever seemed so strong to do right, so pure and free from every taint of evil; and he was such an encouragement how could one ever think of faltering on the path of right, of honor, of honesty, with his example before them?

. . . There is never a day when he is entirely forgotten, or that I am not reminded of him in some way. The dearest of all he must ever be.

OUR FATHER: DARIUS MYERS

by Flora Ethel

"Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think as we lay stone upon stone, that time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them. And that men will say, as they look upon the labor and the wrought substance of them, "See, this our fathers did for us." —John Ruskin

Such a builder was our father, Darius Myers; not only when he built the stone house, and in founding the "Darius Myers Colony" in California; but in building the characters of his family.

FATHER'S DREAMS

by Lydia

Father used to have odd and unusual dreams. I believe he thought they had meanings and warnings, or were helpful. Once he dreamed the Lord Jesus came and there was a large gathering of people in an immense and lofty room. He had seated himself at the back, but the Lord came and led him up to the front and put a crown on his head. Wasn't that a lovely dream? Oh, how we loved our father!

AUNT FLORA'S and UNCLE BERT'S MEMORIES of PLEASANT VALLEY

Santa Cruz, Calif.
July 21, 1942

Bert: Gordon was sweet on an Eaton cousin, and when she got in bad with the teacher, and he demanded a switch, Gordon brought a limb of a tree, thinking it too big. The teacher used it, and all the children scattered to their homes, thinking murder was being committed.

I had gone nutting on the Sabbath, and had hidden my sack of nuts under a culvert, and Gordon had visited the Catholic Church up in the cemetery, and Pa was going to give us each a whipping. I felt guilty, and brought a stout switch, but Gordon brought a dead twig. Pa interchanged them, and I got off easy.

The Irish had wakes for their dead. They would get drunk. Once, they danced with the corpse. Once, the beer keg fell off the wagon and broke. Once, they lost the coffin out onto the road, and had to go back after it. They made a lot of noise at the Wakes.

Pa got the stone from a quarry for the stone-house, and built it himself, with help. They lived in a smithey when they first came, might have been the Appleby smithey. Might have been living at Rose Corners when he built the stone-house, about the times of Lydia's and Elsie's births.

Flora: The Vanderheydens were pleasant, peaceable folk, cheerful toward the Myerses and not having feuds among themselves. The Eatons were more feudal.

Pa's brothers and sisters were some feudal, too. A good deal of it came from fusses over inheritances.

Uncle Tunis stayed at our house twice, at Pleasant Valley, when Phil got married, quite awhile, and at Nora where he died. He could see a little. If he didn't like any one, he could see enough to whack at them with his cane. He called Lydia "Dr. Blue-Jay." Flora was "Flora Day, long-legged Yankee-girl." Mother was "Old Forgot." Myers had the same disposition to call people nicknames, but Myers was funny about it.

Elsie and Mother took care of Tunis, he was sick quite a while. Smith came to see him in his last illness. There, he'd never done anything for him and he got him to make a will and leave everything to him. Elsie got about fifty dollars. Father never said much about it.

Flora: The house in Pleasant Valley faced the lane. It had a piazza above and one below. To go into the new part, one had to go out on the piazza and go in through a door. I should think, they'd have cut through a door. Downstairs, you entered the living-room of the old part of the piazza. Off to the left, was the kitchen, and behind that, the little bedroom. Behind the living-room was a work-porch, where they'd do churning, washing, and such like. I played with the shavings when they built the new part. It made nine rooms in all. In the new section, we had two large parlors downstairs with closets between and the stairs. Above it were two small bedrooms in back, and a big bedroom in front, with a store-room where the roof jutted out over the entry-way. We used to enjoy rummaging in that. Father's den, where his papers were, was on the corner. We children were never allowed in that room. A bedroom was behind that. Father and Mother slept in the big bedroom.

There was a deep foundation under both the new part and

the old. The new part had cement walls. The old was finished off good. We could store big bins of apples, vegetables, potatoes. We had a big barrel-churn. I learned most of my lessons while I was down there churning. We kept our milk in the cellar. We had a cistern outside the back entry. The rainwater ran into that. The pump was out a little further. There was a chain you turned a crank, and the bucket would come up with the soft water.

We girls had the work around the house, and the boys had to help Father. We always thought Father favored the boys. When we lived there, Bert and George were just beginning to be large enough to help. The twins were fifteen when I was twelve.

Lyddy and Elsie both worked hard. Elsie married when she was eighteen. Lyddy went to Cork County Normal, from the time she was sixteen on, she went to stay with Louise. Then she came home to teach.

Bert: When Lyddy was the teacher, she shook me till my teeth rattled. Lyddy has a little attendance book where she entered the names of the school children, mostly belonging to the families of Myers, Eaton, and Vanderheyden.

Flora: My special friends were Maria Van, Delilah Eaton and Samantha Murdock. We girls would go wading in the creek, never thought of swimming. The boys would go off by themselves and go in naked. I wish I knew how to swim.

It was in the parlor at Nora Louise and August were married. Flora Eaton, and John MacKenzie, whom she married later, stood up for them. Your mother wore a blue silk dress, I wore a pink dress, I was seven or eight. We were very much impressed with your father. He was a soldier, and stood up so straight. He was nice with us children. We went back to Pleasant Valley, I think Phil had rented the place.

Len Appleby's daughter Dicie, called Father a miser, and I didn't like it very well. Father was saving, but, my goodness! To raise a family and accumulate, too! I never asked him for anything unless I just had to. If my feet came out on the ground, I'd just go to him and hold up my feet so he could see. Lyddy and Ma would get me to go and ask him for groceries. Judah was more saving than any of the boys. I don't think any of the Myers men expected their women to advise them on business. I don't know as other men are much unlike that, though. Bert had to ask Rose for help when he got into that store.

Violet: Wouldn't Grandpa be surprised if he knew Bert had been one of the most religious of his children?

Flora: That's right, he certainly would.

Violet: I wonder if we'll see Grandpa and Grandma and talk to them?

Flora: That's one of the main things we look forward to. We'd hate to be with a lot of strange angels all the rest of our lives.

Malaga, Calif.
Nov. 6, 1897

Dear Sister Louise:

Your last three letters are spread out before me preparatory to answering at last, though Mother is wandering around in her nightdress admonishing us, "We must get up at five." Last night, I went to Elsie's and have just returned this evening.

I have the handkerchief and poem put away safely. I only wish I were able to write as well or, in fact, any at all. It is a talent to be proud of, and one that must be a consolation when it seems impossible to express oneself in any other way. Your poems have the ring as of a heart experience back of them, an essential element in all true poetry.

Another element is the "Divinity which shapes things to its ends, rough-hew them as we will." I suppose I haven't had experience enough yet in life's bitter lessons to have lost youth's hopefulness, for I like that spirit best which finds the good and true and beautiful in spite of evil and sorrow. This is the reason probably I like your last poem the better of the two. The name which came to me as I read it was "When Comfort Comes."

It is good that some comfort has come to you, that though doubt and despair crowd close at times there are also times when you can see "the shining of His face," and feel it true that "God reigneth still on high." There are times when the loneliness and heartache seem more than one can bear, when everywhere we turn we are reminded of the loss that cannot be replaced, and we long for just one word or look to break the silence which will never again be broken until that time when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

Everywhere here there are reminders of Father, of his care and thoughtfulness. Nearly everything I touch or see brings some memory of him until it seems I must see him or hear him call. I find myself listening for his voice from the corner of the verandah, and I look unconsciously for him as I pass there. Like you, I find articles it seems as though I must read to him, I want to tell him how his trees are growing, how large his oranges are, what people say of him, and how much they appreciate him, now. O, my Father, my Father! In my dreams he is always coming back to life. I feel how blessed the reality will be when the fulfillment comes of the promises in which he believed so fully.

Sunday Evening:

Mother is picking some ducks and quails George and Gil brought from their last hunting expedition. Judah is eating his supper having just come from the east-side ranch. We are all in the kitchen, the only warm room in the house. We had the dining-room repapered today, and the man said we must not have a fire there until tomorrow. The new paper has a light background with a delicately colored design. When we get our carpet (the parlor brussels) on the floor, you will find quite an improvement when you come.

We all like Mother's pictures real well. It is well taken, her hair looks very nice.

Your loving sister Flora

Watering the horses.

Top Row: Vanderheyden Family. Amos Eaton's Family. Viola, Emma Jane and Libbie Eaton. (Pleasant Valley, 1901.)
Second Row: Ola Terpening Overholser. Preacher Smith's Family. Home of Great Aunt Eley and Henry Myers.
Third Row: Cousin Juliette Preston. Eddie Vanderheyden's Family with Mother M. J. Myers (1901). Solomon Myers.
Fourth Row: Ralph Wilder (plowing), Malaga. Lucy Eaton's home (Mt. Carroll). Louise's Berkeley home.

FROM AUNT FLORA'S COLLECTION

Top Row: Flora A., Rose, Salema, Lydia, Mother, Flora E. Mother. On front steps of Homeplace: Gladys, Seymour and Violet.
Second Row: Bertha and Mina. Bertha's house, Auberry. Elsie, Flora E., Louise, Mother and Lydia.
Third Row: Ellen, Mina, Melissa, Lydia May. Melissa and Ellen. Mother by Phil's house, Abby Street.
Fourth Row: Connie, Rachel (Do they not look alike?) Cousin Sarah. Bessie, Violet, Lydia and Eva in front of Homeplace, c. 1894.

FROM AUNT FLORA'S COLLECTION

First Row: Steve's Mina. Mother and Connie. Homeplace steps, 1912. Matie Lehrbach.
Second Row: Flora and Lydia. Flora and Eva. Sarah Maria Comstock. Beth and Alice Wells. Philmore and Edith Bratton.
Third Row: Elmer and Nellie Appleby. Where Father taught school in York State. Harold, Eugene and Richard Platzek.

FROM AUNT FLORA'S COLLECTION, NO. 4

Top Row: Gertrude Robinson Myers. Mrs. Tolbert. Gordon Myers, Beulah, Constance and Raymond. Beulah with Tamara and Milo. Alton with Brent, Elden and Boyd. Stephen and William Myers.

Lower Row: From Aunt Flora's Album: Home of John and Mary Myers. Where Grandma Cornelia is buried, with John and Flora. Home of John and Rachel Myers, where Darius Myers was born. Milo and Chris Marley.

FROM AUNT FLORA'S COLLECTION, NO. 5

First Row: Paul Myers. Some of Aunt Lydia (Annable) Terpenny Preston's children, taken on Henry's Birthday (82nd), August 13, 1909. Juliette, Eliza (in-law)), Sarah Ann Maria, Melissa, James (or Ozro or John), Loretta (in-law), Lena (friend), Henry, Boy. (Note: This order is guessing. Grandma wrote the names on the back of the picture.) Note: Juliette and Sarah Maria were favorite cousins of Grandma and her older children. The picture was taken in Hudson, Mich. *Second Row:* Nettie (Bedford) Hall, Flora A. (Bedford) Myers. Gene and Jeff. Eva Earl, Louise Beck with Lillian Earl, Melissa Myers. (The four-generation picture is mounted on a piece of dark-blue woolen quilt, woven by Rachel Myers, our ancestor.)
Third Row: Mountain Scenes. On John Appleby's place in Missouri, husking corn, 1901.

Phil

Mother

Phil

Rebecca Myers

Melissa J. Myers

Flora A

Lydia

Flora E

Elsie

Lydia B. Myers

Judah and Paul

EXCERPTS FROM HOMEFOLKS BOOK I
MOTHER (MELISSA JANE APPLEBY) MYERS IS TALKING TO VIOLET

WAS born in Wayne, Butler County, York State. . . . Father had the fever and ague in Huron, near Lake Ontario, and we moved into Ira, Cauga County. Mother could remember when the Indians were there, in wigwams that came to a point; peaceful Indians. After awhile they took their homes away from them, the white men did—poor Indians!

The white men married in with them, an' so got a lot of property away from 'em. Great big tall straight nice Indians—make baskets, pictures, peaceful. Kept a driving 'em. Set 'em off in reservations.

Mother's name was Annable. She said the right name was Hannible. My grandfather used to go on the sea, a little short man. I used to go there an' stay with 'em a month at a time.

Aunt Hannah was a school-teacher till she got married . . . They give her a good education because she was paralyzed in one arm. She and Eunice were young girls. She put her sewing in her lap, and make the neatest sewing! Grandmother used to make cheese—great big beautiful cheese.

Mother's Uncle, Abe Moore, had a wool factory, was wealthy. One of her sisters married Joe Palmer—after awhile went to Michigan.

Louisa, Rachel and Hannah were Uncle Joe Palmer's children. They had little bureaus and things for their dolls. Lucy went with me and Hannah to Aunt Hannah's. She used to take ribbon to trim with and shirred it on rattan to make bonnets. She did the nicest sewing I ever see . . .

. . . Father had a cousin came from Utica. They went up in Utica an' sugared off . . . They didn't use any other kind of sweetenin just maple syrup, in cakes and syrup. Sometimes they'd run it off into egg-shells, then it'd come out so pretty.

I remember when they didn't wear anything but linen for summer—woolen and cotton for winter . . . My mother never taught me to spin, but I could double and twist . . .

I'd pieced a quilt, an' Grandma Myers wanted me to give her my quilt in exchange for a carpet coverlet. It was blue and white, great, big, long—awful nice . . . My father's mother (Clarissa Phinney) had given me the pieces and I had sewed them together . . . I wouldn't do it, because I thought it would show I didn't care for my grandmother . . . Grandma Myers (Rachel) had spun the wool an' had the coverlets made.

Great-grandfather Phinney bought me a calico dress with little stars on it; little white stars, an' linen an' hooks an' eyes an' everything. Grandma Phinney made a camels' hair shawl, three-cornered, coarse, an' she spun it an' wove it. It was a breakfast shawl to put around your shoulders; kind of dark red . . . She'd give Mother dresses an' skirts she'd weave for her. Her sons didn't want her to weave, so they sold the sheep . . .

I was a great pet with all my grandmothers . . . Grandpa Phinney lived in Casanovia. We lived in Ira. They was Hiram, Solomon, Nathan were his sons. Grandma Appleby was his daughter. Got married and moved away.

Grandpa Appleby was cutting wood, saw a light so high (3 feet). It bothered him—didn't live long afterward.

Grandma Appleby was about as high as I am. We used to call 'em Yankee. Mother said on both sides they were French.

Father was tall and had black eyes. My sister Celia had black eyes. He was straight, allays pleasant . . .

Your great grandfather, John Myers, was a great hand to go off an' fish, an' dance, an' hunt. She'd stay at home, an' work, an' work, till roosters crowed in the mornin'. Then she'd lop right down on the foot of the bed.

Grandmother Myers (Rachel) came and laid on our cradle bed, our big one, big enough for George an' Gordy when they was five years old, she'd lay in it. She happened to ask me, "Do you think I'll be saved?" I told her, "I think you will be." God knew her heart better than I did. She'd brought up her children to do right, a big family of boys and girls. Not religious, but believed in doin' right an' bringin' her children up to do right . . .

Your grandfather went and was baptised in the Oswego river. He had to run as tight, as fast as he could, four-five miles to keep from freezing to death. When he got there, his clothes were frozen stiff . . .

The falling of the stars and the darkening of the moon. People cried an' prayed an' thought the world was comin' to an end. The twentieth of March, the very day I was born. I was the oldest one. My brother was thirteen months younger—John. Then Silas, Leonard, Emerson, Celia and the youngest, that lived two or three days.

My father drinked very little, not much of any. I never heard Mother scold except when he made a foolish trade—quite a hand to trade horses. Father married again, an aunt to Mother. They always got along well. Grandma Myers (Rachel) in her first days lived in the woods. She was just a little bit of a woman, like Alice Lewis, made me think of her, projecting forehead, beautiful shaped head, dark-blue eyes.

Grandpa Myers was just good and kind to her—never heard of his bein' mean to her. Fishin', huntin', dancin'. She said he didn't care how hard she worked. Phoebe was the oldest girl. Lavinia was the next—Anne Eaton's mother. She had a Grecian nose, an' hair curly, like Libby's. Oh, Grandma must ha' been an awful workermend: had on that old linsey dress, she darned it an' darned it; no holes in it. Linen sheets, she wouldn't let 'em be washed, afraid they'd be stolen. Woolen sheets—there, when she died, those sheets unwashed 'cause she was so savin'. Took sacks an' made towels, so they wouldn't use her towels. After she died, divided 'em up, give so many apiece, boys an' girls. She never got any good of 'em after she had made 'em.

Allays kep' her money separate. He had a blacksmith shop. It was hard work for him to go to Utica to take a load o' wheat an' corn an' have it ground. Woods near Lake Ontario.

When wells give out, we used to take our clothes down to the lake an' wash . . . I used to lug water about half a mile. Mother wasn't able.

Nice road, plank road, laid crossways. Had toll-gate. Was a little town, twelve miles from there, Hannibalville, used to go through there to go to Oswego, Ira. Aunt Lydia lived in Hannibalville . . . Fine lookin' woman, black-eyed, kind of thick-set . . . I went to Huron with Grandpa. He stopped with Uncle Abraham Moore . . . an' took dinner. Then we went on an' see Uncle Joe Palmer. We went on and got there. Aunt Sarah Moore and Aunt Rachel Palmer, they was Grandmother Annable's sisters, nice lookin' women. Uncle Abe Moore had Mary Ann, Hannah and Melissa. They had, oh, such a beautiful house, an' their walls white as snow . . .

We got there to Grandma Annable's at night. Her name was Ruth an' his was Prince Annable. He'd been a sea-captain once . . . On one side the bay, on the other, the lake, Little Sodus Bay, an' Big Sodus Bay. On one side, little fishin' tents, on the other side, Lake Ontario . . .

I used to go with Grandma Annable pickin' black raspberries. The trees broke down, an' the vines growed up over 'em, awful thick raspberries. She used to say I almost talked her blind when I went a-berryin'. I suspect I must a blabbed a good deal . . . I don't remember talkin' so much—expect I did. Must a got over it. Don't talk so much now.

Grandma Myers had a strong voice, she'd holler, they'd hear her, they'd come. She made her children mind. My

mother's voice was low. She had that cough, forty, fifty years.

My voice is low. I knew ever so many hymns. Belonged to Methodist Church. Went to meetin'.

OUR FATHER

Interpolation by Flora

Darius Myers was born Dec. 18, 1816, near Minetto, Oswego County, New York. Here he lived in a large, two-story house, with a high stone foundation. There was a fireplace beside which he studied at night. The farm was of rolling land and rocky. The rocks which were picked up every springtime, so that the plowing could be done, were built into rock fences. Beside the house was a "Harvest Sweet" apple tree, which still bore luscious fruit in 1901.

When he was twelve years old, Father became interested in studying the Bible for himself, a custom he continued all his life. He was also interested in education, teaching school when he became a young man. Of this time, Mother speaks (talking to Violet). Mother continues:

I went to school to your grandfather in early days. I was fourteen . . . He took Sarah and Angeline (Myers) and me to have our pictures taken in Oswego. It got burned up when Flora's house burned down.

NOTE by Flora: This was a daguerrotype—a sweet, girlish face, with hair parted and combed smoothly down, as she wore it all her life.

Your grandfather was thirty-five years old when I married him. He wrote Father a letter was he willing we should correspond. Kind o' humbly—his nose not so crooked as Judah's—pretty good school-teacher, kind and good. He learned 'em well. Dark blue eyes.

When he came back from Californy, coarse an' rough hair, I combed it an' fussed it, made it nice. Three years, he come back.

We was goin' to Aunt Phebe's an' get married. We went across the river to get my dress, but it wasn't ready—The dress was white cotton, satin stripe. I had that when we got married . . . an' was married in black. We waited until we went to Illinois.

Come by the lakes, on steam boats. I remember hearing the ice "thug" on side of the boats.

We went to Chicago to a Orangeman's an' rented a room. Chicago was then a flat, 'twasn't built up. Then he bought a horse-team an' travelled. We'd stop nights. Mother and I an' Celia went to a hotel too.

We stopped to Uncle Sile's, he lived 'long the ditch. We bought eggs of Aunt Cecelia—five cents a dozen. Then he bought his place back an' went on it.

Their Marriage

My folks were livin' in the log house, side o' the hill, in Illinois, when we were married. I had a black calico dress on. In the mornin' your grandfather came by. He could go across the river to Savannah, but no, he didn't believe in getting a license, wouldn't do it.

My father an' mother didn't know about it. We went out into Wisconsin. From Warren to the line was fourteen miles—from the line to the Justice's, was twenty-four miles. He had a horse, and I had a horse. He had a certificate, an' I had one. We went in the mornin'. Come back that night. He lived on another place, bachin' it . . .

. . . When we got home, he just left me there, didn't tell we were married at all. He says, "Don't blazon it all over the country. Like someone says, goin' up an' down the road, "I'm married! I'm married!"

That was the longest horseback ride I ever took. After awhile, I told them . . .

Your grandfather bought a place down in the bottom, first off. Put up four poles, put up unbleached factory—made a wall of it. People'd come out, I'd cook for 'em. That was the first place we lived in. Two or three hundred acres. He sold off land piece by piece.

Folks went away an' left a house, we bought 'em out an' things they had. We was harvestin' hay, an' had to have somewheres to go.

Your grandfather prospered, an' had more children to take the Myers' name than anybody. We had seven boys to take the Myers' name . . .

We lived on the Bank farm. First we lived in the blacksmith shop, then the frame house.

Your grandfather used to call me "Little Bird" an' "Little Dove" an' everythin' else. Was a good deal more loviner at that time than afterwards . . . Your grandfather liked little children. Ef they was good children, he liked 'em. He liked 'em all pretty well.

Father's First Trip to California, 1849-52

by Mother

Your grandfather was gone that three years to Californy (1849-1853). When he was comin' back on the ocean, by Panama, he put the gold-dust in a sack . . . all sewed up tight, and hung it right up afore them all, right in the vessel . . . Had a chunk. Nobody touched that gold-dust.

A Trip to New York State

When he was thirty-five he decided to keep the Sabbath, an' he said if ever he got a home of his own, he'd keep the Sabbath . . . We used to have Family Worship every morning. He had a Bible he read out of. That flute he had was given to Lydia afterwards. He made the beautifullest pictures. Hain't you seen that one at the head of Lyddy's stairs, that rose? . . . Made landscapes, paintings, flowers, leaves, everything just perfect . . .

Coming to Illinois from York State

I was sixteen when I came with my father from Oswego State to Illinois. I wasn't married till I was seventeen. There was Father and Mother, and me, and Celia, and John—four girls and two girls, nine with me . . . We went to Louiston on the lake, then on the stage to Niagara Falls. Then to Buffalo on the boat. Then we went to Michigan and Chicago. We got a team at Chicago and went to Pleasant Valley, where Sol lived. My father rented a house of your grandfather and lived there a year. Then he moved to a hillside and bought a home of his own. Then we was married. We lived on the place where the Rock-house is. Pam, Rebecca, Euclid, your mother and Janie were born in the frame house on the Bottom. It was one room and a bedroom partitioned off . . .

It took six years to build the Rock House.

. . . We sold it two weeks after Lydia was born. Then we went to Iowa and lived . . . in the same house with Uncle Smith for ten months. Then we came back and lived in Len's house a spell . . . Then your grandfather bought John Van out and lived up to Stockton Center. Then we sold out and came down to the Valley, and bought a place there. He built a house, and we lived there till Flora was one year old. Then we went to Florida and stayed ten months. Then we moved to our Valley home. Five was born, six with Judah, on the valley farm.

Then we moved up to Nora. Then we started for Californy. George and Darius came with the freight train and stock . . . We were on the last train that came through in two weeks. (Because of the stormy weather.)

CHILDHOOD AND MARRIAGE

My mother was larger than I am. I took after my father in small bones . . . They said that she and Charlotte were the two prettiest couples they ever see. They were married

at the same time. Mother was pretty good-looking, light hair and blue eyes. Mother always dressed nice.

We lived in Grandma Birch's house, pretty good size, made of wood. I was six-seven years old . . . They was a sugar-bush, peach trees and apple trees on it . . .

Mother used to go out spinning for folks when she was a girl.

My grandmother's name was Ruth Annable. I've seen two of her brothers, one of them was Jeremy. They was old-fashioned Methodists, and my! If they wouldn't talk about religion! Uncle Nicholas and Uncle Jeremy was great Methodists.

My grandfather Prince Annable was a little man, small like my brother Silas. Used to go on the sea when he was younger . . . My mother had four sisters, Hannah, Eunice, Sarah Ann and Lydia. Aunt Hannah was smart an' could have married anybody. She was crippled in one hand. She taught school when she was sixteen . . . Each one of the children lived in the house. After Grandfather died, Grandma Annable married a man named Birch.

We moved away when I was ten to Oswego . . . We rented a place called Bank Farm . . . I went there to school where your grandfather taught . . . He used to wear broadcloth. After we were married, he wore farmcloth. He was thirty-one when he taught school. I wasn't only fourteen when he went away . . . He sent me a letter once with ten dollars in it. Sewed the money in a letter. It was in gold. He went off to California and wrote to Father, and one letter to me, but I didn't know he cared anything about me. Mother told me . . .

Your grandfather went with us to Lewiston up to Michigan. We rode on an emigrant train. It took us three days to go through Michigan. We went to hotels at nights. Some people would jump off the train and walk an' go get groceries.

Then we went on a boat . . . The ice went against the boat so they didn't know but it would go down . . . Then we stopped and went to bed . . . Father came and said there was a boat going, so we got out of bed and went on the boat—it was rickety, up to Chicago. Your grandfather had left us to go to Hillsdale, but, after we had been there about a week, he came with a team and wagon, so we travelled by land.

. . . We weren't married until a year after we came out to Illinois . . . I was to my folkses the first year, an' Darius boarded with us . . .

We was going to be married in New York. But my wedding-dress didn't get done . . . We was married in Wisconsin. I was in black. We went off on horseback from Illinois an' got married. They say if you marry in black, you'll have sorrow to your heart, an' I did in some things. I wouldn't advise anyone to ever get married in black.

Phil was born twelve months after we got married.

. . . My children were generally good. Mother took care of my every child until Bert . . . Then, my brother had taken her to Whiteside where she saw her older sister for the last time . . . Whiteside was where relatives lived . . .

Bert never talked till pretty near three years old . . . He went to school to Lyddy . . . He and Lyddy had light hair, the only ones . . .

Bertha I didn't wean until she was three years old. Bert and Lyddy had yellow hair. He's got quite a prominent nose. George don't look much like the others. He's got eyes like his father, and so has Flora, and Janey had. The rest have light blue eyes like mine.

GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYER

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, that Thou hast spared us through another day. Keep us in the hollow of Thy hand. Whatever Thou seest in us amiss, forgive. Give us a hungering and a thirsting after righteousness, that we may be filled. For Jesus sake, Amen.

THE CHILDREN OF DARIUS AND MELISSA MYERS

Janey was pretty an' just as sweet-tempered as could be. She never cried. If Janey'd lived, she'd look like Florry. Janey was tall an' slim, deep blue eyes, set in her head. Everybody loved her, 'cause she was allays good-natured and pleasant.

Rebecca was oldest, an' she'd just put right into the work . . . She took sewing lessons there at Warren . . . I don't know how many wedding dresses she made after she went to Florida. She had her children's dresses all fine-ruffled when she came up to Illinois. She had a big wedding, house was just full.

Elsie was small, nice-looking child. Judah, long nose. He was allays a good boy, an' obedient, would do what you told him . . .

Gordy'd go around with his fist clenched, tryin' to get George out of mischief. We had a sewing machine, an' George got away up on there, an' there your mother thought more of George than of Gordy! Used to trot him an' jump him.

Lydia was awful good to look after things. We had a big Christmas tree . . . Neighbors all came—Max an' Jensen's.

Susie had Nettie come to visit her, an' Judah met her then . . . Paul was born not quite a year after their marriage. She had blue eyes, an' brown, crimpy hair, awful pretty. She was a sweet woman . . . After Paul was born she only lived a week.

Bert an' Dari was married to home. Bert had quite a good-sized wedding. Mr. Alexander married George an' Daisy at her own home. She was pretty as could be.

Dari had a pretty good-sized wedding. All o' the children were there . . . Got an Adventist minister, Elder St. John.

Your father an' mother was married to our house in Nora. We had a good, large wedding.

Le's see, when Elsie was married, it was about the time Rebecca died, an' she had wanted me to send a little white dress for the baby, an' a hymn-book, an' a piece of wedding-cake. An' I did. That was before it was born. 'Twas the eighth child. It died too.

MELISSA J. MYERS

I grew two or three inches after I got married. I was slender, small. I had pink cheeks, real white complection. They'd say, "What a pretty girl!" An' I used to blush, 'cause they called me pretty—thought it was awful.

I had a blue chest my twin uncle gave me . . . One twin uncle was named Warner, the other Warren. Uncle Warner used to teach school. Lived in Chicago last we knew.

Florry E. was married at home. She wouldn't be married 'til Lyddy come. Judah went an' got her. Lyddy was married at the homeplace.

Judah was married Back East. Phil was married at Flora A's home. We went up there—oh, it was bitter cold. They was all cryin'; you'd think it was a funeral 'stead o' a wedding—didn't seem to have nothin' against Phil.

Yes, Florry said he was so kind an' good. I was there once when he cried right out—said she hadn't had one o' those spells so hard for a long time. Yes, she acknowledges it—he's been good to her.

I've made over a hundred quilts, for children, an' grandchildren, an' great grandchildren. I pieced several basket quilts—quite a number of album quilts.

I helped with the hay in the summer. I had three or four children. I had milking, churning every other day, washing, and to skim milk. I made the clothes till the girls got big enough to make 'em . . .

Phil was all over everywheres. He'd take the dog an' go off . . . Your grandfather wanted Elsie to be named after his aunt, a Hollander . . . Euclid had a big head an' shoulders. When he was twenty months old, he'd carry wood in across the snow. Was never sick a day until he had the scarlet fever an' died. He died two weeks before Louisa was born. If we hadn't gone to Aunt Surviva's funeral he wouldn't have got

the scarlet fever. We buried him in the burying ground over towards Yankee Hollow.

Louise was pretty good-sized. She was pretty good. When she was nine months old, setting up in a little white chair, she fell in the fire and against her leg. Another time, at the Rock House, your grandfather made a fire and put a kettle on it. The little girl was picking potatoes. She stood with her back to the fire. Her dress caught afire. He smothered it, put water on it. He ran up to the house with her, when she got there she had the croup. So I had to doctor her for that before I could doctor her for the burn, so it got pretty bad. It was clear from her neck to her waist . . .

When she was three years old, she went to school. Mr. Sughroe, the director, wouldn't let her go to our school, said she was too young to go. So she went an' stayed at her Grandmother Annable's—they had a school right by there . . . The Superintendent wanted to know whose girl she was, could read an' spell so well . . .

Janey growed up slim—the one who died. I used to dress 'em alike. She was two years younger. She was a good deal like Flora E. Louise would cry to go anywhere, Janey wouldn't cry. Lou says now she cried on purpose to go . . . Janey wa'nt quite six when she died. She'd go to Sunday School. She'd hurry home an' change her clothes, an' climb up on the bed to hang up her good dress. She'd learn fast. She had a little book an' used to learn pieces out of it . . . She had a little reticule Aunt Jane, my brother's wife, give her, with a handle to it an' edging all around. She had thirty-five cents she had put in it. She used to piece blocks an' put in it. She died of typhoid pneumonia.

Janey used to carry Lyddy around out of doors. After Janey, Elsie was born, then Lyddy. We had a picture taken.

Their father used to take an' walk around with the children . . . He kind of set his heart on Euclid. He used to go to the grave. Phil said perhaps now he would care more for him. He'd pet the little ones . . .

I can remember when Gordy an' George was little. Gordie was the scrawniest little thing. Darius said if I'd have twins he'd give me a silk dress. He bought one of Louisa; it had an over-skirt.

Louisa said George was her baby because she took care of him when he was weaned . . . George was full of mischief as he could stick. He could ride horseback when he was little . . . Their father was asleep when the twins were born. Someone woke him up, an' he was scared. He'd been to Californy, an' come back the month before. Gordy was born first. They cried for three months pretty steady.

Before Flora was born, I went to Nebraska. Your grandfather wrote from Californy for me to meet him. We rode forty miles one day . . .

HER BELIEF

They (the Adventists), believe that as soon as they die they rest until the resurrection. 'Twon't seem but a little while that they sleep.

The archangel, an' the sound o' the trumpet, an' they'll rise out o' their graves to meet the Lord in the air. "This mortal shall put on immortality." Friends'll know 'em.

. . . No pain nor death, no more sorrer. Jesus will wipe all the tears from their eyes. There'l be no need o' the light o' the sun an' the moon, 'cause Jesus will be the light. So it must be real light there.

. . . We've got to have forgiving spirits . . . Ef we hold hardness, Jesus can't forgive us. Ef they ask you to forgive 'em, you ought to forgive 'em. Jesus on the cross forgave 'em without their asking.

I've heard your grandfather say that sometimes that hardness would come up. He forgive 'em, but he'd hold it. I didn't think that was right. Ef he forgave 'em he'd ought to forget it. As far as the east is from the west, so far he removes our transgressions from us.

. . . Ef I thought it was the Lord's will, I wouldn't care how soon I went. Mother was seventy-two. Father lived after. I don't want to live an' suffer. As my mother used to say, "Shed not a tear o'er my grave, when I am gone. Plant a rose over my grave, when I am gone."

TWO LETTERS FROM MELISSA J. MYERS

24 of Jan. 1910
Fresno At Salema's

Flora E. Dear Daughter,

I got your letter & went down to Elsie's on the 9 Oclock train. Found Elsie able to sit up propped up by pillows for her neck.

. . . Gordy's babe has been cutting teeth. I came back with Judah & Salema they had been down to meeting. Salema's babe is well & I saw Lydia she was well Harry has not been very well. They have sold their raisins. I got a card from Clara Webb. Owen had been sick & a letter from Mina Daw She misses Weldon so much. I saw in Stockton paper that Milard Wright was agoing to a specialist in Chicago. Lulu Appleby is agoing to get married. Arthur is married. Did you get your Housewife magazine and Little friend? Bessie gets hers and Lydia. Bud is away Tell Ethel I have her quilt pieced. Love to all,

from your Mother
Melissa J. Myers

825 Abby St. Fresno
14 of Jan. 1920

Flora E.
Dere Daughter,

I am getting better so I walked over to Darius' yesterday took it slowly. Never thanked you for that nice box of stationery it was so pretty . . .

Darius and Susie may go to see Renvy today.

. . . Henry Winter's wife worked for me when Elsie was a baby. She died 4 or 5 years ago. Her name when a girl Samantha Johnson. Had 9 girls & a boy.

from your Mother
Lovingly,
Melissa J. Myers
By by.

GRANDMOTHER'S PLEDGE

by Violet

Grandma had pledged at Adventist Camp Meeting she would eat no meat. We were at dinner at Aunt Lydia's and Grandma looked longingly at the food on her plate. "I can't eat any meat!" she announced plaintively.

"That's all right, Mother," Aunt Lydia said, "This isn't meat. It's chicken." So she ate it.

EXPLANATIONS OF APPELLATIONS IN STORIES BY GRANDMOTHER, APRIL 20, 1967

In the First Home Folks Book, most of Grandmother's stories were printed by mistake on newsprint, so I have had the main ones reprinted in this book. They are of worth as a record of early days in York State and Illinois as a source-book of customs and beliefs, and as a revelation of a beautiful character, our ancestor.

In reality, Grandmother's custom was to speak of Grandfather as "he" and "him." But, in preparing the material, Aunt Flora and Aunt Lydia would insert "Darius," or "Father," or "your grandfather." You will notice they spoke of Grandma as "Mother." All three of us were working on the book, so you can understand the different appellations.

Grandpa Appleby was cutting wood, saw a light so high (three feet); it bothered him—didn't live long afterward.

Grandma Appleby was about as high as I am. We used to call 'em Yankee. Mother said on both sides they were French.

Grandma Appleby used to come to my house an' read Advent books. She wa'nt very nice lookin'; looked sumpin' like me. She married again—Burch, didn't live long. They had a great, big place they put their wood in.

Father was tall an' had black eyes. My sister Celia had black eyes.

We used to go in the woods. We'd get spearmint, peppermint, all kinds of roots. Oh, beautiful flowers, mother-worth, ladies' slippers, violets,—when they went in the sugar-bush, an' the snow'd come off, and the flowers come up.

I been feelin' better today than for sometime. (She was about eighty-six at this time.)

When I was married Celia wan't only five years old. My mother lost a little baby, a little girl—she wan't never well after she lost her. She went out on the ice an' slipt an' fell, an' had inflammation of the bowels, an' that cough an' wan't never well after that.

Celia was about seventeen when she lost her mind. She was engaged to a man in the army who got shot by some shells.

Mother had a notion they was a young man give her a love-powder. His sister invited her over, an' when she come back, she acted kind o' scairt. She was a Baptist, and she was with Silas when she went to meetin'; an' she got right up in meetin'—had never done anythin' like that. Sile follered her around by an old well. She came up to our house, not knowing what she was doing. That young man's sister, right afterwards went crazy—maybe she got hold of the same love powder—destroyed her mind. I thought my brothers ought to a strung him up, an' made him confess. When I was married I was seventeen, and she was five years old then. She is in St. Jo, Missouri. She has a room by herself. The worst of it is , in that condition they live longer. (Note: Cecila died the winter of 1925)

My mother was a good woman—we used to write back an' forth. Mother was seventy-two when she died. John, my brother was thirteen months younger than I. The last five years she had Inflammatory Rhuematiz. She belonged to the Methodist Church. I was only seven years old when she lived in Grandma's house. They used to let me go to see my aunts. they let me go to see Aunt Mary Ann once,—seems a long way, but they wouldn't a let me gone if it had been.

Father was tall and straight, black eyes. Allays pleasant. Your mother (Louise) went up and stayed. Mother'd take her to school—almost in the yard it was. She was only three years old, an' the two Irishmen, head o' the school, wouldn't let her go to school, an' so mother took her over there. The principal wanted to know whose girl that was, could read an' spell. No trouble at all for her to learn, just look at a book. Rebecca'd study an' study, an' her head 'd ache—hard for her to learn.

Louise always liked mother. Mother liked to have her come there. The boys liked to tease her—would hang her up by the thumbs, an' such like, an' made sugar-tits. They liked her awful well, but like all young men and boys they'd like to tease. Seems as if they're in their elements to tease an, get 'em to cry.

Your great--grandfather, John Meyers, was a great hand to go off an' fish, an' dance, an' hunt. She'd stay at home, an' work an' work, till roosters crowed in the mornin,' then she'd lop right down on the foot of the bed.

Uncle Henry and Aunt Elcy were husband an' wife. Aunt Elcy was a Holland woman. Uncle Henry was your great-grandfather's brother.

They lived in the woods. She would swear,—his wife's mother. Aunt Elcy took care of her.

There was Uncle Nicholas was oldest. He died years before. They was a youngest brother named Nicholas too—lived in Oscalusa. Your cousin Frankie Simons—her grandfather's name was Tunis. I seen his wife.

Grandmother Meyers was Scotch and English. Her (maiden) name was Smith, Smith married Smith on both sides her father an' mother, I heard her say. They was woods and forests. One year they couldn't make anythin' couldn' raise anythin' must a' been a dry season. So grandfather went clear to Utica an' borrowed money, an' borrowed oxen, an' brought a load o' wheat back, an' ground it. Grandmother had to cry, nothin' to eat, an' children. Grandfather must have worked hard to pay it back.

Grandmother had a sick neighbor woman, who had consumption, an' she took a skunk an' put it in runnin' water til all the scent was out of it, an' then she put it in the oven an' baked it. Didn't let no scent get on it, an' put it in the oven till it was sweet an' brown. Then she tookit over to the neighbor woman to eat. Yes, they was wild animals in the woods, great, big forests an' woods. Why, as she was going to take the skunk meat to the sick while she was goin' she heard a sound like angels singin' in the sky overhead. Oh, she said she never heard anythin'so sweet. 'Twas overhead. I guess she really thought 'twas angels. A person would think so. I took it for granted she did hear it. If you'd hear singing overhead, you'd think it was angels wasn't nothing else to think.

Yes, she allays tried to bring her children up to do right. She thought the skunk's oil helped the woman, you know it will help in case o' croup. We'd take a fat skunk an' try it out, so's if they had croup I'd have somethin' to give 'em.

The time Dari had membraneous croup, we'd lent our skunk oil to an Irish family an' hadn't nothin' to give him. We had to give him brandy an' somepin about beef-tea, all cooked, cooked, to bring him through. He's allays been kind o' neverous since then. I didn't close my eyes for nine days.

They was Mrs. Smith come there, an' she roasted cup-full after cup-full of onions. An' a man brought a herb from the woods. We had a doctor, an' he told us to put him in a bath of hot water twice in one night, but he sprung right out both Celia and I tried to keep him in, but couldn't. He was four-five years old.

Grandmother Meyers came an' laid on our cradle bed our big one, big enough for two, an' she laid down there an' got to sleep, an' she used to breathe so hard I thought she was dyin'. Her father, Oliver Smith, went off to buy land, an' was found dead by his horse.

Mother had an uncle Silas, he went off to buy land, an' was found dead.

Rachel was a twin her sister was dead. Her sister an' mother lived with 'em quite awhile Rachel an' Rebekah was twins. She used to tell me grandmother an' her sisters was afraid of lightnin' and storms. They'd go down in another room an' cover up with a feather-bed. She'd do that. I asked her, "Why, do you do that?" She said, "My mother an' sister used to do that, an' got me in the notion."

She had a sister, Habakkuk, an' another one,' I

can't remember, older sisters. They wa'nt Jewish. Grandfather was German—pure German. Three-four brothers come over, an' scattered, an' went in the valley—Mohawk Valley, they called it.

Grandmother's brother was Oliver Smith. Grandmother Meyers used to come over once in awhile to stay up in the Rock House. After dinner your grandfather would start to lay down. Ida Jane would grab on his leg she didn't want him to go and leave her. He'd laugh till the tears run down.

Grandfather Meyers an' grandmother came when we had inflammation of the eyes. They took it. I used to go down in the cornfield to milk the cows to get the milk. They liked milk.

She was lying in the cradle-rocker, big enough for George an' Gordy when they was five years old she'd lay in it. She happened to ask me, "Do you think I'll be saved?" I told her, "I think you will be." God knew her heart better than I did. She'd brought her children up to do right a big family of boys an' girls. Not religious, but believed in doin' right, an' bringin' her children up to do right.

Her husband was John. His father was Nicholas. He wasn't religious,—German. Your grandfather went to hold Adventist meetings, an' his own brother John turned him out into the cold winter weather. Your grandfather went an' was baptised. I don't know why he didn't make provisions an' take clothes. He was baptised in the Oswego River. He had to run as tight as fast, as he could run four-five miles, to keep from freezin' to death. When he got there his clothes were frozen stiff. Uncle John died of consumption.

I never hear anythin' about your great-great-grandfather. Not even about the falling of the stars, an' the darkenin' of the moon. The moon turned to blood. Looked like a great big snowstorm. People cried an' prayed an' thought the world was comin' to an end. The twentieth of march, the very day I was born.

I was the oldest one. My brother was thirteen months younger—John. Then Silas, Leonard, Emerson,Celia, and the youngest that lived two—three days.

My father was pleasant always. He drinked very little, not much of any. I never heard Mother scold, except when he made a foolish trade— quite a hand to trade horses. Never knew him to hunt an' fish.

Father married again. An aunt to Mother, he married her sister. They always got along well. I went visitin' once in awhile.

Mother's first name was Louise. Lou Young said your Mother was named after her. And Uncle Husted had a girl, an' they named her Lou, but we didn't know that. Annable was her maiden name.

Grandma Myers in her first days lived in the woods. She'd gather the wool off the brushes an' she'd card it, an' spin it, an' make cloth. Never took her clothes off, an' lop right down on the bed. Maybe he'd be off hunting an' fishing an' mebby dancing.

She was just a little bit o' a woman, like Alice (Lewis), made me think of her, projectin' forehead, beautiful shaped head, dark-blue eyes. Sometimes we'd go over to call on her. She had a black-an'-blue spot on her forehead. We asked her. "The old man struck me." He didn't, just old-run into somethin.'

Grandpa Myers was just good an' kind to her—never heard of his bein' mean to her. Fishin,' huntin,' dancin'. She said he didn't care how hard she worked. Phoebe was the oldest (girl) Lavinia the next—Anne Eaton's mother. She had a Grecian nose, didn't look so much like Roman noses,—an' hair curly, like Libby's . Oh, Grandma must ha' been an awful worker-mend; had on that old linsey dress, she darned it an'—darned it,—no holes in it. Linen sheets, she wouldn't let 'em be washed. Was afraid they'd be stolen. Woolen sheets—there, when she died, those sheets unwashed, 'cause she was so savin'. Took sacksan' made towels, so they wouldn't use her towels.

After she died, divided 'em up, give so many apiece, boys an' girls. She never got any good of them after she had made 'em.

There, that red chest of mine. She had a dark-pattern parmetti, very fine worsted cloth, brown, she wanted to sell me to get a bedstead. She said, "Don't tell Cecelia." Didn't want Cecelia to know. "Take it under your shawl." They said she took money, hid it cross the road. Allays kep' her money separate. He had a blacksmith shop. I an' Flora could see where it stood when we went back.

It was hard work for him to go to Utica to take load o' wheat an' corn to have it ground. If we couldn't raise anythin' here two, three years we might feel it. Woods, near Lake Ontario.

When wells give out we use to take our clothes down to the lake an' wash. Several teams get together-water (oh, so soft). I used to lug water about half a mile,-got a bunch on my wrist, mother wa'nt able.

Nice road, plankroad, laid crossways. Had toll-gate. Every once in awhile take toll of people going along, to keep it in repair. Was a little town, twelve miles from there, Hannibalville, used to go through there to go to Oswego, to Ira. Aunt Lyddy lived in Hannibalville.

William Henry'd been to Oswego, an' he got into kind o' trouble, an' if Uncle Pete didn't give him a hewin'! He just hewed him! Uncle Pete had been a constable, an' the idea of his son actin' like that! I was a little child, an' I hear him talkin' rough like that.

Isaac Newton had hired some Mexicans to take him across the river, lots o' money, an' that was the last ever heard o' him. Oswald went to a fortune-teller once, an' he said Isaac had changed his name, but I don't believe it. They didn't dare tell Aunt Lyddy about it afraid it would kill her. Jest told her they didn't know what had become of him. Juliette, Oswald's own sister, had a notion to go to the mines an' look, but never did. Lyddy, fine-lookin' woman; black-eyed, short, kind of thick-set. Had somethin' the matter of her toe, an' that killed her.

I went to Huron with Grandpa. He stopped with Uncle somethin' or other. Uncle Abraham Moore, thats' what his name was. We stopped an' took dinner. Then we went on an' see Uncle Joe Palmer. We went on an' got there. Kind of an odd feller. Had two chidren, Eliza an' Ed. He went off kind o' odd. Aunt Rachel Palmer an' Aunt Sarah Moore, they was Grandmother Annabel's sisters. They was nice-lookin' women.

Darius Myers saves Ed Vanderheyden.

Uncle Abe Moore had Mary Ann, Hannah an' elissa. They had oh, such a beautiful house an' eir walls white as snow. They took us upstairs see bureaus, cradles—things they'd had as girls. e got there to Grandpa Annable's at night. Her me was Ruth an' his was Prince Annable. He'd en a sea-captain once,—little, quite small man. one side the bay, on the other side the Lake. Little dus Bay an' Big Sodus Bay. On one side little hin' tents, on the other side, Lake Ontario. An' ere was a house there, washed off one corner of it, nost destroyed. We went way over a high place an' t sassafras bark, grew way up on top o' that cliff. ary Ann Moore took me up there. They took her en she was little, an' she had to work, outside an' She had to work like a slave. I used to go around th her—she was a young woman, an' I a little girl. I used to go with Grandmother Annable pickin' ack raspberries—windfalls. The trees broke down, ' the vines growed up over 'em, awful thick raspberries. She used to say I almost talked her blind hen I went a 'berryin'. I suspect I must a blabbed good deal. I don't remember talking so much—spect I did. Must a got over it. Don't talk so much ow.

Right above Grandpa's, this old man Follex lived, ght across from Grandpa's, there is a big iron essel at Sodus, ever so many went over to see it, arked on the bay, an' us children rowed 'way over here. They went over an' got some liquor, an' Grand- poured it over the old man's head. Must 'a got his rinkin' from bein' on the ocean. Men who go on e ocean, lakes, drink. He drank only once in a reat while. Must 'a celebrated goin' over to see that on vessel.

We went across a long bridge, no railin' on it ust 'a been a mile or two. An' Aunt Hannah an' unt Eunice sent us over to have these girls, Sally nn an' Eunice, come over. Sally Ann was married Uncle Illusted Annable later.

An' there in the middle o' the bridge sat an old lack man fishin'. We didn't dare to go across—ight ha' thrown us in. We was scared to death. ny child would ha' been. That was Little Sodus ridge. We went back and they gave us a scoldin'. hey wanted those girls to come an' visit.

One time Aunt Eunice an' Aunt Hannah got ready o go see the Cox girls. They started to go off. They ook everlasting flowers an' made wreaths, yellow ones n' put them on their heads—must ha' been goin' to party. Painted their cheeks, all nice. Had to go way off a long ways in the woods. An' I follered fter. Got a little wreath, an' painted, an' went after m. An' they looked back, an' I had to go right back. es, they was goin' off to a party, 'way off in the oods.

Aunt Hannah went to Illinois an' married her own ousin—grandmother's brother's son. Don't know hat possesed her to marry her own cousin. She had wo, three children. The first died. The next girl, Hannah Cecelia, I expect she's alive yet. She come o see me when she was a young girl. They used to go off a long ways to see anybody.

Aunt Eunice had two boys, Charley and Gordon. Gordon died of smallpox.

Grandma Myers had a strong, voice, oh, strong, she'd holler four, five miles. They'd hear her. They'd come. Could hear her clear over to Surgo's. She made her children mind. Shugroe's.

My mother's voice was low. She had that cough for years—forty, fifty years.

My voice is low. I knew ever so many hymns. Belonged to Methodist church. Went to meetin'.

GRANDMA MYERS and GRANDMA APPLEBY

Louise writes;

ANN asked as one of the elder members of the family for my memories of grandparents, especially Grandma Meyers and Grandma Appleby. The former died when I was three years old, and I can only remember when Father took me to see her lying in her coffin, and put my hand on her cold face which made me have a shuddering horror of the dead ever since.

Grandma Meyers must have been a wonderful woman, tho' small physically, and frail, and ill for many years, she was of such strong personality, and had so many traits of character, of Puritan decent, seemed to have all the sterling characteristics they bore. She had a large family of sons and daughters, and all of them bore the imprint of her character and training. Truthfulness, honesty, loyalty, integrity, industry, economy, she tried to implant in their minds. And all were free of any desire for intemperance or dissipation. Our Father had never been inside a saloon, and I don't doubt the five other brothers could say the same.

Grandma Meyers was not of a happy disposition, perhaps owing to ill-health, and had periods of depression and sorrowful foreboding, and passed this on, unfortunately, to her decendants, with acute headaches, which were agonizing for days. But her children loved her beyond words and I have heard Uncle Smith and Father mourn for her forty years after her death—Aunt Euphema and Aunt Cecelia too.—Her words of counsel, her teachings, her example, left so strong an influence that children and grandchildren could praise and remember.

Grandma Appleby was not so strong and dominant a personalty, but her children equally gave her obedience and effection all her life, and she could say," they never spoke a disrespectful word to her." She suffered more than thirty years with incurable bronchitis, and coughing left her so weak she could not do housework the last years we remember yet her guiding hand and mind tried to keep the house as orderly as she always loved it to be.

Both Grandmother were neat and orderly beyond the usual, but my maternal grandmother was the most patient with the mistakes of others, and very patient and uncomplaining no matter how much she suffered night and day, as we know she did, with paroxysms of coughing that racked her sorely. My earliest recollections are of happy days and nights spent in her home, where she treated me as one of her own, and I never remember a cross word to me, or critical one from her. She did not seem to resent idleness and disorder as I would, only sometimes her easy-going husband brought forth her displeasure, and his love of "gadding to town," as she expressed it, made her indignant, when there was work to be done at home.

Jan. 25, 1925, San Diego, Cal.

Violet writes;

"GEORGE ANNABLE is here; he just had some bread and butter, honey and milk with Mamma." Now they are talking.

Geo.—I took you from a school you were teaching to Uncle John Appleby's.

Mamma—I remember I was awful sleepy. I had been to a dance the night before. You kept coming

ALL I know about it was what Grandfather told me;—that we originated from the German-Jews; that his Grandfather changed the spelling of the Meyers' name from Meyers to Myers. I was between fifteen and sixteen years old, about thirty-six years ago.

I went down from Neely and stayed with them about three months, down on the farm. Had a good time, working, hoeing in the yard. Old Grandpa was a great old worker.

As near as I can remember him and Phil look as near alike as any two men I ever saw. And they talk a good deal alike,-slow. And their actions were similar.

Phoebe, she was all right. She had a great streak of curiousity about her. If I'd get a letter I'd either have to burn it, or she'd hunt the house over, or my clothes, to see it. She had that woman's curiosity about her, she wanted to see it.

ANGIE, FRANK, AND LOUISE TALK

Violet writes,—

ANGIE HUBER and Frank Myers are here. Angie says she sees some likeness of the Myers in Frank. Tina says he looks like Mark Clark. Frank says his grandfather Solomon Myers said they were German Jews. Angie insists her mother said her grandmother was an English Jew from London.

Cousin Angie says her mother used to tell her about Uncle Tunis. He said he would never marry,— he didn't want any woman blatting around for shoes and dresses."

Mamma says;—He couldn't bear to have a woman touch him. He was a woman hater. And yet Grandmother said that he was the best looking boy she had.

M—Some of them could carry a tune and some couldn't. Uncle Sol couldn't. He was going to get married the second time, and he was feeling happy. He was singing out by the woodpile-Dri called me to see. He was trying to make a tune go. We had to laugh—we couldn't help it. (Note:(by Flora) Uncle Tunis used to make a great fuss when anyone played the organ, as thougt he disliked it very much, but I remembered seeing him trying to play when he thot no one else would hear. It seemed pitiful as he was then old and blind.)

Angie said,—Mother had a beautiful voice. Oh, she was a beautiful singer! She could go 'way up high, when she was a girl. She told how far they could hear her when she was a girl. She told me how far they could hear her when she was out milking. She lost her voice five years before she died. Neither father nor grandfather could carry a tune.

M—Celia couldn't, I know. Father had a strong voice. He had learned by note, and could read music. Mother had a sweet voice, but did not keep time very well.

(Note:—Mother sang so sweetly during the last summer before she died—(at eighty-eight). She was at my house.)

Angie,—I remember hearing my Mother sing,

"When the Jews crucified our God-man,
Oh the sun refused to shine
In its majesty divine,
When the Jews crucified our God-man."

Oh it was a beautiful song, I wish I could rememebr it. I wonder why they don't keep up those old songs?

Mother said she remembered when Darius and Fame and someone else would come over the hill in the sleigh singing;—"When Gabriel blows his trumpet." They were young. Darius came out from the Millerite movement, I believe. The Millerites started with the ten commandments, and the Adventists came out on the Revelations as a continuance of Daniel.

M—They used to believe in hell.

A—They don't now. There is no hell, except in the Judgment.

GREAT-AUNT ANNA AND UNCLE ISAAC ANNABLE

ANNA Brown Crichton, born in Edinburg, Scotland, married Isaac Annable, of New York State.

Her daughter, Louise, married Roy Young.

Cousin Lou said,—"My mother was six weeks and three days on the ocean, and two weeks on the lakes from New York to Chicago, coming from Scotland to the United States. She wrote about the trip when she was sixty-nine. Something about the ship speed.

"Farewell to the ship and her noble crew,
Long may she sail o'er the ocean blue.
"We were entire strangers when we first set sail,
We had not much heart to encounter the gale."

There was a birth, a death and a wedding on board the ship.

She saw Queen Victoria and her husband, and two or three of her children. One was King Edward.

On my father's side was French. It was his father (Prince Annable). His mother was a Howland, that was your Grandma Myers's grandmother (Ruth Howland.)

Mother had a keen eye. Mrs. Green used to say if mother could have been educated she would have been one of the foremost women. She was an efficient woman. She kept a little dictionary on the stand, and when she was in doubt she would consult it. She had wonderful judgment.

There's no use of worry and grieving. My mother always helped me so much. I'd study and study, and then I'd go to mother, and she'd clear things up. She'd say; "There's no use worrying about the future. This may be the best thing that ever happened."

AN ACCOUNT OF MRS. ANNA ANNABLE'S TRIP ACROSS ATLANTIC OCEAN IN 1850.

IN MY 19th year, on the 18th of May, 1850, we took steamer from the city of Glasgow to Greenock, where our ship was loading for the journey.

A number of people came with us quite a distance on the water, then were let down by ropes into small boats and went back.

We had preaching on the Sabbath, good singing and encouraging words spoken to our aching hearts.

Then, during the week, in fine weather, dancing, and music by the band. We came on a sailing vessel —named "Speed." There was one birth, one marriage and one death.

We saw icebergs—whales—15 at one time. One shark that could not be harpooned. After the death and burial, we did not see it again.

We were in fogs and storms—during the fog a

horn was blown constantly. In the worst storms no fires nor lights were allowed—for two days and two nights. We were prisoners—all doors being nailed to keep the cranky ones off deck—the waves would have washed them overboard. Many had to be pushed inside the doors. In the crowding—one arm and one leg was broken. When the excitement abated the doctor was with them. We had happy hours and sad ones—what seemed to me the saddest of all was hearing "The Banks of Clyde" sung and I heard it so often.

We got acquainted with Margaret and Mary Roach —sisters—going to Chicago to a sister there. When they learned we would stop in Chicago on our way to Buffalo Grove—(now Polo) Ogle Co., Ill.—we were friends while we were together. They hadn't seen their sister for 17 years. Margaret, the oldest, composed some beautiful verses about the "Speed" and passengers. How sorry I have often been I didn't write them down. Here are the two I remember:

"Farewell to the Speed and her jovial crew,
And long may she sail on the ocean so blue.
Farewell to the kind hearts that in her we met
For their generous kindness, we ne'er will forget.
We were entire strangers when first we set sail,
We had not much heart to encounter the gale.
But we soon found such friendship on board the ship Speed.—
That to the fierce winds, we gave little heed."—

We saw considerable of importance on the water. After passing an examination on Sandy Hook Island we were towed into the city of New York amid tears and cheers, on the 7th day of July, 1850—and Oh! what a time I had that day, to find the Post Office.

Found at last—with an aching heart and tears running down my cheeks. I left my letter for home, sweet home. From N. Y. City we took steamer to Albany. There we got on a canal boat,—everything loaded. When Uncle was told how slow it would go—we were routed of babies and baggage, and took cars to Buffalo, N.Y. There, we took steamer on Lake Erie—stopped at Detroit, saw Canada from the boat, went around the lakes. Were nearly two weeks getting to Chicago. (We were six weeks and 3 days on the Atlantic.) What a time, that morning, when we saw the town. Mary and bundles in our care.—Maggie impatient for the anchor to be cast, soon, she was flying over the ground to find her sister—a maiden lady with female boarders. Knowing the street and number, it didn't take long, 41 years, next July to find a person in Chicago. We expected Maggie, but instead a lady came on board, saying Miss Roach sent her for Mary—and an invitation to all the Scotch to come to breakfast. There were 11 of us. How I would like to see the crowd to-day, as we looked then, Auntie and I, each carrying a little girl and a bundle, that wasn't small. The men and boys with leather bags and bundles a plenty. When we arrived at the house, our guide presented us to company. Oh! the excitement the sisters not knowing each other.

We had to leave soon, taking cars from Chicago to St. Charles, the end of the R.R.—at that time; then Uncle hired teams to take us to Buffalo Grove. Our first night at the Grove, we stayed with a family named Chapman. I slept with the school teacher.

(Mary Jane Worden.) Jan. 26, 1901.

Jan. 26, 1901.

I haven't finished, but to-day I am thinking of Victoria, hearing of her death. Like the verses, on the sea, it takes me away back to bonnie Scotland. where I saw the Queen and her husband, Prince Albert,—and their two oldest children.

One is now the ex-Empress of Germany,—the other King of Great Britain, this week.

A good and busy woman is resting, to-day. From the trials of this life, age 82, May 24th this year —1901.

The evening before I left, about bed time, I thought I'd go across the street and stay with my Uncle and Aunt, get up early in the morning and get out of town before any one saw me. I was nearly out, when Mrs. Smith saw me. She came out with a handkerchief. I had a little over a mile to go to where my Uncle and Aunt lived. I was there a little while when some one said my father was coming. I went out at the opposite door and hid among the bushes. He soon found me, and oh! that meeting and parting; I can't tell it.

This falls short of our account of the trip. I may finish it some time.—Lou, you will find many words that aren't spelled right, but knowing your broad charity, I know you will make allowance for one that didn't go to school after she was ten years of age.

Affectionately,

Your Mother,
A. Annable.

age 69—in a few days.

(Written for Louise E. Young.)

COUSIN ALICE LEWIS

COUSIN ALICE was daughter of Phoebe Myers, who had married Waterman Sears.

Mamie Ethel Platzek tells of Cousin Alice:—

Cousin Alice had so many stories for chidren and poems she knew by heart. I used to like to go and stay all night with her (when she lived in Fowler, California). If we had been especially good, Mamma would say, "Don't you want to go and stay all night with Cousin Alice." I was crazy to go.

She had the most wonderful feather beds I ever saw in my life. She had some dishes of blue willow-ware, and some of brown dishes, the most expensive kind now. And odd-shaped silver ware she had from her mother and different relations. (These descended to her daughter Matie, and they were destroyed when the house burned, but Lydia has one dish of the blue ware.)

She used to have corn-flakes, and peanut butter, and cornbread. She'd make big pans of cornbread. She wouldn't let Helen call her 'grandmother'; it was "Aunty Isaacs." Hermann and Herbert would call her "Mudder." She had all her chickens named.

She would never let anyone help her with the dishes, or whatever she was doing,—she had her own ways.

Ethel — Aug. 18, 1924

Cousin Alice — Lydia

Cousin Alice was small and bent, with a dry, wrinkled face and prominent eyes. Mother said she looked like Grandma Myers. She used to get me to tell her fortune in a teacup, and she really believed in it, would tell me it came true!

She often said she came to California to marry a millionaire; saying it with a twinkle in her eyes. She could clean a room the cleanest of anyone I ever saw, but everyone must get out while she did it, and she was particular about whatever she did, but painfully slow. She was a great hand to talk, usually about Matie.

UNCLE TUNIS

(Grandmother's Story)

TUNE was an elderly man first time I see him,—was gettin' along in years fore I knew him at all. Sold his place in the east an' come there to Illinois. Didn't look like some Myerses, crooked-up noses an'all. He was your grandfather's brother. Was kind o' odd. Grandma said he was the prettiest baby she ever had. Was al'ays kind o' contrary. Ef he was good lookin' when he got old, he must ha' been quite nice lookin' as a young man. Didn't have that hump on his nose like the rest of 'em.

His was Grecian nose; brown, curly hair curled up at the bottom. His features weren't like the rest of 'em—he was fine featured.

He was goin' to be married to a girl, an awfu' nice, pretty girl. I use to have her sew for me. They were goin' to Freeport—Tune and this girl and her family,—an' while there she sat on a young man's knee. That was the last for Uncle Tunis. That killed her for him. Why, that was an abomination to him. No, of course he wouldn't marry her—that was abominable to him.

Before that they were walking down the road together, and she wanted to lock arms with him and he said, "The road is wide enough—you keep your side of the road and I'll keep mine." Maybe if he had been more affectionate she wouldn't a' acted like that, sittin' on a young man's lap.

She got married to another feller. They had a chivaree. Oh, they was goin' to take the law on 'em—on 'em that had chivareed. The old man, her father, and George Wray, the one that married her, was awful mad. They went out, an' I guess if they'd had a gun, they'd a' shot 'em. The ones that chivareed—your grandfather give 'em powder, the conch shell, and the gun. They blowed a big blast on the conch shell.

Those that chivareed come to our house and wanted to know what to do with them fellers that was so mad at 'em. Lucy, my cousin, was there, an' we was going to take her down to Whitside County. We had pie, an' doughnuts, an' cake all cooked up, your grandfather treated 'em with that. All they got there was cursin'—if they'd had guns, they'd have retaliated.

Your grandfather says to 'em, "I've never been chivareed yet. I want you to chivaree me." They said, "We have no shot." He said, "I'll give you plenty of shot." He give them two—three rounds. They shot those rounds off, an' done all they could, blowed the conch shell, an' made all the noise they could with tin pans. They al'ays do with chivarees. I know they did—I couldn't help but hear them, right all round the house. They come from Morseville to do that chivaree. Father give them things to do it with. They felt kind of sheepish. Father knew 'em, pretty near all of 'em. Oh, yes, they made all the noise they could.

Old Mr. Strong came down the next mornin' an' wanted to know what all that rumpus was about. Father told 'em he hadn't never been chivareed, he wanted to be chivareed. That kind of cooled him off wasn't so wrathy.

Yes, I went to Whiteside County when father took Lucy down. That was next mornin'. Whiteside County was where uncles and aunts and cousins lived. Start eight o'clock, not get there till four o'clock in the afternoon. Stopped at Mt. Carroll for breakfast. Your grandfather went down there one hull week and preached the advent truth. Three—four families came in.

Uncle Tunis lived away up over the hill quite a ways above where we lived. I used to go, went once. He lived in an old house. They went to hoe for him—help him on his place; an' while they was hoein', I cleaned up. Had a middly, good sized house—just for a common house. Had a box he slept in, tipped it up, used for a bed. Had strawberries. Why, yes he seemed to be pleased. He walked over to our house to give me twenty-five cents for cleanin' up. I took ashes an' soap—you know, they used to have soft soap—an' scrub it. Yes, I cleaned the floor first, an' scrub' it—cleaned it all up.

They was tellin' about—they was two women alone, an' somepin' give out o' their rig, an' he went 'way 'round-about ways so's he wouldn't do sumpin' for 'em, or they'd say sumpin' to him. Most young men would ha' gone to help 'em; but he was afraid they'd say sumpin' to him.

He got robbed twice—in York State an' Illinois. If they hadn't taken that dog away, he'd never a' been robbed. No, sir, if he'd been there, they never'd dared to come there an' robbed him. They took that dog away from Tunis an' he come to our house.

Well, sir, that dog never left our house—allays stayed with us—old Sam, he was. Father liked to 'a' got killed once, a heifer jammin' him, an' he whistled for him, an' Sam come a-runnin' just as fast as he could run, an' he grabbed right hold o' her, an' she let go—an ugly heifer, think it was one he bought. Great, big white bull dog—don't know who could 'a' brought him.

After he stole, this man bought his wife a silk dress an' everything; an' Tune had a notion it was that man who stole. An' Tune come once with a gun; and this man an' his wife an' children hid in the upper chamber, an' he wouldn't come down till Uncle Tune said, "I'll shoot you if you don't come down." An' the man said, "I'll come down if you won't shoot my wife." An' he come down, an' Tune didn't shoot him that time.

Well, sir, he'd stolen twenty-five hundred dollars from Tune. Had gagged him, an' bound his hands behind him, an' ripped open the mattress to find the money, in the feather-bed.I don't know where they found the money. Anyway, they tied his hands an' gagged him so he couldn't holler.

Somebody was goin' along there, the dog was gone, somebody must ha' taken him away. Yes, they went in an' found him gagged an' tied an' ever'thing.

They had a big trial over it, an' the man that stole bribed them all, constable, sheriff, an' all. "Ah, he wasn't nothin' but an old miser,—'d go ragged an' dirty an' everything. His money'd never do him no good, anyway. He was nothin' but an old miser."

Jake Putnam was the man that stole. He went along the river afterwards, an' he took a gun an' a rope and he said if he didn't shoot himself,—if the gun didn't go off, he'd hang himself. He got tired of livin', I guess,—there he'd been a deserter from the army; an' there he'd been a thief. I guess his conscience moved him,—convicted him. Uncle might a' killed him, but the man commited suicide.

Tune's place was about a mile an' a half over the hill. They used to go an' help him with his work. He had hams an' shoulders, great big ones, hanging up in the fireplace. He had milk an' eggs; an' he'd buy soda, an' stir it up, an' drop it; an' it'd be light. Mother used to make it,—I know what they air, but I can't think,—sour milk an' soda an' eggs an' flour—drop it right in—had a bunch of meat an' grease,—Flitters, that's it, he'd call it flitters,—just as light!

I'm awful sorry I didn't ask Henry where his place was in York State. He had money stole there, about

five hundred dollars. By spells, he had his money stole, little amounts, you know. His place wan't cultivated, couldn't raise very much. Used to catch wild animals—had a dog; an' he come around an' killed 'em when they was caught.

Yes, he believed in Sunday as the Sabbath, an' immortality o' the soul,—didn't believe as we did. He'd almost fight for his belief.

It was in Illinois he had twenty-five hundred stole. Then he got a woman an' man to see to the house. He had pegs to put his money in; an' the man an' his wife was cleanin' the house an' they pulled a peg out, an' there was three hundred dollars. An' the man went an' bought a yoke o' oxen with that three hundred. "Old Tune's money," he said, when he bought the oxen.

Yes, he had big hogs, great big hogs,—sell all off but the hams an' shoulders—put 'em up in the chimley an' smoke 'em. Fry 'em an' eat 'em with syrup. He was hospitable, anyone come there, he'd allays invite 'em in an' give 'em something to eat. Anyone come 'round there, he was hospitable. Lived right near Jacobsville, where Sol lived.

After that, he couldn't keep money at all;—was all stole in little bits,—couldn't get enough to pay his taxes. Used to hide it in anthills, an' they'd steal it. People'd tell about the ants'd haul it out,—bills, why, o' course, they told about seein' the ants gettin' a-hold o' the money.

Your grandfather an' Uncle Smith tried to have him put his money in bonds or in some money where it'd be safe,—That's what they wanted him to do. Yes, he wouldn't hear to 'em at all. Said, he didn't want any rag money,—meant bills, you know. Gold an' silver he'd take. He'd tried bills, an' they was stole from him.

Yes, sir, if that dog'd been there, they'd never 'a got in the house. He'd ha' got 'em by the throat an' killed 'em. I know old Mr. Tucker came, an' he wanted to see your grandfather. I was out on the chip-pile; an' the dog was on the chip-pile with me; an' the dog got hold o' his pant-legs; an' he grabbed up an axe. An' I said, "Don't you touch him. If you do, he'll grab you by the throat an' kill you; an' I can't help myself." He was protecting me, you know. Used to protect me, when your father was gone I'd call him in,—he'd lay at the foot o' my bed. If anybody'd come, I'd open the door a little way, an' talk to 'em, didn't dare let 'em in. They'd stop at the door an' want to know where your grandfather was, an' I'd open the door a little ways. They'd run around the house away across the field to get away from the dog,—they was afraid o' him.

Yes, Mr. Tucker left his wife,—she was after the men, free-love. He wouldn't live with her any longer.

Yes, I guess it was that Putnam brought the dog—don't know anything about it who did—can't say—but might ha' been that Putnam. Because if the dog'd been there, nobody'd got around the house—wouldn't dare to. No, sir, he'd ha' killed him. Course he would. Bull dog, you know, they're savage. White as snow. Don't know when he died, can't remember.

Then Uncle Smith took Uncle Tune down to Iowa, kept him there a spell. Aunt Emmy could get his clothes off to wash 'em. Had the hardest work to get him to change his clothes an' get 'em washed. Aunt Em got him to take 'em off 'cause they lived in town.

Then, after Uncle Smith give him up, we took him. We moved his bed out in the kitchen, an' we slept in the back chamber. I had to wash him an' comb his hair, an' wash his clothes,—you know, typhoid fever, Vi you have to keep their clothes clean. We had a kitth chen an' a long room. We had bins under the beds,—used to bin up the grain; an' put the bins over it,—had two beds in the long room.

We had an out-door grain-house, an' one time people lived right below there, an' old lady an' her daughter saw the men, a great big fat man—used to live in York State an' had a wife an' boy there,—he'd left 'em—and another man helpin' him with a team, drawin' the grain.

One time we had an old brown mare. Well, sir, the old lady, see 'em puttin' grain on the mare an' takin' it up the hill to a wagon, to draw it to the mill. We lived half, three-quarters of a mile from the grainhouse. The old lady see 'em catch the mare. Was a long ways across the creek to the house to tell us. Father raised a good deal o' grain.

They was two men, Rob was the honest one. Father said if he'd put a thousand dollars before him, he wouldn't steal it. But his brother,—I can't think o' his surname to save me—Tom was one name he was in 'hoots with that big fat man. Father told him he thought he'd stole his grain, an' father was just at 'em about it. 'Course they wouldn't acknowledge it. Yes, both o' them wanted to fight him. Thompson, that was his name, Rob Thompsn.

An Irishman was goin' to fight father once. Took a pitchfork. Father gave him as good as he sent.

Tune was sick at our house a long time with typhoid fever. We lived in the frame house when we took care o' him. I washed his face an' combed his hair every day. Phil had him a spell. Uncle Smith lived in a little town there in Iowa. His wife would get him to pull his clothes off, an' let 'em be washed. She was quite tasty.

Old Dr. Hopkins doctored him when he was at our house. One time he give him an emetic, went both ways; almost killed him. Your grandfather came home from Freeport, an' he had to go right up in the woods to get some slippery elm. He had a cutter, the doctor had an' he used to let his boys an' girls, sons an' daughters, young men an' women, go in his cutter, an' they was goin' to use the cutter that night; an' they couldn't 'cause he had to doctor Tune all night long, didn't dare to leave him. Your grandfather had to go right up in the woods soon as he come home to get slippery elm. The doctor sent him.

Oh, Tune was so mad, he wouldn't pay him. Had money right in his hand, wouldn't pay him, 'cause he'd given him that emetic. Paid him after he got over that mad fit.

That red chest was Uncle Tune's-great bag, long. Grandma kept all o' her clothes in it, eventually come from her. When Uncle Tune died, we had it. He had it all through his life-time. He come from Nora, been livin' with us; was goin' to live with Sieb Giles long as he lived. He an' Sieb Giles got out, didn't hitch. Giles had him out cuttin' wood and huskin' corn. he was so blind he'd get out in the yard an' couldn't come back. He left there wouldn't stay there no more. Mag Giles didn't treat him well. He come back to Nora with us, an' he come back an died there. Uncle Smith said if he'd thought he'd a' lived longer, he'd 'a' stayed longer. He'd had to work hard to get him to take a bath, an' he fought against it.

When that boy o' Elsies'd go along, he'd strike at him with his cane if he could reach him.

He'd willed all his money to Uncle Smith, an' there we'd taken care o' him,—there we'd had him twice. Your father an' Uncle Smith bought a suit o' clothes to be buried in; they joined in.

He went to Aunt Celias an' stayed there a spell. She put him away up high. He didn't like it, would-

n't stay there. So he went around, one place to another.

He had gold in a little sack an' he had it inside the red chest. He said, "Let it lay there." An' they took it up in the chest an' he had it afterwards. When he died, the red chest was at our house. So I put my things in it, an' kep' it.

I had to take care o' him. Father wouldn't Tune was so contrary.

He died at our house. Uncle Smith come up there, told Elsie he'd pay her if she'd take care o' him.

I didn't go to the funeral, away down the valley. Had a pain in my side, couldn't go. Yes, Uncle Tune is buried there, Grandma Myers, an' Aunt Laviny, an' her husband laid there. We set out trees; Janey an' Euclid; an' Phil had a child.

I was there when he died. He'd lost his tobacco an' I found it for him. He wouldn't take any medicine. We had to put it in coffe,—he didn't want to drink it. Yes, the last solace he had,—he wanted tobaccy. I looked on the floor an' found a little piece an' give him a piece. He chewed tobaccy. Doctor said he'd die at eleven next day, an' he did.

Won't there be a reckonin' in the Final Judgment with all those men stole from Tunis? All that money? Yes, I believe every evil deed, every idle word, got to be confessed to. I ain't so certain about that, but I reckon they'll have to confess about stealin' that money.

He said he wan't never going to marry,—didn't want to bring no more sorrer into the world. But he almost did marry,—'cause her father had plenty o' property, an' his wife was a nice woman, an' the girl was a splendid girl. But her settin' on the lap o' that young man killed her fer him.

DARIUS MYERS-D-Sept. 14, 1897.

I stand in the autumn morning,
And think of bygone autumns with thee.
Sixteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread
In the autumn morning, the road of death—

For sixteen years
"We who, till then, in the shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain, as we might,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

"If in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Foil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw nothing.
For us thou wast still
Cheerful and helpful and firm!

"Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the end of thy day,
Oh, faithful shepherd, to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone,
Pure souls, honored and blest,
By former ages.
Yes, I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

"Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's inermost mind,
His who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost.
Yours is the praise if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died.
See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending? A God
Marshalled them, gave them their goal.
Ah! but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plages them; the rocks
Rising all around, overawe;
Factions divide them, their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.

"Then, in such hours of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with odor divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness is not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! At your voice
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave.
Order, courage, return,
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of waste,
On, to the City of God!"

Mathew Arnold

OUR FATHER

DARIUS MYERS was born Dec. 18, 1816, near Minetto, Oswego County, New York. Here he lived in a large, two-story house, with a high, stone foundation. There was a fireplace beside which he studied at night. The farm was of rolling land and rocky. The rocks which were picked up every springtime, so that plowing could be done, were built into rock fences. Beside the house was a "Harvest Sweet" apple tree, which still bore luscious fruit in 1901.

When he was twelve years old father became interested in studying the bible for himself, a custom he continued all his life. He was also interested in education, teaching school when he became a young man. Of this time mother speaks;—(talking to Violet.)

"I went to school to father in early days. I was fourteen. Sarah (Carleton) and Angeline were going to have their picture taken at Oswego. Your grandfather came in a cutter, an' got me out of school an' I had my picture taken. The cutter tipped over coming home. Took me out of school—dark color dress—took good. Sarah and Angeline had just one silk dress between them. First one, the oldest one, put it on, then they changed; an' the other girl put it on, so they both had their picture taken in it.

I chose the one father took rather than the one the

man took—he was learnin' how. It was in India ink, an' cost fourteen dollars. It got burned up when Flora's house burned.

(Mother had given it to me. This was a daguerrotype—a sweet, girlish face, with hair parted and combed smoothly down, as she wore it all her life—F. E. W.)

Your grandfather was thirty-five years old when I married him. I didn't think very much o' him when I first knew him. He wrote father a letter was he willing we should correspond. He wasn't good-lookin'—his nose not so crooked as Judah's—pretty good school teacher,—kind an' good. He learned 'em well. He was a good teacher.

The girls thought I cared for him—never think of such a thing! They'd kind of laugh an' make out I did. Never think o' such a thing! Pretty good lookin'. Dark blue eyes.

When he came back from California, coarse an' rough hair, I combed it an' fussed it, made it nice. Three years he come back.

We was goin' to Aunt Phoebe's an' git married. We went over across the river to get my dress, but it wasn't ready. "Was the disappointment of her life, because she didn't get her dress," the one who made it said. Seemed to me it was four, five miles, but mother wouldn't 'a let me go if it had been that far.

My dress was white cotton, striped with satin stripe. I had that when I got married an' was married in black. Then we waited until we went to Illinois.

Come by the lakes, on boats—steam-boats. I remember hearing the ice "thug" on side o' the boats. We went to Chicago an' stayed. Chicago was then a flat, 'twant built up. He went to a orangeman's an' rented a room. Then he bought a horse-team an' traveled. We'd stop nights. Mother an' I an' Celia went to a hotel.

The train was three days goin' through Michigan. They'd stop off an' get groceries—(I've heard mother say the train ran so slowly they would get off and pick flowers.—F. E. W.)

We stopped to Uncle Sile's. He lived long the ditch. We bought eggs o' Aunt Cecelia—five cents a dozen. Then he bought his place back an' went on it.

THEIR MARRIAGE, MAY 23, 1853

MY FOLKS were living in the log-house, side o' the hill, in Illinois. I had a black calico dress on. Had a nice white one.

In the mornin' your grandfather come by. He could go across the river up to Savannah, but no, he didn't believe in getting a licence. Thought it was foolish to get a license, wouldn't do it.

My father an' mother didn't know about it. We went out into Wisconsin. From Warren to the line was fourteen miles—from the line to the Justice's, out in the country somew'eres, was twenty-four miles. He had a horse, an' I had a horse. He had a certificate an' I had one.

We went in the mornin'. Come back that night. He lived on another place. He was bachin' it—I guess he was. We come back an' stopped at a Scotchman's, (Renwick, was his name.) His children went to school to father. We had dinner an' supper together. Had to go through a deep place, rocky, like foothills—Millville.

When we got home he just left me there, didn't tell we were married at all. He says, "Don't blazon it all over the country. Like someone says, goin' up an' down the road, 'I'm married! I'm married!' "

That was the longest horseback ride I ever took. After awhile I told them. You go off and get married sometimes, you don't want anybody to know.

Your grandfather bought a place down in the bottom. We lived in the blacksmith shop, first off. Put up four poles, put up unbleached factory—made a wall of it. People'd come out to see father. I'd cook for 'em. That was the first house I lived in. Two or three hundred acres. He sold off land piece by piece. They couldn't pay, an' he had to get 'em off the place, kind o' rough people.

Folks went away an' left a house, an' we bought 'em out, things they had. We was harvestin' hay, an' had to have somew'eres to go.

Your grandfather prospered, an' had more children to take the Myers' name than anybody. We had seven boys to take the Myers name.

We lived on the Bank farm. First we lived in the blacksmith shop, then the frame house. We bought new chairs, an' Grandma Myers came an' there the Hilliard young ones was markin' up them new chairs. Father never liked Hilliard's boys—Allan, he liked him. They was a lot of girls goin' over a bridge an' Lonnie fought for them, so father respected him.

Your grandfather an' a neighbor, an' a nephew, Aunt Seurvivy's boy went to texas. Rode there that long ways, clear down through Texas. They come to a restaurant an' Allen said, "Uncle, you ought to get a revolver to protect yourself." Your grandfather said, "I've journeyed the world over an' not carried a revolver!"

He got awful sick an' had a northern doctor, an' a southern doctor, an' the northern doctor helped him most. Allen died, meanwhile, of typhoid fever. Father didn't know it until he got home.

Your grandfather always used to call me "Little Bird" an' "Little Dove," an' everythin' else. Was a good deal more loviner at that time than afterwards. Melissa Clark's husband courted her Bible fashion. He sparked her, an' made it out in Bible phrases. You know "my dove, my love," an' everythin' so lovin'. He was natchelly a nice young man morally. He was quite good-lookin'—dark eyes. Melissa was a smart, go-ahead woman.

Your grandfather liked little children. Yes, was a great hand, would take our little children, when they was little, an' carry them all around the house. Yes, carry them around in his arms. I'd beg him not to, in the cold. When they was asleep I'd hate to wake 'em up. I'd tell him sleep'd do 'em more good, but he said more of 'em died of o' starvation than o' full stomachs. I'd think they oughtn't to go to bed on full stomachs. He'd go an' wake 'em up out o' their sleep rather than to have 'em go hungry. I'd tell him I hated to have 'em woke up when they was sleepin' good.

Ef they was good children he liked 'em. He talked to 'em and told 'em if they'd done wrong they'd have to suffer for it. He'd punish 'em long as he was able. Then he'd talk to 'em—that was all he could do. He liked 'em all pretty well.

FATHER'S FIRST TRIP TO CALIFORNIA
1849—52
By Mother

HE was gone three years. Had a great, big tent all fixed up—left that. He was awful sick, turned kind o' spotted. Had a great long beard:—his hair,—didn't comb it much.

When he was comin' back on the vessel on the ocean, by Panama, somewheres there, he put the gold

dust in a sack, one o' them tight sacks, little sack, all sewed up tight, an' he hung it right up afore them all, right in the vessel; didn't act as if he were afraid of them stealin' it. Had a chunk, twelve dollars' worth, smooth an' he kep' that. Found it. Nobody touched that gold-dust. Thought it was just a sack.

He sent me ten dollars one time in gold. Then five dollars in gold. He sewed that ten dollars in the silk come out of a hat, all around, you know, an' he put that in a letter. My father bought me (with it) some religious books, an' some school books, an' clothes. I used to read 'em through an' through. I wan't married then.

Note: Mother had a gold breastpin Father gave her with some of the gold he had mined in the back. The front had a lock of hair under glass. She gave it to me, and it was lost in a fire Flora E.

DARI'S STORY OF FATHERS FIRST TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

FATHER went to California the first time in 1849, in the spring. It took them six months to get out here.

Some people were driving on the road, and wanted to stay all night. They got to talking about California, and father said he'd go with them in the morning.

They had an ox team—they didn't use no horses with them covered wagons. They had to carry enough grub with them to last them. After they crossed the Missouri River it was all wilderness and plains.

They came to Marysville. They were in a caravan. They dassn't to go otherwise. After they'd get to the Mississippi, or Missouri River, they' d wait till enough wagons would get there to start out, about fifty or a hundred wagons.

They came to where the American and other river came in—the Father River—two of them come in and join there and make another river.

They mined there with gravel—some of them had cradles. He brought back about three thousand dollars in nuggets.

They couldn't go into the plains for lack of water. He said there were wild cattle and horses.

The Spaniards came in early days—these were all Spanish grants then. About '48 I think it was California was turned over to the United States.

You couldn't get a letter. The mail all would have to go around by Cape Horn. It would take about six months. About '52 they had those pony-express mails. They'd ride night and day—change horses. Take them about thirty days.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK STATE

By Melissa J. Meyers

FATHER went back East to York State, 'an he had an old-fashioned Advent Hymn book tied up in a silk handkerchief, and a chart, 'an he left them in the seat, 'an while he was gone someone must 'a taken them an' thrown 'em out the window to someone outside who would take it. He had a good pair of stockings his mother had knit for him.

He never would buy anything to put things in, but he'd take a great big tobacco pail to put provisions in on the train. He mourned a good deal about that Advent Hymn book.

When he was thirty-five he decided to keep the Sabbath, an' he said if ever he got a home of his own, he'd keep the Sabbath.

He'd go to Sol's to meeting. He'd start an' on the hill he'd see the cattle broke out, an' he'd have to go back an' put 'm up.

Uncle Sol lived on the ditch an' kept a little store. Quite a number of 'em was Adventists. Father used to believe in Ellen G. White's visions, but afterward he didn't.

Father went to Battle Creek, Michigan, to a conference. He let the Sanitarium have money. He helped 'em about the printing press an' a good many things. They didn't pay anythin' back.

We used to have family-worship every morning. He had a Bible he'd read out of. That flute he had was given to Lydia afterward. He made the beautifullest pictures. Haint you seen that one at the head o' Lyddy's stairs, that rose? He made beautifullest pictures—lent some o' them. They never brought 'em back. Made landscapes, paintings, flowers, leaves, everything just perfect.

We used to get things together for Christmas. Charley Plumley, mother's sister's child, come around every year. He'd go away off around somewheres 'an get things, an' we'd buy of him, not pay much. Charley was allays pleasant. He'd help when we was huskin' corn. Had to fuss an' fix up his fingers when he'd go to work. He'd been in the army; was in Iowa Soldiers' home last I ever heard o' him.

We'd hang up our stockings at Christmas. Your Grandfather used to put in a cob an' one thing or another, for Christmas. He teased not very much. He kind o' joked.

We had a tornado about half a mile from our house, right above Eaton's. That thing that turns around went right in the graveyard, an' turned the gravestones, the tops of 'em around, an the Catholic Church, an' the dance hall, an' the Catholics said that was a warnin' to 'em—had no business havin' the dance hall near the Church. It was just tipped up.

Went up through Lon Parker's woods, went kittering right through, a swath. Your father said there was great heavy chuncks o' wood right out in the road where he never seen them before. An' a corner off, just the aidge of Phil's, didn't touch the house. I don't know where it went. It started at some old folk's house, an' then through an Irishman's house didn't do so much damage there; they got the doors an' windows shut up. Looked like one of them funnels you sift flour through. I was watchin' it in the bottom.

Never touched Van Hilliard's. How far it went, never heard. Cyclones every once in awhile. Down along the Mississippi River, lots o' houses unroofed. On the other side there were lots of Indian Mounds, where the Idians buried their dead.

Oh, yes, snowstorms an' blizzards! Started to go from Pleasant Valley to Nora—nice an' warm. We almost got caught in a blizzard, sleigh tipped over.

At first we had bins under the beds to bin up the grain. Had a kitchen an' a long room. Had two beds in the long room. Then we had an out-door grain house, an one time people living right below there, an' old lady an' her daughter, saw some men, a great big fat man used to live in York State an' had a wife an' some boys there; he'd left 'em. Him an' another man, helpin' him with a team, was drawin' off the grain.

One time we had an old brown mare. Well, the old lady seen 'em puttin' grain on the mare an' takin' it up the hill to a wagon, to draw it to mill. We lived half or three-quarters of a mile from the grain house. Was a long ways across the creek to get to our house to tell us.

Father raised a good deal o' grain.

They was two men, Rob was the honest one. Father said if he'd put a thousand dollars before him, he wouldn't steal it. But his brother I can't think o' his surname to save me—John was one name—he was in cahoots with that big, fat man.

Father told him he thought he'd stole his grain, an' Father was just at 'em about it. 'Course they wouldn't acknowledge it. Yes, both o' them wanted to fight him. Thompson, that was his name.

An Irishman was going to fight Father once. Took a pitchfork. Father gave him as good as he sent.

Father loaned a hundred dollars to a man—Peck. He got it together by littles, by trappin5'. The first money he ever got together. He was a young man—long 'fore he knew me.

An' he, the man, was to pay the money back that he borrowed if the Lord didn't come. That was in 1848. They was expectin' that He'd come, an' if he came, he wasn't to pay it back. An' the man never did pay it back, an' your grandfather lost faith in God almost, lost faith in the Bible, His not comin'.

The Adventists didn't believe in the Seventh day then not till afterwards. They all believed Jesus would come.

Your grandfather never believed in goin' to Heaven—called it the "sky-kingdom." Thought Jesus was comin' on earth.

Cousin Melissa Clark said, "Uncle Darius was sensitive about his religion, an' about people' judgements of him. In his school teaching he was sensitive. Or in the church, if anyone slighted him he'd hold a grudge. Darius was loyal, thoughtful of women. That is a trait of the Myerses—to be thoughtful of women, and of virtue."

LONG-GONE LOVED ONES LYDIA

FOR THE past few days I have been thinking of so many nice things and today especially of Father. Tomorrow will be the anniversity of his birth.

"What pleasures we used to get out of simple things at home! I remember what an extra thing it used to seem to open a can of tomatoes for dinner, and how good they tasted. On Father's birthday we would have something extra for dinner, a chicken usually, and open some kind of canned fruit or preserves, and everybody felt renewed and happy.

"It would always please Father to have us celebrate, and he would get excited enough to get out the old flute and play for us. That was the heigth of all entertainment I always thought—when he would play the flute.

Can't you hear "Annie Laurie" now and "Over the Waters to Charlie" and "Bonaparte's March?"

In all the years I have never heard any music that sounded so good as that old flute. No singing has ever seemed so good as that we enjoyed when we sang with father. No music so dear and sweet and touching as when father played that flute so many, many years ago.

They say that each generation has merits and traits of its own, differing from any other. But I often long for the kind of people that father belonged to.

I have been thinking too of Grandma Appleby. Doesn't it always make you feel peaceful, and quiet, and rested, just to remember her home, and to recall how she used to move around so quietly and unhurried about her work. The last time she visited us I remember how I loved to comb her hair, it was so long and nice.

How nice it is we can think about our long gone loved ones, and remember them so plainly even though we can't see them. It is such a comfort sometimes, to me, to think of this one or that one who loved me, and was large-hearted and kind and wise.

This is one good I always get out of the Christmastime of the year. So many beautiful thoughts come back. Old longings and ideals long unthought of, come around me, and lift me up and carry me away out of myself. I go about singing snatches of song I hadn't thought of for a long time.

The other night I woke up and some song was in my mind, but I couldn't recall either the words or the air. Well the next day that kept bothering me it seemed as if I must remember it. Finally it came:

"By and bye we shall meet Him,
By and bye we shall greet Him,
And with Jesus dwell in glory evermore."

Then as I think of the old days at home when we were all together. The boys seem all so much more real and near to me than they do now. The girls keep together better than the boys do. N. B. This is from a letter written to Louise, and Louise responds: "Your letters are so true in sentiment to what I have felt many times."

FATHER used to sing; "I saw a Wayworn traveller."

His favorite song at morning worship was; "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord is laid for your faith in His excellent word. He'll comfort you, strengthen, and cause you to stand, Upheld by the might, of His omnipotent hand.

He liked the "Prodigal Son" also—

"Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent."

Mother's favorite song was;

"I think when I hear that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he held little children
Like lambs in his arms—
How I wish I had been with Him then!"
I wish that His hands had been laid on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me.
I would like to have heard His kind voice
When He said; "Let the little ones come unto me."

Lydia used to sing with Father when he played on the flute. He used to call on her to start the song. I remember how sweetly her voice harmonized with the flute music.—Flora E.

GRANDPA VIOLET AND ETHEL

Violet says;

GRANDFATHER was like a patriarch of old, and looked it, too, with his strong nose, his flowing beard, and his deep-sunk eyes.

Of him I wish others to write. I was only a little girl when I knew him, and he was rather awe-inspiring to me. He liked me, and used to hold me on his lap when I was small, and at some time he must have told someone in my hearing that my head was like Euclid's. That was the baby who died, of whom he would have been so proud, had he lived. For Euclid was like him, Grandmother says."

Ethel Platzek remembers him. She says;

GRANDPA used to measure noses with Lalie. He had such a strong, pronounced nose, and she had such a little, square one. He used to sit under the trumpet-flower vine on the front porch, and hold her in his lap, and measure noses."

EUCLID. THE FAMILY CEMETERY. THE RESURRECTION.

Mother said,—

WE lost one child each side o' Louise. He petted her more. He made a good deal o' her 'cause she was natchally very smart an' learned fast.

I think Phil looks a good deal like him now, since he has grown older; is a good deal like him in his ways.

Yes, he looked to Euclid, 'cause he was strong built, when he'd grow older. Seems as if he couldn't give him up hardly.

Father allays prayed he wouldn't know when he was dyin'. O' course he didn't,—his brain was paralyzed. His oldest brother, John, a Methodist elder, died so hard.

Father was ready—he didn't fear death (it was the pain and struggle of dying he dreaded.) He believed in the resurrection. We'll see him then. He didn't want to be buried in Fresno or that other place. And so he wanted to be buried on his own place,—just on the edge o' the field, under the trees, —it was his wish to be buried there.

I think it is a pretty place,—there used to be so many trees there. Now we've got a good fence. The land belongs to the estate. S'long as Judah was there he kep' it watered nice.

Wont that be nice, to meet all the friends at the Resurrection o' the righteous? When Jesus comes down in the Heavens with ten thousand o' saints. Judgment why he kep' the seven day Sabbath, he'd say, "Cause the Commandments say to keep the Sabbath."

Yes, he was allays upright.

FATHER

Louise:

OF MY father after his death more than twenty-seven years have gone, but the heart-ache of his loss is always there. It may not be so to the other children, but I often think—"My Father! Oh the joy, the glory and loveliness, have passed away with him."

But down through the years we carry with us memories of childhood days when to be near him, and do his bidding, to help ever so little, was joy enough.

We knew, we older children, what hard work and privation meant; there was little time for play, but father never spared himself, and never had. And sick or well, he went on, sometimes working eighteen hours.

Adoring him as I did, there was always a fear in my heart he would die or get killed. There were long, cold rides after dark to Savannah for lumber, or to Freeport on business, and I used to stand outside and listen for the sound of his wagon, and pray he would be spared.

He had young horses, and when he had to "break" them there was always the terror of something happening. Sometimes they would break loose and run away across the meadow or down by the river.

Once when I was fifteen he had me help him breaking the young colts, as there was no one else, and he, like myself, had no patience to wait when there was something to be done.

Down in the south meadow I was to hold the young and frightened colts who could not know what it meant to be fastened down. He told me to hold them by the bits, while he fastened the tugs to the long sleigh, and I did so tremblingly, but knowing he knew best.

Something broke, tugs or lines, and I held on until they ran over me, and he gathered me in his arms, carrying me to the house, some distance, while he moaned over me, blaming himself. Poor father! There were so many children, and he thought we should be self-supporting young.

At seventeen I was teaching, and the present day teachers know nothing of the hardships of those of forty years ago. Sometimes I waded through the snow up to my knees to school, and went all day with wet clothes in a cold school-house.

This was in Missouri, where teachers received twenty-five dollars a month from which they paid their board and all expenses. There were thirty, or more, classes, and children from five to twenty years —often tall young men, larger than myself, a girl of twenty-one.

At one place I boarded, sleeping in an attic where the sky showed through, and the snow sifted through on the bed. There never seemed enough covering, never any heat, and often it was hours before I could get warm enough to sleep, even wrapping my feet in my clothes. Oh, it was bitter cold.

WHEN FATHER SAVED ED VAN; LOUISE BECK

ED VAN almost got drowned in the river, and father saved him. He had on heavy rubber boots with heavy spikes for his new barn in them. He was in a cutter and went over a bridge—there were two horses. The water in Plum river was up; but he was bound to go; and the waters washed the cutter and horses out from under him. He was swept down by the current and he caught hold of the branches of a tree. Rob Farisee was on that side of the stream and there was no strong current; but he was a young man and hadn't much courage. There were eight or ten young and middle aged men, but no one would go after him.

Father had one of his sick headaches. He had been in bed two days, not eating anything, one of those terrible headaches. Curley Donhoue came running to his sick bed, calling: "Mr. Moyers! Mr. Moyers! Ed Van is drowning!"

Father jumped up and pulled on his clothes—I don't suppose he wasted much time—and ran out to the pasture. Nellie sometimes would play and circle around when someone would go to catch her. But this time father gave her an awful yell that made her know she'd had better stop fooling. (If father would take hold of the lines, the horses would know it.)

Then he tried to swim over to where Ed was hanging onto the tree, but the current was so strong, Nellie would turn right back, over and over. Then the other men told him the bridge had not gone down. Father said, "Why didn't you tell me before?" So he waded Nellie across till they got to where the current could carry to Ed; and he put Ed on the horse, back of him and they went across the shallow water on the other side about a fourth of a mile.

Ed always called father his saviour after that.

Note—Flora—

When mother and I were in Illinois in 1902 Timmy Donohue was telling me of this incident, and he add-

ed, with deep feeling, "He was a rale gintleman!" The Irish thought a great deal of father; would come to him for help in any time of need.

REMEMBRANCES

One of my earliest remembrances is of seeing my father struggling for his life in a raging stream of muddy water. I was about three years old my mother says when there came a very heavy rain rapidly raising the small stream near the banks of which we lived and where I was born. Father swam across the main stream to an island formed by the high water to save some young cattle that were marooned there, by driving them across the farther and lesser branch of the stream, and had started back when I remember seeing him as I stood on the bank of the stream. It comes quite vividly before me even yet how he was swimming towards the shore on which I was, and was being carried swiftly down stream, when there came floating on the stream a lot of rails from an iron fence that had been carried away from somewhere up the stream, and all at once seemingly they overtook and flowed over him, completely submerging him, which I presume is what makes it so vivid in my memory, being imprinted there by my terror.

This is all I remember tho' father has told me that after the rails passed over him he soon reached the side of the stream on which we lived.

MOTHER TELLS ABOUT COMING TO ILLINOIS FROM YORK STATE (To Violet)

To Violet

WE started for Illinois from Oswego, York State. That was before we was married Your grandfather came with us with my f...her. I was sixteen then. I wan't married 'till I was seventeen.

There was Mother and Father, and me, and my sister and John, my brother,—four boys and two girls, nine with me. Celia was five years old. She was the youngest. No, she couldn't have been but about four. We went up to Louiston on the lake, then we went on the stage to Niagara Falls. Then let's see, we went to Buffalo on the boat. Then, from there, your grandfather went to Michigan to sell some houses and lots.

Then we went to Michigan and Chicago. We went on a boat that was rickty. We went to a house and stayed at an Orangeman's. Then we got a team at Chicago and went to Pleasant Valley, where Sol lived. Mother and I and Celia went there, and the rest worked getting things ready at my father's and your grandfather's. My father rented a house of your grandfather and lived there a year. Then he moved to a side-hill; and went and bought a place of his own. Then we was married and lived on the place where the Rock-House is.

After that we built the Rock-House an' lived there 'till Lydia was born. First we had lived in the frame-house. Pam, and Rebecca, and your Mother and Euclid and Jamie were born in the house on the Bottom the frame-house. It was a small house with only one room and a bed-room partitioned off. Under the bed we would keep wheat. He'd put it there because there was no other place to keep it.

Then we built the Rock house and the barn, six years it took to build it; and we had three children. They had to get the rock out first, in the winter. Then they would haul it. Your grandfather had to go twenty-five miles to get the lumber for the house. Outside it was all rock. Inside the cellar we had a partition, one side for the vegetables, the other for the milk and butter. In the barn we had an underground stable where we used to keep cattle in the winters. In the upper part we kept wheat and oats.

That house is standing yet. It was built before Lydia was born. We sold it two weeks after she was born. Then we went to Iowa. I took cold and had neuralgia. We moved with a team.

Your Uncle Smith and your Grandfather went and got things ready. We lived in the same house, he in one part and we in the other. That winter little Jessie, Uncle Smith's girl, died. The night she died they both took sick and liked to have died. Smith thought he'd surely die,—sent for Aunt Celia and made his will. We lived there for ten months.

Then we came back. Your Grandfather bought a place up to Freeport, but couldn't get it. So we lived in Len's house a spell. And then he bought John Van out and lived up to Stockton Center.

Then we sold out and came down to the valley, and bought a place there. We lived in the log house first, where Judah was born. Then he built a house on that farm, and we lived there several years, till Flora was a year old and the twins were two years old. Then we left and went to Florida. We stayed there ten months. Then we moved back to our valley heme. He had sold it on time, and they was two brothers lived there, and they couldn't pay for it; so we took it back and lived there. After we came back Burt and then Bertha was born. Five was born, six with Judah, on the valley farm.

From there we moved up to Nora—Phil took the place for five years, but didn't stay that long. Then we started for California. Your father came and helped us pack. George and Darius came with the freight train—cold, oh, bitter cold.

We thought they had provisions enough to last through, turkeys and chickens—but they all froze.

They had an awful time. Then we came afterwards. We were on the last train that came through for two weeks.

MOTHER'S ACCOUNT OF HER CHILD-HOOD AND MARRIAGE

I CAN remember back when I was three years old. I went to the school house and right across the road was a funeral. I suppose that was what impressed it on my mind. Then I went with some girls to get honey at the town of Lysander, York State. Our folks sent me.

My mother was larger than I am. I took after my father in small bones. She said that when she shut her hand no man could open it. You see, she must have been pretty strong. They said that she and Aunt Charlotte was the two prettiest couples they ever see. They were married at the same time. I guess mother was pretty good-looking. She had light hair and blue eyes.

She always dressed very plain, always neat. A good house-keeper, very neat and orderly.

My Father was always pleasant. If mother'd scold him, he'd just laugh, never feel bad. She'd scold him if he made a bad trade. I allays used to hate to hear her scold him; but I guess she had good cause. Mother always dressed nice.

We lived in Grandma Birch's house, pretty good size, made of wood. I was six, seven years old, when we lived there. They was a sugar-bush, peach

trees and apple trees on it. The sugar-bush was on the hill. I remember Father sending me to get a tapping gouge. It was all snow and I walked over fences. I kept saying "tapping-gouge." They would gather the sap all up and boil it. They had a neck-yoke for men to carry sap with. It had a pail on each side. Once there was a cousin came there, so they went up in the woods and sugared off for him.

Mother used to go out spinning for folks when she was a girl. I never learned to spin. I could double and twist, though. She had a little wheel she used to spin the flax to make thread.

She made me a dress, blue and white checked, linen dress. She made the linen but had it wove. When it was washed it shone. They used to make linsey-woolsey dresses, half wool and half cotton. They wore all woolen dresses to church. They was nice; They looked liked ladies-cloth. My Grandma wove cloth. She'd weave cloth for the men-folks, make them a suit of clothes. Then she'd make cheese too. Sometimes they'd make sage-cheese, tasted nice.

My Grandmother's name was Ruth Annable. I've seen two of her brothers, one of them was Jimmy.

They was old-fashioned Methodists, and my! if they wouldn't talk about religion! Uncle Nicholas and Uncle Jeremy was great Methodists.

My Grandfather was a little man, he was small like my brother Silas. Used to go on the sea when he was younger. My mother had four sisters, Aunt Hannah and Aunt Eunice Aunt Sarah Ann and Lydia. Aunt Hannah was a neat sewer, you'd think it was done by a sewing-machine make dresses and shirts bonnets. She was crippled in one hand. She'd put a broom under her arm and sweep. She had a big brown mole on one side of her nose. She had big brown eyes. She taught school from when she was sixteen. She married her own cousin. Her first child died, and she died with her second child. Her cousin Hannah Cecelia is still living has a family of children.

Aunt Hannah was smart and could've married anybody. Each one of the children lived in the house. Grandma Annable moved away and married a man named Birch. She got twenty-five dollars a year as long as she lived.

I was eight or nine years old when I remember going to school. We lived quite a ways from school over a great big hill. In winter the snow would get so deep you could walk right over the fences.

There was "General Training." The men gathered from all over the country. They wore red coats. They'd have music, and ginger-cake and apples and candy. I used to be afraid of them when they was all dressed up, kind of soldiers.

I went to school from Tarpeney's place, way across the fields. I can't remember the teacher's name. We used to read in Baker's Spelling Book. We read and spelled out of it. They'd choose sides and spell down. We used to have play-houses. Boards, we'd gather all we could find. Get shells and put shells on them. I and Flora saw the same school house fifty years afterwards. There was a family named Van Knochen. Your Grandfather used to work for them in harvest-time. I was a baby when he was a young man. Other families were Smiths' and Copelands'. They lived right above the school house, on on the hill. There were Melissa and Alonzo—I can't think of the last name.

We moved away when I was ten, to Oswego. We was afraid the snow would go off so we moved at night. Uncle took us. We rented a place called Bank Farm. It belonged to some heirs. I went there to school where your Grand father taught. Father bought a place a mile or two away and that was where he taught. I went one winter to him. He looked like Gordy his face was built like his. He used always to wear broadcloth. After we were married he wore farmcloth.

He never said much to me in school. He went off to California, and wrote to Father, and one letter to me, but I didn't know he cared anything about me. Mother told me. He went to Illnois, and Uncle Smith came and wanted to take some word with him. I was so bashful, I didn't say anything.

Your Grandfather was thirty-one when he taught school. I Wa'n't only fourteen when he went away, didn't have any idea of such folishness. In his letter he called me his "little bird" and everything else. Such foolishness. He wanted me to write to him. Then there was another girl had a fellow in California and we'd both get letters. I wrote to him. He sent me a letter with money once with ten dollars in it. He sent another letter with money, but he had an idea someone got it. He sent it by someone going to the States. He thought he was going to die. He was very sick. I got one letter cost ninety cents. He sewed the ten dollars in a letter, it was in gold.

I got me a hat trimmed with wide white ribbon for summer Father got some religious books, I have them yet. "James Anxious Enquirer," "Aliens Alarmed," "Catholic and Calporteur." That was a dialogue. I used to read Rallo's books and about the kings and queens of England. Peter Parley's books —little yellow small books, telling about travelling on the water as on the land. Rallo told about going to see his cousins. You never see those books now-a-days. As I got older, I used to borrow magazines. When I was fourteen I was converted and joined the Methodist Church. Used to walk two miles to Sabbath School and Church.

They dressed very plain. If you was a Methodist you couldn't wear a ruffle or a bow, just plain ribbons over their hats. They though it was a sin. We used to go by the Presbyterian Church and oh, how nice they was dressed,—plain dresses with veiling over it. I had a Summer and a Winter drss. I venerally wore pale blue in the Summer. In the Winter I'd have dark blue.

I remember we used to go to a Sunday-School picnic, all the schools from the City. We went to a stone school-house. We had a cannon in front of us; fire it off every once in awhile.

Mother got me a pale blue dress—had flowing sleeves and edging all around it. Oh, a beautiful blue. When it was washed it turned all white. I wore it first time on the picnic. We wore pantalets. When we got there we had big tables and swings. We used to go to school to that stone school-house. A man named Lewis taught, quick-tempered used to turn just white and trembled when he got vexed. His girl used to come for him. His brother used to come and call on the school, tall and nice. This was before your grandfather taught.

I went to a Select School in the Summer when I was fifteen years old, the last school I went to. Big girls went there. We learned Astronomy, and one thing or another. We used to have globes to tell about the earth. After your Grandfather got to going with me the young men was awful mad. They said they was going to tar and feather him. They hadn't thought I was old enough. There was another young man wanted me awful bad. He used to take me to church. His mother said that if I would marry him we could have their house after they got through with it. He was a little fellow, with black eyes. I used to buy books of him at his store. My Aunt said

she'd give me a Hetting-out if I'd marry him; furniture and such like. But I had a notion to Darious. When I went away this young man came to see me off the train. When I got married I wrote to him, and he wrote only one letter to me after that.

We used to have afternoon meetings, prayer meetings, social meetings. Thursday night we'd have another meeting. They was some English girls I used to know. We'd take walks. They were red cheeked and would take walks before breakfast. I was kind of weak, and poorly from inflammatory rheumatism and I'd take walks before breakfast. I got to feeling better. The English girl belonged to the same church.

They was sixty turned to be religious. They had revival meetings and a special preacher. In less than a year the biggest part of them went back. We was sprinkled. I wes immersed after I begun to keep the Sabbath. I never thought that sprinkling amounted to anything. They took 'em on probation for six months. If they held out they took 'em in as full members. There was a house-warming and members from other churches went. I didn't want to go; but my Aunt persuaded me. From that time I begun to go back. They had a dance. After the six months was over, I run out. So I didn't stand the trial and didn't get taken in. Most all that was converted went back. I never went back into the Church.

After I was married, I commenced getting religion again. Your grandfather said after he was married, he'd like to keep the Sabbath. So when he was married he kep' it until he died.

He believed in the Seventh day Sabbath when he was a child. He got it from reading the Bible. He asked his brother and he told him he ought to hear what older people would say. But after he was married he begun keeping the Sabbath. When we lived in Nara, we got a chance to go to meetings. But in the Valley they wa'n't any other Sabbath-keepers. Uncle Sol used to go. Darius would go and hold meetings sometimes.

Your grandfather went with us to Lewiston up to Michigan. We rode on an emigrant train. It took us three days to go through Michigan. We went to hotels at night, didn't travel nights. Some people would jump off the train and walk, and go and get groceries. They was sassafras bushes beside the road and they would go and get things, the train went so slowly. We went into a chamber, and the bedroom was so tight, it seemed as if I would suffocate.

Then we went on a boat. The men stayed up all night. The ice went against the boat so they didn't know but it would go down. It made an awful racket noise. Then we stopped and went to bed. Darius left us and went to Hillsdale, Michigan; had some property there. Father came and said these was a boat going so we got out of bed and went on the boat —it was rickety, up to Chicago.

After we had been there a week, Darius came with a team and wagon so we traveled by land. The men would stay in the wagon, so we would go in a house and stay all night. It was while we was still on Lake Ontario, we got camphor spilled on our bread and meat and provisions in our green chest. It was the chest my Uncle had left with my father and he gave it to me. First it was painted yellow. Oh, it was strong, with two drawers in it. I allays kept my letters and things in it, things I thought a good deal of. Darius used to make little birds, paint them, and give them to children who got their lessons. I had that in a drawer, the one he gave me, a bird and nice roses,and a verse on it. Gene took my letters and things out and nailed up the chest in the carriage-house and I don't know what became of it. I thought a lot of it.

We was going to be married in New York. We was going to Aunt Phebe's and have supper. I had my wedding-dress taken to be made. It was Lewis's Muslin, embroidery to be put on the sleeves,' flowing sleeves. I went two or three times to get it and it wa'n't done. We had the day set, and the Minister was Butterfield. Darius spoke to him and we was going to be married in Oswego and go to Fulton to have our wedding supper. But we were put out about that dress, so we weren't married until a year after we come out to Illinois. There was another woman in Miner, who was going to be married, taught school in Darius' neighborhood, in York State. She didn't get her dress done, an' she never got married. My dress had peaks in front and back, shirred in front and a wide hem at the bottom. It was white, very fine, cost seventy-five cents a yard. It was sent to me When I put it on, it touched the floor; and a year after it came to the top of my shoes; so it shows I growed. Embroidery on the neck and sleeves. Had to go 'way across the river to see to it. Len wore it out and Rebecca wore it some.

We was married in Wisconsin. I was in black. We went off I and Darius on horse back and got married. They say if you marry in black, you'll have sorrow to your heart. I did in some things. I wouldn't advise anyone to ever get married in black.

When we came back we stopped in Townsiud Settlement and took supper with Mr. Renwick whose children had gone to school to Darius. A justice of the Peace married us. There was women to witness. My mother didn't know anything about it till afterwards. We got fooled the other time, so we bought we'd go an' do as we pleased.

I was to my folkses the first year, and Darius boarded with us. When we first married, we lived in the Blacksmith Shop. There wasn't much to it. He put brown factory or muslin all round inside of it. That was just through harvestin'. Then we bought that man out of our house and moved into it. Our folks lived in a house on the hill. Willsie lived in the big house. In harvest time we had a good many workmen and I did all the cooking.

Phil was born twelve months after we were married. We was married in May and he was born in July, the next year. My Uncles' folks went away that day, I went up the and the gate was open and the hogs out. The big white dog that always followed me got after the hogs. I pounded him and pounded him but he would not let go. Then I left him and he followed me. I got sick that night. Mother took care of me. Iwas young. I had a hard enough time with all of them. Euclid and Louisa were largest. Louisa had a big head.

Darius was a great hand for babies. He got the name of Epaminondas out of history. He was an Athenian General, noted for his love of truth, never was known to tell a lie even in josh. Euclid was named after a great Mathematician. Rebecca was named after her Great-Grandmother and Aunt. Grandmother Myers was a twin. Rachel and Rebecca, was their names, wonder there wa'n't more twins in our family. One of my brother's wife had twins. I used to take care of my sister before I was married. I had a lot of work. Rebecca cried a good deal. Aunt Laviny used to say she wished her children was as good as mine. She used to have to carry her children around on her hip to do the housework. My children were generally good. Mother took care of my every child until Bert. Then she came and stayed two months. She wa'n't there that day. My brother took

her to Whiteside where she saw her older sister for the last time.

I helped with the hay in the summer. I had three or four children. I had milking, churning every other day, washing, and to skim milk. I and Darius used to go out to do the milking until we had children old enough to help. I made the cloths till the girls got big enough to make them. When we was building the home I had to sew at night. My eyes got weak. When we got the house we got a sewing machine.

Phil was all over everywheres. He'd take the dog and go off. He used to follow his grandfather in the field where the corn was. His grandfather used to get a switch and make him go back if he saw him . He used to take his cat and dog; sometimes he would get to sleep. Once I was sewing and I fell asleep. I woke up an' he was gone. They was some cattle died and a wolf or coyote up on the hill. His father came and we went to hunt. We went to the hollow—a lot of young horses was there, and he was there feeling of their legs. He was only two or three years old. His father just give a scream and scared Phil so he never run away again. He used to go bare headed, he'd throw his cap off and burn his nose. The big white dog used to take care of him, a big white bull-dog. He wouldn't let anyone come around the house when Darius was away.

A man came once while he was gone to Freeport and the dog grabbed right hold of his pants. He grabbed an ax; I told him not to use it. He kept it in his hand till he got outside the fence. His wife was an odd woman—a free-love. He went off and left her. She believed in Joanna Southcot. She had a big iron trunk full of her writings.

Elsie was named after Marietta, Georgia a Southern city just taken. Darius wanted her to be called Elsie after his Aunt. She was a Hollander. They thought a good deal of her. Euclid had a big head and big shoulders. Darius thought so much of him, thought he'd be strong—when he was twenty months old he carried in wood across the snow. Was never sick a day till he had the scarlet fever, and died. He was more like Darius, his father.

He died two weeks before Louisa was born. If we hadn't gone to that funeral, he wouldn't have had it. We had to go twenty miles—Aunt Survivia's funeral. She died of scarlet fever. Lots of babies had it. In one little town, they said there wasn't a child left. I held him in my arms while he had a convulsion. He never really came out of it. We sent for three doctors but none of them came. One started, but heard he was dead, and didn't come. We burried him in the Burrying ground over towards Yankee Hollow.

I hadn't a bit of strength in my arms after he died. I had to hire awoman to come and do the washing, Lib Patterson. After awhile I got over it. Louise was pretty good sized, nine and three quarter or ten pounds; either her or Euclid. She was pretty good.

When she was about a year old, setting up in a little white chair, tied in or a stick in front of her, She fell in the fire and against her leg. We had a girl to look after her, but she fell in. Another time, at the Rock House—Darius made a fire and put a kettle on it—The little girl was picking potatoes, She stood with her back to the fire. Her dress caught a fire. He smothered it out. He put water on it. I ran up to the house with her, when we got there she had the croup. So I had to doctor her for that before I could doctor her for the burn, so it got pretty bad, it was clear from her neck to her waste. She was nine months old when she commenced to walk. That falling in th fire set her back so she didn't walk till she was thirteen months old. One ankle aint filled out like the other. We tried everything to make her walk.

When he was three years old, she went to school. Mr. Lughrone wouldn't let her go to our school, said she was too young to go. So she went and stayed at her Grandmother's, they had a school right by there. Her Grandmother used to take her to the door, and and scold the boys who plagued her. The boys used to make a sugar-tit, take bread and put salt in it; like all boys, they liked to tease. The Superintendant wanted to know whos girl she was, could read and spell so well. She was pretty good size, not very tall, kind of thick.

Janey growed up slim—the one who died. I used to dress 'em alike. She was two years younger. She was a good deal like Flora E. looked more like her the rest. Louise would cry to go anywhere, Janey wouldn't cry. She'dlaugh. Lon says now she cried on purpose to go. She knew she'd get to go if she cried. Janey wa'n't quite six when she died. She'd go to Sunday School. She'd hurry home and change her clothes, an' climb up on the bed to hang up her good dress. She'd learn fast. She had a little book and usd to learn pieces out of it, and act as if she was reading but she wa'n't. She died of typhoid pneumonia. She had a little reticule Aunt Jane, my brother's wife give her, with a handle to it and edging all around it. She had thirty-five cents she had put in it. She used to piece blocks an' put in it.

After Janey Elsie was born, then Lyddy. Janey used to carry Lyddy around out of doors. We had a picture taken. Lyddy was sick and we didn't know, if she'd live or not. We lived in Iowa then. When Elsie was real little she had the colic an' we had to walk the floor with her. If Janey would fall she would kind of faint away.

Their father used to take and walk around with the children. He used to walk around with Euclid. He kind of set his heart on him. He used to go to the grave. Phil said perhaps now he would care more for him. He'd pet the little ones. When they was little he'd take them out, cold weather, an' run all around the house with them. He was just so. I'd give them a bath and get them to sweat. Someone would come along and he'd take them right out. I used to get discouraged with him.

I can remember when Gordy and George was little. Gordie was the scrawniest little thing. His hair come almost to his eyes, and George didn't have a bit of hair. George was almost dead. The doctor sprinkled him and slapped him to bring him to. I nursed 'em till I weaned 'em. I give 'em milk too. We had a cow came fresh. Darius said if I'd have twins, he'd give me a silk dress. He bought one of Louisa—cost twenty-five dollars; it had an over-skirt. Afterwards I took the over-skirt and made another waist.

Louisa said George was her baby because she took care of him when he was weaned. George would climb the stairs before he could walk. He would climb up on top of the sewing machine. He was always full of mischief as he could stick. He could ride horse back when he was little. He'd ride and the limbs of the trees would brush him off.

Gordy got fleshy. I had little dresses on 'em, with short sleeves and low necks, and little slippers on their feet, and had their picture taken. I had little small red roundings and sleeves to wear over their dresses. Phil wore a dress till he was four years old. He went to Millwood with his father and wore it. It was a dollar a yard. It was red and brown Their father was asleep when the twins was born. Some one woke him up, an' he was scared. He'd been awake and lay down.

He'd been to California and come back a month before. The girls had left the cellar door open. There was clay and slippery and I fell. Aunt Celia and Jane Van was there that day. Aunt Dora House came and she said I had to have a doctor. Gordy was born first. We had rented our place, the house was newly papered and I didn't have much to do. The children went to school, and Darius went to California. I'd cry every time I'd get a letter. That's why the twins cried so much. They cried for three months pretty steady. We had a good hired girl. It took us all to take care of 'em.

I went to Nebraska. Then Darius wrote from California for me to meet him—that was before Flora was born. We rode forty miles one day. We stayed a couple of weeks. Bert was born on that Valley farm. He never talked till pretty near three years old. Then he kind of stuttered. He went to school to Lyddy and she scolded him because he'd holler out his words when he was reading; but he couldn't help it. It was the only way he could do. You see children are punished some times when they aint to fault.

He and Lyddy had light hair, the only ones; and in some respects they look alike. He said Phil never seemed like a brother because Phil was away when he was little and he never see him very much. Five children were born in the valley home. Judah was the only one born in the log house. Louise named Bert. It was Theodore Albertus. Bertha was the youngest, but he was the youngest boy. Bertha I didn't wean until she was three years old. Bert's hair was yellow. Lyddy had yellow hair. They both kept their golden hair. Their complexion was light, too, clear. He's got quite a prominent nose. George don't look much like the others. He's got eyes like his father, and so has Flora, and Janey had. The rest have light blue eyes like mine.

GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYER

WE THANK Thee, Heavenly Father that Thou hast spared us through another day. Keep us in the hollow of Thy hand. Whatever Thou seest in us amiss, forgive. Give us a hungering and a thirsting after righteousness that we may be filled. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN OF DARIUS AND MELISSA MYERS

Mother says:

PAM was born in the bottom in that old house. He was quite humbly. He had more Myer's nose, just as it is now, only a' course 'twas smaller. Euclid had big head an' Louisy was large-headed. Euclid had big head an' shoulders. He had a dress cost a dollar a yard—gettin' to be quite a boy, wore it to mill,—brown an' red, a beautiful dress.

Then I got him little linen pants, color linen, an' a dark blue waist with roses on it, French blue, an' Rebecca had a cape just like it. Rebecca was quite a good size.

Euclid died about two weeks before Louise was born. He would walk in the snow. Father thought the world o' him—would bring in wood. Phil got a little jealous b'cause he thought his father thought more o' Euclid.

Phil wan't so strong, but he was smart an' used to ride horseback—used to get sotired. Sometime's he'd cry, he hated to go so bad. He wan't only fourteen years old when Dari was born. We moved up to Stockton Center, an' he was born there.

Father thought we wouldn't have any more boys. Judah an' Bert, an' the twins after that. Seven boys an' seven girls.

Janey was pretty an' just as sweet-tempered as could be. She never cried. Your mother (Louise) cried,—said she knew if she cried father'd let her go!

Florry E. has dark-blue eyes deep set in her head. Tall an' slender. If Janey'd lived she'd looked like Florry. Louise an' Janey'd go out an' pull weeds. I used to dress them as though they were twins. About of a height. They was allays together. I bought cloth for them both to piece a quilt. They pieced it both together. After she'd pulled the weeds Janey had the typhoid fever—had it all through the country.

Before that, scarlet fever. Three-four relatives lost their little children. I allays thought if we hadn't gone to Aunt Survivy's funeral, wouldn't ha' had the scarlet fever. Nowadays, wouldn't have it in a church Euphamy kept Euclid while we went to see 'em. Hadn't fumigated, or nothin'. We took that little baby right into the house. Father never let me know she'd died o' scarlet fever. Might not a' been any difference. (Euclid took it and died.)

Your grandfather used to stop at the graveyard an' take on. Almost killed him. Phil, they gave him a preventive, an' he stayed outdoors.

Louisy was allays smart an' learned fast.

Elsie was small, nice-lookin' child. Judah, long nose. When he was a young man thought he'd die. had lung fever. The rest went to Nora. I stayed on the Bottom. Was sick quitea long while, fever an' chill. He was allays a good boy, an' obedient, would do what you told him. If I wanted to punish him, I'd put him in a chair an' make him sit there.

George was best lookin', but Gordy looked like some old wizard-poor. Louise weaned George; Gordy'd go around with his fist clenched, tryin' to get George out of mischief. We had sewin' machine an' George got away up on there, an' there your mother thought more of George than of Gordy. Used to trot him an' jump him.

Janey used to carry Lyddy around the yard, lug her. Father said if Louisy'd set up a scream she could go. Janey was tall an' slim, deep blue eyes, set in her head. Everybody loved her, 'cause she was allays good-natured an' pleasant. Janey was a baby an' a Miss Wilsey come from Michigan took care o' Louise. An' we had a hired girl, just a grand girl. She was to Aunt Em's an' Aunt Cecelia's, an' our house. She said Hilliards' youngsters was allays pokin' into things, an' she didn't like that.
Eva. white dresses, white bonnets.

Rebecca was oldest, an' she'd just put right into the work. Louisy went off to school, tried to take music lessons, an' the house was too cold, she fainted away. Father gave a cow, purpose to have her take music lessons.

Rebecca took sewing lessons there at Warren.

They gave her a diploma, all fly-spected, an' Rebecca cried, an' so they went back an' made 'em give her a good one. I don't know how many wedding dresses she made after she went to Florida. She had her children's dresses all fine ruffles, when she came up to Illinois. She had a big wedding, house was just full.

August was just all right. He bought us papers to show he bore a good name. Looked nice. Fine-looking young man. Sorry his picture got burned up. He used to come to Nora ever once in a while. He came down at the last to help us pack, come clear from Chicago. I allays thought a good deal o' him; he didn't pretend only what he was.

You (Violet) was chubby-dressed up fine, you an' Eva white dresses, white bonnets.

We used to go over to Mt. Hope meetings,—you an' Evy. That old lady, Mrs. Whitney, said she wanted to get a hundred members. It was for the temperance. She worked worthy.

I remember them Danes washed for your mother. Your father didn't want no washing in the house in winter. He didn't want the smudge in the house.

One time that woman was a spiritualist was there. You an' Evy had sore throats. August went an' burned some sulphur. I went outdors fast as I could, almost choked to death—threw me into the asthma.

August used to bring pears an' things home with him at night. He used to bring presents to the Nora people—send Christmas presents.

Judah used to give Chatterboxes, yes, they was nice books. Bert was like all boys, most of them. Your Grandfather used to put in cobs an' one thing or another into the boy's hats' for Christmas. He teased—not very much. He kind o'joked.

The nurse told me to take Alta an' keep her six weeks an' rub her legs. I went an' took her to George's, I thought she wouldn't be no heft at all, but 'fore I got there she felt heavy. She got so she could stand on her feet. She's sweet. She an' Daisy made me think o' one another.

Lydia was awful good to look after things We had a big Christmas tree, a great big evergreen tree, had it full o' presents. Neighbors all came,—Max an' Jensen's.

Your Mother had a pretty white sunbonnet for you—pretty white dress, all ruffled up.

Evy would straddle on each side a door an' climb right up, about half way. I used to think she'd split. You got spunky spells. You an' Evy, didn't last long. Lalie an' your grandfather used to measure noses. Gladys an' Lawrence used to come up there an' pick my geraniums after they'd bloomed—they were little things then. We used to have fires in the fireplaces. We used to make milk-gravy, and floating-island pudding or custard.

Susie had Nettie come to visit her, an Judah met her then. They went to San Francisco. Judah bought her a new silk waist. That was a year before they were married. She was poorly all that year with stomach trouble. Paul was born not quite a year after their marriage. She had blue eyes an' brown, crimpy hair, awful pretty. She was a sweet woman.

It rained. I was at Elsie's. I drove clear up from Fowler, with Queenie or Potsy; then I stopped to Malaga to get some sweet walnuts. They had Flora an' Mrs. Miller there. They got an old grey-headed woman for nurse. They had Dr. Rowell come before that. She had been helping Mrs. Miller putting up fruit an' butter. She was awful careful what she et. After Paul was born she only lived a week.

I was with Elsie two or three times when there were new babis. I was with your mother when you were born. I had intended to only stay a couple o' weeks, an' I stayed a month.

You had a big head, like your mother, an' Euclid. It was winter. I intended to go on another car, an' I missed the train, an' had to go up by Wisconsin. Your father forgot his gloves, an' suffered with the cold.—He intended to meet me; he came two or three times. Evy was a little thing—little, skinny.

Bert an' Dari was married to home. Bert had quite a good sized wedding; because her (Rose's) mother had a small house. Mr. Alexander married George an' Daisy at her own home. She was pretty as could be.

Dari had a pretty good-sized wedding. All o' the children was there. Father had 'em married to the house. Yes, he had a wedding, he made a wedding for 'em. Went up an' got an Adventist minister—Elder St. John.

Your father an' mother was married to our house in Nora. We had a good, large wedding.

Le's see, when Elsie was married, it was about the time Rebecca died, an' she had wanted me to send a little white dress for the baby, an' a hymn book, an' a piece o' wedding cake. An' I did. That was before it was born. 'Twas the eighth child. It died too.

MELISSA J. MYERS

WAS BORN in Wayne, Butler County, York State. It was a lot of foliage, orchards and everything." I was the oldest one. My brother John was thirteen months younger. Then Silas, Leonard, Emerson, Celia, and the youngest that only lived two-three days.

I had one doll. Mother an' a friend o' hers went over to Aunt Sarah Ann's an' made a rag doll. Mother said after Melinda Burgess died, the young woman who helped make the doll, I could have it. Seemed to me it was three or four miles, quite a walk, I walked over and brought it over,—black silk dress, an' slippers, an' lace hat.

The way they do, they put a piece of pink cambric underneath, an' make a little nose an' mouth,— that's the way they made 'em those days, but we thought as much of them as if they had been wax.

You know your mother'd give Flora E. a wax doll, an' them McCreery girls went upstairs an' got ahold o' that doll, an' the way the wax was cracked, you know in cold weather it cracks, an' there, them miserable young 'uns picked the wax off an' chewed it for gum. There Flora felt so bad,—she'd only take the doll out o' the bureau drawer an' show it an' put it right back. They broke the china cup an' saucer o' your mother (Louise) china, great, big,—must a' cost two—three dollars, an' the little, tiny ear-rings she had they lost one, took the other one. I dunno what become of them.

They lived over at Maquoketa. Your grand-father give him a house an' lot; was a poor man. Used to come over. His brother come over once, one Fourth o' July an' made Dri a pair o' little pants to go to the Fourth o' July.

I grew two or three inches after I got married. I was slender, small. I had pink cheeks, real white complection. They'd say, "What a pretty girl! "An' I used to blush cause they called me pretty,—I felt ashamed, thought it was awful.

Used to go see young women. They'd lend me magazines, liked me. Two of 'em. They'd stand before the glass an' fix up. Their mother was a widow.

I had a blue chest that my twin uncle gave me. I don't know what became of it. One twin uncle was named Warner, the other Warren. Uncle Warner used to teach school. The other lived for years. Uncle Warner lived in Chicago the last we knew.

I always thought that pieced quilt the old blind woman pieced for me was awful pretty. I got the batten an' linin' an' tied it.

I've made over a hundred quilts, for children an' grand-children, great-grand-children. I started in makin' two apiece, but my eyes give out.

I used to have a basket-quilt. I pieced several. I used to piece a album-quilt,— I pieced quite a number of album-quilts,—that was kin-o'-old fashioned,—album-quilts.

Phil had a dress, a dollar a yard I can't remember other dresses I made Rebecca a long cape out of

French blue, an' she lost it, let it fall off'n her shoulders an' lost it.

HER BELIEF

"They (the adventists) believe eventually the New Jerusalm will come down on earth, an' the old earth will all burn up.

"We believe we will all be translated to heaven a thousand years an' then they come back on the earth here, ten thousand o' his saints. Then the earth will be restored. The old earth will be burned up an' the new earth will be with righteousness. Jesus will be here with 'em.

"But we got to be without fault, I tell you, without fault before the throne o' God, 'fore we can be translated I tell you that's a great thing, I tell you what. We can't stand in our own righteousness,—only in Christ's. But we got to be without fault—no blemish at all.

"They didn't use to believe in Revelation, thought it was a sealed book, couldn't be understood.

"Yes, the wicked dead will be raised up, an' Satan will tell 'em they can take the city, New Jerusalem. Can't do it. Fire will come down from Heaven an' destroy 'em. An' Satan will be cast into the lake o' fire and brimstone; an' the false prophets. That'll be the end o' him.

"See, there'll be the first resurrection an' the second resurrection. "Blessed is he that hath part in the first resurrection. Over such the second death hath no power. The new Jerusalem will come down from Heaven on earth, an' the saints will be taken away up there.

Satan will get his reward of evil. He has deceived the nations. He'll be destroyd without root or branch. The ashes o' the wicked dead will be under the soles of the fete o' the righteous.

After probation ends. You know, he that is holy will be holy still, an' he that is filthy will be filthy still. Then the seven last plagues will be poured out on the wicked. Then Jesus will come, an' the Holy City will come down out o' Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

You know Satan an' his angels, an' Michael an' his angels had a war in heaven 'cause he wanted to be the head one. He was jealous of Jesus. An' then they had war. Satan was cast out o' Heaven then. An' he's been on earth, wanderin' around. Can't see him, you know, he and his angels. He took off his angels. He has 'em to talk and decieve people,—try an' deceive 'em, tempt 'em an' everythin'. Yes, they went with him when he fell.

"Yes, they said he was a beautiful angel once, a musician. He walked up an' down the stones o' fire. Lucifer, that's one name. Satan, Lucifer, the Devil—well, you can read it in the Bible.

"We believe that as soon as they die they rest in the graves 'til the resurrection. 'Twont seem but a little while that they sleep.

"The archangel, an' the sound o' the trumpet, an' they'll rise out o' their graves to meet the lord in the air. This mortal shall put on immortality.

"Friends'll know 'em. They won't look like they do now. No pain nor death, no more sorrer. Jesus will wipe away all the tears from their eyes. There'll be no need o' light o' the sun an' the moon, 'cause Jesus will be the light. So it must be real light there.

"Your grandfather could tell the chapter an' verse all over the Bible, but I can't. But I can find it, ain't a commandment but I can find it."

"He taught the disciples the Lord's prayer:—"Lead us not into temptation." I have often thought o' that; I don't believe Jesus could lead us into temptation, because he wouldn't do that. I say, "Suffer us not to be led into temptation."

"For if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

If we don't have a forgiving spirit an' can't forgive men their trespasses—what they have done us wrong—Jesus won't forgive us. We've got to have forgiving spirits. We ought to think o' that. Ef we hold hardness, Jesus can't forgive us. Ef they ask you to forgive them, you ought to forgive them. Jesus on the cross forgave 'em without their asking. Forgive 'em, for they know not what they do.

I've heard your grandfather say that sometimes that hardness would come up. He forgive 'em, but he'd hold it. I didn't think that was right. Ef he forgave 'em he ought to forget it.

As far as the east is from the west so far He removes our transgressions from us.

"By spells I feel better. This morning I feel weaker than common. I have spells I feel worse. Then I feel better. Ef I thought it was the Lord's will, I wouldn't care how soon I went. Mother was seventy-two. Father lived after. I don't want to live and suffer. As my mother used to say, "Shed not a tear o'er my grave, when I am gone.

Plant a rose over my grave, when I am gone."

THERE IS A WORLD TO COME

(Mother often used to sing this)

There is a world to come
  Blessed and pure,
It is the Christian's home,
  Long to endure
Oh, 'tis a world most bright,
  No more death, nor woe, nor night;
Faith fills it with delight,
  Knowing 'tis sure.

There Jesus Christ shall reign,
  All glorius king,
And music's rapturous strain
  Ever will ring.
Saints who in ages by
  Suffered and were called to die
There in sweet harmony
  Ever will sing.

Oh, 'twill be Paradise,
  Eden restored,
All beauteous in their eyes
  Who love the Lord.
Wastes that are now so dear,
  Like the rose shall blossom there,
And be a garden fair,
  Thus saith the Lord.
Oh, that bright world to come,
  Tongue cannot tell
How blessed is the home
  Where saints will dwell.
Turn then from sin away
  And the word of God obey.
Then at the last Great Day
  All will be well.

(Others she sang)

Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice
  What a Friend We have in Jesus.
My Days are Gliding Swiftly By.
  The Prodigal Son.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Flora E. was married at home. She wouldn't be married 'till Lyddy come. Judah went an' got her.

Lyddy was married at the home-place. Harry has good qualities.

Judah was married back East. Phil was married at Flora's home. We went up there; it was cold, oh, it was bitter cold. They was all cryin'; I guess everybody in the room was cryin'; you'd think it was a funeral 'stead o' a wedding. Mrs. Bedford said she was a young girl and inexperienced,—didn't seem to have nothin' against Phil. Had to go to Gallena a second time to get a license. She had to be just so old.

Susie an' our Lydia was in a little room playin' cards,—we didn't know where they was,—just young girls, didn't realize. Just as well they didn't; everybody was cryin'.

Yes, Florry said he seemed so kind an' good. I was there once when she cried right out,—said she hadn't had one of those spells so hard for a long time. Yes, she acknowledges it,—he's been good to her.

Melissa J. Myers
(Talking to Violet Beck)

UNCLE PHIL'S BLESSING AT TABLE

DEAR Heavenly Father,
For the many blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us in the past,
We would render thanks to Thee,
And we would ask Thee
To still be merciful unto us.

Bless to our nourishment a portion of these vituals,
And our efforts to Thy glory.

Aid us, and direct us,
And at last gather us home.

We ask these favors in the name of our Redeemer.
Amen.

(N. B. Uncle Phil's blessing at the table is impressive. He speaks in a slow reverential voice.)

Uncle Phil is a man of medium height and weight. He has kindly blue eyes, and a kind, gentle appearance. He sometimes wears a beard. He is gray-haired now. He usually wears gray. (Violet.)

TO THE oldest brother, Phil E. Myers—co-jointly with a brother—has devolved for over twenty-eight years since the father's death, the care and guardianship of the huge estate which the father very wisely left in trust, as long as the mother lived, then to be divided among the children.

There are few who can realize what work, and worry, and trouble this has been; to administer through years of patience and kindness, the endless work involved—to make investments wisely; to try and keep peace among so many; some of whom preferred to have and spend, regardless of the will of the father.

Some of them must have felt gratitude for the long years of patience, and kindness, the endless worry involved; the home always open, the gracious hospitality never failing to such a numerous family.—And the wife as well, always a charming hostess even with frail health willing to go the limit of her strength to entertain who ever might come.—

To these two, there are no words that can repay what they have done, or given; yet we would gladly give them generous praise, and gratitude since it is all we can do.

THE IRON KETTLE

By Uncle Phil

IT IS supposed that the iron kettle was brought over from Germany, when the three Myers' brothers came over from Germany two hundred and fifty years ago—that would make it in the sixteenth century. One settled in Pennsylvania, one in Ohio, one in New York State. That is what Father said.

There is a difference of opinion; some say it was bought for a sap-kettle in York State.

Father rather carried the idea that it was brought over from the old country.

There in York State, they had a sugar bush.

It must have been two or three generations before father—probably 200 years from now—Maybe that one went back and got that Holland woman.

Father was a great lover of the truth and careful to make accurate statements, so I would put more credence in what he said. John N. Myers was my father's father. In Mother's time they spelled it Meyers. First it had been Mayer, then Moyer.

Father wasn't much of a hand to tell about himself.

The iron kettle was used for maple sap—to make sugar. Grandfather Myers, when he came to Illinois, brought it with him. They didn't come out 'till Father came back from his California trip and was married. He had come with the Appleby's. Then it was after I was born before they came out.

I have a dim remembrance of Grandfather Myers—nothing like my father but the prominent nose. His head was as bald as anything except a little fringe of white hair that came up around in front of his ears. He was smooth shaven. He would get me between his knees and tell me Remus' stories. That was before they came out in book form.

It was about the fox and the bear. They went to keeping house together. They went and got a tub of butter. They would go and taste it. The fox accused the bear of eating more than his share. The bear denied it. The fox said, "We can prove it. Let us back up to the fire." So they did, and the fat fried out of the bear.

These stories are similar to the German stories. I can just remember—I couldn't have been more than four or five years old. I think Grandfather was kind to children. He had to go around with a cane,—his eyes were kind of dim. Mother says I would get ahold of his finger, and tag him around. That was in the frame house where I was born.

Grandmother was a little, slender, bent-over woman. Her face was shrivelled up. Her movements were quick, energetic. I can see her in my mind's eye. Her voice and Aunt Euphamy's were alike—more piercing than strong—not so loud-spoken—but piercing, clear, distinct. It got pretty shrill sometimes when she called Uncle Chet to order. She scolded, you bet, and fetched him to time, too. But she had to do it. He was too easy-going a nature. She was up and going.

She made cheese. She and another woman were going to see who could make the richest cheese. Aunt Euphamy was sharper—she knew she couldn't use all cream. The other woman used all cream. When they took the bands off, her cheese held up, and the other woman's slumped down. So they could eat her cheese, and they couldn't the other's.

Aunt Laviny was more quiet, more soft voice. I don't know if it was natural, or through fear. Uncle Daniel Eaton had spells of temper-rages, and would tear things up. He was intelligent. He built his house in Pleasant Valley, with an axe, an adz, and a draw-shave.

The clap-boards on the outside were all split and shaved out of oak. The puncheon floor was all hewn out of oak and smoothed with an adz. It was fastened down with pegs. Nails were not very many and hard to get. The rafters were made out of oak-trees, no sawed wood in the hull house the doors and window casings. The tea-kettle hung on a crane over the fire in the fireplace. They did all their cooking there. I have a dim remembrance. I went with our folks to make them a visit.

Aunt Celia dominated the household. She and Aunt Euphamy both dominated their households. They wouldn't have had anything in the world if they hadn't. Alonzo was forward-looking because of her. Lon was their youngest boy. Lonson wore whiskers. They built the first nice, large, two-story house in the valley. She wanted things kept up good. They had a little small house they must have lived in first. That was way down south, close to the road. They had a good bank-barn built over a bank, you could drive right out the upper-floor, and right out from the basement. Father's barn was the biggest barn.

John kept the toll-gate over Oswego river. In those days, they had coin with six and one-half cent or twelve and one-half cent value, a bit or a shilling. In making change, Uncle John always kept the half-cent.

Nicholas went smooth-shaven. We went out to Warren to visit them one time. We could see the railroad track. He always wore a silk stove-pipe hat. He came out visiting us in settling the estate of grandfather-and grandmother. They had to buy him out. It would have been better to have settled it in court, because father and Smith and Sol never did get to feeling right with Nicholas afterwards.

I always liked Aunt Betsy, real motherly woman. They had three children, Evangeline, Sarah and the boy.

Uncle Tunis was the old bachelor. He always lived by himself until he got too old to. He first settled on a place in the spring branch of the west branch of the Plum river. He lived on what he raised and saved his money. He got four hundred dollars in gold. He lived in a log house. He bored a hole and put in his money, and plugged it up. Someone took out the peg and stole the money. I worked on the place when Tom Smith had it afterwards. I went up to the log house once, and Uncle Tunis set me to working out hog-land, we did it with poles and little flags.
broader forehead than the rest of them.

Uncle Solomon—well, father said he always tried to get out of hard work. But it's my opinion Uncle Solomon was not strong. In his prime, father could do two men's work. Uncle Solomon settled on the upper radius of the west branch of Plum river, in what is known as the Yankee Hollow neighborhood, amongst the Dows and the Parkers. It was on his place that Grandfather died. He was the father of Melissa, Ellen, and Emma Jane, girls; and Newton and Moses, boys. They were all born in Pleasant Valley, I think. He ran a store and traded with the Indians at Decatur, Nebraska, on the bank of the Missouri river. He was a genial, pleasant man, rather too easy. In Illinois, he had a store.

In Illinois, the iron kettle was used for heating water to scald hogs. They butchered the hogs, twenty or thirty of them, dressed. If they sold them alive they had to drive them a long ways. I remember watching the kettle to keep it boiling. It was an awfully hard day's work when they butchered the hogs. Father generally had two or three men to help. And mother had women in. They helped riddle the entrails, get fat off the entrails. They put the hot water in the barrel, and soused the hogs up and down in it. They put a stick through the gamble joints and soused them, then a hook through the jaws. They scraped the hair off with the bottom of these iron candle-sticks. Then they'd hang them up, dash some clear hot water over them, and scrape them with a knife. Then they'd flirt cold water on, with a knife upwards, and they'd come off clean. Then they'd put a stick in each side of the skin, and spread them open, and let them cool off. They'd let 'em hang there till morning, when they were cold and stiff. It was in the cold of Autumn. Then they'd load them up on wagons or sleighs and haul them to Gallena or Freeport.

The kettle was also used for making soft soap, and for making punkin butter.

They'd make half a barrel of soap at a time to last them through the winter. The lye was made from ashes they had leached. They put up a barrel of ashes on a stand, with creases to run into a point. They were set tilted. Straw was put on so the ashes wouldn't go through. They'd put the ashes on the stand and pour water over. The lye would leach through, dark and strong. Then they'd put it in the kettle, and put grease in, and made soft soap every fall because they'd have the grease from the butchering.

The punkin butter was made from punkins boiled down. The right kind of punkins was sweet. Sugar was costly. They didn't add sugar. They put it in jars, five or six-gallon crocks. They packed their butter in those same jars.

Father would cook punkins, potatoes, or anything he wanted for the hogs and cattle in it. In the patch of potatoes there'd be a lot of little potatoes, or potatoes too big, and they'd cook them up to soften them.

The kettle was brought from Illinois to California in the car father shipped his household goods in. He never used it much then. I used it once to make spray for the trees,—boiling sulphur and lime to spray the pear trees and apple trees. It was also used for scalding hogs. It has been put to varied uses. It was when Flora worked the place, I sprayed the trees for her.

Darius may have used it for scalding hogs.

Gil dipped prunes in lye-water to thin the skin a little.

It was stored in Judah's dryer for a long time. The dryer was built for the whole ranch at the time.

Now Gladys has it in her shed and George and Bernie uses it for scalding hogs and frying out fat.

I'd prefer it should be kept in the Myers' family. I'm getting to be an old man, and have no descendants. I'd like to have somebody who could keep it as a family keep-sake. I'd just as soon Gladys would have it to take care of as long as she wants to. I don't want to relinquish my right while I am living, but I don't want to relinquish my right entirely. The only thing,—I'd want an institution which would prize it for its value as an antique,—as a relic of early days, that would keep its history for future generations. A museum which could show how pioneer generations had to get along—utensils they used at that time. If I find a suitable place like that, I'd give up my possession willingly.

My little books and stamps—probably I'd get a lot of money if I found a suitable collector. But the kettle I'd want to donate.

My carpet bed-spread is red. It came from the Myers' family. I think they spun and wove in the family.

FAMILY OF DARIUS and MELISSA JANE (APPLEBY) MYERS, c. 1889
Standing: George, Flora, Darius, Judah, Bert, Elsie, Lydia, Gordon.
Sitting: Phil, Melissa, Bertha, Darius, Louise.

(Picture taken in Lena, Illinois)

Family of Darius and Melissa Myers. Taken 1866 (First photo of family). Darius holding Elsie, Pam and Louise with hands on his shoulders, Janey, Melissa, holding Lydia, Rebecca with hand on her shoulder.

March 20, 1911
(Homeplace, back porch.)
Upper Row:
Elsie, Louise, Grandma, Phil, Lydia.
Lower Row:
Judah, Darius, George, Gordon, Bert, Bertha, Flora.

April 16, 1922 (Homeplace)
Upper Row:
Susie, George and Susie, Bert and Rose, Gordon, Gil.
Lower Row:
Flora A. and Phil, Grandma, Lydia, Flora E., Bertha, Judah.

1924 (Roeding Park)
Upper Row:
Gordon, Darius, George, Bert, Judah, Bertha, Flora, Lydia, Grandma, Phil, Louise.

THE CHILDREN OF DARIUS AND MELISSA JANE APPLEBY MYERS
By Flora Ethel (Myers) Washer

FOREWORD
REMEMBERED EYES
by Flora Ethel Washer

AS I LOOK back along the years there comes to me a vision of Pleasant Valley and the long hill leading up to Aunt Celia Hilliard's home. Father was driving with me beside him in the carriage. When we stopped beside the grassy tree-shaded yard, enclosed in its picket fence, Aunt Celia came out through the little latticed stoop over the side door, hung with vines.

She was then a middle-aged, rather bulky figure with a thin, intelligent face and rather sharp tongue, yet kind, our best known and most beloved aunt. When Father told her I was soon to be baptized she looked at me so searchingly, as if to read my very soul and discover the sincerity of my purpose. That look has remained with me all the years.

Once, when I had been going through a troubled time, Mother took my face between her hands and looked at me so tenderly, as if longing to help and comfort me. It was so seldom she expressed her love in words, that look and touch meant much to me. I feel now she had taken me in her prayers to the Mercy Seat. Father, too, was of the period when affection was expressed seldom in words, but often in deeds and long devotion. Once, I remember, only, did he lay his hand upon my head and call me his "little daughter," with a look so benign and tender, it was like a benediction.

When Bertha was in her last sickness, as I bent over her bed, she looked up at me with the most beautiful eyes I ever remember seeing, so large and clear and bright, and a heavenly blue. One could not realize the suffering she must have gone through, nor that soon those eyes would close in the last long sleep. Perhaps to her had come a glimpse of peace after long years of trial and perplexity.

One day, when Ruth was just a little girl, emerging from the petted time of babyhood, the older children were teasing her. She came to tell me about it, with an expression that pierced my heart. Her eyes were so wistful and troubled, her lips trembling, yet trying to smile, as if she were facing unkindness for the first time and not able to believe it could be meant for her. Dear little brave lassie, all her life she has tried to face her troubles with the same smiling courage.

A tiny babe lay in its Mother's lap, little Barbara Jane, whose short weeks of life were drawing to a close. Suddenly her eyes opened widely and she looked up in Ethel's face, as if startled and needing reassurance from her Mother's love. Such an unusual look from so young a child, it must have impressed itself upon the Mother's heart, as on mine, to make an indelible impression.

Flora E. Myers

PICTURES
by Flora Ethel (Myers) Washer

A ship is in the harbor. It sends out its searchlights, illumining the harbor, the city and the sky. Here the tall trees in the park stand out boldly; then the light shifts, and clouds and stars appear for brief instants—a church steeple is a white spire, pointing upward, and, on a hill-side bench, two lovers are visible. Here, and there, the light flashes, without any apparent cause or direction.

So it is with memory. Why certain things impress a child, and are retained until later life, we cannot always understand, but as we look back, the searchlight points out details here and there, bringing pictures to our minds. Sometimes one or two figures stand out more clearly than others and make a stronger directing force in our lives. So it was with Father, and with Lydia, my next older sister, who was always my guiding star, influencing me on the upward way from early childhood.

One Picture

The light plays upon an evening in winter. Outside, snow falls softly. The evening chores are finished; supper and its dishes are done; and the family is gathered in the roomy kitchen, where the fire in the wood-stove keeps all comfortable, giving out occasionally sharp crackling noises that Father says mean colder weather. At past sixty he already has grey hair and beard, but none of their children like to admit that he and Mother are getting old.

This night he is tired from a day of hard work, preparing for winter, and he relaxes in the large easy chair while Flora combs and smooths his hair, as he often requires.

Flora is already a tall, long-legged little girl, nearly eight years old. There are two younger children, Bert and Bertha, who are building cob-houses on the floor, while the older boys shell corn by hand from the bushel baskets they have filled and brought in from the corn-crib.

Mother is knitting woolen stockings and Etta has started a wide scarf in gayly colored stripes. Darius and Judah, almost young men, and the twins, George and Gordy, two years older than Flora, come between her and Lydia, in age. Lydia is reading aloud from the "Youths' Companion"—which they had enjoyed ever since the oldest son, Pam, had subscribed for it, on his trip to the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1875.

Lydia has a clear voice, which Father has trained carefully so that it is a pleasure to listen to her reading. When she sings, there is a quality that chimes in sweetly with the flute which Father plays for us on rare occasions.

This evening he is in the mood for it, after the reading is done; and we listen enraptured to the Scotch tunes he loves: "Bonnie Charley's ga'ng Away," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Annie Laurie."

"Bonnie Charlie's ga'ng awa'
Far beyond the bounding main
Many a heart will break in twa'
Should he ne'er come back again."

The soft light from the coal-oil lamp shines on Mother's brown hair, smoothly combed down each side from the central part, and on her gentle face and blue eyes, like Etta's.

Lydia's eyes are lighter, almost grey, and she is dependent on glasses, being near sighted; she is not pretty, her nose being turned up, and rather wide at the base; her upper lip long, and mouth too generous for beauty; she is "our Lydia," the center of the family, beloved by all. Father relies on her to help him with his religious manuscripts and letters, and takes her with him on business trips to New York, or out to Nebraska and Kansas.

She helps Etta with the housework and care of the younger children, for Mother has had asthma for years, and is not strong enough for the heavy work of such a large family.

Father was a teacher in New York State before they married and he wants his children to have a good education. So Lydia has had a term at High School in Nora, twenty miles away, and is soon to go to Chicago, where Louise and August live. There she will finish her schooling at a Normal.

Etta has trouble with her eyes, and is not so eager for an education beyond that given in the old stone schoolhouse near home.

Also, Mother cannot spare both girls, so Etta stays, though she must often have missed the sister and companion nearest her own age.

Two older sisters, Rebecca and Louise, are married, and so is the oldest brother, Pam.

This night the younger ones are at home together, shut in safe warm, in comfort and in peace, with little thought of the changes future years may bring.

The fire is going down; the old Seth Thomas clock strikes ten, and the little children are asleep on the sofa. Father puts away his flute and winds the clock, and soon the house is quiet, except for an occasional creak of boards, or the wail of the wind.

Another Picture

"Spell California," Lydia said. She was kneading bread-dough, while helping the younger children with their lessons for the morrow. Her smooth round white arms worked and turned the spongy mass in the big pan, and Flora watched the deft motions, half-formed thoughts drifting idly through her mind of how good the freshly-baked bread would taste; of the story she had been reading, and of the magical land of California where Father had gone to buy a new home.

George and Gordy were having difficulty in spelling the word, although they were twelve and two years older than she, but she was a studious child, always absorbed in reading, and spelling came easier for her.

Lydia was a good speller, often spelling down the other contestants at spelling bees. She had graduated from the State Normal and was teaching that year at the home-school where they all attended.

Dari and Jude did not go there any more, but Dari was having a term at Nora, and Jude was needed to help the hired man on the farm while Father was away. Big boys did not attend school except in the winter when a man teacher was hired who could keep them in order.

Drowsily, Flora's thoughts wandered. It was time for bed. Lydia had covered the dough in a warm place, and roused Bert and Bertha from their sleep on the sofa under the old buffalo robe. Mother took Bertha to bed, and the rest soon followed up the steep stairs in their narrow dark enclosure where a door opened out onto three steps down into the kitchen. Sometimes, Flora dreamed of falling off her bed near the head of the stairs, and rolling down to the bottom. It would be easy to do when the tick was full of fresh straw, rounded up.

Tonight she had just risen from her prayers when Lydia came up, and, with an impulse unusual for her, Flora threw her arms around Lydia's neck and gave her a kiss. It was a surprise from the undemonstrative little girl, and Lydia went to bed with a lighter heart. It had been a long, hard day, and there was so little praise or encouragement, though she tried to do her work well, and be a good daughter, and kind older sister. Then, too, she missed Etta, who had run away and married a wandering painter, who had been employed to paint the new wing to the house built the previous summer. He was an attractive man, but he could not be depended on, and there was little hope of any lasting happiness with him. Indeed, after their child, Hugh, was born she grew so afraid for their safety that she procured a divorce, which was a courageous thing to do at a time when women endured almost anything rather than be so disgraced as divorce was regarded then.

Father and Mother went to Elizabethtown to bring her home, driving back at night through cold and snow; the children huddled down under the buffalo robes in the back of the sleigh, breaths white in the frosty air; overhead the glittering stars, and the road winding over the hills and through the woods—giving a feeling of flight and mystery, for such things were not talked of before children, but we knew something was amiss, and did not know what Hamilton might do if he discovered her flight. Later, he tried to get her to live with him again, but did not molest her further when he found she was determined to be free. She took Hugh away to Missouri, where Grandpa and Grandma Appleby lived, and also Phil and Florrie, staying there for sometime.

AN ACCOUNT OF EACH BROTHER AND SISTER AND OF HERSELF
By Flora
EPAMINONDAS PHILO MYERS 1854-1929
by Flora E.

My oldest brother, Phil, lived at 825 Abby Street, Fresno, some years after selling his ranch on the Homeplace, and that was his home when he died. His home was a center of hospitality for friends and relatives, though Florrie's health was poor. She was a particular housekeeper and a zealous follower in the belief of the Millenial Dawn religion. Phil did not accept this faith, but was a true Christian and an upright man. After Father's death he and Judah were trustees of the Estate until they died.

Phil passed away on Nov. 23, 1929, at the age of seventy-five. Later the house was sold, and Florrie stayed with friends until her death on April 25, 1938. They left no descendants, their two children having died in infancy. As Phil, or "Pam" as we used to call him, was married and left home when I was about five years old, I scarcely knew him until he followed us to California. He had gone to Missouri, living there near Grandpa Appleby.

In California, at first he and Florrie lived in a tent in the yard at the Homeplace. Susie and Frank came later to be with them after their house was built on the twenty acres Father gave Phil. We, all the family, were made welcome there, often meeting with them for Sabbath or Holiday gatherings. This house was sold to Bertha and Gil when Phil and Florrie moved to Fresno.

Rebecca Jane:

"Becky" was the first of seven sisters, born in the early years of the family, when "Pam" was the only brother. "My brother," as she always called him. Mother always showed a special tenderness for Becky, as she did for those who needed help and care the most, as if to make up to them for Father's impatience with anyone who lacked quick intelligence and strong mental capacity. I recall Mother's sympathy when she would tell of how disappointed Becky was one time. She, Becky had taken a course in dressmaking, and "There," Mother said, "When they gave her a diploma it was an old one, flyspecked. Becky just cried, but we made them give her a good one."

I imagine she was a good daughter whose help was needed in a household where there were twelve children by the time she was eighteen. That was the year Father moved to Florida. There she and Pam and Lou found more social life and gayety among the hospitable Southerners, and there Becky met and married gay, unstable, dark-eyed Henry Bryan. And there she stayed when the family returned to Illinois—only once afterward did she see her own people again.

One summer she came back to the old home, a trying journey with six small children. How she must have looked forward to that visit; what hours of planning and sewing to get ready! She, herself, had six muslin petticoats, I remember, all ruffled and tucked, with lace and embroidery. And that must have been only a small part of what she had done. Mother said she was a good seamstress, and had made wedding dresses for friends in Florida, even though her hands must have been full with caring for her own family. Henry's relatives stayed with them often. Becky stopped to see Louise and August in Chicago, before coming to the old Valley home.

To us younger children she seemed almost a stranger, the more so that she had, perhaps unconsciously, adopted the Southern way of speaking, and her life and thoughts were centered there. She was fiercely protective of her children; would not go anywhere unless they were invited, and resented any correction of them, even from Mother and Father, even

though she was ill with Scarletina, and they were full of mischief. Perhaps it was a relief when Henry came and insisted on taking her away, even though Pam was coming from Missouri to see her. Mother always blamed Henry for not waiting the few days until he came. Her letters were anxiously looked for, and once Mother sent her a hymn book in which were the old hymns she longed for. Her first son had been born just the day before our brother Bert was born, and she wanted them named Bryan Myers and Myers Bryan, but Father objected, though she kept to the plan.

It was only a few years after she went back that word came she had gone to rest. Only thirty-three years of age, and seven children left, wholly orphaned in another year by the passing away of their father. Their uncle, John Bryan, kept the youngest, John Henry, but the others were brought to us in California where they were raised by Father, Phil and Darius.

IDA JANE:

Five short years marked the span of little Janie's life, but she left an aura of fragrant memories. A dear little girl she must have been, sweet and helpful, for Mother said she would put her clothes away carefully whenever they came home from anywhere. And when she was not allowed to go she accepted it quietly, instead of screaming as Lou did, small as she was, she would carry the baby Lydia around, and try to help by bringing in chips.

Her face must have been long and thin, for Mother said I resembled her. That is why, perhaps, she interested me so much, though she died long before I was born, and there was only a white blur in the faded old photograph, to answer my curiosity.

EUCLID:

Nothing much I can tell about little Euclid. He was only eighteen months old when he died. Father always mourned for him. He built his hopes on him for being extra bright.

NOTE by Violet: I was reading these character descriptions at Aunt Flora's house, and at this point, we got to talking:

Violet: Cousin Sarah said there had been an epidemic of Scarlet Fever in a neighboring county, and Surviva, Grandpa's sister, had died of it. Grandma insisted on taking Euclid with her to the funeral though Grandpa did not want her to go. They held funerals right in the house—in those days, with open caskets. Euclid came down with the fever.

Flora: Father always grieved so when people he cared for died, such as his Mother, and Euclid. Mother consoled herself with Janie. Father favored the boys more than he did the girls. Though I think as he got older your mother, Louise, and Lydia were nearer to him than any of the boys. Your mother had a more complex character than any of the others.

Violet: I remember Grandpa sitting on a chair with rounded arms, out on the front porch of the homeplace, and taking me on his lap and telling me I had a big head like Euclid's. Then he talked to me about Jesus' second coming. It was a warm day, and Grandpa's lap was bony. He never did forget about Euclid. When I visited the family cemetery in Yankee Hollow (Ill.) last summer there was Euclid's little tombstone, and Janie's and those of Elvester and Gertrude, side by side, and the taller monuments of Rachel and John Myers in the row and the graves of the babies of Aunt Flora A and Uncle Phil. I wondered if I would see all these relatives in Heaven, and if Janie and Euclid would be grown up.

I've always wanted to see Rachel Myers, everyone thought so much of her. It must have been hard for Grandpa to leave the graves of those he loved so much. He believed in the resurrection of the dead. First there would be a long sleep, then Jesus would return. Grandpa thought it would be long before this present time.

Flora: I think it will be as after the return of Jesus to those who loved Him. At first they didn't recognize Him, but He could make Himself known. So our loved ones will be able to make themselves known, that is our hope that we will see and know our loved ones. I read a book at Ruth's by a writer for Sunday School papers. He believed that when the Turk would be excluded from Europe, we would work down into the Holy Land before the end. Things seem to be working toward that.

Violet: Lots of people, of different denominations, think we are tending toward Armageddon. Grandpa wrote of Jesus' coming.

Flora: He was a student of Bible prophecies, he studied the dates and periods. I don't know why chronology was given if it wasn't so they could be studied out.

Violet: Janie died of typhoid-pneumonia. Grandpa was carrying her in his arms up and down, up and down, the room she was suffering so, and breathing with such difficulty. Mamma had heard Grandpa say if you prayed, believing, your prayer would be answered. So she went out into the snow and asked God to make Janie well. She was only seven. She knelt down in the snow, and thought God had heard her, and came back expecting to see Janie well. Grandpa was laying Janie on the bed; she had died in his arms. That was a dreadful blow to Mamma's faith.

Flora: People should be careful about telling children what they don't understand.

LOUISE EDITH:
by Flora E. Myers

Louise was one of the older sisters, coming between Ida Jane and Euclid, the two who died when small. Mother said that was the reason she was more indulged by Father, who was usually so strict; no doubt he took pleasure in her brightness and quick intelligence. And in her devotion to him—through all her life she revered and loved him above all others. She was never strong, physically, and resented each additional child that added to the noise and confusion and extra work of the large family. Though she made a pet of me, naming me after a girlhood chum, Flora Ethel Eaton, and always showing an interest in me, often bringing presents to me after she had left home.

I was too young to remember her being at home, but Lydia said she would hire the younger children to do things and then not pay them if the work was not done to suit her. Grandma Appleby's home was a haven of rest to her, where she found the order and quietness that was balm to her nervous temperament. Grandma was another whom she admired and loved all her life.

Louise grew up a gay, high spirited girl, who attracted many young men admirers. She was engaged several times, but not being easily suited, soon found some reason to break it off. Louise had been keeping house for Phil before he married Florrie. She went to Uncle Smith's in Nebraska and taught school there. She also taught in Missouri, near Grandpa Appleby's where she suffered much discomfort from the cold winter weather and the inconvenience of a country school. But she must have been a good teacher, well-liked by her pupils, some of whom wrote to her for years afterward.

It was in Nebraska that she met the fine-looking, soldierly August Beck who became her husband when she was twenty-two and by whom she had two children, Evalinda Estella and Violet Belvedere. Louise and August Beck were married at Nora, where we then lived, and they went to Brookline, near Chicago, where August was Chief Clerk under General Miles. Both children were born there. When Eva was eleven and Violet eight, August moved to California, being stationed at

the Benicia Arsenal.

They were there two or three years before moving to San Diego, where they lived on Golden Hill; later on Hawthorne St., nearer the Bay, but the air was damper there and hard on Louise's cough, so again they bought on Golden Hill which was her home until she died in 1933. August had died in 1919 in Honolulu. Violet and Eva still live in that house.

MARIETTA ELSIE:

Elsie was married at eighteen to a house painter, John Hamilton, by whom she had one son, Hugh, who died in 1948 or '49. Elsie and John were divorced. Later she married Max Platzek, a harness maker, at Nora, Illinois. By him she had seven children: Rudy, Lalie, Mamie Ethel, Carl, David (Johnny), Arthur, Gertrude, all of whom married except Mamie.

Lalie and Gertrude are now dead. Elsie died on June 25, 1910; Max had preceded her in death. After Max's death Elsie sold the house and harness shop in Fowler, and bought a larger house on the north edge of town, which they all enjoyed the rest of her life.

LYDIA BELVIDERE:

Lydia stayed at home longer than any of the girls. Her health was poor and Father relied on her love and understanding in his religious studies, as Mother did on her help with the housework. She had stayed with Louise while attending the Cook Co. Normal School, and taught at the Pleasant Valley School after she graduated. That was while we lived in the Valley, but after we moved to Nora we all had measles, which left Lydia with a weak back, that gave her trouble all the rest of her life. Of her admirers I remember best Calvin Nuss, Joe Webster, W. T. Martin, and Mr. Luther. But she did not care for any of them enough to marry, and it was not until after we moved to California that she did marry, a young man named Harry Wilder.

That was at a home wedding on Jan. 1st, 1897. I was bridesmaid, and an English friend of Harry's (Alexander Miller) was best man. Lydia and Harry rented a house across the road, where their first child, Robert Ray, was born, dying a few weeks later. Their second child, Ralph, was born on the Gibbs' place, a half mile south of Father's which they bought, and there they lived until the house burned, years later.

Lydia's life there was filled with much anxiety, as Harry drank and spent much time in town. But she drew strength from her strong faith, and courage. She tried to see the best in everyone, brightening the lives of all with whom she came in contact. Her home was a center of hospitality and cheer to many, not only to friends and relatives, but to many men, down and out, whom Harry befriended and took home. It was a tragedy when their home burned to the ground, and she just barely escaped. But worse was to come as the Hughes' house, which they had rented, also burned, and Lydia was so badly burned she lived only a few hours.

When I think of her I often remember a hymn Father loved, which she used to sing with him. It must have sustained her faith many times.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word
He'll comfort thee, strenthen, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by His righteous, omnipotent hand
When through the deep waters
I've caused thee to go
The rivers of sorrow
Shall not overflow
For I will be with thee, thy pathway to bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials
Thy pathway shall lie
His grace, all sufficient
Shall be thy supply
The flames shall not hurt thee
I only design thy dross to consume
And thy gold to refine."

DARIUS ELIHU:

Darius, or Dari as we called him, was the liveliest of the boys. He liked to tease and tell funny stories; we understood him and would only smile, but his wife, Susie, could never get used to it, and would cry, or berate him for lying. He built a good home on their twenty acres and took good care of his place, making more money than the other boys. Father had given each of his sons twenty acres, though later Bert's was divided and half given to Elsie.

Darius had six children, four girls and two boys. Little Patience, Mildred and Truman died while young, and Earl after he was grown and married. Glen, too, after her second child was born. So only Gertrude survived him, and Susie, beside Earl's son Edward, and Glen's two girls, Winnie and Wilma. Gertrude married Fred Rhodes, foreman of a large ranch near Parlier. They had three girls and one boy: Doris, Hazel, Mable, and Freddie. After Darius sold his ranch home they moved to Fresno, on Abby St., near Phil.

There Dari's main amusement was playing horseshoes in Court House Park. For awhile they lived in Santa Cruz, later he bought a ranch at Parlier, near where Gertrude and Fred lived on the Fortuna Ranch. It was at this place he died on April 7, 1915. Later, Susie also passed away there, in Gertrude's home. Though she had previously lived in the Abby St. house for sometime, caring for Glen's girls.

JUDAH:

Our brother Judah was the quiet, studious boy of our family. He didn't seem to care to run around much with the other boys, and he was eager to get more education; he even went back to grammar school at Malaga, after we came to California, although the other pupils laughed at him, as he already had begun to grow a beard.

Then I went to San Jose for the State Normal Training; he went with me, but did not pass the examination, so he returned home. After that he gave up going to school, and applied himself to studying the Bible, while he worked on the twenty acres Father gave each of his sons. This was where he built a home after he married Nettie Miller. She and her parents came out from Nebraska.

I was managing Mother's place then and Judah and Nettie stayed with us the first year of their marriage, until their first baby, Paul, was born. But Nettie lived only a short time. By that time Judah's house was done and Mr. and Mrs. Miller kept house for him there and took care of Paul. Later, I took care of Paul there for him until he went back to Nebraska to marry a friend of Nettie's. Dear, kind Salema, who joined with him in the Adventist faith, and was a devoted wife and helpmeet. They lost their first two babies, but the third lived, our Hester, who was a great comfort and help to her mother after Judah's death in 1933.

Previous to that, Judah had sold out at the Homeplace and they moved around into several places, but he died at Oroville where Rudy Platzek lived. Rudy and Ethel were very kind and helpful to them, and so, also were Jimmie and Delphia. Finally, Salema and Hester moved back to Nebraska to be with her mother, and lived there until Salema's death, when Paul brought Hester back to California.

GORDY:

George and Gordy were twins, born Sept. 25, 1872. Father liked Bible names so he named them George Elijah and Gordon Elisha.

Mother said George was always getting into mischief, and Gordy would try to keep him out of it. As they grew older

George ran around with the older boys, but Gordy did not join much in their sports, and the hunting and fishing trips they enjoyed, and he and I played more together when we were small.

After Father gave each of the boys twenty acres, some man persuaded Gordy to trade his for the Robinson Place. Later, he married Gertrude Robinson, and they had three children: Beulah, Constance and Raymond. They lived in George's house in the pear orchard, where Beulah and Constance were born, then at the homeplace, and Mother took care of the children, after Gertrude's illness. Cousin Alice at Fowler, kept them awhile, and then Mrs. Hittle did. Gordy and Myers Bryan farmed some land near the Homeplace, as some man had cheated him out of the Robinson Place.

Finally, he was in a Christian rest home for some years, out near Belmont Ave. Then Gordy developed a cancer in his mouth and was at the County Hospital for awhile, but he longed to see Connie again, and they released him so he could go to her in West Virginia . . . Gordy enjoyed visiting his girls. He died in Connie's home and was buried in the family cemetery on the hill above her house.

George Elijah:

George married Daisy Graham, a quiet slender girl who lived at Malaga. They had three boys and one girl: Lawrence, Georgie, Seymour and Gladys. They lived for some years on his twenty acres, in a house in the orchard, then went to Sacramento awhile. Daisy's health was poor and she died of tuberculosis when Gladys was just growing into an attractive young woman.

Then George rented Mother's place awhile. Mrs. Graham lived with them and Mother too, and they kept the family together until Gladys married Bernie Bibb, and George remarried. This time it was to a widow from Kentucky, Susie Lucas, who had three children by her former marriage: Osee, Raymond and Bessie.

She and George had a little girl, Shirley. They lived at the Homeplace until the house burned in 1925. Later, they had a place near Clovis, and then in Fresno. Finally, they moved to Visalia, where Shirley married Bob Montgomery, and had two girls, Norma and Jeanie Sue. Raymond and Georgie and Gladys have died.

Albertus Theodore Myers

Bert, as we always called him, was a self confident little boy, growing up through a turbulent boyhood into an aggressive and successful man. He and Myers Bryan were only one day apart in age, but much different in temperament, as Myers was always quiet and diffident. They left school when only about fourteen to help on the ranch, and Bert had his own ten acres to tend.

Anyway, Bert married before he was twenty-one to Rose Graham, and they lived in a small house in the orchard, I think. Later, he rented Mother's forty acres where they were living when their first child, little Wardie, was killed by a train as he ran to follow other boys across the track. This sobered Bert so much that he joined the Adventist Church, of which he and Rose were members as long as they lived. She and Bert had six children: Wardie, Ruby, Jesse, Nellie, Ruthie, Leroy. They made their home for some years on Peach Avenue. Later they went to Fresno, Washington, and other places; and finally to Santa Cruz, where Bert died of cancer of the stomach in 1952.

March 4th of this year, 1956, Rose passed away after several months of illness, with diabetis and heart trouble. Since Bert's death she had been restless and dissatisfied until she married Tom Hughes, about a year ago, and I think they had been quite happy, living in one of the houses Bert had owned at Santa Cruz. If she had lived until yesterday she would have been 72.

About a year ago she was here on a visit; had tried living with her children, and as a companion, and had even gone out nursing, but was not satisfied, and said she would not live alone so we were not surprised when she remarried. Tom was a sweetheart of her girlhood.

She was a lively, jolly, sociable person and she and Bert belonged to the Adventist Church, in which they were good workers. They lived in a Church community while they were in Washington, and in Modesto. Two children, Ruby and Wardie Lee, preceded them in death, and those now living are Jesse, Nellie, Ruthie and Leroy, all married.

Bertha Serena Myers

Bertha, the youngest of the family, was a delicate child after having Typhoid Fever not long after we came to California; so we always shielded her. She grew stronger, becoming a pretty young woman, with a clear rose-leaf complexion and beautiful large blue eyes.

At eighteen she married Gilmore Childers, son of a neighbor, and they lived in the Colony, having bought Phil's home. Here they lived some years, but finally moved to Auberry where they raised their family. They had eleven children, three of whom died in infancy and one at sixteen. This was Melissa who drowned in a mountain pool just a week before she was to be married. Edna married the young man later, but they did not live long together. Another daughter, Mina, died after she was grown.

Gil and Bertha's home was always a hospitable haven when any of the family were in the mountains. And Bertha longed to go back there after she was stricken with cancer and had to come to Fresno to a hospital. She lived only a few months after the operation, Jan. 31, 1929.

After the mountain home was sold, Gil lived most of the time with Alta, but was at Ellen's when he passed away.

Flora writes to Violet:

I had a letter from Connie yesterday, the first in a long time. She is always so busy and is about worn out from her Mother-in-law's illness.

She was glad to get the Estate check, speaking gratefully of having her grandfather to thank for it. So few ever mention that. I've thought often of how Father's and Mother's self-denial and thrift have extended so far and helped so many of their descendants.

If I could write a worth-while book I'd title it "My Father's Will," and tell of his determination to succeed as a young pioneer; and how he worked and saved to raise his family through many hardships and losses.

And yet, how he kept his strong faith and courage to the end. And how his influence and spiritual strength, as well as the money he left, have gone on in the family!

FAMILY DOCTORS

I've been thinking more of such an influence this week as such a fine tribute was paid to Dr. Rowell in Dr. Barr's funeral sermon. Dr. Barr had said Dr. Rowell was one of the best men he had ever known.

We feel sad about doctors as they, along with Dr. Couey, have been our friends, as well as physicians, ever since we were married, and we are all near of an age. Dr. Barr was 83; he came though he had retired, when Gene was ill last time.

Wouldn't it be good if all old people could just "fall asleep," as Connie said Nellie Hittle did?

FATHER'S WILL 1956

by Flora Ethel (Myers) Washer

It has been sixty years since Father passed into the Unknown, and still his estate is not all settled, but what property he left has helped his children all along the way, as has

his character and example, providing a foundation for their lives.

Now that at 82 I am older than he was then, my mind dwells more upon his life and what it meant to his descendants. And I'd like my children to know of him and Mother, and to realize, as Edna Lyall, the author, wrote:

"An inheritance of money may, or may not, be a desirable thing, but an inheritance of character, an ancestry of generous, true-hearted men, who did justly and loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God—this is a thing that kings might covet."

The picture Chester and Nina have of him, which Howard Smith painted, portrays him as like one of the patriarchs of old, with a noble brow and long white beard, bending over his Bible.

This is how I remember him, for he was nearing sixty when I was born, so that I must depend on what has been told me for knowledge of his earlier life.

When Mother and I went to York State in 1901, we saw the place where he was born on December 18, 1816. It was a small farm near Oswego, in Western New York. The house must have been quite large, as was necessary in a family with twelve children. There was a fireplace near which the young people clustered to do their studying. Our Father, Darius, became a teacher, and had a school where some of the pupils sat on the floor, so many attended.

Our Mother, who was then Melissa Appleby, was one of those pupils. She once said she thought he was "humbly" (homely) with his prominent nose, and large head, but he must have admired the young girl, who, I was told, "was as pretty as a picture." And later she must have been attracted to him, for they were married when she was sixteen, after her family and his had migrated to Illinois.

Aunt Celia told me that he had been engaged to a young lady, and they were afraid he would lose his mind he grieved so much when she died. Possibly that may have influenced him to leave that part of the country, venturing into the newer and undeveloped lands further west. He walked to Michigan, selling medicines to pay expenses, and he may have gone down into Illinois, for later he settled there.

However, before that, he took the overland trail, by ox-team, to California, in search of the gold discovered there in 1849. This was in 1851. I wish I knew more of that long trek across the plains, but all I remember now is his speaking of how high food was, and that they kept dough in their flour for "sour dough" bread! I think he was gone only about a year, as he became ill, and left with only about a thousand dollars worth of gold, which he hung in a bag over his bunk, as he returned by ship. Mother had a brooch made from some of that gold, and a lock of his hair in the back of a daguerrotype he had had made of her. This she gave to me, but it was destroyed when our house burned.

A thousand dollars, however, in those days gave a good start for a home of his own, for when he went to Illinois (about 1851 or 1852) he bought land in Pleasant Valley, and after Mother and he were married, in 1853, he built a home, which took him six years to finish. It was of rock which he got out himself—a large two-story building with thick walls and deep window seats, which would have been a fitting home for his growing family. There were already seven children when he sold it and bought more fertile land down in the Valley near Plum River. The first place was in the hills back of Aunt Celia's home, where he had difficulty getting a road out.

That later home is the one where I was born, and that I remember best. Here we were more centrally located when other people moved into the Valley, and the stone school-house was built nearby, where all the children began their education.

Besides our own relatives, there was mostly an Irish population about us. These often came to Father and Mother for advice and help. One of them, Jimmy Donahue, told me "Mr. Myers was a rale gentleman!"

When Father was about twelve years old he had become interested in religion, and in the Millenial Movement of 1844 his interest deepened especially in the prophecies of Christ's Second Coming, of which he made a study as long as he lived. He taught this doctrine and wrote tracts about it for many years.

By industry and frugality he and Mother raised twelve of their fourteen children, two having died in infancy, and all were trained carefully to be obedient, industrious and reverent. Always there was family worship, with Grace before each meal, and hymns sung, which Father led with his true and earnest voice. Mother's voice was sweet but not strong. Those hymns have gone with me all through life, giving much encouragement and comfort.

Sometimes in the evenings, Father played on his flute, and Lydia sang along with it, especially the Scotch songs they loved.

That was all the entertainment we knew, except when there was a spelling-bee at the school-house or Sunday Services by Preacher Smith, and occasionally a magic lantern show. Neighbors came for corn-husking bees, and quiltings, and relatives came from other places to stay overnight. Often we younger children slept on the floor when several came.

I must have been about seven when Father had the house enlarged, with an addition of six rooms. "Old man Harrington" was the carpenter and John Hamilton did the painting. Although he had only one arm he was an expert at his work, and quite an attractive man.

Anyway, sister Elsie ran away to marry him, as Father objected because he was a hard drinker and so unsettled . . .

Father wanted his children to have a good education—more than our small school could supply, so he sent Phil, Louise and Lydia away to school, and as the rest were growing up he decided to sell the valley farm and move to Nora. However, before that, when I was a year old, he took us all to Florida, hoping to help Mother's asthma, but found fevers were prevalent and the climate not favorable to Mother, so we returned to the Valley.

We had leased the Nora place to Uncle Len Appleby, and returned to the valley, but we lived in Nora when Louise married, and also when Elsie re-married, and I attended the Nora School when I was about fourteen.

Father still longed for California, feeling he wanted to end his days in that warmer climate. He made several trips out there, finally taking Phil with him and they decided on land near Fresno, to which we moved in January, 1890.

There were 120 acres which father divided so as to give each of his sons a home, keeping 40 acres for himself. As Bert was young then, his twenty was divided, letting Elsie have ten of it, though she and Max lived in Fowler where he had a harness shop. So most of Father's family settled near him in what was known as the "Myers Colony."

As Rebecca and Henry had died in Florida, after we came to California, Father sent Darius and George after the seven children. But their Uncle John Bryan kept the youngest, John Henry—Father, Phil and Darius raised the others. The oldest, Mina and Myers, lived with us, and they, with myself and Bert and Bertha, comprised the family after Lydia, Dari, Gordy and Judah were married.

Phil, Louise and Elsie had come to California, and as the others married they built their homes in the Colony, or nearby.

All loved to come home and usually each year on Mother's birthday, March 20th, there was a family reunion at the old Homeplace. Though I think this did not begin until after Father's death in 1897. He lived to be 81, and Mother to be 88 when she passed away in 1925.

In 1925 the old house burned and was rebuilt to be more modern and convenient. Now the whole place is occupied by strangers.

NOTE, 1963. Gladys' son, Bernie Junior, with his family live on what used to be George's portion. That is all that is left of the original Myers Colony. They are fixing up the yard, beside the irrigation ditch, so that it looks like a park.

MEMORIES JAN. 31, 1962

by Flora Ethel (Myers) Washer

How interesting it would be if our ancestors had kept a record of their lives!

I was born in the Valley Home near Plum River, and I must have been seven or eight years old when Father had the house enlarged, so there were twelve rooms. I remember playing with the shavings and bothering the painter, John Hamilton, who later married my elder sister, Elsie.

I went to school in the one room stone building a quarter of a mile from our home. As school kept mostly in the winter, when the older children were not needed to work on the farm, they could trample down the snow for the younger children to get through. Sometimes the snow was so hard, we could even walk on top of it and over the fences. Most fences were made of rails criss-crossed, so they made good places for playhouses.

In summer, my memories recall mostly our Sabbath walks along the river and through the woods. Gordy, George, Bert, Bertha and I were the youngest, and I suspect our elders were relieved to have us out of the house while they rested. I told them stories as I was even then enthralled by reading, and we gathered stones along the creeks, flowers in the fields, and wild fruits. The earliest of these were the may-apples, so sweet scented Mother put them in the bureau drawers to perfume the clothing.

Later, there were wild berries, grapes, plums and crab-apples. Father had a good orchard, with raspberries and gooseberries, and a tansy bed, which was used for medicine. That was along the lane that led east to the main road and west down the river and hills.

Uncle Tunis called me "the long-legged Yankee girl!" He was father's brother, who lived with us for a time. He was nearly blind and walked with a cane. Father kept bees and Uncle Tune would roam around among them, but I was very much afraid of them when I helped Father with them.

Father and Mother taught us to be obedient and to honor our parents. They always had Family Worship to begin the day. Many of the old hymns have stayed with me all my life, and often help me to go to sleep now. In the evenings, Father sometimes played his flute, and Lydia sang old songs, or read aloud to us, while we smaller ones sat on the floor making cob houses or helping shell corn or crack nuts. In the Fall, we went to the woods for black walnuts, butternuts, hickory and hazel nuts. There was also popcorn to eat in the winter, and apples. In the large basement there were bins of these and such vegetables as would keep, beside the canned fruits.

With a family of fourteen, and much company, it must have meant much work to prepare for winter. In the Fall, Father would go to Mt. Carroll and buy supplies to carry us through, beside clothing we would need, most of it made at home. Flour was bought in 50 lb. sacks, cornmeal made at home (we used a lot of that), and there were barrels of brown sugar and syrup. Coffee was bought whole, parched and ground in a little handmill we used. We had a wooden mortar and pestle for spices. I still have a large bureau over a hundred years old. We had a large iron kettle used in making soft soap and scalding hogs. We made our own candles. I helped Mother to put in the wicks and pour the melted tallow into the molds. Later we had kerosene lamps, and it was my task to trim the wicks and wash the chimneys. In those days, we knew nothing of electricity, or telephone, radio, television or automobiles.

We depended on our own legs, and horses, when we traveled. I was eleven when I first rode on a train. Louise took me to Chicago, where she and August lived, when Eva was three, just before Violet was born. That was the first time I had ever seen a city. We did not travel much in those days. I remember going to Elizabethtown in a sleigh after Elsie, when she and John separated.

Usually, we did not go much farther than the school house, where there were entertainments and spelling downs, beside the church services held by our neighbor, Rev. Smith. At home, we sometimes had quilting bees, when neighbors came to help with the quilts and comforters Mother and the older girls pieced. They made rag carpets and rugs and all their clothing.

For Christmas, we hung up our stockings and had home made dolls, aprons, etc. Father put a cob in each one.

I must have been thirteen or fourteen when I was baptized in Plum River by a Christian minister. No provision was made for my changing clothes, and I went to Amos Eaton's about half a mile, to put on dry things.

It must not have been long after that when Father sold the old home to Tom Munkley, and we moved to Nora, twenty miles away, where there were higher grades in school. Earlier, Lydia had gone to Chicago for Normal School, coming back to teach in the Valley School. Phil (or Pam as we called him then) went away to school, taught, and married one of his pupils, Florence Bedford. Rebecca had married Henry Bryan, while we were in Florida when I was a year old. Elsie remarried while we were at Nora to Max Platzek, a harness-maker, a kind, sober man. Louise also had taught school and married August Beck, who was Chief Clerk in the Army under General Miles. I remember their wedding at Nora, with Flora Eaton as bridesmaid.

It was at Nora I became friends with seven girls in my class with whom I have been in contact ever since, sending "round-robin" letters to this day. Five are still living, all widows excepting me.

Mother had asthma, and Father decided to try the warmer climate of California, so he and Phil went out there to look for a new home. They decided on a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley near Fresno, large enough so Father could divide the land among his sons. He was then 74 years old. He shipped most of his belongings, and George and Darius went ahead with the train car of stock and furniture. The others went by tourist car. Everything was new and wonderful to see. We had never crossed the Mississippi River, nor seen the Great Plains and the mountains beyond. People must have noticed us, there being so many and so enthusiastic, for when we got off at Malaga, people waved to us from all along the train.

CALIFORNIA DAYS AND YEARS

Now began a new life for us under sunny skies, where there was seldom lightning, thunder, nor hail storms. In place of cold and snow, there was fog, rain, and dust storms. Sometimes, coming home from school at Malaga, the fog was so thick we could hardly see the road.

The older boys helped with the work at home, and we younger ones went to school. Much of the ranch work was new to the men, pruning trees and vines, tending to the fruit. We did not have as much stock as in Illinois, but Father brought his fine turkeys, and favorite horses, Jennie, Nellie, Fanny, Dollie, Bessie, Bill, Potsy, and others. A drying house was built to complete the drying.

Phil and Flora, and her sister, Susie, and their mother, Grandma Bedford, came from Missouri, and Phil built a home nearby. Father had given each of the boys twenty acres, but Elsie wanted land, too, so he gave Bert only ten and ten to

her and Max, though he did not live on it, as he had a harness shop in Fowler. Darius married Susie and built a good home. Later, Judah married Nettie Miller from Nebraska, building near Phil. When George married Daisy Graham, he built their house down in the orchard east of the Homeplace. Gordy sold his land to Dari and bought another place when he married Gertrude Robinson.

George, Bert, and Gordy soon quit school, but I graduated from the Grammar School at Malaga, and went to high school in Fresno. After one term there, Father sent me to the State Normal School at San Jose, from which I graduated in 1897. In September of that year, our beloved father passed away, aged 81. He thought Mother would not long survive him, but she lived to be 88, dying in 1925.

She inherited the Homeplace, and I stayed with her while teaching school at Malaga that year. Judah and Nettie were with us awhile until she died after Paul's birth. Later, he built a house on his land, and went back to Nebraska to marry Salema, a friend of Nettie. I kept house for him in the meantime. I also kept house for Bert one year on the Robinson Place. I had a number of suitors, but did not care for any one enough to marry.

About the year 1900, I met Gene. Harry Wilder, Lydia, and I were at a theatre, and Harry brought Gene up to introduce him. Harry had known his brother, Charlie, and happened to meet Gene when he came to California. I thought him an amusing young man, but later learned he had told his cousins where he stayed that he had met the girl he meant to marry! Anyway, he came to see me and took me about some that winter.

The next spring, Mother and I went East spending most of the summer visiting relatives in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, New York, and Minnesota. We stayed overnight in Denver, where John Moody, a Maine boy who had worked for Father when he was sixteen, was running a hotel for his brother. We visited Uncle Silas and Uncle Emerson Appleby in Missouri, and Mother's other brother, Uncle Len, in Minnesota, where he had a large house and farm. At Uncle Silas' we slept on a feather-bed. Emerson kept peacocks and goats. Uncle Silas had two boys, Elmer and Arthur, who vied in taking me around. Elmer and wife now live in Canada.

In Illinois, we visited Eaton's and Vanderheydens, the only relatives left in the Valley, as Aunt Celia Hilliard had gone to her daughter Rachel in Missouri. We saw her there later and also Uncle Smith Myers' family in Kansas, on our return trip homeward. In Michigan, there were Cousins Juliette and Marie to see. Then we went on to New York State to see Cousins Mary and Henry Myers, who still lived in the old home where Great-grandmother Cornelia had seen angels before she died. We saw the house nearby where Father's people lived, a two-story house. There was a sweet apple tree too. The woman living there told of father's locating a spring with a divining rod when he and Lydia were there. An old man who remembered Mother as a girl, said to me, "You'll never be as pretty as your Mother, she was as pretty as a picture."

We saw Niagara Falls. While we were in Buffalo, ready to leave for our homeward journey, news came that President McKinley had been killed at the Buffalo Fair, everyone was excited about it.

From Buffalo we returned to Michigan, visited Mother's cousins there and Owen Myers' family in Moline, Kansas. It was warm in Los Angeles. It was November when we returned home and the Indian Summer colors were bright along the way.

I kept house for Judah the next year. Gene escorted me around; in the winter we were engaged and were married on Feb. 3, 1903.

Now comes the Saga of My Married Life . . .

We had a wedding at the Homeplace, then lived there the next year as Gene leased it from Mother. Clarence Finney helped with the work, and Ada was with us when we returned from our bridal tour to Kentucky. Mother lived with us, and we had much company. On Dec. 3rd, our first baby was born, Dr. Couey officiating. He delivered all our children and some of our great grandchildren.

We lived for a short time in Gordy's small house near Dari's, then moved to Calwa where we had bought twenty acres with a large house on it. That house burned in the year 1906, and after a new one was built, Gene sold the place. He could not seem satisfied anywhere for very long and we moved often from place to place. Eunice was born in the large Calwa house, 1904, Donald in George's house on the homeplace, 1907, Chester at the Garfield Colony place north of Clovis, 1909. Ruth at the dairy ranch near West Park, 1912, Edith arrived while we lived near Caruthers, but was born in Fresno, 1916.

In 1914, we were living on White Ave. in Fresno and Gene arranged to have Lalie keep the children while he and I went, with Belle Millward, and Mary and Will Biehle, on a horseback trip from Huntington Lake to Yosemite.

While we were camped near the ranger station above Yosemite, we learned that war had been declared between the U.S. and European Powers. That was the First World War, in 1914. It was startling news to us, as we had heard little of any trouble before we left home six weeks before.

We were at a place near Garfield Colony, when the Influenza Epidemic broke out in 1919. Chester and Gene had the smallpox. We lived at the Shadow place when Mother stayed with us awhile before she went to town and stayed with a nurse and died in 1925. Later we bought five acres where the Homeplace is now. The old home there had burned, and Gene built the new one, where we lived for several years. I went back to teaching at Cantua, as emergency teachers were needed. I taught three years when I was near seventy.

It was while we lived there that Lydia's home burned on North Ave. They moved to the Hughes' home and that also burned, in 1929. It seems strange that everyone of the original houses on the Homeplace were destroyed by fire. In order to settle the estate, Judah and Phil, as trustees, sold off the property in small acreages. There is still land out on the west side not sold. George and I are the only ones left of the original heirs. I am 87 and he is 89.

George lives with his daughter Shirley since Susie's death. He comes occasionally to see us, though he is nearly blind. His health is pretty good. His twin brother Gordie died some years ago in West Virginia when he was with his daughter Connie.

Although I have had two operations and a serious auto accident, I am still able to get around and do most of the house work, though I have to rest often because of shortness of breath and arthritis in my knees. I am thankful to be able to read and watch television. Gene also has impaired hearing and vision, but still works in his basement workshop, and prunes his trees and vines. He can do many things, and had done them, like delivering babies, building houses, and pruning and grafting trees.

3335 Madison Ave.
March 22, 1963

We have been in this house about seven years. The children come to see us often, and many friends and relatives.

Donald has retired from his position as superintendent of a large ranch near Cantua where he lived for fifteen years, and has bought a home near Fresno. Ethel's husband, Martin, who worked on the same place has also retired. Ruth and Andrew sold their furniture store near Kerman and live in town, where both have work. Eunice died some years ago. She and Witte had one child, Douglas, who lives near Los Angeles with his wife, Billie, and six children. Donald and

Jessie have a boy and girl. Chester and Nina had two, Sharon and Story (who was killed in an auto accident when he was sixteen). Nina died a few years ago, and Chester has remarried to Helen Le Tau. He and Sharon live in Santa Cruz. Ethel and Martin had seven children, five now living, and there are twenty or more grand-children. Edith and Lester have Donna and Dale. So we had six children, 16 grand-children, and about 40 great-grand-children.

Georgie Myers' Fourth Birthday Party, June 21, 1906.

Place:
Back steps of the Homeplace, where Aunt Daisy and Uncle George were then living.

Standing:
Earl, Ralph, Francis, Paul. Ethel with arms around Grandma's neck.

Sitting:
Miriam, Gladys, Ruby, Grandma with Connie, Beulah, Violet, Glen, Lawrence.

Lowest Step:
Georgie, Edna, Alta.

Below:
Edith Washer's Birthday Party, Court-House Park July 31, 1938.

Upper Row:
Edith's friend with baby, Bert, Paul, Bob, Edith, Oliver, Martin, Beulah with Boyd.

Lower Row:
Rose, Lela, Joyce, Ellen with Mary Ellen and Tommy, Flora, Violet, Ruth Hittle, Dorothy, Ethel with Marjorie, Elden.

TWELVE SECTIONS . . .

one for each of the twelve children who lived to grow up of Darius and Melissa Jane Appleby Myers.

FIRST SECTION — PHIL

A TRIBUTE TO PHIL MYERS

by Louise (Myers) Beck
Written about 1926

O THE oldest brother, Phil Myers co-jointly with a brother (Judah) has devolved for over twenty-eight years since Father's death, the care and guardianship of the estate, left in trust, as long as Mother lived.

There are few who can realize what work, trouble and worry this has been.

Some of them must have felt gratitude for the long years of patience, and kindness, the home always open, the gracious hospitality never failing to such a numerous family, and the wife as well, a charming hostess even with failing health willing to go to the limit of her strength to entertain whomever might come.

To these two, there are no words that can repay what they have done, or given, yet we would gladly give them generous praise and gratitude.

UNCLE PHIL (E. P. MYERS)

by Clarence King
(nephew of Phil's wife, Flora)

Uncle Phil reminds me of a deep stream of water, flowing along as nearly straight a course as the difficulties it meets will permit, but always with a purpose of going toward its goal, the sea. Never being shallow, or hurried, or angry, but always about constant in width, depth and temperature. Carrying an accumulation of wholesome, hospitable trees on its banks, whose shadows are cool and inviting to the weary traveler after a long hot journey.

A conservator of estates, a protector of the poor, a provider of solace and refreshment, and respected among men. Having great love for his wife, and all members of his family. Patient, beyond the ordinary. Having a wholesome wisdom, and knowledge of books, yet modest.

Loving the culture of plant life, especially the fruitful ones, and those of beauty, also of fowl. Loving his home, and making it a shrine. Unassuming, humble, having a homely face and habit which shines out upon the darkness. Even in troubles and difficulties, thinking of others. Thus he gives more than "Table Hospitality;" a graciousness of heart that welcomes, of endless memories of days of pleasure and help. Great, because of the love he inspires and the virtues he exemplifies to us. Thank God for him.

NOTE by Violet: A few months before the death of Uncle Phil, Clarence King sent me a long letter of appreciation (from which I have chosen the above) thinking I would send it on to him, and I thought Clarence had already sent the original. Oh, what it would have meant to Uncle Phil!

One winter, Clarence and Jennie King had Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora stay with them in San Ysidro, and took them around to see the sights. They would gather sea moss and arrange the delicate fronds on cards. Clarence was U.S. Immigration Inspector at the entrance to Mexico. He and Uncle Phil were close. Once, about 1910, they all went on a long camping trip via Yosemite.

STORIES OF UNCLE PHIL MYERS

Excerpts from the First Home Folks Book
Written c. 1926

John Nathan Myers was my father's father. In Mother's time they spelled it Meyers. First it had been Mayer, then Moyer. It was after I was born they came out from York State. They had come with the Appleby's.

I have a dim remembrance of Grandfather Myers—nothing like my father but the prominent nose. His head was as bald as anything except a little fringe that came up around in front of his ears. He was smooth-shaven. He would get me between the knees and tell me Remus stories. That was before they came out in book form . . . Grandfather was kind to children. He had to go around with a cane; his eyes were kind of dim. Mother says I would get ahold of his fingers and tug him around. That was in the frame house where I was born.

Grandmother (Rachel) was a little, slender, bent-over woman. Her face was shrivelled up. Her movements were quick, energetic. Her voice and Aunt Euphamy's were alike—not so loud-spoken, piercing, clear, distinct . . . It got pretty shrill sometimes when she called Uncle Chet to order. She scolded, you bet, and fetched him to time, too . . . She was up and going . . . She made cheese.

Aunt Laviny was more quiet, more soft voiced . . . Uncle Daniel Eaton had spells of temper, rages, and would tear things up. He was intelligent. He built his house in Pleasant Valley with an axe, an adz, and a draw-shave.

The clap-boards on the outside were all split and shaved out of oak. The puncheon floor was all hewn out of oak and smoothed with an adz. It was fastened down with pegs. Nails were not very many and hard to get. The rafters were made out of oak-trees, no sawed wood in the hull house except the doors and window casings. The tea-kettle hung on a crane over the fireplace. They did all their cooking there . . . I went with our folks to make them a visit.

Aunt Celia and Aunt Euphamy both dominated their households. They wouldn't have had anything in the world if they hadn't. Alonzo was forward-looking because of her. Lonson wore whiskers. They built the first nice large two-story house in the Valley. She wanted things kept up good . . . Father's barn was the biggest barn.

John kept the toll-gate over Oswego River. In those days they had coin with six and one-half cent or twelve and one-half cent value, a bit or a shilling. Uncle John always kept the half-cent.

Nicholas went smooth-shaven. We went out to Warren to visit them one time. We could see the railroad track. He wore a silk stove-pipe hat. He came out visiting us in settling the estate of Grandfather and Grandmother. They had to buy him out. It would have been better to have settled it in court, because Father and Smith and Sol never did get to feeling right with Nicholas afterwards.

I always liked Aunt Betsy, real motherly woman. They had three children, Evangeline, Sarah and the boy.

Uncle Tunis was the old bachelor. He lived by himself until he got too old to. He settled first on a place in the spring-branch of the west-branch of the Plum River. He lived on what he raised and saved his money. He got four hundred dollars in gold. He lived in a log house. He bored a hole and put in his money and plugged it up. Someone took out the peg and stole his money . . . Uncle Tunis had a broader forehead than the rest of them.

Uncle Solomon—well, Father said he tried to get out of hard work, but it's my opinion he was not strong. In his prime, Father could do two men's work. Uncle Solomon settled on the upper radius of the west branch of Plum River, in what is known as the Yankee Hollow neighborhood, amongst the Dows and Parkers. It was on his place that Grandfather died. All his children were born in Pleasant Valley, I think. He ran a store and traded with the Indians at Decatur, Nebraska, on the bank of the Missouri River. He was a genial, pleasant man, rather too easy. In Illinois, he had a store.

. . . In Illinois, the iron kettle was used for heating water to scald hogs . . . It was also used for making soft soap, and for making punkin butter. Father would cook punkins, potatoes, or anything he wanted for the cattle in it. The kettle was brought to California in the car Father shipped his household goods in. It was used for various purposes. I used it once to make spray for the trees, boiling sulphur and lime to spray the pear and apple trees. Darius used it for scalding hogs. Gil dipped prunes in lye-water to thin the skin a little. It was stored in Judah's dryer for a long time. Now Gladys has it in her shed, and George and Bernie use it for scalding hogs and frying out fat. Gladys used it to heat water for washing.

NOTE by Violet: It was at the Bibbs' place when it was sold and I never could locate it.

Father was always hospitable to strangers. He never turned anyone away so far as I know, but always found a place for them to sleep. His family was oftimes the sufferer.

. . . Father was born in York State, not far from Oswego. When they went in there, it was quite a heavily-timbered country. There was quite a good many wild animals in there. The country was new. It must have been not long cleared, because when plowing corn, Father mentioned the roots of trees in the soil striking his shins.

. . . When one of his aunts died, the rest of them averred that they heard the most beautiful music in the air . . . The people of those days were superstitious about going by a graveyard at night. We older ones still have a creepy feeling.

Father went out to Adrian, Michigan, about the time he was of age, and there's where he cleared about 40 acres of heavy timber . . . He built two houses there . . . He was very handy with tools. In after years, he hewed timber with a broad-axe, and built his own barn and sheds.

Then, he must have gone back to York State, because in the '43-'44 movement he lectured. Great multitudes of people expected the coming of Christ and the end of the world, the Millerite movement. He was a lecturer on religious topics up to within a few years of his death. He wrote religious tracts after coming to California. Father always observed Family Worship.

I think he taught school in Oswego before he went back to Illinois . . . On the first trip, he walked a thousand miles in thirty days . . . He was just himself going. He made expenses by peddling pills he made himself in a little tin box . . . Father taught school later in the Townsend district in Jo Davies County, Illinois . . .

In the Spring of 1850 ('49?) he started for California. He kept a diary . . . They broke an axle, the back axle of the wagon . . . He went back and cut down a small dead elm tree, cut off a length, fitted the irons to it, fitted it to the axle, with an axe and an augur. The wagons in those days were linch-pin wagons, not thimble skin.

Coming home for three days and nights on the boat from San Francisco to Nicaragua, they had a very fierce storm, and had to batten down all the hatches . . . He crossed the Isthmus by Nicaragua afoot, and took boat to New York on the Mexican Gulf side.

The second time Father went to Illinois, he went from Oswego, and his future father-in-law's folks—the Appleby's—went with him, the whole family. They went probably from Buffalo to Detroit by boat, then took the railroad to Chicago. At that time, Chicago was but a small village, the main part of what is now Chicago was boggy ground—people could jump from one bog to another, little raised hummocks, with water and mud around. They went by railroad to the end, Elgin. They bought wagons and teams to transport themselves to Pleasant Valley.

Father put up a frame house on the small branch of the west branch of Plum River . . . Then he and Mother went up to Wisconsin and married. I was born there—and Rebecca and Euclid.

Then he hired the rocks quarried from his own land—goose-mound—for the rock house and the basement to the barn . . . Father must have worked awfully hard in those days. He hauled all the rocks, the lime and sand, besides doing his own farm work . . .

Father made his money from gold-mining—about $1,500. Then from farming . . . First few years he raised considerable wheat. Gradually, it went into livestock, cattle mostly. He was progressive. He was one of the earliest to purchase a threshing machine: cylinder, run by horse-power . . . The first reaper . . . He had one of the earliest buck-eye mowers. He had to put up considerable hay especially during war-time. During the Civil War, he had in the neighborhood of a hundred head of cattle, besides horses and hogs.

During war-time it was almost impossible to obtain help. During summer, those long days, he did two men's work. He was up from daylight to dark. I loaded the hay and drove the team when I was eight or nine years old, and Mother and I would store it away in the mow of the barn.

Father had one of the first dump-rakes, revolving. Mother and I would help to stack it up. Mother worked in the field, and in the house, and helped to milk ten to a dozen head of cows night and morning . . . Mother, besides making her own clothes and the children's, did all that work.

I used to ride the horse to plow corn until even . . .

Father kept his stock well fed unless he didn't have enough feed toward spring.

I've gone with Father when he went to salt his cattle running on the range, on a Saturday morning. He had a clear, penetrating voice. When he called them you could hear them coming a mile away, over the hills and through the brush.

When we were living in the rock-house when I was eight, I went to school a mile and a half away crosslots. In the winter time, it was pretty cold . . .

We used to hang up our stockings at Christmas time, and maybe in the morning there was an apple, a stick of candy, nuts, maybe an orange and I've even had a corn-cob to fill it out. Never a little wagon or a sled. Nothing that cost more than a few cents. Unless Mother would make us a cap or some article of wearing apparel.

During war, when fur went up high, Father had a trapline out and got quite considerable. He'd get up at two in the morning and go out to his traps, and come back to do the work . . .

Father didn't enlist and wasn't drafted. Drafting was all done by lot in those days. They'd put the names in a box and shook 'em up, and someone would draw out the number of names. It never happened that Father was drawn.

Father, during war-time, was supervisor for our township, and called a "black abolitionist," and voted for the first bonded indebtedness for bounties for soldiers . . .

During this time, the estate of Grandfather and Grandmother Myers was closed up, and Uncle Smith and Father took charge of Uncle Tunis' share. Father decided to invest Uncle Tunis' money in government bonds, and also some of his own means.

In 1865, after the war was declared closed, about the first of May, Father and Uncle Smith met at Uncle Tunis' old cabin, smoke-begrimed, on Plum River, and Father paid him off. Uncle Tunis was then living in a little low log-cabin with a shake roof, a few rods back from the river, then a considerable stream. His principal food was—he called them fritters—made like pancakes, fried in grease—swam in hog-grease, and pork, milk and eggs . . .

The war closed in 1865 and Lincoln was assassinated that Spring. Father had a sale and sold his place on April 5, 1865. Then he and Uncle Smith agreed to go to Princeton, Iowa,

seventy miles below . . . We lived in Princeton a year . . . That picture was taken at Princeton, the first photograph we ever had taken . . .

Then Father went back to the Valley Farm at South Stockton, on Grandfather Appleby's old place, on the east end of the old homeplace. There were just two rooms . . . We stayed there a few months.

Then Father bought about twenty-six acres adjoining Uncle Isaac Annable, about three quarters south of Stockton Center. We lived there two or three years. Father taught the school near Grandfather Appleby's one winter. I went to school with him. Father was a good teacher. On that place, was the last time I saw a cradle used. He cradled the wheat. That was about 1867. That was the year I had my first and only birthday party . . .

Cousin Lou and Lucy lived only about a stone's throw between us. George was a little bit of a thing. Lucy was an awful pretty girl, curly-haired and her eyes as dark as could be. Lou was about your mother's age.

The winter following that, I went to school at Stockton Center. I had to come home to water the cattle. The spring was low, and I had to draw the water with a stick with a crotched hook. I had to walk three-quarters of a mile at noon and water twenty, thirty head of cattle. Kept me on the jump. The teacher was a woman. She promised to pay me if I'd go get a dress she wanted to wear to a ball. It was bitter cold, and I rode clear over there—two miles. She never paid me. I felt hurt.

I was interested in mathematics. Your mother loved composition and penmanship.

Father bought the Valley Farm the spring before I was 14, the year of '68. Moved into the small log house, a story and a half high, one room below, and one above.

Janey had died when we were at Stockton Center. She had a long face, more like the Myerses. She was very bright. She knew her little book of verses through from cover to cover before she could read at all. That was the only time I ever saw Father cry—when Janey died.

In the Spring, after the Chicago fire, I went to Battle Creek, Michigan to the first term of the Seventh Day Adventist College . . . I was baptized at the Camp-Meeting. I embraced the Adventist faith . . . Father's second trip to California was while I was at Battle Creek. The twins were born that fall before I came home. I was eighteen years old . . .

Father came through to San Francisco by rail. He went to Yosemite by foot. He came to Stockton by water . . . The climate of California appealed to him. He always wanted to come back.

When I was 19 or 20, Father came again, went the southern route, to San Diego, and up to Santa Barbara, and visited Carlton's . . . For 2 years, I took charge of the farm, to give Father freedom . . .

In 1875, Father and I went down to Florida, down the ocean, the middle of May. When we went through Ohio, the oak-leaves were about as big as squirrels' ears and they were busy planting corn.

We went through Pittsburgh, then over the Baltimore and Ohio to Washington, D.C. . . . We went to Baltimore where the streets were so narrow. They'd hitch a big horse onto the freight cars. We took a steamboat for Savannah, Georgia, going down Chesapeake Bay . . . We went by train to Jacksonville, then by boat up the St. John's River . . . We went up to Enterprise, then struck across to Mosquito Inlet on foot, thirty-five miles . . . Two, three miles out of New Smyrna, we came to Old Man Bryant's place and stayed all night. We hired our passage up the Halifax River to Daytona by sailboat . . . That was in May, we got back in June.

I went to Dubuque, Iowa, and finished my commercial course in three months and a half . . .

That fall, Father sold his place to David Campbell, and we started for Florida in November . . . We were there at Daytona till the following September. There, in that winter, Rebecca got acquainted with Henry Bryan. He was a very presentable young man, could talk well. Steve is like him. He was smart, quick to learn things. He took out tourists on camping parties. She married him on the third of June, 1875, a fine wedding on her birthday. She was twenty years old.

. . . That season had been backward and bad, and David Campbell wanted Father to take the place back. Father concluded it would be wise to return, so he took his place back.

. . . At Chattanooga we parted. I went to Philadelphia, to the Centennial, and they went on to Illinois . . . I bought a ticket to Chicago and stopped over at Berwick, where I went to see a girl and there I became engaged to her, Miss Fannie Van Houten, who died a year and a half later . . . After I got married to Flora, I put away her pictures and letters. I thought that was reasonable for Flora to request.

The winter of '76-'77, I taught school at Mt. Jolliette . . . The winter of '77-'78, I taught school at Rose Corners, where I became acquainted with Miss Florence A. Bedford, she being one of my pupils, and that spring, after school was out, we became engaged and were married, January 1, 1879.

After we were married, I worked for Father that year. In the fall, we went up to Father Bedford's and there is where out first child was born, Elvester Palmer. Only lived a few days. We aimed to call him Vettie. We would have had grandchildren now if he had lived—if all had gone well.

The next year, we worked eighty acres of Father Bedford's. We lived there till Fall, when Father started me on a hundred and twenty acres in Nodaway County, Missouri, to which place we moved by team overland—the fall of 1880. We had stopped in the meantime with Grandfather and Grandmother Appleby.

She was built a good deal like your mother, Louise. She was more serene, very peaceable. They always had a great gang hanging around. Grandmother was a neat, nice housekeeper, a good cook. Grandfather was a great hand to be trading horses, and made a living. A great checker-player, noted all over the country. High in the Masonic order, was buried by them. He was a Democrat all his life . . . He was out walking and said, "I feel a pain near my heart." Twenty minutes afterwards, he died. It was fatty degeneration of the heart. Smoked all his life-time.

Grandfather's second wife was very nice. She was Eastern folks . . .

Great-grandfather and great-grandmother Annable died at Appleby's. She was short, but large, heavy, over a hundred and fifty then, and old, small. He was quite a good-sized man. They were both blind. I stayed at Grandfather's one year when I was little. My teacher was Miss Martha Parker . . .

It was so cold in the new house . . . In November of 1880 we went to Humboldt, Nebraska where Flora's sister and brother were, Ella and Charlie. We crossed the Missouri River in a two-horse rig. We spent Thanksgiving with them and returned.

Father had concluded to move to Nora, to educate the younger children, and I came back to work his Valley farm, for two years. During that time, your mother married your father. We went up to the wedding . . . Then Elsie got married and your mother came to the wedding. Max had sandy whiskers, kind of red.

In the spring of '84 we went back to our former home in Missouri. Father sold his place to Tom Munkley and moved again to Nora. In January, '89, Father came to Missouri and asked me to go with him to California.

We went by way of the Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, on the tourist car . . . We landed in Bakersfield . . .

We stopped at Fresno several days and through Frank

Abbott bought of Charles Richter the 160 acres upon which Father lived till his death. There were 13 acres of muscat-bearing vines and about 90 acres of alfalfa. The balance was grain-land, pasture, and some alfalfa. He bought it at $170 an acre, aggregating a little over $27,000. Richter agreed to put in 30 acres more of muscat vines.

. . . That season I took charge of the place with the understanding that I and the boys were to work it and divide up all we made above expenses . . . We had to hire a great deal of help. We had to learn it all . . .

Father's health was failing him. He divided the place that same summer. We drew lots. Each one put down what we thought each 20 acres should be valued at. He divided 120 acres and kept 40. My place was valued at $4,500.

I got the first 20 east of Father's north 20. Dri's place was cut the long ways, east and west. Gordy got the north 20 of the northeast 40, and Dri got the south 20. Judah got the east 20 of the southwest 40 nearest the home and buildings. George got the west 20 of the southwest 40, and Bert got the east 20. After Elsie came out, she complained, and so Father cut Bert's 20 in two and gave Elsie the north 10 and Bert took the south end . . . We had it thrown into a colony tract, and had an avenue laid out.

Out of Lot 5 was taken a small plot, called Colony Lot 9, with a driveway, for a family cemetery. Father died, and was buried there. Mother was buried by his side . . . Ten of us children are living, four girls and six boys.

End of Phil's Story

Fresno, Cal.
July 7, 1926

Dear Niece Violet:

. . . The big mending basket has been at my side so much today, as we cannot buy new and throw the old garments away, so try to make them hold together until necessity calls.

We have been "batching" for the past three weeks, as I do not feel like being the cause of paying one dollar per day for help, tho' we have someone come out one to two days each week to give the house a little cleaning up. I get around very well on one crutch, and praise the Lord for His mercy in granting me such restful night sleep, which I feel a great blessing. I wish Phil were feeling better. I still live in hope of lifting some of Phil's load from him as you know he needs it.

Yes! I do enjoy your book . . .

Not long after Darius left this P.M. Fred, Gertrude and kiddies came . . . It is such a joy when company comes . . . I have missed your presence so much and long to see you . . .

lovingly, Aunt Flora A.

UNCLE PHIL'S BLESSING AT TABLE

From the First Home Folks Book

Dear Heavenly Father,
We would render thanks unto Thee
For the many blessings Thou hast
bestowed upon us in the past,
And we would ask Thee
To still be merciful unto us.

Bless to our nourishment
A portion of these victials,
And our efforts to Thy glory.

Aid us, and direct us.
And at last gather us home.

We ask these favors in the name
of our Redeemer.

Amen.

NOTE (V. B.): Uncle Phil's blessing is impressive. He speaks in a slow, reverential voice. Uncle Phil is a man of medium height and weight. He has kindly blue eyes and gentle appearance. He sometimes wears a beard, is grey-haired, and usually wears gray.

A LETTER TO VIOLET

Fresno, Calif.
825 Abby St.
July 30, 1926

Dear Niece Violet:

I am sorry I mentioned the idea. I would like to write a narrative of Father's trip to California in 1850, based on his daily memorandum of the trip . . .

This hot weather seems to take all the vim out of me, and I dare not undertake any more than I have already on my hands and mind to do. Besides my chickens, I have the business of the estate to look after, and that I must not neglect. How glad I will be when I can get the burden off of my shoulders.

I doubt if Flora can regain her strength to be able to do all her housework, although she tries her best to do what she can.

Yes, Lillian was at our picnic.

I hope your mother can take the trip east in September. You would find much to interest you in Pleasant Valley. We will be very glad if you can make us a visit, and you know without my saying it, that you are always welcome. I have found nothing that goes back to Father's and my trip out here in 1889, or that antedates our leaving Missouri.

Your Uncle
E. P. Myers

Fresno, Calif.
Route No. 4, No. 84
November 25, 1929

Dear Sister Louise:

You may be coming, but if you are not, you ought to have a letter. I had started one to you yesterday morning when Ralph came with the news he had seen in the paper about Phil, so then of course we went in as soon as possible to see if there was anything we could do. Darius said he had telegraphed you, and I know the shock must have been very hard for you.

Oh, Louise, it is hard to realize that our dear, kind brother is gone—no more to greet us with his unfailing courtesy and hospitality—no more to be near when we could turn to him in every time of need as we could to no other brother. My heart aches when I recall the long years of service that he gave to all the family, and the anxiety and heavy burdens he labored under. Oh, if only his last days might have been spent in more comfort and freedom from care—that would have been some consolation, to us now, and might have prolonged his life.

But if he realized how near the end was, he must have been thankful to lay the burden down and rest at last, even though he felt his work with the estate was not yet finished.

Flora E.

Fresno, Calif.
825 Abby St.
Dec. 9, 1929

Dear Friend Louise:

. . . I can realize a little how you feel and how anxious you are for some particulars of our dear brother's last days. Truly,

Phil was a dear, kind, good brother to me too, one I appreciated and miss oh so much. How thankful I am of being with him the last day—as it seemed to be a comfort, a strength to him as he manifested it in different ways . . . He passed peacefully away . . . Now his worries are over and he is peacefully sleeping.

Florrie keeps up pretty well. Dari's kept usually well. Ethel Platzek and her Auntie were here last eve.

Yours in loving sympathy,
Ella

NOTE by Violet: Uncle Dri and Aunt Susie lived a block away. Susie and Flora were sisters. Their sisters, Hattie, Ella, Nettie, and their brother Frank, would come visiting. Ella and Flora belonged to the Millenial Dawnists, as they were then called, now Jehovah's Witnesses, and Uncle Phil would take them to meetings. Flora's eyes were sparkling brown. Susie's eyes were brown, as are Gertrude's. Glen's were blue, and Grandma Bedford's. All of Grandpa's children had blue eyes, and most of his grand-children.

UNCLE PHIL AND AUNT FLORA A.

by Violet

July 1, 1932

Gertrude and I have been looking through the little old box we found behind Aunt Flora's living room door, next to Uncle Phil's desk with its roll-top. Imbedded in the leather on the top of the box are nail-studs outlining the initials "D. E." It must have been the box Daniel Eaton gave to Grandpa's brother Tunis, for there were keepsakes, little books and primers, with Tunis' name on them. Also, there was an old red bandana handkerchief, which might have been the one in which Grandpa brought his gold-dust from California, and the account books, in which he jotted down his itemized expenditures, and incidents on the journey to and from the gold fields, when he went from York State.

They went over two thousand miles by ox-team and wagon, first in the Pirley Company, then the Chamberlain Merrill Company, from April 2, 1850 to June 1851, over a year of travelling, with sickness, deaths, dangerous crossing of streams, ascents and descents over mountains. At one place, they let down their wagons over a canyon by means of ropes. There were desolate stretches of prairie, sandstorms, dust as fine as flour, alkaline fields and streams, timber and good water. Once, some of the men retraced five miles to disinterr a corpse they feared had been murdered, but decided he had died and been buried with his lawyer's papers.

Grandpa went from the mines on the Yuba River to San Francisco and took passage by way of "Sanwan," for $55.00. (Was that San Juan on the Isthmus of Panama?) On that trip, he took mountain fever (which left him with headaches and troubled digestion the rest of his life).

In Tunis' box was a slip of paper headed, "Marysville, Mo., Aug. 28, 1888. Received of E. P. Myers, Five Dollars to settle contract for monument ordered by Mrs. Anna M. Appleby. For monument to be erected to the grave of John Appleby in Braddyville, Iowa. J. L. Ritzi."

In Uncle Phil's treasure box was a sheaf of letters, tied with a white ribbon—letters which Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora had written to each other, before marriage, and the few times they were absent from each other. In the first letter he told her he had visited her parents, and, now, two weeks later, he asked her to marry him. "For," he wrote, "if we love each other, why should there be a long period of waiting?" He had studied her character through the winter of school, and had almost taken her face between his hands to comfort her when she had tears in her eyes, one day, right in school! But he thought the other children might not understand. Then, he learned she had also loved him, her teacher. So, why not get married? He wanted her letter by a certain night, and evidently got it, for there followed a series of tender missives, filled with wonder that they loved each other.

She called him her "dearest, bestest Treasure" and he called her his "Love," "Pet," and "Birdie." What plans they made. She wanted him to call her "Pet" when they were gray haired, and he wanted them to always kiss each other at parting.

The log house by the Plum River was to be their first home. Edith (Louise), his sister, was now keeping house for him. Each day was precious, filled with thoughts of her, and he could hardly wait to get enough together to marry her. Rye sold for too little, and it cost to transport it, how did they ever expect young people to get ahead and make a home? Father expected so much help in the big farm, and there was not enough help. He was working so hard, but he must take time to write and tell her how he longed for the time when she would be his wife, and he could come in from work and see her there, and gaze into the liquid depths of her brown eyes.

They were married under the names of Flora A. Bedford and Epaminondas Philo Myers, though her maiden name was really Florence Augusta, so they must have agreed upon the Flora A. by which the family always knew her. They had a home wedding, at Rose Corners, at her parents' house. He had been teaching in their district.

When they were together in the log house, there were no letters. But when she went to visit her mother, Uncle Phil wrote her he had too much to do. Pa and he were overworked, cutting acres of rye with scythes, setting posts, driving pigs to market, feeding stock. He had the housework to do, the care of chickens and calves, field work, berry picking. He wanted his wife home, and thought she ought to come. She answered she knew she ought to come and would when some one would bring her. Also that she knew he would miss her, and hoped it was for her sake.

They had babies twice, but the chloroform killed both Vettie and Gertrude. Vettie lived a little while. Flora did try to make a good wife, neat, clean, and loving. Oh, how considerate Uncle Phil must have been all those long years, with doctors' bills, operations, and "spells." The epileptic attacks dated back to childhood.

Grandpa paid for her music lessons—those two got along fine, and there was an organ bought. "Music, flowers, and birds have a special charm for me," she wrote, "and I've had so little of them heretofore." Her singing voice was organ-like.

Aunt Flora A. liked to show her albums, with photographs, cards, and pictures. She would gather the children, who came visiting, around her and tell them about her keepsakes.

My first memories of Aunt Flora A. were of the visits to their home in the early days of the Darius Myers Colony. Aunt Becca's Steve, Bessie, and Lydia slept in the bedrooms upstairs, Grandma Bedford had the narrow bedroom near the foot of the stairs. She was like a gentle saint, with wavy white bobbed hair.

There was the move to the lodging house in Fresno and to the Blackstone House but the long last years were at 825 Abby St. in Fresno, a hospitable haven for relatives on both sides.

Phil and Flora had their fiftieth wedding anniversary, with a newspaper account of the gathering. Fifty years of faithfulness! During the latter years, Aunt Flora poured her intense religious faith into the mould of Jehovah's Witnesses. Ella, her sister, was living with them, and Uncle Phil would take them to meetings. He was always the protector and provider.

The last time I saw Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora together

was on the depot platform of the Southern Pacific Railroad at Fresno. As the train pulled out, they stood there waving good-by, his arm around her shoulder.

When he died, she put lilies of the valley around his face and in his hands as he lay in his coffin. Her great consolation was in the dreams she had of him, especially of camping-out. In an early letter, she had written "I love to wander in the wild mountains." And in her happy dreams, she was with him there.

At her funeral, the minister gave a sermon. He said, "Even in her death she would want to witness to the Truth."

They were such kind people!

NOTE: Doris Horlan, their grand-niece, has Uncle Tunis' little box in her possession. Uncle Phil gave me Grandpa's Chart of Ages, with the prophetic beasts and dates painted upon it. Also, he gave me an Indian print silk handkerchief. I have a silver tea-spoon with "R. M." on it, Rachel Myers' spoon, which Angie gave my mother.

FROM AUNT FLORA E.'s DIARY

by Flora E. Washer

April 29, 1938

Yesterday we attended the last sad services for Flora A., who "entered into rest" last Monday, April 25th, after a fall the day before which fractured a hip. But it was shock and heart trouble that caused her death.

Alta, Gertrude, and I, were at the hospital when she passed away, having not recovered consciousness since the evening before.

Only Nettie, of Flora's sisters, attended the funeral. Susie is ill after a paralytic stroke, and the others were not able to come. It was sad to me, realizing how few there are left of the family circle, of which Flora A. was a loved member so many years. Of her own family she is the first of five sisters to go, though they are all over seventy, most of them over eighty, and all such little delicate women, as was their mother. One wonders how they all survived their stronger husbands.

Phil and Flora were married when I was four years old, and they moved soon to Missouri, so that I had little memory of them until they came to California, in the summer after Father moved us here, in January, 1890. Then they lived in a tent in our yard, near the adobe cellar. Flora must have been about thirty, and Phil six years older. That seems young to me now, but then (at sixteen), I thought them quite old and settled! Though they joined heartily in our family parties and amusements, as well as all the work and activities of the life on the ranch.

Both had strong religious convictions, and usually led in our Sabbath meetings, which were often held in their home, after their house was built on the twenty acres Father allotted Phil. They had taken three of Becca's children—Steve, Bessa and Lydia J. after Becca and Henry died in Florida. And they were very conscientious in training them. Flora was a fine housekeeper, and cook, and very particular about neatness and cleanliness.

Sometimes we younger ones thought her too precise, but those who were trained by her realized in later years that it was for their good. She was not strong, yielding sometimes to nervous impatience and sharp speaking, which made her hard to live with, but Phil understood her and was kind and patient. Poor girl, who knows how hard she tried to overcome this fault, for I am sure she wanted to be a real follower of Christ, and also to be like her 'little Mother,' the white-haired patient saint who lived with them for many years.

Phil and Flora were always hospitable, and Flora, a charming hostess, making one feel welcome and honored, as if she wanted to do everything possible to make the visit a happy one.

We loved to hear her sing while playing on her organ. Usually it was hymns, or old war-time songs, but sometimes it was something gay and lively. I ran across one today in a story that Florrie used to sing with much spirit and enjoyment:

"Now, Moses, don't you hear what I say?
'Tis thus without stopping
The music keeps dropping,
From night until night.
And from day unto day."

After some years, Phil sold the ranch and moved to a smaller place out on Blackstone Avenue, and later to the house at 825 Abby St. where they stayed until Phil's death in 1929.

Ella Waters, Flora's sister, had been with them for some years, and stayed on as companion for Flora until Ella fell and broke her hip and was taken to a hospital. Later she went to her son Dwight's in Denver, Colorado.

Then Flora's home was sold, and she went to stay with a Mrs. Brooks, who kept a few old people. There she seemed quite contented and cheerful, though she must often have been lonely for others of the family, she seemed so overjoyed when any of us came.

I was with her at Violet's in San Diego one time, and she was so loving and sweet to me, and so grateful for anything done for her.

Alas! I did so little, and this last winter I had not been to see her nor answered her last letter—I had been so worried over my own concerns. Now it is too late—too late!

TALKING ABOUT UNCLE PHIL AND AUNT FLORA A.

May 18, 1963

Alta: Uncle Phil was like a father to the whole family. He was always taking care of peoples' needs; everyone looking to him for advice. It is a wonder how he stood up under it. Aunt Flora A. was like a little bird, her eyes so bright, her movements like a bird.

Lillian: What I remember was those sea-weeds they used to float on cards. They found them in the Ocean Beach coves, and spread them out on cards with hat-pins, and they stuck, and made such pretty arrangements. They put some on letters.

Alta: When Uncle Phil wasn't doing errands or working in the yard, I have the picture of him as looking in a book. He was quiet, didn't say much.

Lillian: I was there when I had the chicken-pox. I must have been of kindergarten age. Aunt Flora A. let us look at pictures through the stereoptican. She made the best salad-oil. She told me the oleander bushes were poison; but I could pick the mint, growing along the side of the house. They had a picture of going to Yosemite.

Alta: They used to stop at our house on the way to the mountains.

Lillian: She was such a little thing. He seemed big and grumpy to me. They made quite a pair. I never saw him without a beard. Aunt Flora A. joked: "I married my school-teacher."

PHIL

Left-hand Side: 825 Abby St., Fresno: Nettie, Phil, Ella, Ellen, Jennie and Flora A. Phil and Flora with some of her relatives. Grandma Bedford. Jennie with grandchildren. Phil and Flora. Phil. Flora. Camp: Phil, Jennie, Flora.

Right-hand Side: Phil's camp-rig: Phil, Lalie, Ruby, Mamie, Elsie with Johnny, Flora A. Home in Colony: Phil, Flora, Grandma. Phil reading. Flora and Phil.

PHIL AND DARIUS

Top Row: Mable and Freddie. Uncle Phil's house. Phil hoeing. Phil with Bedfords. Hazel, Edith, Philmore.

Center Row: Uncle Phil. Mable, Mildred by weeping-willow tree. Phil, and Flora A. Marta. Hazel, Freddie, Doris and Mable, with Jack-O-Lantern. Mable with Marta.

Lower Row: Winnie and Wilma. Mildred with Cousins. Winnie. Flora A. Mary, Gertrude, Alta. Jennie King, John and Family. Uncle Phil saying the Blessing.

SECOND SECTION — REBECCA

MINA BRYAN'S ACCOUNTS

July 1942

GREAT GRANDMOTHER (must have been Louise Appleby)) was living when my mother brought us children to Pleasant Valley when I was nine years old. She had on a white cap. She was in bed, pretty old then.

Our Great Aunt Martha used to come south to Florida to visit her sister, our grandmother, Renvy Sharp. Grandfather Bryan had a brother at Glencoe, or New Symarana. He had sons, Phil, Joe, Hardy, Gasden.

Uncle Gad said, "Anyone by the name of Bryan, all are related." They lived in Georgia before they went to Daytona, Florida. Uncle Gad said, "The front door was in Georgia, the back in Florida."

Mother died on November 19, 1889, and my father died not quite a year afterward, on Nov. 15, 1890.

I was alone with my mother when she died. My father had gone to get his mother Sunday morning. He had to go by land, horse and buggy, and then by boat. They'd shoot a gun, and they could hear it from Grandpa's. He didn't get back until Monday night. She died Monday morning. The others went to the funeral. I had to stay with baby Jack. Otherwise, I'd have known where she was buried. I wanted to put up a stone.

There was a big frame over the bed, a big tassel to let down the mosquito netting. She stood on a box, it tilted, she fell, broke her ribs or maybe the pelvic bones. It was quite awhile afterward, the baby was born. It was dead. The rope got pulled out of the pulley. She was up and around before the baby was born. Two doctors tried to deliver her. She got exhausted and died.

The whole family then went to stay with Grandmother Bryan at the head of the river, on an island. They had big orange groves. Ormond was the nearest town. On a clear day we could see the big draw-bridge that crossed the river. We had to go by sail-boat to take the oranges to ship from Ormond or Jacksonville.

Grandmother had brown eyes and hair. She was rather heavy. She was Scotch-English.

Our grandfather was tall and thin. He was in that war of 1860-65, so many of his brothers were killed. One brother lived there. His uniform was gray. He had red hair and blue eyes. Uncle Oscar, his son, had blue eyes.

There was a school-room built on the house, with a big fireplace. Miss Minnie was our school-teacher from Spring Garden Farm, inland. We were on the river near the ocean. Three cousins and our family made up the school. Jack was three, but he was enrolled.

When we learned we were to go to California, my Aunt Josephine made me dresses over corsets—I wasn't 14 yet. They were too small. Aunt Lydia made me a dress piped with satin trimming, tan, serge-woolen winter dress. That was after we came to the homeplace in January. Myers came in March, half-fare. He never was strong. He was a blue baby.

Uncle Dri and George got a car, chartered clear from New Orleans. We had the run of the whole sleeper, it was attached to a train. Each one slept in a lower berth. Took nearly 2 weeks. We got off at Malaga.

Our underwear was too thin. Grandma got new material and made new underwear.

Uncle Dri took Renvy, Uncle Phil took Steve, Bessie and Lydia J. Aunt Flora A. made them pretty clothes. I and Myers stayed at the homeplace.

We walked one-half mile to school at Malaga.

Aunt Flora E. was pretty. They used to make so much over Bertha. Grandma spoiled her.

We didn't get to go to Surprise Parties, because they came on Friday night. Grandma wanted me to drive her to Fresno to the Adventist church. Then there'd be the long drive home, and dinner. Afternoon, there'd be the meeting. Grandpa was the head of that.

Uncle Dri and Renvy told so many stories, Aunt Susie said she never could tell when they told the truth.

Once I went to a Surprise Party. Meta Gibbs said, "I'll bake a chocolate cake for you, if you'll supply the horse and buggy to take around invitations." Grandpa let me take Dollie or Bill—they were gentle—and we went all around telling folks what to bring. That was at Kate LaRue's, her birthday.

Kate died of heart attack, only sixteen. We decorated her desk up—a bow of white ribbon tied across it. All the rest of the school-term, her desk was vacant. Kate and Gracie Munger I liked very much, Jessie Lockie, Minnie Giffen, and the Marston girl.

At Fowler, Mary Stoniker was the teacher. She and Miss Johnson taught in the grades downstairs. Mr. Toms taught upstairs. The last year, I was at Mr. Tom's. Miss Stoniker married Wiley Giffen. There were Ruth and Sarah Post and Vinnie Giffen. The Atkinson boys had to come from away out in the country. George was in our class. And Richard Post. Years after, they'd meet me at Fresno, and take me out, and we'd have a nice visit.

Later, the Giffens had a big cotton field on the West Side.

When I was at Aunt Elsie's, at Fowler, she kept me home Monday to wash. Renvy couldn't get along with Bertha, so they wanted Elsie to take Renvy instead of me. I wanted to keep on going to school. Nelson's wanted help. So I went out working.

Dr. Wilson died quite awhile ago. His wife was nice. They were Scotch, had quite a few children. He'd come to see Mrs. Nelson. First thing he'd do, he'd go straight to the pantry, get a pitcher of cold milk and cookies I had, and go and sit down and eat, before going in to see her. We had shelves of milk in pans. Fred would drink cream and all. O-oo! The milk he'd drink!

When we came to the homeplace, there were lawns way out to the road, clear up to the house. Vines and roses all around the porch. They had a row to the front, all roses. My! But they had beautiful roses! And that trumpet vine side of the porch made it cool.

George Cartwright, principal of the school—my! but he was fine! Grandpa loaned his father money. I and Myers could answer all the questions of the 9th grade, about history, because we had studied it in our school at Grandma's.

I liked it at Nelson's and at Norrises'. Norris had charge of the Land Office at Los Angeles. Norrises used to board the teachers. Sadie Anderson was a fine cook. Once, we rented a livery rig and drove to Oleander. It was a balky horse. When he knew we were going home, oh, boy! did he get started!

At the homeplace, they most always drove Billie, more the buggy size, he could go fast. Dollie was a draft horse, fat, white, dappled on the flanks, kind of marbled-like—gray and white mixture.

Bertha wanted to go every place I went. I was riding Billie down to Aunt Flora A.'s. I told her, "Hold on in back. Don't kick his flanks." A sand-storm came up. Bertha kicked him in the side. Bertha fell off, and pulled me off. She broke her arm and I broke a finger. Grandpa set her arm, and put my finger in a splint. He told me to work it when it got better. I never took Bertha on a horse again.

When we lived in Florida, Grandpa Myers had their farm at Daytona that year. They all come down in a boat. My mother loved my father. Our father built the first plastered house in Daytona—built it hisself, all the walls inside. They said that house was still standing.

When I was 8 or 9, we visited Grandpa's at Pleasant Valley. I went with Flora to an old stone school-house, to sit with her. She said I wanted to comb my hair in school.

When Grandpa died, he was in the front room of the homeplace in a store casket. Aunt Lou said, "Some of you ought to go get flowers, fix them. He's done so much for you." I said, "We have no money." She said, "Go and pick them." So we picked roses out in front.

Grandpa was a very hard worker. Wasn't any of his children worked like he did, or made a lot of money. So much was lost in the banks.

Uncle Phil gave me credit—thought it was pretty good what I did. I bought these places at Pacific Beach.

I worked in Los Angeles at the Sweet's nine years. I was with Dr. Adelaide Brown 17 years. Two years with Dr. Brown's father as companion. I was housekeeper and manager of her house and apartments. I nursed them both when they were sick. He didn't want anybody but me. Dr. Brown helped me get these places. I paid out on them.

I want to leave my property equally to my brothers and sisters. I don't want any fighting or trouble about my inheritance to them. I have loved every one of my family.

STORY OF ANNA TRUESDALE who m. STEPHEN BRYAN (11291723)

February 21, 1952

Mary and John Truesdale were married in Nebraska. Lawrence was born there, and Bell. Then they took a homestead in Oklahoma; a hundred and sixty acres, bare land, a wonderful farm. We raised cotton, wheat, fruit. I and Ira were born there. When I was about ten years old, 1901, we drove by wagon-team from Oklahoma to Oregon, in the Spring of the year, and all summer; we were three months making the trip. We stopped at different towns and got food. We had two teams and four horses. We fished and shot pheasants, but no deer. We brought our beds, fixed in the wagons; and our money, in a trunk. Oh, it was a wonderful trip! Every week or so, we'd find a nice place, and camp, and stay there, and rest.

When we got to Oregon, we bought a farm, west of Eugene, about eight miles, and grew up there. We raised hay, cows, fruit, timber. My father cut cord-wood and sold it in Eugene. We all grew up and were married there. Stephen was working on the railroad, 1911. I was working at a place where he was boarding and I met him there. We were married in 1914. He was gone about a year in California. He came back in the Spring and we were married in the following December.

Steve was always polite and neatly dressed, and I think that's what took my fancy. He'd call me "Sweetheart," and "Darling," and was different from the other boys and older. He took a fancy to me and inquired around to find out who I was. He found my brother, and asked, "Do you know who that girl is, works down at Mrs. Saylor's?" From then on he courted me. He said I was different from any other of the girls he had known. He was thirty-three when we married. We had a little family wedding. We went the next day to Portland, Oregon, and lived there two years. He worked for the Oregon Electric Railroad. Mina was born there, a darling little girl. Then, there was a big railroad strike, so we stayed only one day at my parents' house, and came straight through on the train to San Francisco. I met his sister Mina for the first time.

Oh, how she loved little Mina! Plump, and real blonde—oh, she was a darling little thing. She just loved little Mina! She'd take her over for a few days when she worked for Dr. Brown. Steve thought she was just the thing; he just loved that little girl. In those days, he was pretty good, in our early married life. He was kind to me at that time. As that disease progressed, it affected his nervous system, but I didn't know it. Tillie and Florence were born at the Childrens' Hospital. Stephen was born there too.

Little Mina had spinal meningitis when she died, the sixth of August. She passed away in the hospital. Florence was born the next spring. We made several trips to see my parents. We had been on a trip to Eugene, when she came down with spinal meningitis, just two weeks after we got home. Several little children around there got it. They lived, but were paralyzed; so, maybe it was just as well Mina did not live, one can never tell about that.

We all were stricken—she had been so well. Stephen was delicate. Big Steve grieved. I believe Tillie was his favorite. About 1923 we moved to San Jose and lived there until 1933, when we moved back to Burlingame. When Matilda was born, Uncle Gad and Aunt Matilda (Aunt Till) bought our furniture for us. When I got home from the hospital, there I had all that new furniture. Uncle Gad bought a new car, a Ford sedan, and he said he'd give it to Steve; and he did. Aunt Till said, "Then I'm going to buy Anna some furniture."

Then, she used to send us a hundred dollars at Christmas time; and she'd send it to Mina, and she'd send it to me. Steve kept getting crabbier and crabbier. I'd take the children and go outside, sometimes for fear of what he'd do to them, and wait until he'd cool down. I'd try to keep the house clean, and do the best I could with so little money, but I'd get discouraged. If only Steve had not been so crabby—it was hard on the children. Finally, he left.

My grandmother's name on the Truesdale side was "Hill," Mary Hill, married John Truesdale. My father was Scotch—came from Edinburgh, Scotland. There were four boys and one girl. My grandfather lived with us in Oklahoma. I remember when he passed away. He was a large man, wore a white beard. They told me to tell him dinner was ready. I was about eight, and I went in and he was on his bed. I told them, "Grandpa don't say anything." Lo, and behold, he was dead!

My mother was tall, with brown eyes, brown hair, a little stouter when she got older; but was slender and very straight. I'm quite a bit like her, though I have blue eyes; but everybody told me, as I grew older, I would look a lot like her. She was quite religious (my Grandfather Hill was a Baptist minister)—she knew the Bible almost by heart. Once when the Jehovah's Witnesses came, she could out-quote them on the Bible.

She stayed with us three times, about six months each time, three different visits, once on Ramona Street, once on Peninsula Avenue; and the other at this address. She had a premonition and went home to Oregon and died within a month. My father was short, blue-eyed, had blonde hair. When he was eighty-three, he wore a beard, not very gray; a farmer and a blacksmith by trade. He was good natured, liked to joke, and to tell of funny things that happened; kind to children. We could have a pony or horse to ride any place we wanted to go, if possible. Oh, yes, we had a happy home. Of course, we had to work, outdoors with chores. We never had a lot, but we were comfortable.

My mother was determined, and carried things out well; a great reader; could remember things. Neighbors would say, such and such a thing happened, "Let's go over and ask Mrs. Truesdale, she'll remember, if anybody can." I think that's where Stephen and Naomi get their reading from—both are great readers.

I never have had time to read; when I was younger, there was always sewing and mending to do. And now, I iron or crochet, and listen to the radio. When the children were little, we went to Sunday School, never missed a Sunday. Then Daddy would be working nights, and would be home Sunday morning, and I could leave the little ones. I'm sorry we dropped out. I began to work, and had to go Sundays. Harold used to go with me, on his little tricycle. I took care of Mrs. Finnen, an old lady, until she passed away, about six years. That was about two blocks from the Ramona home. The older children went to Sunday School until they grew up.

My mother was quite religious. We children used to walk two and a half miles to Sunday School; didn't think anything of it. I've always believed in God and Jesus, and I've had God right here in my heart. If a person tries to live right, and has God in the heart, I think it'll be all right when he dies. I don't think God is going to hold things against us, as long as in our hearts we have Him. A lot of people believe you've got to get up and declare it before an audience, but I have the feeling of God in my heart all the time.

The night after Harold died, I had a vision of Jesus holding Harold in His arms; and Harold was looking around, smiling, as if he were seeing beautiful things. It wasn't a dream. I was lying on my bed and the vision was kind of up in the air. Jesus looked just like he does in his pictures. Then, I had a vision of Harold lying down; and he jumped up and said, "It didn't hurt me a bit." I was worried for fear he had been frightened, or in pain, but that vision comforted me.

Then, the night before, he was reciting his Boy Scout pledge, and he told about a Jehovah's Witness' boy saying, "You won't be saved if you don't believe." And Harold said, "That's not the way it's going to be. Jesus is going to love everyone." He used to say, "I'm going to buy you a home some day, you're going to have a home." That is why I thought I should buy this home, with the insurance money that came from the Times; he was a paper-boy, you know. We were living in another place then.

Violet: Oh, I do remember that place. It was a big redwood house, and had a porch and a big table and a garden around it. Steve used to water the garden with a hose. You said, "Even if he can't see, he can point the hose at the bushes." He felt aggrieved to do even that. I had come by street-car from San Francisco, and it had been such a hard, jerkey ride, and a man in a car brought me over from the station to your house, and he said he would wait for me, and take me back to Alameda. I ran in, and Steve was alone. He had come back from San Francisco and you were at work, and the children at school. I said, "I wanted to see you, but I can go back soon with this man." Steve hung onto my arm and he cried, and he implored, "Violet, don't leave me, I need to see some one of the home folks, someone who loves me." So I stayed.

Anna: That sounds like Steve. He had been gone seven years in San Francisco. He would come home only to bring me some money once a month. The children would walk to the station with him, then come back. He'd give Bud and Harold a little money; but Naomi would say, "He didn't give me anything." He was almost a stranger to his own children.

Violet: At dinner, Kenneth told you he was going to be out that evening, and you said, "All right, just so you're home early." Steve looked mournfully at me, and said, "You see, they don't even consult me."

Anna: It they had of, he would never let them go. He had been gone so long, I was the one to decide.

Violet: It was wonderful, how kind you were to take him back and be good to him.

Anna: I felt sorry for him. He was losing his eye-sight, and there was nothing they could do for him.

Violet: There were good things about Steve.

Anna: Yes, he was a good worker, always had a job. Never wanted to be in debt. We never owed money to anybody. Just a few minutes before he died, he said, "Pay off my expenses and send the rest to Anna—after all, she is my wife, and they are my children." After all, I imagine he was very sorry for what he had done. He lived in Florida about a year; and I have an idea he was very lonely. He had a sick spell and went to Jack's in Marblehead, Massachusetts, planning to come back here. He wanted to go for a walk, and had gone just a little ways, and Jack had to carry him back; and he died right away, his heart just gave out; like Myers.

Harold and Buddy didn't remember him much, because he was not here when they were growing up. It was after Harold had passed away. I put half of the insurance money in this house; and Steve had his half in a money belt and that was sent to me, after expenses. And he left me his insurance money; he'd taken it out years before with the Southern Pacific. Then, I put it right into this home.

Violet: It gives a place for your children to come to.

Anna: I love to have them come, birthdays, Christmas, Sunday evenings and other times, they meet here.

Violet: You can see how much they love you. They look toward you. You have been a wonderful mother to them. You've been both mother and father.

Anna: Yes, practically. I've been in very good health. I'm thankful to be able to work, and take care of myself. I never suffered for want of a home, or food. It was just that I didn't understand Steve's ways. I wanted him to go to a doctor, but he wouldn't.

Violet: You made a happy home for the children.

Anna: It would have been happier if he'd cooperated. I used to make a nice picnic lunch; and he'd come home about three o'clock and we'd all pile into the car and go to Santa Cruz, on the beach. We all enjoyed that. They had a happy childhood; they wouldn't have done much of anything if I hadn't been always trying to do things, and planning for them.

When Harold and Buddy and Naomi were growing up, I used to get them all together, and take the street-car, and take them out to Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco. We went to the Fair; Steve met us and took us.

Violet: If there is an after life, I wonder if Mina will have grown up?

Anna: I dreamed Mina had grown up. She was coming home. Aunt Mina was with her. I asked, "Where have you been?" She said, "I've been at school." Her hair was still blonde, but she was tall. These visions have been sort of a comfort to me. My children will say, "Oh, Mamma, you just imagined it." Oh, no, I didn't imagine it.

Violet: Mina was a placid little girl; so big for her age. Kenneth was nervous. I'd ask, "How is Kenneth?" You'd say, "Same as always." I guess you had to have patience.

Anna: Oh, he'd even take Naomi's book; they'd argue. He's all over that. Last Sunday he went to help Steve get my chair and studio couch from Matilda's, and they got down there and talked and visited. My children all get along nicely together.

Violet: Naomi was the brilliant student.

Anna: She got a scholarship when she graduated from the

eighth grade; she had the highest honor and won seven hundred dollars. She saved it and made a student tour to Europe, all over the Scandinavian countries, when she had graduated from college. She went two years to Junior College and two years to University of California. She earned most of her way through high school and college, working in the telephone office here.

She met George during her last year of college—she attended a party, and they liked each other right away. She wanted to finish her school and take that trip but he wanted to get married right away. Indeed, they came near breaking up, he was so insistent. It was three years before they were married. I was kind of leery, but it seems to be turning out all right. His family is Catholic, but they seem to have accepted the situation and her. She will bring up their children in the Protestant faith, and then they may make their own decision.

He goes to the Congregational Church with her. They've talked it all over. He doesn't want them to be brought up with no religion at all. Matilda was always steady, working, and I never did worry about her doings. I used to worry about Florence—Glen was no sort of a person for her. She was at home, on Peninsula, with her baby. She had left him. She said, "I think I'll go to work." He was agreeable; then he'd waylay her and ask her for money. His folks were well to do. They never came to see Carol Ann after they came on Peninsula Avenue, when she was a little thing.

Jim adopted Carol Ann so she goes with the name of Carol Hardison. Florence has a happy home with Jim—he's a salesman of cars for the Chevrolet Company. He's a good talker, could talk you into buying a car whether you wanted to or not. I took care of Carol Ann for two and a half years. Steve resented Florence coming home, but that was the place for her; to what other place should a daughter come? Steve was a worrier. Stephen was quiet, serious, never much to say. He talks, now. He reads books, and books, and books. On board ship, he worked himself up. I thought it was wonderful.

He worked with Jack as painter's helper at the Childrens' Hospital. Then he started out being a gardener's helper, that's how he started in as a gardener, began to study flowers, and planted. He met Mable at the hospital. She was an X-ray technician, that's what she does now. They would have liked to have had children; and tried to adopt a baby; but things stood in the way; they are kind of lonely around home. I know Mable would just give anything if she could have had a baby; her own, or adopted. She bought baby clothes, and everything. She went back to work when she couldn't get one. They've probably given up.

Violet: Flossy was like a fairy or a flower, kind of happy, when she was a little girl.

Anna: Tillie was always more serious, and older in her ways. Flossie was younger. Oh, Carol Ann had the loveliest hair, you'd think it was a permanent, it was so curly. She's like her mother. Diana is like her father; platinum hair, real blue eyes, a little on the selfish side, determined. I noticed some children came to play, and Diana stood there and held onto her swing; didn't want to share it at all.

Uncle Gad and Aunt Til bought us wicker furniture when we lived in San Francisco; then, we moved to Oregon, about a year. Steve was dissatisfied; we went back to the Southern Pacific. He was a tower man; he took care of the switches; did that a long, long time, about thirty-five years. When he started in, he did survey work, from Eugene to the Coast, putting in a new line.

Violet: In that work, he could do a lot of reading, between trains. He was watching trains in Benicia, along the marshlands, where there were fragrant double moss-roses growing wild. I went to see him; and he was reading Dickens' books. I guess I was in college, and I went to visit Benicia.

Anna: That was probably before he knew me. I could have married several farmers I knew. I probably have had lots of privileges I wouldn't have had if I'd been married to a farm-hand. If I had known he had this trouble, I could have been more lenient. Maybe, down in his heart, he loved us all. I think Steve was religious, to a certain extent. He was always glad when I took the children to church. There are so many things we don't understand, mightn't have been meant for us to understand. I used to, on Saturday in San Jose, go out to the Tower with lunch and the children; and we'd have lunch and come home with him. We enjoyed that; maybe we'd go for a ride. I think secretly, he was proud of me and the children. I kind of think he was.

This house, I bought after Steve went to Florida. The Peninsula house was sold, and I had to get out and find a place to move. This house was only sixty-two hundred dollars. The children liked it. Even thought it was rather small for so many (Florence and Carol Ann were with me then, and Naomi and Kenneth). I knew they would be marrying and I didn't want to be left with a great big house.

With Harold's insurance money, I cleared it up; it is worth much more now. When it was to be painted, they all helped. George came the afternoon before and hosed off the roof and walls and cleaned off the gutters, and went ahead and filled up all the cracks with filler. Hans and Buddie took the walls, stucco; and Stephen and Jack took the woodwork. By four o'clock they came in to wash up. All the outside of the house had been painted.

I had cooked up a big meal, baked ham and candied sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie, fresh bread; and I'd made up a big freezer of ice-cream, a regular Thanksgiving dinner. Oh, we had a grand time! All the children were here, but Jim; he was busy at something. Naomi and I painted the inside of the house. Bud and Stephen put this new linoleum down I bought. I don't want to change; this is the home I want to live in always; I've been happy here. Oh, yes. I don't have to worry about the children while I'm working. I used to have them on my mind; but now I know all is well with them, and I am freer than I've ever been. I'm happy. I'm just fine.

My family, when we came to Oregon, was left all back East. We've grown up without knowing our Truesdale cousins. My sister and I have talked about writing back to them, and to Edinburgh, Scotland; but we never have yet. When my mother was here, she was wondering if she'd live to be eighty years old. She lacked from May to July. My father was eighty-three when he died. My mother's father and mother in Nebraska lived to be old; and so did my father's parents. They lived in Illinois when he was younger; near Broken Bow and he had a homestead there, and lived in a sod house when they were first married. The grass grows and the roots are real thick, and they take the chunks of roots and they hold together. The floor was dirt and they sprinkled it with water, and it gets hard, just like cement. It must have been warm because they have those terrible winters there. They had my oldest brother and sister there, in Nebraska.

When my brother passed away, at fifty-two years of age, my mother's brother wrote, "It doesn't seem possible. It seems only yesterday I can see him running around the sod-house on the homestead." We stopped at Aunt Alice's house, at Hirshey, Nebraska, when we drove out. She was a dressmaker. She was making dresses, with all those tucks and things. She was smaller than my mother. Both she and her husband had brown eyes and brown hair. Mother told about

how terrible the snow was in winter time—the sod house would be buried in snow.

They took up another homestead in Oklahoma in the Indian Territory, before Oklahoma was a state. We were near the reservation. The Indians used to come and buy chickens of my father. My father was talking to a middle-aged Buck wearing blankets and carrying a knife. He said, "You bring my squaw to see your squaw?" "Um," (yes) grunted the Indian. "And you bring her back?" "Unh unh." (No). I remember seeing him shake his head, now.

My father invited the Indians to eat watermelon with us, and Papa said, "Go into the house and get a knife." "I have knife," the Indian said, and pulled a long knife from under his blanket. I used to play with the little Indian children. I was only ten when I left there. The school there was just a one-roomed big school. There was a section school. Our school was on one side of the road. The German school was on the other side; they learned how to read and write in German. They had big Indian schools there, on the reservation.

In the beginning, they lived in tents, but gradually built houses and lived as comfortably as the white children did. They were granted this territory to live in; and got money to live on, monthly allotments because so much of their land had been sold. Did you know Bessie's husband was part Indian? He had been married before and had several children. Uncle Gad looked French and was so prosperous. Henry did not get ahead, except in getting children. I never did have a picture of Steve's mother.

Violet: She was a worker. She had a large mouth.

Anna: All the Bryans seem to have that as a characteristic.

Violet: Uncle Phil thought so much of Aunt Rebecca. She'd go out working. She was good at housekeeping. She was more Aunt Elsie's type. She and Phil helped Grandma with outside work when Grandpa was gone to California.

Anna: When Grandmother Myers visited me, her clothes were of nice material, though old.

Violet: Aunt Becky was Grandma's favorite; and Grandpa favored Mamma. The winter Mamma was at Mt. Carroll Academy, she wrote home and asked Grandpa for a warm dress to wear. She was so cold, and the other cousins were well dressed. Grandpa gave Grandma the money, but she went off to the store and bought red lindsey-woolsey, enough for Becky and for Gordy, dresses. He was a little boy. She favored them. Becky was not so smart at school, but she was a good worker. Had to be with all those children.

Anna: After her father and mother died, Mina took care of the children for awhile before they were taken to California, in a big house, and I think it was Aunt Josephine's —she swept and cleaned and washed dishes; and washed Jack's diapers in the river. Uncle John kept Jack, but he was never married.

Violet: There must have been some woman took care of him, because they dressed him in girls' clothes. He cried when someone wanted him to wear boys' clothes.

Anna: When Steve went to see Uncle John, they were in a little cabin by the river, and when the tidal wave came, they cut a hole in the roof to get their heads through, because the house was full of water; and the waves came over them. But the little house stood and rode out the tidal wave. That was about 1941.

I'd like to have had the trip with him, and taken the two younger children, but Steve never mentioned it. He could have gotten a pass for me from the railroad. Steve made one trip, first; and then at the end of his life. First, about 1940; he was still working, and went back. Then next time in 1945. I phoned Jack and he said Steve was in Florida. He had gone to the city and I thought he was at Renvy's. Renvy wrote he wasn't there. So Jack told me he was in Florida. I never heard from him again. He was at Daytona, after he left Essie's. Then he went to Jack's one day, and he passed away the next day. I wrote him two or three times, and the letters were in his suit case when they were shipped back to me. He must have read them over and over, or held them until they were about worn out.

His eyes were so bad after he had a stroke there, he wanted to come back; so he went up to Jack's. The porter looked after him all the way on the train. He wrote to Jack, with a magnifying glass. It was just like he was in a fog. He must have felt sorry the way he had acted toward me; he must have been lonesome. He planned to come back. Tillie said, "He just goes; never writes you; and when he gets ready to come back, he just comes." But he died and is buried at a cemetery there. Jack sent me a telegram asking what to do. I had no money, I didn't know what to do. I wrote back, they could do as they saw fit. They buried him in Edith's plot of ground where her first husband was. Mina didn't like it at first; but, later, she said, "Theodore Roosevelt said, Let the chips lie where they fall." He had fallen there, and it is all right for him to lie there.

After such a long separation, you just gradually grow away from people. But I sure tried to be faithful to him, both in life and death. I've taken care of his children, and made a home for them, and tried to see they all got started in life. Jack was faithful to me, too, in paying the bills, and laying things away; and sending me all things of importance. The Bryan brothers and sisters have clung to each other; yes, they have. Mina has been so good to her brothers and sisters.

TRIBUTE TO MINA BRYAN

March 19, 1953

Dear Cousin Mina:

Your birthday will soon be here.

Life would be less rich had there been no Mina. Some of my happiest childhood memories are associated with this dear cousin, who used to come, bringing gifts, laughter, and adventure.

She was dear to my mother, who treasured her consideration and letters. She was dear to my father who enjoyed her gay company. She was dear to Uncle Phil, who was delighted when this first baby was born to his nearest sister, Rebecca.

Many have been made glad by her life of service and self-sacrifice. She has been a true elder-sister to her brothers and sisters, planning for them, entertaining them in her home, helping them financially, loyal in remembrance to those who have gone before.

She is like "a watered garden," like her own garden, bright and well-tended, giving pleasure.

Violet

TWO LETTERS FROM MINA BRYAN

Pacific Grove, Calif.
Nov. 30, 1953

Dear Eva:

Thanks for the Christmas card. So nice you have your two grandsons and daughter near you.

We've been having very nice weather here, no frost yet.

Lawrence, Renvy's grandson, was married the 7th of this month.

I remember when you and Violet and your mother was at our house in Florida. I always had to mash and butter your

potatoes and smooth out the top and put your initials "E. B." on top.

And when I was sixteen years old, I was up to your house in Benicia.

Your father had Inspection Day on Friday, so I'd tell you and Violet we'd have to get in and work to be ready for Inspection. He'd give us a dime each, and I thought that was wonderful.

Love and best wishes,
Mina

305 Walnut St.
Pacific Grove, Calif.
May 26, 1957

Dear Eva:

It was nice of you to write me. I was sorry to hear that Avery Harris had a stroke. I remember his mother. She was a fine person. She came to Mrs. Nelson and asked me to make bread as they were going to have a Harvest Moon Festival and my bread took the prize and I got a Book of Poems of Browning. It was a beautiful hand-tooled book-binding. I think the only person I knew when in Fowler who is still there is Georgie Atkins, who had a service garage. The last schoolmate was Jessie Lockie who died November 17, 1951.

Violet was telling about the time you were at the Homeplace when she was 8 years old. When I was 8 years old, we went to see Aunt Lou in Chicago and later to see Grandfather at Nora, Illinois. What stood out was, Uncle August took us to see the Waterworks. There was huge machinery and large wheels. At Grandpa's, Bessie who was 3 years crawled up to top of ladder under eaves to see the swallows.

We went to the Eaton's and they had a dog that ran on a treadle and churned the cream and made butter. We went to see a Great Aunt Smith who was 103 years old.

Do you remember when you were at Benicia, one Sunday morning, you, Violet and I was out for a walk, and came to the Catholic Church and they were having a wedding and we stopped and watched it. The last time I was up in Benicia was when I was 16 and Aunt Lou took me by boat to San Francisco and we stayed all night and next day took the steam-train out to the Cliff House.

We've had a lot of rain, the heaviest rain we've had in 33 years. Was glad of the rain as garden needed it badly but it did 5 million dollars damage to the strawberries also to cherries and apricots. I don't know Ione's address. She lives in Chula Vista, 6 miles south of San Diego. She was married to a Vet who was in I and II World Wars. They were living in a trailer at the Hot Springs when he had a heart attack and died and was buried there. She still lives in the trailer and nurses at a hospital. Bev is married and lives in San Francisco. Bessie and Bud and Edwin and his wife were here in the latter part of March. Their son had joined the Navy and gone to San Diego Naval Station the day they were here. Edwin had to get back to his station in his maintenance job.

I was up to see Helen on 2nd of May to be with her on her birthday. Jack and Edythe like it down in Florida. They were in Orlando 19 months, are back in De Leon Springs. They sure have done a lot of travelling; 5 times over the U.S.A.; bought 3 houses and 3 trailers and sold them.

I hope you are better and glad you have such good care. All for now. Love and best wishes.

Mina

STORY OF JOHN HENRY BRYAN, "JACK"
(as told to Edith, his wife)

1962

Joseph D. Bryan, b. 1820, d. Aug. 5, 1894; m. Renvy Starke, b. 1839, d. Aug. 11, 1891. They had eight sons and three daughters. All buried on Bryan's Island.

Henry J. Bryan, b. Mar. 4, 1852, d. Nov. 5. 1890. Bur. in Daytona Beach; m. June 3, 1875 Rebecca Myers, b. June 3, 1856, d. Nov. 27, 1889.

They had four girls and three boys.

The youngest, John Henry Bryan, b. Feb. 18, 1888, in Glencoe, Florida. Went to live on Bryan's Island, at the head of Halifax River. Had orange groves, sugar cane and hogs. Had cattle over on the range by Tomaka River. Went fishing, duck-hunting, turtle-egg hunting, sailed boats.

Went to school at Tomaka, now an abandoned town. Lived with John Winn for two terms, one with Mrs. Groover—the next summer at Ft. Pierce with Cousin Carrie Bryan, then at Sanford. This term he left school and went picking lettuce. Then Uncle John came and took him back to the Island. Roamed all over the marshes, river, and farm, trapping, hunting, and shooting ducks.

First real job was with Plantation No. 9, citrus fruit-growers. Worked in grove and helped in canning and processing. Had a bicycle and sail-boat. Went all over from beach to the river.

Worked on the river, building the canal for the Inter-Coastal Waterway System.

Took pleasure-boat out from the Armond Hotel with tourists away up Halifax and Tomaka rivers, even over-night trips to a cabin at head of the Tomaka River. This is a real jungle-ride even today. Quite a few alligators even now. Jack hunted alligators and such in winters and fall.

In 1911, went to Montreal, Canada. Stayed until 1918, when he was drafted to 1st World War and went out of the Land of Florida.

Came back from Overseas, and after a visit here went with sister Mina to San Francisco. Worked as head-painter at the Childrens Hospital.

Married Neva Doud in 1939. Marriage annulled in 1943.

Went to Massachusetts in 1943, married Edith M. Bennett Woodfin, Sept. 3, 1943, a widow. Went back to S.F. and stayed until 1946, then to a trailer-park at Sharp Park, working on a housing project, painting, for 2 years—then Redwood City for 4 years. Trailed trailer to Florida in 1951. Sold his trailer home and went back to Redwood City and went to live at Palo Alto.

In 1953, had fungus growth in lungs, went to Veteran's Hospital at Oakland for 90 days. Then had shingles. Has not been able to work since.

Retired on Social Security and Veteran's Pension. Came to Florida in 1955, bought Cousin Carrie's old homestead in De Leon Springs, and after renovating it, and digging a deep well, sold it and went to Orlando for the winter, renting a cottage from Cousin Essie McGiness. Came back to De Leon Springs in 1957.

Went to Pacific Grove to be near his oldest sister, Mina, November, 1957. She passed away in December 1957.

So Jack came back to Florida in February, 1958.

BESSIE AND BUD WRIGHT
by Eugene Washer

Sept. 12, 1962

Uncle Gene: Bud Wright was keeper up at Mono Hot Springs for three or four years. He was there when Viola disappeared. She was ten years old. She had started out for Fresno and home, and some man brought her from Shaver to Fresno. I telephoned around. Found out she was one place I telephoned. She said, "Why couldn't she hitch-hike if Sonny could?"

Gene: Bud was a good fisherman. He'd go up that river and come back with a big reel of fish. He'd give anybody fish, campers around there. Bud and Harry, his brother, was great to fight. Oh, yeah, that was his long suit. Harry would start it. Both of them quite characters around Fresno at that time, early days. Bud worked for the Forest Service. Worked clearing up the line for railroads to go into Huntington Lake. He named some of those points like Hairpin Turn. Had a bunch of men working for him. I found some dynamite under a bridge. Bud put it there for when he needed it.

Aunt Flora: I don't remember Bessie's coming to the homeplace.

Gene: Yes, they did. Come and stayed all night. I'd just gotten a dozen eggs. Bessie scrambled 'em. You was in San Diego.

Flora: Bud danced a jig at our Golden Wedding. We asked him to dance one at his and Bessie's Golden Wedding. He said he didn't feel like it. I wonder if Edwin is lively like Leroy?

Violet: Roy said Edwin was twice as big and lively as he was. Mede said their girl, Sharon, was just like her father. Gave her teachers a bad time. Could do her lessons fast, but wanted a good time.

STORY OF RENVY VOUGHT

May 9, 1963

When my mother died, I was five years old. Mina was bringing hot irons to warm her feet when she died. They put both her and the little baby in a wooden box of frame boards they made, and put that in a boat, and buried her in a cemetery in New Symarana. I wouldn't leave the Island. I cried myself to sleep. Wasn't too long they were back. I remember my mother.

Uncle John, my father's brother, came and took us all to his place. Uncle Luke's wife had died, so those children were there, and other orphans. There were seventeen on the place, with Uncle Ed, Aunt Josephine, Grandma and Grandpa. Uncle John was an old bachelor. He built a school-room onto the house, and hired a teacher by the year, Miss Shimatolo; had school all the year around. I got my first learning from her.

My father was a handsome man. Was a cattle-buyer. I looked through the picket-fence at that big bunch of cattle, dust so bad. Had a lumber yard, hired somebody to run it. Don't know what became of it. He'd go off, would come home just long enough to get my mother pregnant. Seven of us. Got married shortly after my mother died. I never saw the woman.

We were with Uncle John five years. Would have been better off to have stayed right there. Grandpa Myers thought he could do more for us. Sent Uncle Dri and Uncle George, and they hired a coach, wooden seats. I got car-sick. A man came, gave me an orange. I was ten years old.

At the train depot, they divided us. Uncle Dri said, "I'll take Renvy." Uncle Phil said, "I'll take Steve, Bessie and Lydia." Myers and Mina went to Grandpa's.

John Henry was named after Uncle John. He stayed in Florida. When he came to San Francisco, Mina spoiled him. He has been in Pacific Grove with Edith, but is going back to Florida. She is a wonderful woman. Is in a wheel-chair, does her housework from it.

Myers died in Steve's house of heart-trouble. Was buried in San Jose. We put together for a marker after the funeral.

Helen's son, Bryan, died lately. I don't know what became of her daughter—lost herself.

Yes, you might say I was a mother to Beverly. Kept me young. Used to take her to her sorority, to the library. Beverly and her husband live in San Francisco. Just bought a new home. Has two little boys.

I've been on that place at Rolinda for fifty-seven years. It is home to me. Lawrence and I worked hard. We used to milk those Holstein cows, all by hand. Then carry the milk the length of the barn. Had a nice garden. Have fixed a kitchen one end of the living-room. Sammy is to have the place when I am gone.

Frances has a good job at Atascadero—head nurse. He comes to see me. Has a fine home.

Aunt Louise said she liked to have me rub her head, when I visited with her, said my fingers felt so good. Uncle August had us shine his military buttons there in Benicia. The teacher had me put things on the board. I was older. That is the reason I seemed so smart. When I went down from Benicia to Aunt Elsie's, I went all alone on the ferry and on the train to Fowler. She was good to me. In Fowler, I could go to school.

My eyes are hazel, and I am 5′ 2″. Used to have beautiful long hair, but I cut it off, had to, in that hot weather. Ione would like to have me live with her, but I want to be in my own home. Frances is coming to take me home. I am 81 years old. My hair is white. "Cotton-Top," Ione calls it.

Yes, I do get good out of my great-grandson David. Janice brings him over to see me. He is so cute, just four years old. He throws his arms around my neck, and says, "I wuv you, Gramma 'Ought!" (I love you, Grandma Vought.)

MOTHER

by Ione Maloney

Mother and I went shopping and she bought material to make up, for garments for the children of migrant workers. She's been doing that for a long time. She's done a lot for others in the community. She has worked so hard on the ranch. She's independent and thrifty.

COUSIN BESSIE'S DEATH

by Violet

Jan. 30, 1967

Alta and Tillman had just returned from a trip when they saw the notice in the Fresno paper about the graveside services at Northfork for Bessie Wright, so they went right up. Alta said the minister gave the most wonderful tribute she had ever heard about how much Bessie had done for others in her life-time, and of how much she and Bud had meant to the people in the mountains.

Bud used to pack back to Hot Springs and other places for campers; and he was working for the Power Company when I visited them on the Goode Place, near a lake.

Last summer, when Alta took me to see Bessie at the Convalescent Hospital, she spoke of the depression on her right temple. "It was just a flick of a hot curling iron," she said. That was when she was a girl, and she had had trouble with it ever since.

There has not been much cancer in our family. Grandpa had it in his rectum, Aunt Elsie died right after an operation, Uncle Bert had it in his stomach, Ralph and Jimmie both died from cancer of the throat and lungs, caused by smoking.

Bessie had the Myers' clinging to life. She wanted to see this book when it would be finished.

Now, only Renvy and Jack are left of Rebecca's large family.

REBECCA

Top Row: Bessie Wright, with dogs and calf, at North Fork. Renvy, Ione and Beverly. Bessie overlooking San Joaquin River. Stephen Bryan and family.
Second Row: Beverly, Bessie, Bud, Renvy, Mina, Jack and Neva. Bud, Bessie, Renvy, Edwin and Edythe. Jack, Bessie, Helen and Renvy. Anna with Diana.
Third Row: Mina, Myers and Stephen. Rebecca, Bessie and Renvy. Mina, Alice. Jack. Lydia Jo and Bessie.
Fourth Row: Renvy and Lawrence. Mina. Jackie, Laverne, Ginger, David and Don. Anna.

REBECCA

Top Row: Myers. Bud and Bessie's lake at the Good place. Renvy. Francis, Sammy, Ione. Mina.
Center Row: Stephen Bryan and Edwin Wright. Matilda, Kenneth, Anna. Renvy, Francis, Ione. Ione.
Lower Row: Kenneth, Matilda, Flossie, Anna with Naomi. Beth, Edwin, Leroy. Matilda, Flossie, Naomi. Bessie. Ellis and Beth.

REBECCA

Top Row: Edwin, Leroy, Beth, Alice. Louise, Grandma, Ione, Renvy. Edwin.
Middle Row: Francis. Lawrence, Renvy. Stephen, Matilda, Florence, Naomi. Lydia (Helen). Bud, Bessie, Renvy, Edwin, Edyth. Bud, Edwin.
Lower Row: Carol. Beverly. Arthur, Beverly, Ione. Leroy.

THIRD SECTION — LOUISE

Chicago, Ill., c. 1889

DEAR LOUISE:

Eva is anxious for me to tell you how much she thanks you for the new mittens . . .

Baby goes around saying, "I be *so* glad when my mamma comes home sometimes," over and over. Just before Eva went to Sunday School, in answer to some question, I told her that "Mamma is sick in bed now," to which her usual "Why?" was asked in much wonder, when Bibkins interposed, "because she *so* tired," illustrating by closing her eyes as if falling asleep. Poor little Kittybird! She seems to miss Mamma more than Eva does. Just now she is patiently trying to get the dolly's dress to fit on back side in front. "After 'while," she reassures "Minnie," "we will have 'ittle 'unch," probably to console herself for Eva's departure.

We are to have supper as usual tonight between five and six as August thought he might be home by that time, and it is to consist of a mutton stew, soup, tomatoes, potatoes, canned peas, coffee-cake, & c, & c. I wish you could have some of the nice grape jelly, it is so pretty and clear. The children look forward to Papa's coming each night as if it were an angel's visit. This morning, Eva confided to me that "Papa is just like God; he can do *everything,*" in a tone of supreme satisfaction and awe. The feeling about Father in the same way has not yet lost all of its beauty to me. No one ever seemed so perfect and so nearly able to control all things and the old childish trust seems strong within me. Even yet I grow homesick to see him for a little while.

I hope it will not be so awfully long before you can write again . . . Now time will go more slowly than ever with a dull sky.

Good Bye, I must close.

Very Lovingly,
Lydia B. Myers

NOTE: Aunt Lydia was caring for us while Mamma was at Battle Creek Sanitarium for an operation.

Benicia, California
July 5, 1895

Dear Mother:

. . . Now that the Fourth is over, I can answer some of my letters. We all had a *splendid* time yesterday. I cannot remember since I was married, over twelve years ago, to have enjoyed the 4th of July so much . . . Yesterday was a great day for Eva and Violet. They were almost too excited to dress themselves. Eva went downtown early as she was to be on the float with the Goddess of Liberty, with forty-eight other girls, all in white with banners representing each of the states. The Goddess, in white silk and flag-draped, stood up above and looked very nice throughout and the music was delightful. August seemed to enjoy everything very much and thought Benicia surpassed itself to produce such a grand result. There were many exercises in the park, music by the band, singing, declamations, races, &c &c.

We took dinner at the restaurant tent and found everything very good . . . August was among the soldiers with the artillery battery and helped firing the forty-four salutes from the cannon. He wore his uniform all day and we were all proud of him and thought he looked more like an officer than some that were there.

We'll write Flora very soon, and Judah and Elsie.

Lovingly Your daughter
Louise

AUGUST TO LOUISE

Allentown, Pa., Aug. 29, 1898

My dearest wife,

I received your postal of the 27th inst with gladness. I am homesick, but that will pass in a few days.

Allentown, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, is charming. Electric cars in all directions.

Next Saturday I have to go to New York City on business and probably return Monday evening. This may sound to you all very nice, but I am tired of hotels & their eating, altho it is of the finest. I want some limburger and California wine.

I meet plenty of people who have been in San Diego. They all wish they could stay there, especially now when it is getting cool.

With great love,
A. Beck

Sept. 23, 1900

Dear Eva,

Mr. Lewis now talks as if he would soon give Grace a position as telephone girl at $20 a month. I hope it will be a success.

I wish you could learn to make nice bread like Bessie does. She seems a very sweet obedient girl to me, and so does Lydia.

From Mamma

No. 337 Hudson Avenue
Chicago, Nov. 16, 1900

My dear daughter Evalinda Estella,

I acknowledge the receipt of your very nice letter of the 3rd instant. I note a great improvement in your writing, spelling and grammar.

My time as Inspector has been extended until November 30, 1900; and today a letter goes to Washington saying "The services of Mr. August Beck as Inspector, U.S. are still required until Dec. 31, 1900, and authority is requested to retain him until that time at the usual salary $100 per month." It is bitter cold here & tonight it is snowing again.

I have only been to one theatre since I came East, the "Studebaker" on Michigan Avenue, where they gave an opera "El Capitan" which was very nice. Yes, I have seen many minstrel shows in my time. They are very funny, but not very elevating. Yes, I know of the music produced by striking glasses with water in them & very sweet it is; the music with bells (bell ringing) is also very fine.

I guess that story about Myers getting married is a joke!

Mr. Quade writes, "All accounts from Fowler and Malaga are very favorable for Eva." I am very glad indeed.

Love to all,
Your father,
August Beck

Before November, 1930

Dear Mother,

I am glad that you are working but I certainly am sorry that I am not making enough money to give you some. Maybe someday I will be able to.

I have got a job drawing for the Herald. Of course I don't get any money for it; but nevertheless it's a start and maybe someday I will make enough money to help both you and Violet and repay you for all the things you have done for me.

I am now taking typing at school and I'm getting so I can type a little better now.

Lovingly,
David (Earl)

NOTE: David was in his Junior year at San Diego High School when he died. The principal, Mr. Aseltine, said he was the most promising student they had. He was an artist.

December 17, 1930

My Dear Sister Earl,

How my heart went out to you in sympathy when I heard of your great sorrow, for it is a sorrow to be parted from our dear ones even when we know they are ready to go.

What a fine looking boy he was, and what lovely things were said of him!

May our loving Heavenly Father put His arms underneath you and help you in this deep heartache. He knows just how to comfort and help.

I love you, dear, and think of you as a fine, golden-hearted lady, brave and true.

And someday, if we are faithful, we can go where sorrow and crying will never come.

Lovingly,
Bessie MacMillan

DAVID EARL
1914 - 1930

In the death of David Earl, 16-year-old boy, whose political cartoons in recent issues of The Herald aroused widespread comment, San Diego has lost a youth of unusual promise.

David had much more than a talent for drawing. His mind was active along numerous lines, and he had a keenness of intuition and a sureness of reasoning found ordinarily only in those of mature mind and ripened experience. His drawings for The Herald were made by him without coaching or supervision, and embodied the ideas which he had gathered from his own examination of public affairs without assistance.

His death came after a brief illness, a quick attack of polio being the immediate cause. He was taken just when his abilities were becoming developed and when it was apparent to those around him that he had an assured future.

To his parents and relatives, as well as to all his friends, The Herald extends its sincere sympathy in their bereavement —a sympathy which is more poignant in that The Herald has come to look upon David Earl as its own.

DAVID EARL
Jan. 1914 - Nov. 6th, 1930

The destiny that shapes the lives
of men, endowing some
With gifts whereby the whole
world may be blessed,
Causes one to travel long the road of
Disappointment, Poverty and Age,
Having pity on another, takes him
in the Springtime of his hope.
While Fame and Fortune smile,
and all the world is full
Of love and goodness.

James Louis Earl

TO DAVID EARL

To have known David Earl was a privilege I shall hold in the secret places of my heart. A man's boy, but shy and rather sweet he was, looking at life through lowered lashes, seeing for the most part the good there is, and absorbing it for his own.

He, in the past few months has taken part in the lives of all of us here at the studio, perhaps more than we knew, and now that he is to be separated from us for a while, we are realizing the touches of human sympathy he brought, the good he shared with us, and the evil he held back.

Somehow, David is still with us, his quaint sayings, his services to us all, will live on and make us realize that a good deed is immortal.

The gift he had in art he was developing rapidly and we were proud of that development. Certainly he had not buried his "talent" in the ground, but rather it was taking on the lustre that comes with consecrated effort and love for work.

That a soul such as his goes on, there can be no doubt. The influence of his short life here on earth is felt by all he came in contact with and his passing has saddened us all for the time, but he leaves a memory so full and sweet that my heart swells in gratitude for what he has done for me.

EDWARD C. NORTHRIDGE,

From the Studio of the Associated Artists (his studio). November 8, 1930.

Fresno, Calif.
Rt. 4, Box 84
Dec. 1, 1930

Dear Eva,

This nice paper is a pleasure to use, but dear girl, you should not have been so generous.

I wish I had known how to be of more comfort and help to you while I was there. It is so little anyone can say or do to make it any easier, only to show, as many did, that they grieved with you, and longed to give some comfort and sympathy.

Ruth said there was a notice in the Fowler paper about David, saying you lived there some years ago.

Every day seems full since I came home, and my head is full of what I want to get done before Christmas.

Donald and Jessie have been home once since I came back. Jessie was very glad to have the clothes Violet sent for the baby. It is creeping now and looks so well and sturdy. Ethel's baby has been quite sick, but was better when she wrote. Chester's wife came up for Thanksgiving and called one evening with her mother and father.

We are pretty well here. All the homefolks express so much sympathy for you.

With much love and many thanks.

Your Aunt Flora E.

Aug. 30, 1939

Dear Aunt Flora,

It is 6:30, and I expect Eugene and Birdie any moment. We are going on a trip to see the timber tract, and we will see Ralph's and Jimmie's families in Oroville, and Mina and Edna Childers at Glen Ellen, and we hope to make San Francisco, though that would be a long trip for a one-seated car.

We'll be wondering how matters go in Europe. Last night, Hitler sent a long note to England. The nations in Europe are preparing for the worst. God Bless America, and I hope we don't get into war.

We'd feel more like helping England and France if they had been more grateful for our help before; but they called us "Shylock," and didn't pay back the money we loaned and said we had come in at the tail-end to get the glory.

It is not right for Hitler to have such power. I hope our Congress and Senate does not give Roosevelt that power, though he'd like it well enough.

I told Beulah that the Bible Dorcas was remembered for the garments she made; and I wondered if I would be remembered for the clothes I had given.

Violet

411 21st St.
San Diego, Calif.
Aug. 17, 1955

Dear Miss Frazee,

Will add a note to my dear sister's letter to our beloved teacher. She has been most faithful helping me the last year

and a half since my sudden stroke. It came as I was prepared to go to San Francisco for our General Conference of Seventh Day Adventists. I was able to go to our yearly Camp Meeting at Lynwood this June.

I have a very tender memory of you as the one who gave me first love of poetry. As a nurse, my half dozen scrapbooks of choice poems were passed on to many patients. Violet had one book of poems, illustrated by herself, published, also a Home Folks Book.

One of my grandchildren, Charles, is in the forestry department. He just graduated from high school. His brother, David, will be in the last year of college next term. Was in the service in Japan.

My sister gives families nice places to live in her half dozen rentals. During the wars, she helped many to be near loved ones in the big house we live in. She has kindly provided a home for me for the last twenty years.

Lovingly,
Eva. E. Earl

NOTE: Elizabeth Frazee was our 8th grade teacher at Middletown School. At a recent Old Timers' picnic, there was a reunion of her former pupils. She was over 90 when she died.

556 W. 10th
Escondido, Calif.
Oct. 26, 1955

Dear Folks:

Just a note to say hello; seems as though lately I've been rather busy nursing and baby-sitting. Dave brought his girl friend up for me to meet last week. Carolyn Cook is really a lovely girl. She goes to State College, also. Dave is busy on a Greek Play. He does the electronics.

Charles is off from Forestry next Saturday night. Yesterday he was off and it was such a beautiful day that we just took off and went for a long drive and I surely did enjoy it. We went up to Palomar. It is really lovely there this time of year. The sycamore trees are changing color. We went up to the Lookout Tower; it was somewhat hazy but the view still was something grand.

We came back by way of Lake Henshaw. Everything was beautiful but so dry.

Well, I must get to the store before it closes.

With love,
Lillian

411 21st St.
San Diego 2, Calif.
Nov. 4, 1956

Dear Aunt Flora:

Eva urges me to go up and see the Art Society's display of paintings on the lawn at the Laurel Street entrance this afternoon. Eva will not be able to go this time, she had not been downstairs until yesterday when Mabel Blout came to take her to church and Sabbath School. She was really worse than Mary had written; she'll have to keep quiet and I hope she builds up again. Mary, and Mildred Walker and Mr. Riley helped take care of her.

. . . It was a beautiful ride from Bakersfield into the mountains and over Tehachapi. The sun was going down; and the lilac and gold colors on the mountains were dreamlike, as in the paintings of Maxfield Parrish. I had a seat behind the driver, who was kind, polite, and thoughtful, James Buckley. It was almost midnight when I got to bed. Mr. Riley got up to see if I were there. I was reading some of the accumulated letters. I've been trying to catch up on things. The folks here were relieved to have me back. Next day Mary came up toward evening with tomato soup, to help out with Eva. It is wonderful to have a friend like her at hand; and I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for her, and for other friends and relatives. Edna Burroughs and her children were so kind and thoughtful toward me at Knightsen.

Edna has done so much for me through these many, many years. She prizes the pictures I have taken of her family, and the sketches I write, to record the life on the ranch. My life has been so much fuller because of her. My life has been fuller because of all of the friends and relatives. I can name them one by one, and thank God for them; and their love toward me, more precious than silver and gold. So many of them have gone, though I hope to see them again some day. Alta remarks, "There are fewer and fewer to visit, year by year."

It is better to clear up misunderstandings while we are alive; it is dreadful to feel hurt, and never have a chance to make things clear. And, if we can't clear up the misunderstandings, if it is impossible, we should forgive, and not allow bitterness to eat out our souls. There are so many lovely things; and we should thank God when He gives us the victory; and that He has given us the opportunity to do good to those whom we have loved. We should go the second mile; therein lies blessedness.

Thank you and Uncle Gene for my visit at your house. I ate the pork meat sandwich on the bus, and finished it at noon today, and remembered your pleasant home, and Fresno in the autumn. I used the flashlight lamp beside my bed. Mr. Riley is intrigued by it. He was about worn out. He says, "When Eva wants something, she wants it right away."

Lovingly,
Violet

Undated

Dear Aunt Flora:

It is a nice day, sunny and pleasant. We have had a regular Indian Summer month. A sudden shower freshened the air. If I write for the last Homefolks book, it will be to thank Violet for all she has done for me and my children and Lillian's children. She has helped David more; Charles is more self-reliant.

Dr. Christie came last Sunday and gave me an excellent adjustment, and advised me to eat lots of gelatin to thicken my blood. He also discovered what has been causing my left eye to feel like cotton. That will cut down some on my reading and checker-playing, although doctors do very remarkable things now. But my life is drawing to a close anyway. It was harder for poor Aunt Salema who was darkened in her crippled condition. She has her Everlasting Friend to lean upon.

What a privilege is a prayer life! Morning, noon or eventide you don't need to wonder ever, if you keep Him by your side.

Lovingly
Eva

JAMES CLARK EARL

(talking to Violet)

January 20, 1958

My mother's name was Melissa Bowen and her father's name was David Bowen. I don't know her mother's name. Their children were Melissa, David and John. David was a cooper, one who made barrels, butter-tubs and bands. He was tall and lived in Holland, Michigan. Uncle John was youngest of the boys.

Melissa married Nathaniel Earl. He was a preacher of the Theosophical Church in Michigan, which was connected with that one over in Point Loma. Do? He never did anything but talk. Frances was their oldest child. Then came Sarah, Amy,

Miles, Mary, Abiel, and I was the youngest, James Clark. Myrtle's mother was Irene, daughter of my sister Amy, whose husband was Mr. Harris, foreman of the Pullman Car Works. Mary died about a year ago in Missouri, where she lived with her son, Clarence J. Doney, who works for an oil-business.

When I was four, we lived in a two-story house, and I fell down from the bannisters when the platform of the stairs gave way.

Miles and I used to climb up onto a bridge on hands and knees, a big covered bridge across the river, which emptied into the Missouri or Merrimac. Miles died when he was seven or eight, going to school. He got on a freight car and fell off. Across from the school was a big flour-mill.

When I was seventeen, I used to drive a bakery-wagon in Michigan City, south of the little town I lived in. A lot of Swedes lived around there, and most of them used dry-bread. They usually wanted "a couple of loaves of Rochenbrud," it sounded like.

My mother married again, a Mr. Miller.

I married Alice Anne Webster, who had a son, Allen. In 1898 we moved from Chicago, where Louis was born, and settled in Seattle, where Charles was born. Allen was in the Army and hunted us up in Berkeley when Eva and I had been married and were living there.

Violet: I remember Allen. He was blue-eyed and pleasant. He brought me a spear from some islands. He wrote for awhile, and then the letters stopped.

James: If he were alive, he would have come back.

Violet: He said you had been good to him. You always were kind to children. You showed Robert how to do carpentering, and you built the cabinets for Irene's dolls so she could display them at the County Fair. Lily wrote how much her children enjoyed having you come up to Everett. She told how proud you were of a big fish you caught. You haven't seen much of Lillian's boys, but they are fond of you. You've enjoyed Louis' children and Robert and Irene's children.

James: Oh yes! I see Irene's little boy every day. They live right next to us, and Robert's boy and he play together. Robert has a fine home at Encanto.

Violet: You've done lots of good. You've had those descendants, all of them good people. I've been grateful for your building onto the apartment so Eva and I had a larger place to live in.

James: I have to go now, as I have an appointment downtown.

San Diego
March 16, 1958

Dear Aunt Salema,

You will remember James Earl, Eva's husband, better than Hester does. We went to his funeral Wednesday. He was eighty-seven years old.

Friday, Mr. Riley and I went to the hospital, and the Adventist minister, Mr. Dunham was there already. James seemed to be in good spirits, asked after Eva, and said, "Tell her I'll be up to see her in seven days." But he died Sunday night. It was pneumonia.

He was a busy, interested, friendly man, active to the last. Mr. Riley said he would see him at the park or at the Greyhound Station giving out Adventist-doctrine tracts which he himself had written and had had printed.

He had lived with Charles and Myrtle for thirty-one years, and they had been kind and patient, and good to him. He built the house at 1129 Thirty-fifth Street, and David died after Charles and Myrtle came to live there. Robert and Irene grew up and married from there, and Irene's house is just next door. James would play ball every morning with her four-year-old boy and with Robert's boy, when he came. Myrtle says both children already miss their grandfather.

The funeral was held at Greenwood Mortuary, and the burial services were nearby in the same cemetery. There were so many flower-pieces, and the casket was handsome, gray with a raised top, and a blanket of red and white stock which the grandchildren had put together to buy.

Mr. Dunham sang "The Homeland," and his sermon and obituary were tactful, the sermon not doctrinal, but laden with Christian comfort. He said that Mr. Earl would be buried "near his son David, whom he loved very, very much." There were seventeen in the family room. Lillian had come with Charles, and David and Carolyn sat in front of me. Louis could not come from Everett.

When the cars drove over to the grave-site, it began to rain, so we waited until it slowed up. Then I got out to stand with the mourners, but Mr. Riley stayed in the car with Eva, who is crippled.

Charles Earl phoned afterwards that he thought the services were wonderful. Charles and Myrtle have come to our house twice since James died. I know James would be glad of that.

He was a good man, who did not smoke or drink, was a skilled carpenter, a devoted father, and a loyal Adventist. He was kind to his mother, Grandma Miller, whom I remember as a larger-built person than he was, with large brown eyes like David's. When she lived with James and Eva, Eva was good to her, too.

Mamma always liked James, and so did I. The minister spoke of his humor and cheerfulness. He was courageous, and interested in accomplishing. Many will miss his goings and comings in San Diego.

He did not have a long period of suffering. It was as if he were ripe for picking by the Great Orchardist. He went happily, with the love of his family. He believed in the Resurrection, so we can imagine him and David as waking up and rising together, to meet their Lord in the skies.

Lovingly,
Violet

LOUISE EDITH (MYERS) BECK and HER FAMILY

by Violet (Written 1963)

My mother, Louise, had the deep blue "Myers eyes," which Aunt Flora says really came from Great Grandmother Rachel. Her hair was long, light brown before it turned grey, and it would twist into strands when washed. She had a high forehead, straight nose, and a literary-artistic type of hand. In letter writing she had the gift of the Golden Pen. She wrote with a penholder made of mother-of-pearl with a golden pen in it.

At heart, she was a deeply loving person. When her father died, she grieved for years, just as he had done for his mother. She had much of his business ability.

When she was a little girl and Grandpa would take the cold, rough journey by wagon to Mt. Carroll, she would cry to go with him, and Grandpa would take her, knowing her worry for his safety, if she were left behind. He was a deeply religious man concerned for the souls of his children, with emphasis on keeping Saturday as the Sabbath; and my mother kept Saturday all her life, but joined no church. Her childhood faith must often have sustained her.

The growing-up period in Pleasant Valley was a happy one, with loving parents, a big group of brothers and sisters and nearby relatives. Once, Pam was chopping firewood with an axe, and he cut off one of Mamma's toes. Grandpa tied it

on, and it grew back. He attended to the injuries and broken bones, not only of members of his own family, but also of others in the Valley. Maybe Dr. Eugene Childers inherited his talent for doctoring from him. Grandma gathered and brewed herbs for medicines and poultices. My mother attended to most of our ailments, and also would pull teeth for neighborhood children. She gave them five cents a tooth.

There was plenty of work on the farm, and with babies, born every two years. The twins were born when she was 12, and George was her special care.

She graduated from the stone schoolhouse, attended the Academy at Mt. Carroll, and taught for a year in the home school. From her first year's salary, she saved enough money to buy a wax-headed doll for her little sister, Flora, whom she especially loved. The McCreery girls came visiting and chewed the wax off, and Aunt Flora tells me she howled loudly when she found it out; it had been such a pretty doll!

When my mother was 19, a travelling salesman put a pair of glasses over her eyes, and she saw the flies on the window for the first time. She and Aunt Lydia were very near-sighted.

There was one interval when Grandpa took the family to Florida, and left Rebecca behind, married. On the boat-trip home, my mother suffered sunstroke, and after that could not bear much exposure to sun.

For five or six years, she taught in country schools. One was in Nebraska, where Cousin Louise and George Annable lived; and she boarded part of the time with Mrs. Babson, whose daughter, Glen, became a life-long friend. I've heard many happy stories about sleigh-rides and other good times, and about relatives on that side of the family. Cousin Lou and my mother were both named after Louise (Annable) Appleby. Those two never had any shadow of turning between them.

I think my mother met my father through a clerk who worked under him in his office in Chicago. They were married at Grandpa's in Nora, and went to live in a house on Cottage Grove, where both Eva and I were born. When I was three, we moved to Champlain Avenue.

Because of my father's position in the Army, my mother had a pass to travel on railroads. One winter, she took us children to Aunt Becky's in Florida. Another winter there, we stayed at a hotel. A lady who boarded there, liked Eva, who would say, in her bedtime prayers, "Dod bress the lady what finks I'm dood."

Summer vacations, my mother would take us to Grandpa's at Nora, and once to Pleasant Valley.

After 1900, we would go to the Myers Colony at Malaga, where we stayed at the Homeplace. Oh! What wonderful memories! Bertha was only four years and eight months older than me, and others were still growing up. Little Lyddy and Bessie would come over from Uncle Phil's to play with us. Eva adored Aunt Flora, who understood her. Aunt Elsie and Uncle Max would come up Sundays from Fowler with their little ones. Grandpa was the gray-haired patriarch. Grandma had me feed the mother hens and baby chicks with soaked home-made bread. There was an avenue of tall poplars that shaded the homeplace. Aunt Lydia cried when they were cut down.

Here I am putting down memories as if this were also the story of my own life, which it is, for my mother was where her children were. She was faithful, but not possessive, and she shared her relatives with us, giving us memories beyond price.

She and Aunt Lydia taught me how to read, write, and count, when Aunt Lydia was staying with us in Chicago on Champlain Avenue. To that house came many friends and relatives, especially during the World Fair of 1894. Tom Munkley, who had bought Grandpa's farm in Pleasant Valley, came then and brought Eva and me each a child's set of silver knife, fork and spoon.

Shortly after the World's Fair, my father was transferred to the Arsenal at Benicia, and in the transition period, my mother and we two girls stayed two months in the winter at the homeplace, and Eva and I attended school at Malaga. Hazel Gibbs was my seat mate, and we did our lessons on slates with slate pencils. "Miss Berdie" was teacher of our room of the first four grades, and Bertha, Lydia and Rose Graham were in her room. Eva, Bessie, Steve, Renvy, and the boys Grandpa could spare from the work were in the upper grade room. Sometimes Grandpa took us to school in a low open vehicle, driving Nellie, Fanny or even Potsy.

Those three years at Benicia were a golden era in our family life. My mother enjoyed the Arsenal friends, the sewing circle at the Methodist Church, the socials held at our roomy house, the visits of relatives. The railroad had been built past the homeplace, and Grandpa had been given a pass for members of his family, who made use of it to visit us before the railroad was sold to another company. Mina came from Fowler. Renvy was with us one school term. Flora, Judah, Gordy, Grandma came.

The last summer, Mamma took only me to the Colony, as Grandpa was ill. It was a hard summer. My job was to look after Bertha who was disturbed. I took ill with typhoid malaria the morning we left on the train for Benicia. Scarcely had we reached home when the telegram came that Grandpa had died, and Papa took Mamma back to the funeral. She hired a nurse, but it was Eva and Mr. Quade who took care of me. I could not attend school the remainder of that year.

With Papa's retirement, we moved to San Diego, and lived first on Golden Hill, then on Hawthorne and Union, in a newly built 14 room house which Mamma bought, where we lived five years. Mr. Quade was our boarder and kind friend, good to us while Papa was called back to service during the Spanish American War and afterwards.

Suddenly, Papa again had depression, and Mamma went to care for him. (I think he had little strokes.) Eva was in Fowler, working for Mr. Howard Harris' weekly newspaper, the Ensign, and helping Mrs. Harris with baby Avery. She wanted me to come to Fowler to care for Avery so she could go to Yosemite. Then I stayed at Aunt Elsie's, Mrs. Streeter's, and Mrs. Giffen's until Mamma came to make a home for me so I could graduate from Fowler High School.

My eyes were tired out, and it was decided Papa and I would stay at the home of Uncle Judah and Aunt Salema until the Spring term began at College. With Papa's help, I made up a year's course in German, and we talked and sang in German together as we took walks all over the Colony. How we enjoyed being among the homefolks! Later, Mamma joined us, and we went to Berkeley.

There followed five and a half years at the University of California, until I obtained my bachelor's and master's degrees, and was ready for teaching in high school. Mamma was with us most of the time, but bronchial trouble necessitated a warmer climate and she would stay in San Diego some winters. She belonged to the D.A.R. and some other Circle there and enjoyed social life.

The second year we were in Berkeley she had bought a lot on Grant Street, and had a Queen Anne type of house built, where we lived, and to which relatives came, summers. Eva and James were married there, with me as bridesmaid and Myers as best man. Other relatives came to that event, including Aunt Salema with three weeks old Hester, on their way home from St. Helena. That was just before I received my Master's degree. Mamma was already very tired, but she

made the dress I wore then, of white linen trimmed with inset embroidery, just as she had made most of my dresses all my life. She did so much for her girls. She was a sacrificing mother.

Mamma kept that house for several years, and we would reunite there summers when I would come home from teaching.

Eva's little Lillian was the delight of our hearts. When Eva lived next door, baby John was born, but lived only five months. David was born at Dr. Maxson's Sanitarium in Oakland, where Eva had taken her nurse's training. Grandma would come from Malaga to escape the heat. During the 1915 to 1916 San Francisco Exposition, relatives and friends stayed at our house, including John Myers and Glen Babson from the East. A most welcome weekly visitor was Cousin Mina Bryan, who worked in Dr. Adelaide Brown's home in San Francisco and who would come on her day off. She and Papa would go to a show.

In 1911 Mamma sold that house and built this one in San Diego, at 411 21st Street, which also has been a home of refuge and a place of reunions. Grandma, Eva, Lillian, David, and Aunt Flora were with us most. Relatives back East, with whom Mamma had kept in touch, came from different branches of the family, sometimes to stay quite awhile.

A period of happiness began when Cousin Louise (Annable) Young and her husband, Roy, came to live, first in San Diego, then in Ocean Beach, and Nettie and George Grey, Guy Young and George Annable followed them. We visited back and forth. Mamma spoke of Cousin Lou as "dearest and best of all women."

Then, Cousin Angie Huber and her mother, Sarah Carlton made their presence known. For thirty-five years they had not contacted us because of an old feud between Sarah's father, Nicholas, and Mamma's father, Darius, over the inheritance from their parents. For the first time I met my cousins Lester and Vernon Johnson, though they were little boys living across the corner from the school grounds when I attended Sherman School in 1897. There still remained years of rich relationship. Eva, especially, was beloved by them. She was with Cousin Sarah at the last, as she had been with Cousin Lou. Now, only Lester, Eva and I remain of the San Diego relatives.

My mother never was strong, and during the later years had bronchial trouble and wanted me with her. So, I stayed home most of the time and substituted or taught by the semester in San Diego City and County. I went on with my artwork and for several years went out on Saturdays with the painting class of Otto Schneider, by sea, park, and mountains. Mamma was proud of my paintings, and pleased with the Home Folk's Book, printed in Mr. Romer's class at San Diego High.

Before Mamma died, there occurred deaths of loved ones, of Grandma, Aunt Lydia, Aunt Bertha, Uncle Phil, Uncle Judah, Cousin Lou and, hardest to bear of all, of Eva's David, young and of great promise. For a long time, Eva would go every Sabbath to bring flowers to his grave.

My mother made one last trip back East to visit relatives shortly before she died. Aunt Flora was with her the last three weeks of her life. Oliver and Lalie came toward the end. I think she had been having strokes, though Dr. Erkenbeck never did diagnose exactly.

Charles and Mary Davenport, her tenants downstairs, were angels of mercy. The Adventist nurse said, "Your mother's attitude was Christian." Mamma would sing, "He'll go with me through the Garden," and that is what was cut upon her tombstone beneath the marble angel.

One day toward the last, she called me "Precious Girl," and said I had been a comfort to her all my life. She asked me to add to the capital of the inheritance she was leaving us, and I have, besides helping Lillian, which she would have wanted. When I have helped homefolks, I felt it was her gift, also.

The funeral was conducted by the ladies of her Circle and fine things were said of her. Her dentist and business friends came; several members of my Philathea Sunday School class with Mrs. Phillips, our teacher, were there. That class has been a tower of strength to me throughout the years. My mother lies near the Moose Circle on a slope facing the mountains. I shall lie next to her, and Eva will be beside David, a few feet away. Lillian will be very near. Cousin Lou and her group are nearby. Cousin Angie is within the edge of the Moose Circle, and James across the road from David. We are a family colony out at Greenwood Cemetery.

Jesus said He would prepare a place for those who love Him. That is our hope for a heavenly reunion.

OUR LIVES, SINCE 1933

June 22, 1963

It has been 30 years since our mother died in 1933. November of that year, Eva and I went to Honolulu, and returned by way of Vancouver, British Columbia, where we visited Howard Smith and his two girls. Later, Eva took several trips to Honolulu, one with Aunt Flora, one with Jessie Golder, a friend from Fowler Ensign days.

With her inheritance, Eva entered the real estate field and took pleasure in buying small houses, fixing them up and selling them.

In 1954, preparing to go to Camp Meeting, she had a stroke, but recovered so she could walk with a cane, and for three years she was able to go to Balboa Park to play checkers, and was taken to church by Mable Blount. Then, for four years and four months she lay bed-ridden in the Long Room, growing more paralyzed. She enjoyed T.V. serials, sister Stoessel's massage treatments, and visits of friends. The Adventist Church has been faithful. Mr. Riley fed her and ran errands. The last year she had a nightnurse. Finally, we took her to Cromwell Lodge Convalescent Hospital. Dr. Christie takes me there Fridays at one o'clock, and adjusts her back. She loves Miss Anderson, the head nurse. She is bright eyed, but helpless and tired, she who was so active.

My life has been full and busy. I kept on substituting in high schools and college in San Diego City and County until I was 65. Three times I took long trips back East. I go to see the homefolks and friends in Fresno and around the Bay Region. Many times I have visited my college friend, Edna Nelson Burroughs, at Clover Leaf Ranch, Knightsen. Three of her children, Cynthia, Oscar and Ernest have their houses on the ranch. Rendall lives in Stockton. They and their children seem like relatives.

The Exposition of 1935 to 36 brought transient tenants, and so did World War II. There have been tenants right along in the Rear, Side, and Corner Cottages which James built for me. Sometimes I rent the downstairs of this house, but I like to have relatives and friends use it. Also, up on the hill on Island Avenue, I have six houses, and one on Imperial Avenue, most of them rented to families with children. Up in Ramona, I have two cottages and an old fashioned house, each occupied by an elderly person; and a one room cabin in which I stay when I am there.

Through these years I have been accumulating material for a second Home Folks Book, which has entailed much corresponding, research, and writing. My Christmas list of 600 has gone down to less than half with the passing years.

We have preferred to live upstairs in this big 12 room house. Eva could have her sunporch and her sleeping porch. From my ladder on the sunporch, I can watch the sunset

over Pt. Loma, the bay and the business portion downtown. To the north, is Balboa Park; to the East, the mountains; to the south, the coastline of Mexico; and all around are the homes, churches and schools of this Golden Hill area. The sunporch is over the Rear Cottage where Mr. Riley lives. In the corner Cottage lives Mary Davenport, our true friend, who has shared so much of our lives since 1915.

Almost every Sunday, Ruby Reed takes me in her car to the Baptist Philathea Class, to which I have belonged for 63 years. I decorate the room with flowers.

Many duties and pleasures have filled my days. "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord," and I do love Him. God has guided and protected me through these 76 years. As Eva said, "Whatever is to come, He will be there."

STORY OF EVA (BECK) EARL

June 26, 1963

A premature baby of seven months, she remained small, and was only a little taller than I was as we were growing up. When she was three, Papa promised her a baby brother for Christmas, so she thought I belonged to her and would wheel me about in my baby carriage. When I was able to walk, she bossed me around until one day I rebelled, "Oo do, Uva!" (You go, Eva!) Papa exclaimed, "A new era!"

With her golden curls, bright brown eyes and fair skin, she was noticed, and a man on a streetcar gave her a five dollar gold piece, which, placed in the bank, made her a capitalist. One day I leaned against Mamma, and complained, "Eva is pretty." Mamma put her arm around me and comforted, "You are good."

Eva was like Grandma Myers, wanting to go and do. Once, on Hawthorne Street, when Mamma had said she couldn't go down to the bay and push a raft around, she wailed, "You and Baby can stay at home, but I got to go!" Her adventurous spirit made my life richer. We were good to each other.

Eva was seventeen when she went to Malaga, and stayed at Uncle Judah's. For awhile, she lived at Aunt Elsie's in Fowler and worked in the fruit packing house. Then she went into the Ensign office where she set type; also she helped care for Mrs. Harris' delicate baby Avery. From there, she entered the Nauheim Sanitarium in Oakland, and graduated as a trained nurse. She would say, "I prefer the beginnings and endings of life, "babies and elderly people. Obstetrics was her specialty. There were mothers who became life long friends; other patients loved her dearly.

After she was married, and while Lillian and David were still young, she returned to nursing, to support them and did not have too easy a time. James tried, but could not do more than make a home for his own two boys, Louis and Charles.

Eva and the children were with Papa in Honolulu for awhile. She nursed there and after her return to California.

This house of Mamma's in San Diego was a refuge for both of us, and for the children. At last, James built a house and took David. Then his son Charles, with his wife and baby came to live with them. Eva and David went to Sabbath School and Church together, and sometimes David came to help his mother when she had baby cases, with the housework to do.

It was on such a case that the Cadiente family came into our lives. It was an interesting, gifted Filipino family, with an intelligent mother, Anita, and a friendly good-meaning father, Vicente. Eva was called as nurse when Mary had the Measles. Then came the births of Gerardo, Barbara, Charlotte, Stella, Vincent, Violet Eva and David. Eva paid toward tuition for them in the Adventist Academy, and for piano lessons for Mary and Charlotte. I helped with Gerardo and with violin and dancing lessons for them all. Now, all are in the entertainment field, except Stella and Charlotte. Last week, Mr. Riley visited Vincent and his wife Shirley in their home in Hollywood.

Eva found Mr. Riley in Pacific Beach, where he painted a house she sold. He was willing to paint or do anything, whether he knew how to do it or not. They had great times together. In the 18 years since she brought him home, I have never heard him speak a cross word to her. How kind he was when she lay helpless in this house!

She loved poetry. I cannot find the poem she selected to be read at her funeral. It was about a little girl who tried to help her mother mend a garment, and got the threads snarled and the patch pulled out of shape, but her mother commended her for trying to help. Eva hoped God would accept her efforts in the same manner.

HISTORY OF AUGUST BECK

Sergeant of Ordnance, U.S. Army, Retired

(Written by himself)

Born in Neckarsulm, Wuerttenberg, Germany, January 26, 1845

Father's Name: Johann Friedrich Ziegler

Mother's Name: Sophie Ziegler, nee Fees

My proper name is: Johann Friedrich Christian Ziegler

I assumed the name of August Beck on my departure from Hamburg, Germany, in the fall of 1865, as I had no permission to emigrate, and the police were hard to bribe in a case like mine, evasion of military duty, to the Kingdom of Wuerttenberg.

At the time of my departure, both my parents and one brother Friedrich Gottlieb, and one sister Christine, engaged to Carl Fischer, a Government Employee, now retired secretary of police in Stuttgart, Germany, were living. One sister, Louise, had died a few years before under distressing circumstances.

Father, mother, brother and sister have since departed, (the latter two also under distressing circumstances) whence there is no returning and I am all alone.

Christine left two sons, Gustav and Eugen, the former now a merchant in Vienna, Austria, the latter a minister of the gospel at present in Afalterbach, Wuerttenberg, Germany, and I have been in correspondence with the latter regularly for a long time and with the others mentioned occasionally.

Gottlieb left a widow and one daughter, Johanna, as far known, both alive.

Neckarsulm, where I first saw the light, how can I describe thee, the old quaint town on the hillside across the Sulm from my parental home on a hill opposite, with its old feudal walls still standing; the Catholic church in its splendid architectural solidity; the high tower surmounting the edifice, where I first learned to count the time on its four-fold immense clock dial, ¼, ½, ¾, and full hours striking. On this tower from a balustrade every Sunday for one hour or more, the city musicians from on high dispensed . . .

(The remainder of this history has been lost)

October 2, 1964

NOTE (by Violet): Just now, I have found "August's Account" in the First Home Folks Book, on Page 62, and wish it included here.

Aunt Flora and Aunt Lydia did much of the compiling and writing in the First Home Folks Book. I was teaching and using my eyes to capacity, so I brought their material to Mr. Romer, teacher of printing in San Diego High School, without

reading it over, nor did I proof read it. When he brought me the first 36 pages printed on newsprint paper, I did not have the money to have the work done over. Portions from those pages are included here as well as some from the better paper. I wish more could be included.

STORY OF AUGUST BECK who m. LOUISE MYERS

by Violet

My father's childhood was spent in Neckarsulm, Germany, where his father owned a pottery and kiln to which, in times of too much rain, the villagers would bring their sodden grain to be dried out and baked into bread by his mother.

Above the house, pear orchards and vineyards stretched up to the Black Forest, through which my father would roam. One day he found an ancient belt with coins dating back to the Roman occupation. Sunday afternoons, he would wander among the graves of the centuries old cemetery which lay beyond the wall behind his house, reading inscriptions; or he would sit under a tree, making up songs and tunes.

He and most of his family were brown eyed. So near to Alsace Lorraine, there could have been an admixture of French blood. On the school grounds French only was spoken and he spoke French perfectly. In the Austrian Gymnasium, he drew scrolls in acquiring his beautiful handwriting, and studied Latin and Greek. He could play the guitar and harmonica and had a lovely voice for singing.

A Lutheran priest harmed his Christian beliefs when he was 14 years old, but in latter years, early faith showed through and he would say his childhood table grace, "Komm, Herr Jesus, sei unser Gast, Und segne was du uns bescherret hast," which, translated, means, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou hast bestowed upon us."

In his teens, with four companions, he ran away to fight for Garibaldi, but the boys were located on a train to Italy and brought back.

As a salesman when he was twenty, he and a friend went to northern Germany. While watching a dance from a vestibule in a village hall, he was attacked by the son of the Burgermeister, and from then on, was persecuted by the Prussians. For that reason, and to escape military service, he left his native land with the passport of a Swedish man, Augustus Beck. Off Greenland, the ship was wrecked, and his trunk, containing the clothes his mother had knit for him, was lost. Another boat brought the survivors to New York.

Within three weeks, he had enlisted in the United States Army and was enroute to the Pacific Coast and San Diego to spend the winter at Fort Stockton, above what is now Old Town.

AUGUST'S ACCOUNT

Page 62, Home Folks Book (I)

From my home, I could see the chapel in the cemetery. From it issued sacred music; its sonorous, well toned bells called the faithful to Mass, to church, to weddings, and baptisms, and to the grave.

Standing at the window of the living room, I could see so often the funeral procession emerge from the Sulmer Door (Gate of Sulm) passing the Hotel outside the gate, crossing the bridge, and come slowly, solemnly toward me with its draped crosses and banners, the choir boys in front, the priest following. Then came the coffin, always carried by tender hands of friends and the unfortunate mourners; then the sympathizers. Up the steps into the chapel only fifty-three feet from the house, thirty feet below, goes the cortege, emerges on the other side; halts at the open, yawning insatiable grave; a little sermon, a little singing: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," silent tears, weeping, moans, shrieks, despairing cries; the clods beginning to fall on the coffin; a sound easily heard by me, the whole scene overlooked by me from the back steps of the house; and then the sad multitude slowly disorganized, returns home to struggle on again, to forget the dead, to wrong the living, to love, to hate, to sin and to die.

To the right of the house across a vista of flourishing fruit gardens and luxurious meadows about a mile away, the river Neckar in silvery splendor glistened in the sunlight; a tiny steamer plying between Heilbronn and Heidelberg, past ruins of ancient castles, renowned and forgotten battlefields, peaceful villages and towns, meadows and vine and fruit covered hills, slowly before my eyes appeared and slowly wound its way past the shoals to the halting place, fuming and fretting, disgorging and taking on its deck the always happy passengers.

To the left, over a panorama of more pretentious and cultivated tree fringed gardens, the banks of the Sulm arose, covered with grapevines to their very tops, the Gaisberg and the Kreutzberg, the latter's saddle on the North covered with a forest of beautiful trees of many varieties, among which I passed many hours, alone but happy, temporarily free as the bird soaring over my head, my young soul filled with love for the birds singing in joyous chorus.

by August Beck

MY FATHER

by Violet

All the way through University, my father helped me with my studies, especially with German, French, and History, reading to me, to save my eyes.

While I was teaching at Esparto and Kingsburg, he stayed with me and was a dear, helpful father. We used to take walks together. It was while I was at Blythe, that he was sent to Honolulu, and while I was at Patterson that the message came of his sudden death on November 19, 1917. Eva, with her two little children, were with him.

He was buried with military honors in Fort Scofield cemetery located on the Island of Oahu near Honolulu. Near the entrance I saw the fine tombstone with the name "Augustus Beck" upon it.

EVA'S DEATH

January 25, 1967

Eva and her three children all died in November, as did Papa. Mamma died in July, and James in March.

With Papa, Baby John, David and Lillian, the deaths were sudden and tragic, but with Mamma, James and Eva, Death must have been a release.

Eva was a helpless, paralyzed bed-patient for 8 years and 6 months. How patient, sweet and appreciative she was! But so very tired. Mrs. Hanes, manager at the hospital, phoned me, "Eva was alert all day, her eyes following Miss Anderson. Then she closed her eyes and was gone."

She looked pretty and rested in the casket, her poor twisted back straightened out. Our neighbors and relatives, friends from her Adventist Church and my Philathea Class, attended. Her minister, Elder Welklin, gave a wonderful talk, and so did Dr. Frank Lowe.

Now, she lies beside her beloved David, and Lillian lies above her a little ways, very near to Mamma. So much of love was embodied in those four, surely it cannot have ceased, but must be somewhere. This love I have in my heart for them must be going to them, wherever they are. God's love must hold this world, where David and Charles and I still are, together with that world where these loved ones are. His living presence can impart to our hearts a sense of peace. As Eva said, "Whatever is to come, He will be there."

Mon. Aug. 29, 1966

Dear Violet,

Your letters arrived with the checks Saturday. Thank you so much. I'll put the one for the trip aside until I leave. The other one I'll use to pay bills. The weather here today is nice and cool which is a treat. I'm gradually getting things ready although I still don't know the exact day I'll leave. Will let you know when I do.

Thanks again.

With love, Lillian

Sept. 19

Finally under way. I'll be at Ontario, at Charles' house until Thurs. when we plan to leave by train for Oregon.

Sept. 24

Left L.A. yesterday morning. Had a nice trip. We changed trains at Martinez, and boarded the Cascade about 6:30 Fri. Evening. Arrived in Albany at 7:45 this morning and then drove to where Pat's sister lives.

With love, Lillian

NOTE by Violet: Lillian went as a companion to a mother with a little girl. She sent me several picture-cards of their trips in Oregon. She was gone about three weeks. I saw her once after her return, when Alta and Tillman came from Bass Lake, and she came over to see them. She looked rested, and pretty in her new clothes. She went with Alta and Tillman for a fish-dinner near the Bay, and to the Light House.

Thursday, April 7, 1966

Dear Violet:

Your welcome letter arrived several weeks ago. Thanks for the check.

I went up to Ontario last weekend. They are all well. Darrell is as tall as I am. Coming back on the bus was a pleasure. The wild flowers around Parris and Elsinore are really beautiful. The wild lilacs are blooming north of Escondido.

Saturday I went to see the Sportsman and Travel Show in L.A. Really enjoyed it.

With love, Lillian

LILLIAN'S DEATH and FUNERAL

by Violet

Nov. 26, 1966

Lillian was killed by a car last Saturday in Escondido, as she was walking in an intersection of the business street at 4:15. A bar-maid of 21, hurrying to work, hit her, panicked, and carried her a long way. She was dead on arrival at Palomar Hospital. Her funeral was Tuesday, in Greenwood Cemetery. Her grave touches Mamma's at one end.

It was a sunny day with white clouds over the slopes and trees of the cemetery. David and Charles carried out Lillian's wishes for a Memorial Association funeral. Dr. Frank Lowe asked the relatives and friends to gather around the casket. I could see his eyes searching for mine as he looked between David and Charles, sitting in front of me, and spoke comforting words.

Charles and Myrtle Earl, with Robert's wife; Joyce, Linda and Tony; Alta and Tillman, ladies from my Philathea Class, and other friends were there. Ione came a little late, holding her orchid-piece. Mary Davenport sat on my left, and Orpha Harbaugh, Eva's Adventist friend, on my right.

When they had all moved away, I sat there and cried. David came and put his arms around me, tears on his cheeks. "Lillian had her wish for a simple funeral," he said, "and don't you think it was beautiful? I am so glad she had that nice trip lately."

Oh, if only I had done more for her! What is the use of all my work and saving, without her as my heir! She was dearest of all remaining on earth to me, my darling Darling.

"She always spoke well of everyone," David said. With courage and hard work, she raised her two boys, and was proud of how well they turned out. Both are happily married, to wives who have children, so they are in the midst of families, although they have no children of their own.

David has worked for Television Station KOGO in electronics for nine years. He has been offered a teaching job by San Bernardino College, which his step-son, Bert, is attending, but he wants to finish at San Diego State, and get his B.A. and M.A. degrees, and then teach Electronics by T.V. He has a brilliant mind, like that of his great-grandfather Beck, and is a student of Shakespeare.

Charles works for Kaiser at Fontana. He and David inherited their grandfather Earl's carpentering skill. They are tall and soft-spoken. David is 6 ft. 3 in. tall and has brown eyes. Charles is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, and has blue eyes. Lillian was 5 ft. 1 in. tall, and had hazel eyes. Her hair was chestnut—colored and wavy.

When she was little, her hair curled, as did Eva's. She was so sweet and good. Mamma and I often had her and her brother, David, in our home, because Eva was nursing. David and Papa and Eva had brown eyes. My eyes are blue, and so were Mamma's. Mamma, Eva and I were all around 5 ft. 2 in. Papa was average size and fine-looking, carried himself straight. His hair stayed brown, and so did Eva's. Mine is white. Mamma's was gray. David and Charles must get their height through their father, Claude. He was one-eight Cherokee Indian, the rest English.

Papa loved Lillian when she was little. They would go walking together or go to a show. He called her "My Horned Owl," because her forehead went up at both sides around her hair.

God have Lillian in His keeping. God comfort us who mourn her untimely death.

Wedding picture of
JAMES CLARK EARL and EVALINDA BECK,
May, 1909, 2233 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif.

Front Row: Eunice and Flora Washer, Violet, Mrs. Lemos, August Beck, Eva, Dr. Harriet Maxson, James Earl, Louise Beck, Myers Bryan, Grandma Melissa Myers, Adventist Minister and wife, Aunt Salema between them.
In Back: Friends.

LOUISE

Top Row: Melissa Myers, Lillian and Eva. Eva and Violet. August. Melissa Earl with David.
Middle Row: August. Louise. Eva with baby. Jimmie and Lily Earl. James Earl. David with dog.
Bottom Row: Herbert Riley, Violet and Mary Davenport. Rev. Nauman, Claire and David Sutton. Violet, at Old-Timers' Picnic, Daley Ranch. Lillian, Joyce, Charles, Tony, Darrell and Linda.

LOUISE

Top Row: Eva, Jennie King, Jessie Golder, on Lurline. Eva and Violet. Eva, August, Louise, Violet. Eva.
Second Row: Clarence and John King, with Charles Sutton between them, on seashore in Mexico. August, Lillian, David. August. Eva as bridesmaid to Aunt Flora. David Earl.
Third Row: John King, Charles, Violet, Eva. Eva, Louise, Lillian, Grandma Myers, August. David.
Fourth Row: Charles, Lillian, Eva. Louise by seashore. Glen Babson, Louise, in Berkeley. Violet and Lillian. Louise with Lillian.
Fifth Row: David and Lillian. David and Charles. Charles & Joey Dustin. Eva and Lillian. Grandchildren of Louis and Lily Earl. Eva winding camera key. Violet by fir tree on her Ramona place.

LOUISE

Top Row: Lillian, with flowers for graduation from high school. Eva and Mrs. Riley. Violet.
Second and Third Row: Violet in oak tree, campus Univ. of Calif., Berkeley. James, Eva with Lillian, Mill Valley. August as First-class Sergeant, with Bubby. Mildred Watkins, a friend, and Eva with Kodak.
Fourth and Fifth Row: Charles, Eva, David, Carolyn and Lillian. Eva playing checkers. Violet. Ferryboats between San Diego and Coronado, Apr. 31, 1926. David Earl.

LOUISE

Top Row: Carolyn, David, Lillian with tapa cloth. John King, Charles, Violet, Eva. Lillian, David.

Middle Row: Sidney Earl, Lily, Alice, Sylvia, Allan, Jim, Louis. Louis' grandchildren. Lillian, David. Louise. Eva, Flora. Violet, with flowers for Sunday-School. August.

Lower Row: Eva. Charles, Lillian, Eva. Lillian, Charles. Charles, Joey.

LOUISE

Top Row: Gustav Fischer, Eugen Fischer, Carl Fischer, Friedrich Gottlieb Ziegler, Johanna Ziegler, Anna, Johanna and Friedrich Gottlieb Fischer.

Second Row: Carl, Christine, Eugen and Gustav Fischer, August Beck, 1910. August Beck, 1900. Neckarsulm, 1960. Postcard from Eugen Fischer (1908).

Third Row: Karl, Erma Fischer, John and Beatrice Hewitt. August Beck, U.S. Army. August, Louise, Violet and Eva, 1890. Introduction to History of August Beck in his own handwriting.

Fourth Row: August Beck in Honolulu. Road near Scofield Barracks Cemetery, "where Papa is at rest." Karl Alfred, Rosa, Erma and Karl Schmidt, Elsa and Emma Fischer.

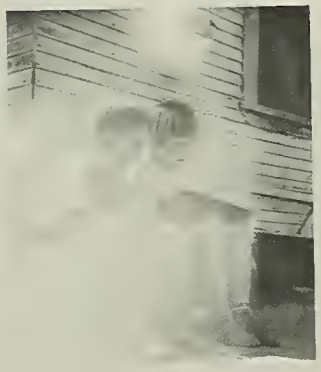
COLLECTION OF LOUISE

First Row: August Beck, Chief Clerk, Dept. of the Interior, U.S. Army at Omaha, Nebraska, c. 1880, middle front, with some of staff. Avery Harris, Lillian Earl. 2233 Grant St., Berkeley, Louise and Lillian.

Second Row: Plenic at Ocean Beach, Darius, Flora, Cousin Lou, David, Violet, Roy Young. Harris Family Group—Avery, Howard, Ella, Frank, another couple with Mrs. Amos Harris, middle front. August Beck, in Berkeley. Louise Beck. Eva, with Lillian and John.

Third Row: Group in Berkeley—Gertrude, Susie, Grandma, Hattie and Nettie (Susie's sisters). Eva with David, Mildred, Lillian. Louise. Mr. Quade and Lillian feeding the pigeons at the Exposition. Hawthorne Street house, with August, Bubby, Louise, Eva, Violet with bicycle. Louise, Violet in front room at 411 21st St., San Diego.

Fourth Row: Violet, Louise in dining room. David Earl. Louise, Violet in front of 411 21st Street.



HAPPY MEMORIES, NO. 1

First Row: Jimmie's Exchange, Oroville, Jimmie and helper in front. Carol, Clifford and Chuck. Marion, Joyce, Stephen, Jimmie and Julie Ann Crowder.
Second Row: Waiting for the school bus: Carol, Jerry, Dennis, Pat, three neighbor boys and Jackie. Beulah and Violet. Donna and Dennis Myers, with Kelleen.
Third Row: Shirley Ann. Alma and Amanda Ekstrom, friends of Violet, in their farm home near Selma. Douglas listening to Virginia read. Aunt Flora with Donna and Dale.
Fourth Row: At a neighbor's house: Charles, Gordon, Leonard, Frances, Violet Eva, neighbor and daughter. Connie Lacy. Donnie on tricycle, Douglas and Virginia. Violet in high school graduation dress, with her canary bird perched on her finger.

HAPPY MEMORIES, NO. 2

First Row: Davey Pontius. Children at Reunion, c. 1918: Helen Dougherty, Connie, Beulah Myers, Ione Vougt, Eunice Washer, Ruby Myers, Ethel Washer, Herbert Lehrbach, in front; Ruth Washer, Lillian Earl, Nellie Myers, Hester Myers, David Earl and Donnie Washer.
Second Row: Shirley Ann Myers. Aunt Flora A. and Uncle Phil Myers. Boyd Marley, Mary Ellen and Joyce Newton. Birdie Childers, Phil Bratton, Eugene Childers.
Third Row: Ellen holding Joyce, Bob Newton, Bernadine and Jerry. Jerry, Bernadine, Joyce and Tommy.
Fourth Row: Jerry Bratton, Dennis and Carol Schmidt. Alta with Penny. Joyce. Carol, Clifford and Chuck near Fancher Creek. Birdie with Chuck, Florabelle and John Bosquet. Ellen with Bobby.

PRECIOUS MEMORIES

First Row: Livia Marley, Lela with Paula Mae, Eunice with Douglas, Beulah with Elden, Brent. Lillian, Eva, David Earl. Charles, Lillian, David Sutton. Charles, David.
Second Row: Elden, Beulah, Alton, Boyd, Tamara, Milo Marley. Susie Myers, Flora. Grandma Myers. Salema, Judah.
Third Row: Gilmore Childers. Bertha, Birdie Childers. Edith, Flora, Bertha, Melissa, Birdie. Carol Schmidt, Jackie, Jerry Bratton.
Fourth Row: Lydia Wilder, Ruthie, Flora, Edith Washer. Flora, Edith, Donnie, Virginia, Jessie, Donald Washer. Bernie and Ruth Bibb, Tillman and Alta Bratton, Gertrude and Fred Rhodes.

PRECIOUS PICTURES AND PRAYERS

First Row: Aunt Flora with Donald. Grandma's blessing at table. Grandma, holding her flowers.
Second Row: Eva Beck, c. 1900. Grandma Myers, holding David Earl. August Beck, c. 1892.
Third Row: Louise Edith Beck, c. 1892. Uncle Judah's morning prayer. Judah Myers, c. 1899.

Pleasant Valley
Nov. the 6, 1878

DEAR SISTER LUE

I received your kind and welcome letter . . . how is your good health this morning? . . . I have done the washing and one thing and another I had eighty garments in the wash I most general get it out about noon but last time I got it out three o'clock we have a line to put our clothes on it is wire and we have a new wringer and we have that soap. Ma makes the bread. My hare is a inch below my waste. I dont care to have Charles to myself I wish you was here to send him home The time you parted with him in Carrol I had a fine time that night I drove the most of the way and we met that girl and we was a singing Come thou fount of every blessing and when we was to the end the girl said take my heart o take and seal it seal it for thy courts above and she put her hand to her heart and waved it toward him and he thought it fun. Do you remember my poor Anny cow she is dead I was up the Redfords when it hapend. the tears flode down my cheeks for my cow. Pa came back last Monday and I did not know him he was standing out by the fence. We had a quilting last week and we had 7 quilting persons and had ever so much fun. We quilted that Jobes-troubles quilt. My eyes are better. good-by from your true sister Elsie M.

Der sister we have got our clover all cut but 4 loads Dryius Myers

Nora, Illinois, July 20, 1882

Dear Sister Lou,

Lydia and I are keeping house alone. All but George and Flora and the rest have all gone down home. They went yesterday and won't be home until Sunday or Monday. We had company last night-Mr. and Mrs. Scofield and Emma and Willie Scofield and Mr. Stewart, he lives with Scofields. He comes to see Lydia every Sunday night. They staid until eleven o'clock. We had a very pleasant time. I expect you are up to your elbows teaching school today. I guess you will teach school until doomsday.

Ma had been home three weeks Friday coming. I think she might have staid to home and let me go down to the valley. I guess I will never get to go down. Did we tell you we had a new carpet? It cost $20, it is ever so nice and we have new window curtains. We got the carpet while Ma was gone and put it down before she come back so we could surprise her. Before she went she sewed rags enough for a carpet and wanted us to have it wove while she was gone but we got a new one a week ago Monday.

(Note: Grandma always felt disappointed that her carpet rags had not been used.)

We all went to a show in Warren but Ma and Birtie and Birthie.

I had a good time the Fourth. I went to Freeport with Mr. Fay on the cars. I had everything I wanted. I guess he spent five dollars. I had candy and lemonade, the music was good and the procession was ever so nice. We ate at the hotel. We had a nice dinner and supper and the fire-works was just beautiful and after the fire-works there was a dance. I guess I will go down to grandma's in three or four weeks if nothing happens. What do you think of my going down there? Write me a nice long letter the next time and don't wait so long again. Hurry up that school and come home. From your true and loving sister, Elsie.

Fowler, Calif.
1-14-12

Dear Eva,

I haven't heard if you got home all right or not. We are enjoying good health. I just got a letter from Judah and Salema. Mamie is away visiting with a friend for a few days and Lalie was married a week ago today. She came up today to help me wash so my girls don't forget me if they are married. They were married in Fresno last Sunday.

One of my eyes is bothering me.

My regards to all the family. May you enjoy God's richest Blessings.

Your loving Aunt Elsie Platzek

January 26, 1922
Mendota, Calif.
c/o Arbios Station

Dear Aunt Louise,

. . . Thank you for the lovely little baby dress you sent little Dorthy, it sure is beautiful all handmade. I don't see how anybody could have the patience to make anything so fine . . . and I want to thank you for that beautiful collar. I am sorry I didn't get to send you more than those holders for Christmas but we were so stormed in we couldnt get to town . . . I was afraid Dorthy and Marie was going to have pneumonia I have kept Antiphlogestine jackets on them for over a week . . . We had a very fair day Christmas. Johnny came home for two weeks vacation. Rudy came and stayed a week, then Carl and Esther came for a week. I sure enjoy company out here, but I have sure been busy. . . .

Your loving niece Lenora

Taft, Thursday Morning.

Dear Violet,

. . . We have enjoyed having Eva with us. She has had her wish — to be thawed out. On Tuesday, the temperature rose to 104°. . . .

How nice it has been to look through the various picture books Eva has brought from Hawaii! She has been so kind and patient to explain them, adding bits of interest from her own experiences and trips. . . .

She has been so generous with gifts. Thoughtful, sweet and kind, that's Eva.

It seems that uppermost in your minds are thoughts of doing good for all — adding a little happiness here and there. It is a beautiful pattern for living. Many hold you in their prayers, and love enfolds you as a soft blanket that comforts.

In these troubled times, we can find so much to help us feel more secure in our Master's words. In the Ninety-first Psalm I love one simple verse so much — "For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

Lovingly, Esther

Mendota, Calif., Dec. 3, 1934

Dearest Eva,

I was so glad to get your letter. It has been a long time since I have seen or heard from you. I have thought of you often and wondered how you were. I have often thought how good and kind you have been to me. You have been more of a sister to me than my own sisters which I love dearly.

I think, Well, I will write tomorrow. Not writing is my one great sin. Each day finds me no farther ahead than yesterday. The first thing I know it will come time to die and I won't be ready.

I was so glad Violet came and made us a visit last summer only she didn't stay long enough. She took some real sweet pictures of the children.

I have a neighbor living here on the plant that is an Adventist. She has Sabbath School at her house every Sabbath which Marie and Dorthy enjoy very much.

Marie is going to school in the second grade and learning so fast. Can't be possible that little David is in the sixth grade? Dorthy still talks about her "Dabid." Tell him I would like to have him come and make us a visit again. I loved the little fellow. He won't have to take care of the baby as she is so

big and the least bit of trouble now. She will soon be four. Her daddy thinks she is about right.

We were over to see aunt Flora not long ago. She looked so sweet and pretty. They were well.

We were to see Grandma. She is so feeble. She can't walk across the floor alone, but is it any wonder at her age? Soon a page in life's history will be passed. Oh, if we could only keep our dear ones with us!

Oliver and Marie were vaccinated for small-pox, and the doctor says the carbuncle on Oliver's wrist was from it. I decided Dorthy and I wouldn't have it.

Sister Ethel is getting along fine, still working. She and Aunty were out here. Aunty looks just fine.

Carl and his wife and kiddies are living down to Taft. They like it fine. Jim and his wife nearly lost their baby with pneumonia. He was such a great big, fat pretty baby. He hardly makes a shadow now.

Johnny was out and spent Thanksgiving week with us. He is in his last year of high school.

Well, dear, I will have to close, hoping to hear from you again, I am as ever your loving cousin.

Lalie (Hittle)

AT DOROTHY and GLEN ANGELL'S HOUSE

by Violet

Aug. 2, 1952

A week ago, Oliver and I started for Loma Linda, and I slept at Dorothy's house two nights.

It was rainy weather, but Markie and I managed one long walk . . . going home, he steered me into an orange-orchard where he got his overalls wet in the lush grass, and Dorothy had to change them. He is a bright handsome child, but four years of age is the active, inquisitive period.

Marilee, his thirteen-month-old "Little Sister," played on the thick carpet of the living-room, tumbling down, walking into the kitchen to lean against her mother's knees, lugging toys back and forth from the toy-box in the third bedroom.

This is a happy Christian home. On Saturdays, all the family attends the Adventist Sabbath School and Church.

May 14, 1954

Dear Delphia,

Mr. Riley got home from Reno today. He thought Oroville is so beautiful, with the loveliest roses. Thank you for giving him work.

I'm afraid you're worried about Jimmie. Right now, you're going through a hard experience, but God hasn't forgotten you. You have done the best you knew, and have been so faithful! You have been a good wife and help-mate. You have been a good mother, and have two fine daughters, and a dear son.

So many pleasant visits I've had at your house! You have been so sweet and kind. I wish you could visit me. Esther says she loves you "like a sister." I don't see how anybody could help but love you.

May our Heavenly Father give you strength and wisdom.

Lovingly, Violet

STORY OF RALPH PLATZEK

December, 1958

My father, Max Platzek, came from Breslau, Germany, close to the border, in East Germany. His family came from Poland about two hundred years earlier. He had other relatives. There was one boy over there named Rudy. It might have been his brother. In actuality, he didn't have as much German in him as Grandfather Myers.

His sister was on her way over here when my mother died. My mother had sent for her to come to take care of the children. Marie was her name.

When my father died, I was seventeen. I went out with an old bachelor, Mr. Wingert. I took over that thirty acre ranch — the one my father bought. Mr. Wingert helped me when it was paid for. I bought it. A friend of Mr. Wingert's went into the business of buying and selling. I was froze out of those thirty acres and out of the property on it. I got $13,000 of gold out of a property one time — and I bought industrial land between the railroad tracks, and the piece of land at Feather Falls. I sold the timber off it; a fellow at Marysville bought it.

Four years after my father died, Mother died. Mr. Wingert was executor of her will — then that all happened about the land. Mr. Kauke said he couldn't find the papers I had left with him that would have proved my ownership. I had made arrangement with my mother to buy that thirty acres, three-and-a-half miles northeast of Fresno—Kauke was not honest, I know that. I worked there like the dickens —but I lost it.

I married Nellie when I was barely twenty-one. She was a good woman, but she didn't want to have children.

Nine years after that, I married Ethel. She was going around with my sisters. Ethel had four children before she married me, and we had five children. Norma was one of the twins.

Now three of my children are married. Nadine has two children and a baby coming. Rudy has one coming. He has an architectural landscaping job in Bagdad, Iraq, in Persia. He's supposed to be a Doctor when he comes back, in two years. Ethel has a boy, she lives in Hollywood. Jimmie is at home.

Nadine's girl has been a pleasure to me. She's a rugged little individual. She'll wade right into other children tooth and toenail.

A chief pleasure in my life was hunting and fishing. The family came above that, my chief effort was for them. I worked up at Feather Falls as nightwatchman — I came home Saturday evenings and went back Sunday nights. I didn't have time to hunt — simple as that. She, Ethel, was down here, taking care of the children. That was on the Quincy road east of town.

I bought the wasteland, along with the doctor from Coalinga. I turned over that twenty-acre land I had west of Roeding Park and he turned over the money. Dr. Munford left his interest to his wife, and about two years ago, I bought her out. I went down there, up at Mill Valley. She got over her arthritis, and went down to Coalinga. An editor took to her, and they got married. I told her I would like to settle things with my children. He arranged it, and she took the thousand dollars. She is well fixed, worth probably $75,000.

Then, about a year later, I sold some pieces, at good prices. Now, I'm trying to divide it between my wife and children, getting my affairs in order. I'm worth—No, I'm not worth anything. But I'm trying to straighten things up for my children. I'd like them to have a good start.

Just within this last week, an Episcopalian minister of Oroville came, with an assistant at Susanville, and I told them I wanted to join the church and receive the last Sacrament. I told him there was only one God and Christ. That was my profession of faith.

I don't know about the after life. But I do believe in God because I feel Him in my soul. I'm not sure when we will see our loved ones. There may be a thousand years, but that will be like a minute. There is no time then. But God is the one who looks after those things. Mostly, Ive had a happy life. There is no happiness in having loved ones go beyond one, I mean at the time there is none. But I'll be with Christ, I know it.

The Doctor said I'd been a good patient.

Violet: "Nadine and Ethel both say you've been a good patient, and Nadine says she has never seen you drunk or disorderly, and never heard you swear. And you've tried to look after your children. That has been your effort. To have

your children praise you now, that is a reward, isn't it?"

Ralph: Yes, that is the good coming back. We live again in our children. About ten years ago, I had a vision. I was on my knees, and God made himself plain to me; and Christ. I believe in them. In my childhood, when I was fourteen, I joined the Christian Church. I'm still a member. I'm a Christian, sure, I am.

Ralph Platzek

STORY OF OLIVER HITTLE who m. LEONORA PLATZEK (11291763)

April 1963

I was born in South Dakota, in 1889. There were four of us, and I'm the third one. Nellie was the oldest, then came Rollie, then me, and Irene was born in Nebraska. I can just remember coming across the Missouri River. I was little. We stayed in Nebraska twelve years, farming, raised corn, hogs, wheat, barley-grain.

Then we went to North Dakota where my father bought 160 acres. Raised the same things, oats, cattle. We were up there about six years. There were blizzards, tough weather, so he sold out to come to California.

We came to Fresno, then Fowler. My mother and Dad ran a restaurant there two or three years. I was working in the packing house. He left and didn't come back until Nellie was running that boarding house in Taft many years later.

It was in Fowler that my mother took Gordy's children and raised them.

I had married Lalie. First we lived in Max's house, Lalie's old home. Then, I built the little house near Elsie's big house. When Lalie's mother died, we moved into the big house to take care of the children. Tante Elmira from Germany, was there to help. Mamie went off to business college. Then Carl and Jimmie went into the Navy.

We went out on a ranch north of Fresno where Rudy had lived, and Marie was born there. Then we went out on the Pipe-line for Associated and lived there from 1919 to 1941. Dorothy was born there. The girls went to school at Mendota. Pauline was born there.

Then we went to Tranquillity so the girls could go to high school. We were there only a short time until Lalie died.

The two girls went to live with Mamie in Fresno. Then I got married to Ruth and we lived at Coalinga. That lasted only six months.

Then the girls went to Pacific Union College.

I went to Gustine on the pipe-line until I built the saw-mill, a couple of years.

Then I lived at Marysville, and got into carpentering work, and have been carpentering ever since, at Crescent City, Loma Linda, Ramona, Escondido, Elsinore.

There were two other marriages. I don't know where Callie is. Helen is on Lake Michigan, having a social time. She might go with her brother to Florida.

I've been in Elsinore this summer. Have more work than I want. I go up to see Dorothy at Redlands. Markie is bright. Marilee is a doll. Marie wants me to build a house for them at Clear Lake. Their house is too big. Maurice follows me around. He and Helen hit it off.

I don't know if I'll get married again or not. I've got my car and it's a pal. We've been around together a lot.

July 2, 1963

NOTE by Violet: Oliver was here Sunday, and said he had been to Dorothy's, and she was doing Art-work. "It's really good!" he exclaimed — "desert scenes with clumps of bushes, you can just see them sticking up. Wonder where she gets it from? Maurice is doing well in school."

STORY OF MAMIE ETHEL PLATZEK

Fresno, Calif.
Oct. 10, 1963

Dear Violet:

Our parents were hard working people, as of course they would be, with such a large family to provide for. There were good times and bad times. About the happiest family gathering we had was at Christmastime which we celebrated from Christmas Eve until New Year's Day. There was always the decorated tree, a few toys, but mostly new clothes, which we had to have anyway. But they were new and we were happy. Easter time we had eggs, lots of eggs, to color and at breakfast time that morning, we could have ours cooked in any style we wished. Ordinarily eggs at our house were not a standard menu. However, we did have them sparingly at times, usually in the cooking tho. Fourth of July we had a case of soda pop, mixed flavors, that was our day. Halloween, Papa ordered a truck load of yellow pumpkins, and we were allowed to cut pumpkin faces to our hearts' content. Mama used some afterwards for home-made pumpkin pie. The rest were used to feed the cow. We had our fun, and it kept us out of mischief. Thanksgiving time we usually had a turkey that we had raised and fattened for the ocasion. And, of course, we had all the good things that go with a holiday dinner.

On our birthdays Mama usually baked a plain layer cake, with a lemon filling and a few sliced bananas on top and between the layers. Sometimes there was a marble cake with 3 colors, white, pink, and chocolate for a change. There was always hot cereal in the mornings, but on birthdays we always got a silver "Shined-up dollar" under our cereal bowl, which was called "The black Spider." I presume for good luck.

We lived a simple life, and because of our large family there weren't many places we could go except to Grandma's or the homeplace. Perhaps that is why it has always meant so much to us.

The last place Papa ever took me was to see President Howard Taft, when he gave a speech in Fresno courthouse park. There was such a mob of people that day, I almost got stampeded. Papa put me in front of him and enclosed his arms around me, to protect me.

Mama could make the best quince sauce that I have ever tasted. All I know is that she cooked them a long time, and very slowly. I do not think that she used any coloring, but when they were done they were a beautiful rich red and wonderful to eat.

When Papa died it was a terrible loss to the family. Mama was left with all those little children to care for, and she was nearly blind. Those of us who were old enough to realize it, would rather forget or erase it from our minds. When Mama died, it was about the last straw. Since then, we have lost others, until our family is down to three—myself, Carl, and Johnny.

Cousin Alice was wonderful with children. She was made up to tell stories to children. Also, she could recite poems when things were rough. The first prepared cereal I ever ate was at her house. She lived the simple life, too, but what she had, and if she knew we liked it, she gave us our fill. She had some peculiarities, but nevertheless, we children loved her. She was a comforting person to have around. She kept a few chickens and had names for all of them, but when it came time to kill one, she just couldn't.

When I stayed at Uncle Phil's while attending business college, there were many little kindnesses there. Uncle Phil, used to the early rising ranch life, got up with the chickens. He was always working around the yard, and with his wheelbarrow had everything spic and span, and his lawn was lush and velvety. He would pick little nosegays for Aunt Flora and me, and set them beside our breakfast place. There was a small yellow rose that had a fragrance unlike a regular rose.

He planted a small garden of pansies, purple, yellow, on the north side of the house, which he said was mine.

Being the old school-teacher he was, I think that he rather enjoyed refreshing his memory when I was studying at home. He liked arithmetic, and even at his age didn't forget so much. I enjoyed living with Aunt Flora, but if her health had been better, life would have been more congenial. Poor dear, after Uncle Phil was gone, I am afraid life wasn't too pleasant for her. The little house still stands at 825 Abby Street, pretty much the same as it was, but the well-kept yard is not there. Uncle Phil was really kind and considerate of Aunt Flora.

I am glad that Ethel did get to go out to the site of the homeplace while here, since she had such a build-up of it in her mind. She couldn't possibly get the picture of it now as we folks knew it.

Love, Ethel

525 High
Oroville, Calif.
Nov. 13, 1963

Dear Violet:

. . . Jim will be 21 on Dec. 26th, and will have his share of the property his father left him. Rudy just finished designing the Cow Palace for San Francisco. He is a wonderful architect and received high praise from Stanford for his work. His address is 627 Bamboo Terrace, Terra Linda, San Rafael, Calif. Bettie is the director of Corte Madera Nursery School that she helped start 10 yrs. ago. Her husband is manager and coach for a private school for retarded children. Their home is 94 Hillside Dr., Fairfax, Calif.

Leon has 60 men under his supervision. His work is installing telephone exchanges at Washington, D.C. His home is No. Mode, Little River Hills, Fairfax, Virginia.

Mildred Waterman lives at 2506 Renegade, Bakersfield. Her husband deals in insecticides.

Ethel Smith lives at 10643 Blix, No. Hollywood. Her husband is engineer on CBS on TV. She has had acting parts.

Nadine Hofler lives at 4002 Garfield, Spinard, Alaska. Her husband sells office equipment.

Jim Platzek's address is 1224 F St., No. 35, Davis. He is studying etymology at Davis, University of California Agricultural Div.

Lovingly,
Ethel Platzek

STORY OF RALPH PLATZEK

by Ethel Platzek

Oroville
Nov. 13, 1963

Ralph was an avid hunter and fisherman. He caught salmon weighing 60 and 64 pounds in 1934 on the Golden Feather River, at Oroville, California.

Ralph's property reached on both sides of this river. Some money was received when the river was mined in 1943. Now, the new highway and bridge is built through this property, Route 70.

Ralph's motto was, "Look for the good in people."

I Ethel Platzek, have 25 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

NOTE: These are the descendants of her four children by a former marriage, and of her children by Ralph. They all lived together in Oroville as the children were growing up.

CARL and ESTHER (ASTRID) PLATZEK

by Esther

Taft, California
December 11, 1963

We met in Brooklyn, N.Y. on Feb. 7, 1919 while Carl was stationed there with the U.S. Navy. Letters went back and forth across the States, when he returned to Calif. and was discharged from military service. This correspondence led to our marriage on March 1, 1921 in Fowler, Calif. We lived in Fowler for awhile and our three sons were born there. We moved to Taft in the spring of 1924. At that time my mother, Pauline Olsen, and my sister, Sally, were living in our Fowler home and I went there just before our third son was born, altho' we had a home in Taft at that time. That's how it happened that all three boys were born in the same town that Carl was born in.

Our sons are: Richard Carl, Harold Max and Eugene Hakon. Our daughter is Carla Jane and she was born in Taft. Carl worked for the Western Water Co. in Taft for several years before starting work at Taft Union High School on Aug. 1, 1929. He has driven school bus for thirty years and been employed at the high school for over thirty-four years to date.

The school years of the children were happy ones. All four children went from kindergarten through high school here in Taft. World War II saw our three sons in military service and all had overseas service; Richard with the U.S. Army Combat Engineers, Harold and Eugene with the U.S. Navy. When the war started, Richard was enrolled at the University of Calif. at Berkeley, so his education was interrupted. However, after the war all three boys graduated from college—Richard from Calif. Institute of Technology in Pasadena, Harold from Whittier College in Whittier and Eugene from the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif. Carla trained and became a proficient dental technician. She worked in a dental office in Bakersfield for over seven years.

All the children have married and have families. Richard holds an executive position with North American Aviation Corp. in Anaheim. His home is in La Habra. He and his wife, Adelaide, have four children, Michele, Laurie, Kristi and young Richard. Harold holds a responsible position with United Technology Center in Sunnyvale. His home is in Saratoga, Calif. He and his wife, Florence, have two children: Rosalie, who was married March 23, 1963, and Roger. Eugene made Navy service his career and he is now a Lieutenant Commander, stationed in Japan at this time. His family is there with him. He and his wife, Katheryn, have three children: Tom, Bill and Patricia. Carla and her husband, Virgil, live in Bakersfield. Virgil holds the position of foreman in the gas division of Pacific Gas and Electric Co. He has been with this company for over seventeen years. There are two children, Luann and John. All in all we have eleven wonderful grandchildren.

Carl and I have been married almost forty-three years and it is a good happy marriage. We have our ups and downs, the same as all couples have, but together we weather the "storms" as they come, knowing there is "sunshine" also. We are grateful for many many blessings and we have learned that even obstacles we overcame in years past, proved to be blessings in disguise, at times. So we look forward to the years ahead, secure in our Heavenly Father's care.

Some of our most treasured memories are the happy visits we had with our dear homefolks. I was lucky, coming into the loving Myers family while so many of the older members were still alive. The ones Carl took me to become acquainted with were: Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora A; Uncle Darius and Aunt Susie; Uncle Judah and Aunt Salema and family; Uncles George and Gordy; Uncle Bert and Aunt Rose. Then also Aunt Louise (and her dear girls, still with us, Violet and Eva); Aunt Lydia and Uncle Harry and family; Aunt Bertha and Uncle Gil and family; and Aunt Flora E. and Uncle Gene, with whom we still have the pleasure of visiting occasionally. It was always an event to visit at Uncle Phil's. They were such a happy couple and interested in so many things. They would tell us about camping trips they had enjoyed together

and would show us pictures and souvenirs. Aunt Flora would play the organ and sing inspiring, happy tunes. She kept a well-stocked plaything box for the young children. How her eyes sparkled when she smilingly brought out this magic box and, how the children happily and eagerly dove in! I can see us all together there now—at 825 Abby St. in Fresno. We visited Uncle Judah's family, both in Orosi and in Rolinda. We were made to feel so welcome, greeted with warmth, and given loving hospitality.

A visit with Aunt Flora E.'s family, when they were living in Caruthers, was another most enjoyable occasion. And several visits at Aunt Lydia's home in Malaga. She had many family records and pictures, and we loved to have her tell us of the old days. She could bring things alive and you felt that you were there with her. These visits show you how it was amongst the homefolks. The pleasures were repeated over and over again—and fortunate indeed, were they who took part. At first it was natural for me to feel that they were Carl's folks, but their heart-warming welcomes assured me that they were my folks too, and I loved them all. Having mentioned all of these folks perhaps you think I have forgotten dear Grandma Myers, but that couldn't possibly be. Carl and I had the pleasure of having her stay with us, for a short visit of several days, in our Fowler home. She had a wonderful personality and such a keen memory. It was a joy to sit at her side and listen to her reminiscenses of the early days. Carl and I attended a Myers' family reunion at the Homeplace in Malaga. It was an inspiration to see dear Grandma Myers surrounded by her large family. There is so much that can be written about this large, fine family we are glad that a second Myers Family Book is being written. With each "branch" of this large family "tree" contributing its part, the book will surely be of great interest and a real treasure to all who will eagerly obtain a copy of it. Carl and I are glad we have a copy of the first Home Folks Book, dated from 1770-1926. We are looking forward to having a copy of the second Home Folks Book. We are sure it will be a treasure of interesting information and news of our many close relatives. Even of those not so close—all are loved. God bless us.

SEVEN LETTERS

Dec. 23, 1963

Dear Violet,

. . . We are well and happy—even though very busy . . . We have traded our house for 110 acres out near Witter Springs. Maurice needs animals and room to roam. I had it when a child and know how important it is.

We wish for you . . . health, happiness, faith, and "the peace that passeth all understanding."

Marie, Leslie and Maurice

49 Oak Ave.
Oroville, Calif.
Jan. 6, 1964

Dear Violet,

. . . My sister, Ida, is living here with me. My brother, Charles, died March 25th very suddenly.

Tom, Ruth's husband, is an electrical engineer. He and his brother are in business together. They plan and sell electrical systems for colleges and other buildings in Memphis.

I would like to be outside working when weather permits, but there is a lot of paper work on the rentals.

I have always been interested in Grandfather Myers' early trips to California in '49er days and his mining in this area.

Maybelle and Joel live over near Colonia, Rt. 1, Box 6, Garden Valley. When we visited them last fall we went over to Colonia where the first major gold discovery was made by John Marshall, now a State Park. It was the autumn season, when the woods are so beautiful.

Max worked mightily cutting up that dead tree in our yard. He is a help to me. He misses his father.

Jimmie was a man of high principles and conducted his business and lived accordingly. He was kind and generous to us, his family. He carried on his business to take care of his family.

Through the store he made many friends. Prospectors for gold came to him to be outfitted. Then, there were his tenants. He was good to them all, especially to those old people living in the houses in the hollow. He charged them only $5 a month for a house, furnished from the store.

Those months he closed the store, so we could mine on that property in the hills we bought, we did have fun. The children were old enough to be left, and mornings we'd start off and be out of doors all day.

Jimmie's family and his business were his life.

Lovingly,
Delphia

Feb. 2, 1964

. . . The Memorial Plaque placed in the local Pioneer building is in honor of Grandpa Myers. It is about 8″ x 2½″. It is a fitting tribute to a mining forefather. The Native Daughters, who support this building, want us to put in another plaque in Ralph's honor. He did contribute more to Oroville than one will ever realize. He contributed land to the bed-rock swimming pool here on the Feather River.

That money he mentioned came from redredging the Feather River.

. . . Jim says he finds it harder to keep up with his grades at Davis.

Rudy was here a week ago. I feel pretty proud of that boy. He now is doing the plan for redeveloping Lake Isabella.

Bernice' oldest daughter, Susan, is living nine blocks from me. She will have my second great grandchild in April.

Ethel Platzek

Berkeley, Calif.
March 2, 1966

Dear Violet,

How are you? I don't believe we have seen each other since I was going to school in Fresno. At the present, I am going to school at the University of California at Berkeley and will graduate this June. After that both my wife and I will be volunteers in the Vista poverty program. The latter event, my being married, is why I am writing to you. I understand that some of the details of the new person in the family are supplied to you if they are to be included in the family book. Her name is Denna Jo Brown. She will also graduate in June.

I have also heard that the Myers Estate is selling their land. This will be good for almost everyone concerned. I think I will be going to medical school after the volunteer project in another part of the United States. Under those conditions I don't think I will want to be bothered by land or taxes at least for another ten years . . .

I hope this letter finds you in good spirits.

Sincerely,
Jim Platzek

July 5, 1966

Dear Violet,

. . . It has been 5 years since we saw you. The buses being out on strike made it difficult for people to get around.

Ethel has been on a visit to Washington, D.C. to visit her son . . . Nadine and family live in San Jose . . .

I am taking care of Maybelle's little girl, 23 mos. old. She is a sweet good baby but just at the age when she is into everything. It is a good thing the Lord arranged for people to have their children when they are young, for when they are older, they sure can't take it. Poor Grandma is exhausted time night comes.

My sister is visiting her daughter and grandchildren in Los Angeles. Max and I are getting along fine. Max is so good. He keeps everything going. I have arthritis . . . I wish you could see how pretty our home is . . .

Ruth and family are fine. She was home to visit us, a year ago June. She has a nice family, 2 girls and 2 boys.

I would have liked for you to have seen the Dam construction. Oroville has grown so much, you would be surprised.

Love, Delphia

Taft, California
August 1, 1966

Dear Violet,

. . . As the years go by, difficulties seem to come to most folks in one way or another. No one has all sunshine. We learn to strengthen ourselves to bear what comes along.

I'm glad I can tell you that all goes well for Carl and me. We are, indeed, grateful. Things continue to go along nicely for our children and their families. Of our eleven grandchildren, two are married; one girl has completed two years of pre-medical studies at the University of California, Berkeley campus; four are in high school; three in grammar school, and one still at home. The family routines are busy ones. We all keep in touch by mail or phone, and get together whenever possible.

With retirement, many folks pick up and go here and there, no doubt eager for a change. Somehow Carl and I do not have this urge. We are perfectly contented here at home. We have no trouble keeping busy for contentment.

We think of you often, and always lovingly.

Our love,
Carl and Esther

49 Oak Ave.
Oroville, Calif.
Aug. 24, 1966

Dear Violet,

. . . We had Maybelle's and Joel's little girl, Sofia, here for over three weeks, and she made life interesting, believe me . . . She is a sweet girl and exceptionally bright, and we are very fond of her.

. . . Ruth would have loved to have seen more of the folks. The children are very nice normal children, full of life and interested in a lot of things. They have lovely manners. I am proud to say Ruth is a good mother and Tom a good father.

It looks as if Oliver is doing all right from what you say! Well, more power to him. I don't know the whereabouts of any of Gertrude's children.

Ethel's Rudy and family have gone to Europe and when they return to U.S.A., Rudy will go to school at Ann Arbor, Mich. for further work in his line.

Max is in the cannery season now. It will last thro September. There is plenty of work to do of our own until bad weather. It is a great comfort now to have him at home . . . We sort of look out for one another, and he is dependable these days.

Love, Delphia

DELPHIA (CLARK) PLATZEK

August 6, 1966

My father, William Wesley Clark, was born in Southern Illinois in the little Ohio River town of Brookport. His mother was Lavinia Bailey Clark of Tennessee. His father died when he was two years old of yellow fever. My father's people pioneered westward from the eastern states, probably Virginia or North Carolina. There were explorers like George Rogers Clark and William Clark of Lewis and Clark. His mother took him and another boy, four year old James, back to her brother's home in Kingston, Tennessee to live there until she died when the boys were in their early teens. Kingston is situated on the Tennessee River in Eastern Tennessee and at that time steamboats were built there. My father worked on the steamboats that plied the Southern rivers for seventeen years, as a young man. His brother had returned to Southern Illinois and married there. I mention this because it was at his home that my mother and father met. The brother later went to California and my father made a trip there and liked the country.

My mother, Maggie Copeland Clark, was born in the same county in Southern Illinois as my father. The first of the Copeland family that we know of was William Copeland who came to Virginia from England sometime before 1771. He fought in the Revolutionary War. One of his children, John Copeland, born in Virginia in 1775, grew to manhood there and emigrated to Tennessee. He engaged in farming in this state and married Sarah Short who grew to womanhood in this state. Joshua was one of their children. When he was four years old in 1816, John Copeland moved his family and household goods to Johnson County, Southern Illinois long before Illinois became a state. Besides clearing the land and putting it under cultivation, he also was an early teacher and held several county offices and was active in the promotion of early education and conveniences of a frontier community. He died at his home on the Ohio River in 1853. As Joshua grew up he helped with the clearing of land and farming. He married Caroline Delphia Evers from Graves County, Kentucky. My mother was of a family of six girls and two boys.

When my mother and father married (1887) they traveled by train to Selma, California. Later, my father homesteaded timber land in Tuolumne County, California. It was here I was born in their log cabin home in the beautiful mountains. When I was a very small girl, my father sold this home and moved to Selma. I had an older sister and brother and my father, mother and children made the trip to Selma by wagon. In Selma I grew up.

When Jimmie Platzek and I became acquainted, he was the Naval Recruiting Officer for the Fresno District. I was working as a secretary for the San Joaquin Light and Power Co. in Fresno and living there. Later, after Jimmie was discharged from the Navy, we married and went to Taft, California and lived there for nine years. Max Wesley and Robert James were born here. Here also Robert died of diptheria in 1928. We felt very badly that we lost our little boy and thought we would like to make a change. Ralph Platzek was living in Oroville and we visited him and liked the little foothill town, being so different from the desert country around Taft. Maybells had been born in 1929 in Selma at my father's home and we had Maybelle and Max. Soon Jimmie started a small business on Myer's St., Oroville in a house we had purchased. We started in a very small way but as time went on our business grew and we made a living for our family through the depression and into better times. Ruth was born here in 1932. Jimmie was well liked and respected in the community and surrounding country.

We had also bought and sold real estate and kept rentals. Some of these we still have. Jimmie's health was not good and in 1945 he retired from his business. In 1960 we acquired our present home at 49 Oak Ave. outside of Oroville. After Jimmie's death here in 1961, Max and I continue to live here. Ruth and Maybelle and families come to visit when they can.

ELSIE

Top Row: Pauline Oleson. Carl and Esther. Maybelle, Carl, Ethel, Esther, Mac, Jimmie, Ethel, brother of Delphia, Delphia. John and Elva.

Second Row: Rudy, Ethel, Cindy, Ralph, Norma and Nadine. Ethel with her children. Arthur, Delphia, Ruth and Maybelle. Ruth. Lalie.

Third Row: Ethel with Cindy and Rudy, Salema, friend, Hester, Violet. Elsie with Hugh. Home of Elsie. Elsie, Lalie, Johnny, Gertrude, Rudy, Jimmy, Carl.

Fourth Row: Ralph. Ethel with Rudy and Cindy. Oliver and Helen. Nadine and Norma. Dorothy, Glenn, Marilee and Mark.

ELSIE, BERTHA, and OTHERS

Top Row: Violet Beck, Violet Eva Lacy. Connie. Shirley Anne. Dorothy.

Left Side (Bertha): Edith, Birdie. Carol. Birdie, Edith. Chuck, Clifford. Ellen, Florabelle, Edna, Melissa. Annabelle, Isabelle, Birdie, Bernadine.

Center: Edith Washer, Marie.

Right Side (Elsie): Grandma, Lalie, Marie. Dorothy, Marie. Gertrude, Johnny. Marie carrying Dorothy.

Lower: Bessie, Edwin, Leroy, Alice, Beth. Eugene, Carl, Esther with Carla, Harold, Pauline Oleson.

ELSIE, LYDIA

Top Row: Glen, Dorothy, Mark, Marilee. Esther, Carl. Carla Jane. Marilee.

Middle Row: Elsie's house, Fowler. Lalie. Ralph. Ralph with Marie, Dorothy. Gertrude, Edith, Eunice. Esther with baby. Richard, Harold. Arthur.

Lower Row: Mark, Marilee. Elsie's place, Fowler. Lydia. Ethel with little Ethel.

FIFTH SECTION — LYDIA

AUNT LYDIA AND THE COLONY

by Violet

Sept. 29, 1963

THESE excerpts from Aunt Lydia's letters give glimpses into her own life and into the lives of the homefolks, from their dates of 1904 to 1927. She died June 7, 1928.

She had lived at the homeplace for 7 yrs. from the time Grandpa brought the family to Fresno until she married Harry Wilder, Jan. 1, 1897. She had been a main helper to Grandma with the housework, and helper to Grandpa with his business and religious work.

The half-section which Grandpa had bought comprised the homeplace, plus the portions he had given to Phil, Dri, Judah, George, Elsie and Bert.

Aunt Lydia and Uncle Harry bought the land across the railroad tracks, down Willow Ave. to North Ave. which the Gibbs had been renting. It was about a mile's walk from their big, two-story house on the corner to Uncle Dri's, at the corner of Peach and Vine. The Hughes Place was east of theirs.

By 1911, Bertha and Gil, who had bought Uncle Phil's place, had moved to Auberry. Elsie lived in Fowler. Different ones ran the homeplace. There were enough families to form a good Myers' Colony.

LYDIA BELVEDERE MYERS

by Rose Myers

Lydia B. always saw the good in everyone, the beauty in everything. She had that sweetness in her. She appreciated it so much when anyone was kind to her.

FROM AUNT LYDIA'S LETTERS—

Undated

Dear Flora

. . . You spoke of Lydia's writing being better than yours but yours has been better always, except on account of that crushed finger of hers so long ago. But she was better in composition and description than either of us. No one could ever write a more interesting letter than she, and sometimes, poor girl! I marvelled how she could with such a meagre life . . . and she was not well so much of the time. Yet she kept bravely on, trying to make some sunshine and cheer for others, no matter how little she had to be cheerful about.

Louise

Malaga, California
March 29, 1894

Dear Sister Louise,

. . . I have had a happy day and tonight sat for an hour or more watching the beauty of the sunset. It was so glorious, that I seemed in the presence of a vision . . . The groups of white angels seemed to be flying, flying from the heart of glory and fire through the faint rose color that radiated from it, to somewhere far away . . .

For my birthday, I had a most fair and lovely day. Flora had sent me a birthday letter from San Jose and a little book, and each one remembered me with a gift or a wish for a happy day.

At last, I finished my twelve year old charm quilt, and we put it on to quilt Sunday. Mother amuses me by declaring she "would rather quilt than do anything else!" And I have found so much pleasure in it. I thought of how you enjoyed quilting too. Flora A. and Susie have been ever so good to help with this, and we had quite a party. Elsie was here Sunday and looked unusually well in her new made-over wedding dress. I finished the basque only a short time ago. A lady in Fowler made the skirt.

I can imagine how you enjoyed Uncle Smith's visit. It seems too bad that he must always be immersed in so much business.

Bertha will be delighted over a new dress from you . . .

With many good wishes,
Your Sister, Lydia B.

Malaga, Calif.
September 24, 1904

Dear Sister Louise,

. . . Thank you for the lace collar. I can use it for theatre wear . . . I shall be down at Judah's this afternoon. Violet has just left here after a few minutes call, while she sat astride of old Jenny horse, looking as fresh as a violet herself out in the cloudy day . . . She came up to invite me down for a Sabbath Day gathering at Aunt Salema's. Flora E. is to come . . .

I wish Eva had not got this idea of a nurse's course.

Since we came home from Yosemite, I have had quite a lot of company. Max and Elsie and all the children were up for dinner on Sunday. Matie and children were here several times. Judah and Salema took supper with me one evening. Mother has been up several times. The other afternoon she had her calico log-cabin quilt along to work on, and I pieced on my wool log-cabin . . . Of late, I have taken a fancy for finishing things. This log-cabin quilt was begun about World's Fair time; then there is a pretty eight-pointed star quilt that Mother pieced for me. I have that about finished, and Ralph's quilt is well under-way . . .

We had a great washing-up day for the bedding we took on our camping trip. Matt helped me with them. It seemed so nice to have them all fresh and clean again. Matt has been doing the heavy part of the washings all the while. (Note: Matt was the hired man.)

Thursday was Circus Day, and we all went. I love to see the pretty, graceful horses. They had twenty-four beautifully matched greys in one team in the parade . . .

Ralph says to tell you he "has so good times with Eddy Hughes and he has come here today . . ."

Yours with love, Lydia

March 25, 1906

Dear Sister Louise,

. . . We had such a nice time on Mother's Birthday, on the 20th. I enjoyed having Elsie here, and Flora E. and Mother seemed as bright and excited over everything as if she were sixteen instead of seventy . . . I did everything I knew how to make it a pleasant day.

Harry was feeling exceptionally good and hospitable and told us all kinds of jokes and funny things to make us laugh.

Mother certainly improved in health and spirits while she was with you in Berkeley . . . All the girls have pieced and worked me a crazy quilt block, for my Birthday . . . Flora's dinner for me was so good, and her little house of two sunshiny rooms so cozy . . .

I have been sewing on a new calico wrapper for Bertha's birthday. Flora and I bought the cloth together . . .

Next Sunday will be Elsie's birthday, and she wanted me and Mother to come down to Fowler for dinner. I have a collar for her, and Mother and Flora E. have bought her a clothes-basket together.

. . . Max thinks she is the only woman on earth and tries to be very kind to her . . . If there is only someone to really care in the world, how much easier everything is—the hardships are so much lighter, the happy things so much happier.

. . . Since Wardie's death, Bert has been taking so much more interest in religion than ever before and is "in dead earnest," as someone was remarking. Today, Harry came home from there and said Bert had acknowledged things he had done wrong and wanted to make right. Now, if there is anything in the world that shows sincerity in purpose, a com-

plete change like that does. The tears came to my eyes when I heard it, then I wanted to sing but couldn't. And somehow the whole day has been glorified . . . I see little Paul quite often. He and Ralph play together so much better than they used to, and Ralph has spells of thinking him the very best cousin he has, unless it is Gladys.

I went down to visit Daisy the other day. George is fixing Mother's porch. He works so fast it seems like magic, the new flooring went on so rapidly . . .

Mother has a quilt for Leonora, and I can see her, in my mind's eye, working away all alone with an enormous expanse spread out before her. Still, I think she enjoys it, and also in seeing how fast she can get over the ground.

Lydia

September 15, 1906

Dear Louise,

. . . We went to the Circus . . . It was a lovely day, and we had a nice time, but I guess I really am "forty years old," sure enough for it is the first circus where I have not "thrilled," as Eva says, and felt carried away with the music, the bare-back riding, the gayety and crowds of people. But I did enjoy it very much. Some of the horses were beauties, and oh, so graceful! Especially in the dance about the ring, waltzing and I always enjoy looking at the menagerie part. The great uncouth animals, that we never do really realize live and have their being anywhere excepting in the big shows.

Ralph enjoyed it all, but was uncommonly quiet, I thought. Perhaps with his school life of the past week, he was filled up with novelty.

He seems to be perfectly delighted to go to school, and tells me he can rest "only one day," Sabbath, for he must go to Sunday School with Eddy, too. I am losing my baby fast, still I felt as if I had him last night when after a bad dream, he came crawling into bed with "Mamma," and wanted to be cradled, and made to forget what frightened him. Dear little boy! You are right. I must (and I do) treasure all his little loving ways, his dependency on me, and his nearness to me. I know it cannot always last. At least not just so dear and sweet.

Lydia

Malaga, California
November 5, 1908

Dear Sister Louise,

. . . I was glad of the little excitement of the Presidential voting and Returns, as it seemed to rouse us out of our dreadful apathy of late and put a little new life into us all. The last few weeks have been such a dreadful strain with the death of little Teddy and the dangerous illness of Bertha's baby all coming at once. Dr. Barr said he thinks the baby will get well . . . I have tried to be with Bertha and help as much as I can.

Ralph and I have been planning some pumpkin pies. Maybe they might liven us up! . . . I had to laugh at Ralph yesterday after school as he kept sniffing and declaring he smelled something good like spices and would not be satisfied until he had hunted up my can of cloves and smelled of it. So you see, the time must be come for mince pies and such like! It will not be long before Thanksgiving now. I must have Flora E. here and Mother . . . The leaves of the trees are all yellow and burnished up and down the road, toward the Homeplace, the poplars are like tall torches alight with a pale gold color . . . My garden is mostly strung along my south porch and consists of vines, geraniums and one fine fern. Here I sit and read and enjoy it even if it is small; or walk up and down the length of it by moonlight. When the roses and spireas are in bloom I walk around the house to enjoy it.

For the past few days, Harry, Ralph and I have been more entertaining to each other. As I brightened up, I noticed that my two men folks felt happier right away. Last night Harry helped Ralph with his arithmetic a little . . .

Dear little man! I love to hear his loud boyish whistle when he gets up early to build the fire, as he does some mornings. He thinks he is almost a grown man by spells; but always at bed-time I notice he is quite small and wants Mamma to go upstairs with him, and let him kneel at my knee for his good-night prayer.

Flora A. was up to visit me Tuesday afternoon while Darius and Myers went over to Malaga to vote. She is tanned from their long camping out . . .

Matie went out to see Flora and reported Donald much better. I hope everybody will get well.

Lydia

Friday, Nov. 27, 1908

Dear Sister Louise,

. . . Early yesterday morning Gordy came up to tell us that Bertha's baby was dead. Poor little suffering thing! It seemed to me a mercy that its troubles were ended . . .

Yesterday was an ideal day for Thanksgiving, sunshiny and cold enough to give us good appetites. Mother came early but we had almost given up Flora and Gene before they got here, so that when the surrey load of them arrived we had to all rush out with open arms of gladness!

My dinner was all ready but the finishing touches. Harry had helped me get the turkey ready and in the oven about half past ten . . . My table looked nice with my best linen table-cloth, a new lacy centerpiece, the silver fruit dish holder with the rose pink glass dish full of cranberry jelly, and the yellow frosted nut cake with half walnut meats all over it.

The turkey was cooked to a nicety, and shaded itself the loveliest brown. They all declared they never had tasted one quite so tender and juicy and good! . . . I had mashed potatoes and sauerkraut, and sweet potatoes for vegetables, pumpkin pies and pineapple sauce . . .

We put thoughts of the sad day before from us as much as possible. I was glad to make things as bright for Flora as I could . . . We had done what we could for Bertha's dinner. Harry and I took wood and I made her a pumpkin pie, some cranberry jelly, and gave her a can of corn. Flora brought her a fruit-cake. Susie said she had some plum pudding for them. Darius gave them some fresh pork and Gordy gave them a hen for dinner. Mother has been giving them butter and made Florabel a new dress. So they probably brightened up a little.

Bertha felt dreadful about burying the baby the same day it died, but we all thought it was best . . . Poor girl! All her little children are gone, the three babies, inside of six months. (Oliver in June, Teddy in October, Walter in November.) It doesn't seem possible. How thankful I am that my own boy is spared to me, that Flora's children are so well and hearty. I always especially enjoy little Miriam. She is so piquant and bright, and says so many comical things. Donald looks some like Walter Eaton. Ethel is getting more self-reliant . . . Flora let her hair hang loose, and it reaches to her waist, thick and yellow. They were all merry and good-natured, and Ralph had lots of fun playing with them, and as they stayed all night, they had plenty of time to romp to their hearts' content.

This morning we had a rather late breakfast, they got started home about half-past nine o'clock, and now I am resting on my laurels . . .

Flora took Mother home with her to stay over her birthday. We partly celebrated it here yesterday . . .

Now we can all turn our thoughts towards Christmas. A month will go by all too soon. I have made just a beginning with a game for Ralph some blocks for Donald, and I have planned to get myself a December number of Harper's Magazine to read, all to please my own desire! I like the stories

in Harper's so well—nearly all of New England people and ways, so different from anything in California. I can just see myself enjoying reading that Magazine!

. . . Your letter is so good . . . Thank you for the good Sunset Magazine. I shall have a feast with it and the Ladies Home Journal Flora E. brought me . . . Please write soon again.

Lovingly, Lydia B.

May 22, 1909

Dear Sister Louise,

. . . Judah and I went up to meet the train at 3 o'clock yesterday, but the folks didn't come from Eva's wedding at Berkeley, so we went out to Phil's while we waited for the six o'clock on which they did come. I thought Flora's blue dress very becoming and her eyes sparkled and shone—so did Salema's. Mother seemed very quiet. Little Miriam was lovely—a picture with her dolly in her arms. Soon we were all in the big surrey, homeward bound. It was a part of a story—Salema with her baby at last. Little Paul sitting between his Papa and Mamma. All of a sudden he says, "I'm afraid I'll have to sleep alone now" in a lonesome little voice. Salema says, "No, I guess we'll all have to get into one bed together."

Flora E. said she wanted to sit with me and she told me about the wedding, how beautiful it was, how lovely Eva looked, how you all worked to put up the decorations. She had lilies-of-the-valley for me. She went on down to Susie's as the children are there, but as soon as I get the morning's work done, I am to go down to see her. She expects Gene over today to take her home.

Did Eva get the Wedding Book I sent her?

Lydia

March 28, 1911

My Dear Flora,

. . . This Spring time has been going so well anyway—Mother's Birthday and my birthday were both so nice they seemed to embody the joy of all we had been feeling. I was so pleased with my apron. I put it on right away so I could feel the good of it every minute. I just love it! And the pansy plaque too from Donald.

When we came home that evening we met Susie just driving in from Malaga and she brought me a large cut-glass vase. She had gone to get Glen's new hat she had selected in Selma.

Saturday, Violet went to the Fowler services with Judah and Salema. She and her Mamma are staying at Daisy's, but expect to visit around and then go to Fowler. Elsie expects them and Mother and me for her birthday next Sunday. Harry says I can drive Belle. I went to town with him yesterday and bought myself some everyday shoes. I also got the latest Ladies Home Journal, the Easter number. As soon as I let Mrs. Hughes have it I will send it on to you. I also purchased cloth, white percale with a blue dot, to make Bertha a waist for her birthday. I wore the jabot that Louise gave me and felt real proud. I enjoy the new dishes from Matie. It is just lovely to have a Birthday!

Kiss the chick-a-biddies for me.

With much love,
Lydia

Fresno, California
Rural Route 6
January 4, 1912

Dear Sister Louise,

Now that dinner is over and the men gone to work again, I feel as if I may have a little time for writing, and will begin an answer to your very welcome New Year's letter, received Tuesday.

We are having such very cold weather here that about half the day we hardly know how we are feeling. I am just now beginning to get warmed up today. This forenoon has been about the worst yet; everything was so white with frost it was almost like snow until nearly noon, and besides there was a heavy old gloomy fog-like pall over everything. It was a bad morning for Eva to get started and especially from Cecil Station where there is no waiting-room. However, she came bustling in to get her things together, what were left here, and seemed to be as bright as a lark. Gertrude came with her and looked like a red apple with her glowing cheeks, red sweater, and red-tam-o-shatter.

Eva had left the Baby Lillian at Susie's and I felt so bad not to see her again. I had hoped they would be back for another visit before they went home. Dear little darling child! With her little talk, and all her little sweet ways. I wish they lived near enough so I could see them every day or so. I can imagine how homesick you must get for them all to be near you. Life seems to be too short for people to have to be separated like that, and yet we do not always appreciate our happiness when we have it. I have resolved to get every bit of good out of each day as it comes.

Lovingly,
Lydia

November 7, 1912

Dear Violet,

I have just finished writing a letter to Eva and will enclose a few words to you. Thank you for letting me know as soon as you could about Baby John. I was in such suspense.

Love Eva, be very near to her. Nothing helps like sympathy, the human touch of those near us. I have always remembered how Susie came and washed my feet for me the night after my baby died. They felt so hard and dry. (I had been sick with fever.) Do all you can for Eva. Poor child! Poor child!

I hope that the blessed forgetfulness of sleep may be hers. This would be a godsend, so that gradually she may be helped. We all feel so sorry for her, and James, too.

I wish now that I had stayed and helped more with little John. He was such a dear baby. I loved him from the start and loved his being here. It seemed nice to have a baby in the house. Susie said she thought he was such a good baby. Poor little darling! As I told Eva in my letter—He was just loaned us for awhile.

Eva said she was so glad to think Violet was there. Kiss her for me. Dear Eva! Dear little Lillian, too, and poor little Charlie, and poor Louie too. And lots of love to Violet.

Write when you can.

Aunt Lydia

Feb. 7, 1913

Dear Violet,

It is Monday morning and I should be churning or sweeping or making beds . . . It is such a beautiful morning it almost catches one's breath. The air is so delicious it is just a joy to breathe. It is all in the air, for there are no new leaves yet and no flowers, but the birds are singing, and the hens are singing too at a great rate.

. . . But there are my lilies—I have enjoyed them enough so that they took the place of thousands. Especially in the moonlight or in the early mornings . . . the flower of dreams, so pure and fragrant and wistful.

Well, Violet, your letter about your trip to Mexico, Tia Juana, did me a lot of good—I feel as if I had gone with you and rode along in the big automobile through the palm avenue in Coronado, along Silver Strand and saw the abrupt range of mountains looming against the sky. Then farther along you were in Mexico. That is one great pleasure we get in reading, is the seeing new scenes through the eyes of others. I have read several of William Black's novels of late and tried to see Scotland . . . he spoke of primroses and of the long twilight . . .

Sabbath I rode to Fowler with your Uncle Judah and Aunt Salema . . . They had to hurry back on account of their incubator . . . It was the first day Elsie had sat up and she looks pale and thin . . . Mamie was as nice as could be. Then Leonora and Nellie came. It is the first time I have seen Rudy's wife . . . Lalie looked fair and pretty in a blue loose dress with a lace bertha and collar. She is expecting a baby to come to their home some time in April.

It was nice of your Mamma to want me to come to San Diego, but now is the main time on a Ranch with the plowing, pruning, grain planting, to be done. It would take a very cowardly kind of woman to run away from her post just because of feeling discouraged . . . It doesn't seem to do much good to run the ranch with raisin prices so low, but so long as we have the Ranch, we must do something with it. All are hoping now for better prices this year, since the Million Dollar company is organized . . . If we could get 3½ cents a pound for our raisins even . . .

Everybody has worries of some kind, but there are many dear and sweet and beautiful things in life anyway despite the dull cares.

Yesterday your Aunt Flora Ethel was over and you know she just does me a lot of good. Just having her here, made me happier. This morning I have felt like a different person—the world seems a lovely place. I was singing,

"Were these tried soldiers of the cross
Victorious in the fight?
Were these the trophies they had won,
Reserved in worlds of light?"

an old song your Mamma and I used to sing years ago. "Victorious in the fight," that is the main thing. And if God gives us some joys while in the battle how good that is! Then at the end what a glory!

You would have enjoyed Flora's children yesterday, they had a great play. They found flags and costumes upstairs and marched around out of doors and played all kinds of things, and Ralph with them.

We went down to see Aunt Daisy, she is feeling better . . . She thinks of going to Lodi.

Gertrude's birthday party was Saturday night. Just think she is eighteen years old this Spring.

Aunt Salema said she thinks you are a lovely girl and she would be glad to have you come this summer and so do I and will I. Aunt Susie says she thinks you are a lovely girl.

Aunt Lydia

March 23, 1914

Dear Louise,

. . . I am thankful for all the golden things of today . . . it is Easter Sunday . . . Ralph is planning to color some eggs with Elmer Hughes to help him this afternoon. I have promised to make a big custard for dinner, and fried ham and horse radish . . .

Today is Grandma Myers' Birthday (Rachel) One hundred and seven years ago she was born, the year 1786. Oh, wouldn't it be fine to leave the memory of such a strong individuality behind one so many years!

Aunt Cecelia Hilliard was born March 24, 1822. Sometimes I used to go up on the hill and celebrate my birthday with her. I did on my sixteenth birthday and we had wild plum preserves and custard for dinner. Aunt Cecelia could make the most delicious custard . . .

Lydia

May 21, 1914

My Darling Flora,

Hello! and how are you? I was much disappointed over your not coming Sunday. Emmet and I had planned the dinner. (Emmet was the hired man.) I have been very blue but am getting over it this morning. Isn't the air delightful today? I wish I could hold it and keep it just as it is now—so cool, so refreshing, so joy-inspiring. I think that June is introducing herself so that we may love her at once. I think she has on a heavenly blue dress to match her eyes, and an armful of great dewy roses, and a sweet look, calm and steadfast and true as crystal. I think she says to us, "Leave the worry and the fret. Come out and breathe the fresh air; take in great breaths of it. Look up at the stars. Be ye clean (of all evil thoughts). Be calm and steadfast and pure, and all will come right."

Oh, I have been having a great old time—a great battle of good and ill raged through me. I said I was tried of Patience, of pale, tired, weak Patience who just never did anyone any good and brought on bull-dozing, and selfishness riding on triumphant. But this line of thought brought me nowhere only into a thicket of brambles and weeds and briars. Then I turned to the Bible—what did it say about Patience? Lots of things to set one thinking.

"Even Christ pleased not himself." "Be ye followers of them who through faith and *patience* inherit the promises." "Rejoicing in hope: *patient* in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." "Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor . . . love is the fulfilling of the law. The night is far spent, the Day is at hand. Let us put on the armour of Light."

Oh, say! If we can only *do* it! To be an overcomer—what a possibility! "But ye shall be tried so as by fire; as gold through intense heat to burn away the dross." Who in that day shall be able to stand?

But the vision is wonderful. Purity and white garments, a crown of light. I seem to see pale, set faces. Only God knows what the struggle has been; tears and prayers, and a crucifixion of desires and self-will, but victory at last, and a great joy. Pray God that we may go through without fail. Nothing else matters.

Mother is at Auberry. How is baby? Miriam's letter is a darling. Come over if you can. Glad you sent George's letter. It did good.

Love always, Lydia

Aug. 2, 1914

My Dear Flora,

Your letter from Hot Springs was joyfully received, also the one before it from Shaver . . . A very hot spell has descended upon us pell mell . . .

This morning, we were surprised to see Susie, Gertrude and Mildred come walking in. Glen and Alfred were away overnight and they had come that far, walking from Malaga, and Mildred was too tired to go any farther so they opened one of the screens and broke in so as to get to bed.

I got breakfast for them and we had a great visit for a little while. They all look well. Miriam and Mimi had a great visit. Mildred was as lively as a chipmunk. She was so excited over the things Miriam was trying to show her, she would hardly eat her breakfast. Miriam is doing so well. She almost lives out of doors and has all the milk and cream she can drink.

Ralph has adopted Miriam for his "little sister." She likes to go down to Hughes' with Ralph when he goes to attend the chores, and bring home a watermelon each time. Those cool watermelons each afternoon from the cooler help out these hot afternoons.

It seems as if every day brings its quota of work full and plenty and it all never gets done.

Susie said they all got to feeling better in Berkeley. They lived right near Louise. Mother went with Eva to stay awhile before coming home.

All we hear about Daisy since she was taken to the moun-

tains has been encouraging. Somehow, somewhere things will come right. Since we believe in our God we know this . . . You give me too much praise for what you call my courageous outlook. I have always thought it is *you* who have displayed the "bright face of courage." Harry says, "Flora has the courage of a lion." What I have found a help many times has been the looking for any little bright thing possible in each day, or hour even, and to rejoice in it. Sometimes even a small cool caressing wind on my face has been a help, as if an angel's hand were stretched out. Looking up at the shining stars, a sight of cool, rushing waters—water the emblem of God's grace and truth and its cleansing power—all the beautiful things in this great world are ours that we come near enough to enjoy. The commonest things are the most wonderful of all—things everybody can enjoy. The pure air, sweet cool winds, day dawn, the green waving branches of the trees, the star-light, the solemnity of night.

Let us feel that we may one day be, by God's grace, glorious spirit beings, and try to look at life from that angle. I thought of that old verse,

"The Lord comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the mercy seat."

Then I prayed that glory may crown the mercy-seat for you. And I believe it will. So, Hurrah for Yosemite!

Jim Hughes' folks nor Darius have showed up yet. We look for them any day. We'll hear lots of adventure when they all get here. Tell Gene to get all primed up and ready to do good talking when you come back from your long mountain trip.

It has been rather nice to get acquainted with Summer at home. She has many pleasant delights to give us. I am canning tomatoes today. I put up a few along. Louise sent me a book "Bits of Travel" by Helen Hunt.

Glen and baby are well. We had an ice-cream party on Ralph's birthday. Salema, Rose, and all the children came. He sends his love and wishes he were there too. So do I. Come home well and happy. You are the sweetest and best Lady in all the land.

Lovingly, Lydia, with a hug.

Well, we have Ethel with us today. We took Sister home yesterday. She didn't want much to go after being here a week and three days, but I noticed as we neared your place how excited and pleased she grew at thought of seeing the others again. We took in tomatoes and figs and a watermelon. All were well and lively. Ruthie is a darling. Lalie kept praising her up, and calls her the best baby that ever was. Ethel sends a hundred hugs and kisses.

Write about everything, Lydia

Aug. 22, 1914

My dear Flora,

. . . I was so glad to get your splendid letter from Yosemite . . . I know you have had just a wonderful trip . . . The children are all looking well and hearty and happy. They are all with me today while Lalie went to Fowler with Judah's folks to Sabbath School.

Baby Ruth has grown a lot since you left and is quite a girl. The girls have had a great time playing with Edna and Florabel. Donald is a regular little man and offers to help me every way he can. I didn't know he was such a good boy. They were all pleased over your letters. They say Chester missed you a great deal and Baby would call for you at times.

Sam and May Bronaugh have been down from Auberry on a visit. The weather is much pleasanter than it was. I am glad for Mother's sake it is not so hot. She came home from Louise's house in Berkeley with Phil.

Elsie came up yesterday. She looks tired. Alta has been working and has earned twelve or fifteen dollars.

Harry and Ralph have gone in today to get a load of empty boxes. We are going to have so much to do, we will not know how to get at it hardly. Thompsons to pick right away—boxes got home, trays hauled, etc., etc. . . .

The children all send love and kisses. I can hardly wait to see you.

Lydia

Dec. 26, 1914

Dear Sister Louise,

Christmas has come and gone but its glory still lingers. I feel as if I have been under a lovely spell . . . It seems as though every beautiful and good thing I ever thought of or dreamed of might come true.

It was such a lovely day. It was mild and pleasant and sunshiney and I felt so glad to be feeling better after having been ill and miserable for days. It had all culminated in a bad sick headache just two days before Christmas. Mother and Hester came to visit me . . . and that dear little Hester! Do you know she is real sympathetic—she kept coming and rubbing my forehead with her little cold fingers and trying to help me. I felt grateful to her and Mother both for being so kind.

Salema had brought them and gone on to town, and they were to be at the Homeplace, Bert's when she came back, so Ralph took them down in the buggy about three o'clock . . .

Christmas morning we had fried chicken and hot baking-powder biscuit and jelly for breakfast . . . I wanted a taste of honey but didn't have any. Then what do you think! When I opened Matie's Christmas package, there was a big vegetable dish with the loveliest old-fashioned blue decorations, and in the bottom of it, a cake of honey!

. . . When I opened the package from you, there was "Rose o' The River" . . . Once I read the first page of it at the Toll House coming down from the mountains and I never could get hold of it again . . . It was nice to get your letter when the postman came. A letter on Christmas Day!

. . . I had the little tree at one end of the table and the packages about its base. Ralph handed them to me. From Eva, there was a delicious box of candy she had made herself, cream candy, with nuts and dates and cocoanut and different colors; and a boudoir cap. Violet had sent me another box of that exquisite Lily-of-the-Valley stationery which seems to have come out of fairy-land with its little golden-edged lilies. Salema sent me a kitchen apron, and from Elsie there was a handkerchief and a calendar.

But, say, I want to stop right here and tell you about that most wonderful of all packages which came from you today—enough to do for five Christmases . . . Everything so dear, so perfect, so just exactly right . . . Ralph had to begin right away on the book, and it was hard to pry him loose to get any chores done, or wood brought in or anything. Ralph's present to me is to be a reading lamp. I am to pay one dollar and he is to pay one dollar.

After breakfast awhile Judah came and wished us Merry Christmas and told us all the latest happenings and brought us Flora E.'s gifts. She had sent them out by Myers. She had sent me the prettiest salad dish with golden-edged pansies all around the rim on the inside and one little runaway in the bottom all by itself. Sister had made a verse up on her card and had also painted another card with a Christmas scene: Don't you love to love some child? Well, I love little Sister!

It would have been so nice for you to have had Eva and Lillian and David for Christmas. Lillian is a darling, and David is such a precious . . .

. . . If it were not for you I don't suppose I would ever have a linen handkerchief . . . The pillow cases are so beautiful I don't believe I will undo them at all . . . I always like to keep my gifts just the way they come to me for a long long time—the cards and the words and even the wrappings. The Friendship book is just lovely . . .

The other day when Ralph took Hayes' harrow home Edith sent me six Ladies Home Journals to read, so we are rich indeed. I must divide up with Flora E.

Susie has not been well . . .

Christmas Day will not be complete until I have seen them all and hugged and kissed everybody all the way around.

Bert's folks must have had a big time for I think they were to have George's folks, and Judah's folks, Mother, and probably Frank's and Jimmy's families too . . . Mother planned to go back to Flora's today.

Sunday Eve . . . We have had plenty of company today for what we lacked on Christmas. A man named Noel came to help Harry sow grain . . . He was here for dinner, and Gordy who is holiday visiting around came. And, surprise of all, Elsie and Lalie and Gertrude but they wouldn't get out of the buggy—they just stopped to say hello! and talk a little. They had been down to see Darius and Susie, for they really are going away . . .

It will seem so strange to have them gone. Nearly all the others have moved from place to place but Darius' home has always seemed a stationary thing, and one thing to be relied upon . . . What a great hole it will leave in our community. They will be sixteen miles away . . . Oh, dear! I guess I am getting old, I hate changes so. What a wonderful thing that Father decided to move away here when he was seventy-three years old. It seemed a great Adventure to me then. I suppose it is hard for Darius too, but he thinks his place is going back on account of the alkali coming up on it so much and says this will serve for the cattle-ranch he has wanted so long. It is in the edge of the foothills. Susie will stay with Glen while the rest get settled.

Ralph was delighted over his necktie and hopped and skipped around over it at a great rate . . . His Papa was bragging today how even he had sown the grain, then Ralph had to chime in and say "and no one was ever known to have done such fine harrowing" as *he* had done. It seems to me I have lost my little boy completely now that he is plowing and doing all the things that a man can do nearly.

He and Gladys were measuring the other day. He says that Gladys was the taller when she went away and now he is half a head taller than she is!

For Christmas dinner we had a roast fowl with dressing and gravy, and some nice young sweet turnips Mr. Hays' folks sent us. Flora E. sent us some olives. And I had nut cake, and canned peaches, and jelly. It seemed odd not to have any company . . . but I had such a lovely time with my gift books and pretty things, and you and Flora and Elsie and all I cared for seemed very near me.

Eva spent Christmas with Flora. I hope to see her soon. There is a package for Eva from you which has finally landed here . . . I am so glad to have the picture of Mother, Eva and Lillian. Thank you a thousand thanks for everything.

Lovingly, Lydia. Write soon.

January, 1915

(To Louise)

. . . I now have twenty-six young chicks, here at the beginning of January. Just think of the frys, and maybe I can have some to sell . . . What would we do without some to understand us, to sympathize with and help us! You and Flora helped me so much this fall through all those hard days . . . It seems such a small thing for each one in a household to be a little kind, a little forbearing, and yet it makes such a big difference. The days that Ralph is especially kind to me have a different quality. The atmosphere of some people is so pleasant and cheering and heart-warming because they are kind.

I received a postal card from Cousin Frankie . . . it did me good. Also I was so pleased over one from Viola Eaton, and one from Edith Warriner.

My Christmas things are all so beautiful. I still feel the thrill that came when each package came to my hand and I opened it and saw what was within. You should have heard Matie exclaim over my gifts from you—She seemed to delight in the pillow-cases especially. Never fear but what I will use them. Some special day will come for their inauguration. Some glorious bright wonderful day of the Springtime perhaps when it grips one's heart until you hardly know how to express the delight and joy you feel.

. . . It is next day morning from when I began this, and it is raining. Ralph and his papa are out in it. They went out hoping to get the grain in on the piece prepared for it before the rain—oh, dear! But it can't be helped. Harry's foot has been hurting him. Please write soon again.

Lydia

TO EVALINDA FROM LYDIA

March 23, 1915

Dear Eva

I have been so slow about answering your letter I am ashamed of myself, but so does time hurry by, and I seem to be always busy. And yet never get all done. At the same time how these glorious March days do beckon to one to come out and be free and glad with the winds and the birds and clouds, and fresh loveliness of everything. In the mornings especially, there is such a feeling of buoyancy and wonderful, subdued, sweet glow to the world, I feel like throwing kisses to the mountains and to the new green leaves, and fresh-blown lilacs. I know well enough it would be fine to start down the road and walk for a mile or so just to be friends with the morning. But, no, I must turn to the black stove and busy myself with some potatoes, and eggs, coffee, biscuit. And hurry, hurry, for the chickens must be fed, milk skimmed, pans washed, milk strained.

Oh, what a world, and how women are shut in like a clam in a shell, with all this great out-of-doors and purity of air, and vastness of sky, to be had without money and without price, just take it and have it.

"With us all natural sights,
All notes of natural scale;
With us the starry lights;
With us the nightingale;

These have we, these are ours,
That no priest gives nor kings;
The honey of all these flowers;
The heart of all these springs.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come, and be all souls fed;
From field and street and prison;
Come, for the feast is spread."

Well, Eva dear, we get some good out of it, anyway, don't we? I go out and stay as long and as often as I possibly can. And it seems to me I am not half big enough to contain the thoughts that want to go rushing through my mind.

I must tell you we just had a lovely time on Mother's Birthday. Everyone was happy and glad it seemed, we had plenty of flowers and the girls had decorated the rooms very prettily, besides, with streamers of greenery, and the pink and green festoons of crepe paper which made the rooms look more festive.

The long, long table was a pretty sight, too, with the calla lilies and other flowers Violet had sent; and then, of course the salads, and chicken, and cakes and jellies, and fruit salads, looked as well as tasted, good. Mother enjoyed it all, I am

sure; so many children and children's children, about fifty-five in all. I wonder how she does feel? Bertha enjoyed being with us this year; she came down from Auberry by auto-stage, so it did not take long to come.

Darius' folks all came and brought us loads of wild flowers. They stayed afterward overnight with Glen; that was Glen's part in the Reunion, as she wouldn't go. She has a girl now to do the work; Carrie Larson, who helped Flora E. when Ruthie was born. Glen is expecting her party most any day now. She has moved her bed into the front room where she can see out the window and look at the rose bushes and orange trees.

Roses are just beginning to bloom a little, and Salema had some calla lilies for Mother's birthday. Mother has been having a time with the Eczema on her face, but is a little better. She came up here to spend the day, Saturday, the 20th, which was her birthday, seventy-nine years old now. I cannot make it seem real that she will now be in her eightieth year. She had a great many presents; shopping bags, white aprons, handkerchiefs, stationery, a stand-cover from Mrs. Jensen, a box of candy from Rudy. I gave her a book, named "Pine Needles," your Mamma gave her a nice dressing-sack and a silver thimble.

Matie came and brought cake and chicken; she is beginning to improve now just as we were all getting rather blue over her condition. She has a Mrs. Cooper helping her. Elsie's eyes look rather dim, but she is feeling better than she did. Mr. Wingate brought them all up in his auto, which made it pleasant for her, saving the long ride, though it does not seem so far from where she now lives. She gave Mother a pretty boudoir cap she had crochetted, and she brought me a pretty white stand cover or luncheon cloth for my Birthday, which will be tomorrow. Flora E. had invited us to come to her for the day, Mother, Bertha and me. Bertha is staying with me for the present. We hardly know ourselves with three small children in the house. They surely do liven things up some. Melissa is five, past; Ellen is three, past; baby Lydia was one on the 12th of March; a poor little white-faced baby with blue eyes . . . She is teething and cries a good deal. Ellen is pretty, but spunky. Melissa can sing.

We had a big wash Monday, and thought we would never finish. Bertha ironed some today and then went to visit Glen this afternoon. Over all is the Spring sunshine, warm air, blue skies, and many songs from the birds. I am looking forward to My Day, tomorrow, at Flora Ethel's. I have a letter to read from your Mamma, still unopened, it came this morning, and I am to have some lilac blossoms. Mine are just out, and Bertha has a gift for me. I have my curiosity all aroused. How can I wait until morning? I have just the dearest letters from your Mamma and Violet. They came on washday, and did good through and through me. Every time I think of them they have made me glad. Violet had copied me such a lovely poem.

Eva, how is everything going with you? How often I think of your bonny boy, and of you. You told me of so many glad happenings in your last letter. I hope you are still having something to be glad of everyday. God's goodness to us, and His promises; one, "I will not forget thee, nor leave thee," are great things to think of; also I am so thankful for the loving friends who have been so good to me. And for my good little black stove, and for eggs and biscuits, and potatoes, to cook.

Write soon. Aunt Lydia

Fresno, Calif.
December 20, 1915

Dear Sister Louise:

Hurrah for Christmas! I have just got my fruit cake made and baked and the good smell of it still lingers in the air. . . . I made one Friday just to get my hand in and for Ralph. . . . He likes to eat pieces of it between meals but I don't mind as he is the only childrens I have.

We have all liked it. The plowing makes my men folks have good appetites. Jim Hughes came up and brought us some fresh spare ribs of pork. . . . We bought some young beef of him and had a big baked roast Sunday. . . .

We are planning to go over to Flora's for Christmas—

Matie came up Friday and brought a big box marked Right Side up with Care. . . . She wanted to buy some oranges of Alfred. . . . Harry always enjoys Helen. . . . She confided to him she had gone through her old First Reader "on a gallup!" She is a great girl! Mr. Daugherty has lots of work at the Packing House running the engine. Matie and Alice used to have such great times getting things for the children's Christmas. . . .

It is cold here — the moon and the stars are very bright at night. I remember one Christmas when I went to a Christmas tree with Violet in Chicago and she spoke a piece — She was just a little girl.

Then I recall Christmases at home in the Valley and how Father used to enjoy putting corn cobs in each of the boy's stockings. We used to think it was a wonderful thing to get a handkerchief and some candy and raisins and a red apple. Once Charlie Plumley was there and gave me a little candy bird and I kept it a long time. Later years, you used to send us books—and how wonderful they were! "Little Women," and "Jo's Boys" — books like those.

In 1879 Phil gave me a subscription to the Youth's Companion and I can feel the thrill yet that I felt when they first came, four or five rolled up together. Someone had brought the mail and it came just as we were all ready to go to Spelling School. . . . They were most fascinating. . . . Still I always see snow, and the evergreen trees and the old Christmases in the Valley seem the most real of all.

I am having great times getting my various parcels ready and off by mail. . . . We have the lounge in the front room covered with presents. Some of Ralph's buying.

I always enjoy my little tree. We have had it ten years or more but it keeps pretty and its little silver bird, and golden ball, and tiny baskets are as brave and joyous as ever. And when the candles on it are all lit it does me as well as the biggest tree of all might.

The holly Violet brought me from St. Helena has kept nice and bright. Seymour stopped in from school last night and told me a lot about Christmas and he has a tree, he says. Ralph has bought Paul a box of checkers, and dominoes for Ethel and Miriam.

Susie has invited Alfred to their place for Christmas, also Phil and Flora. Just think — only three short years ago this Christmas was Glen's happy wedding day. This year it will be Darius and Susie's Silver Wedding day. How fast the years have gone! Twenty-five years since they were married, and it seems not more than half that. I keep thinking of Lalie and their Household.

But maybe it will not seem long until we shall see Elsie and Glen and all those who have gone before and we miss so much, and we will be telling them how much we longed for them. . . . And in the meantime let us be as happy as we can with those who are left us so that we may never have much to regret.

. . . I shall be thinking of you, and of all the olden times — and of the many happy times we have had together. Wishing you a happy Christmas.

Lovingly yours, Lydia.

January, 1916

Dear Louise,

. . . When Matie was here the Sunday before, Harry all of a sudden up and invited them to come for New Years dinner.

Matie brought the cake, a jar of tomato preserves, and a square of fresh honey made by their own bees, a jar of

tomato catsup, and some fruit salad with oranges and apples, cocoanut and pulverized sugar. Her cake was certainly delicious. It was an ideal of a cake.

Eva stayed with me that night, and the next day, Sabbath, we had the best visit we have had yet. The next day, Sunday, we went together to see Susie and Gertrude who are so soon going away. . . .

Get Lillian to tell you about how the coltie tried to get acquainted with her. It was so pretty and cunning. The coltie is my great pet. She always comes when I call her. So I called her to introduce her to Lillian and what did she do but keep smuggling her soft nose down in Lillian's neck around among the sunny curl's! Lillian thought it was great fun and wasn't one bit afraid. . . .

Ralph is turning out to be quite a worker. I never hear a complaint out of him. He is enthusiastic about making garden this year. . . . Last year he raised all the tomatoes we wanted to use, and I canned enough for our winter's supply too.

Now that the weather has turned bright again, we all feel hopeful and more buoyant. Your offer to pay my fare to come to see San Diego and the Exposition has done me so much good, you wouldn't believe! I felt as if a door had opened through the fog and grayness; and I saw a lovely vision of a sunny land and blue skies, and smiling landscape with flowers on every hand to delight one, and everything bright and cheerful.

But here is my boy striving with every nerve and ounce of force in him to get work done, and he and his papa are just getting under good headway. And I must do my part.

It seems half like spring already. Days like this make one feel like hurrying to get work done, so much plowing and so much sowing of grain. And then will come the pruning and vineyard plowing.

Besides, my hens are giving me some surprises, — one came off with seven fluffy chicks two days after Christmas, and today another has surprised us with nine. . . .

Lydia

Fresno, Calif.
Wednesday, November 20, 1918

Dear Sister Louise,

It is good news that you are planning to go up into the mountains. The mountains have always been such a pleasure to me.

We have been having some rainy days but today has been sunshiny green. It seemed almost like Spring this afternoon while I was walking down to see Flora E., the green has come up so pretty all over the ground since those first rains, and the meadow-larks were singing. They have such a silvery sound.

And we had good news of Mother and of Alta and a card from Salema saying that Eva is gaining. I want Eva to come here for awhile as soon as she gets able to come. I have always thought a lot of Eva, and like to have her.

Alta was taken sick last night, and Gladys took her in town at two o'clock. Her baby was born at about one o'clock today, and it is a boy. Gladys says she is going to write to Tillman right away to let him know. His last letter was from France so there is no telling when he will be home again. It seems hard for her not to have her husband with her at this time but it is remarkable how cheerful she has been and never showing any gloominess or despondency all those days she has been waiting.

Monday I had one of my bad sick headaches and stayed in bed all day. It seemed so good to get your letter. Flora came up in the afternoon and read it to me. It seemed so nice to have her come and comb and brush my hair, and Ralph brought me some toast and tea when I began to feel better. Doesn't it seem odd how new and nice the whole world seems after being sick and getting up again?

Yesterday was an exciting day. There was a kind of a neighborhood gathering to help Jim and Ella Hughes get off. The Hughes have been our neighbors so many years. Some of them have lived there ever since we have been in California nearly twenty-nine years ago.

It is night and Harry and Gordy are talking so I can't get anything straight so will close for this time.

Lovingly, Yours, Lydia

Fresno, California
December 2, 1918

My Dear girl Eva:—

Well, dear Eva, your letter was so good, and the verses so encouraging and of good counsel.

Somehow I feel overcast and sad on Thanksgiving and of late, knowing these days would be full of sad remembrance for you all. And especially so to you who had so much to bear at this time a year ago now alone there in a strange land, with a great sorrow to bear. But you were not alone, for you had the help of our Heavenly Father who has promised to help in every time of need, and He will bear us up on His wings of love, and is nearest when our need is sorest. I have remembered you in prayer every night — you and the children, especially since you have been so sick.

Eva, dear, it was harder to keep away from you when you had the Flu and pneumonia than it would have been to visit you. Before I knew you were able to be moved, Judah's folks had taken you home with them. I knew you would have good care with Salema and enjoy the atmosphere of peace and Christian love and grace better than you would here although I would love to have you. I am so thankful you have been spared to us. I felt this on Thanksgiving Day, and felt like praising God for all His goodness to us. I have been so rejoiced that the war came to an end, and that I have my boy safe at home. So many mothers' hearts have been torn in anguish for the loss of their sons.

It has been so nice to have Flora near where we can see each other often. The books you sent her were nice. She let me bring one home to read.

Come out if you can. Take care of yourself, and believe me ever.

Your loving
Aunt Lydia

March 24, 1919

(From a letter to Louise)

Today is Grandma Myers' birthday. One hundred and twenty-seven years ago today she was born, the year 1786. Oh, wouldn't it be fine to leave the memory of such a strong individuality behind one so many years!

Aunt Celia Hilliard was born Mar. 24, 1822. Sometimes I used to go up on the hill and celebrate my birthday with her. I remember I did my sixteenth birthday and we had wild plum preserves and custard for dinner.

Eva wrote me a nice letter and described St. Helena for me. I do love to read about the cunning things Lillian says and does.

Last evening, Violet stopped and visited me for awhile on her way from Glen's where she had stopped after church. While she was here, I concluded to open her package for my birthday. It proved to be Mother's picture—the one where she is smiling. It is out of doors and springtime.

I do so appreciate going in an automobile. Yesterday George took us in his, and Seymour went in to do his Christmas buying. We had great times looking around together. His Papa gave him two dollars and he never spent any out of it for himself but five cents.

. . . He bought his Papa two things—a pair of cashmere socks, 49c, and a red bandana handkerchief, Gladys salt and

pepper shakers, 40c, and the rest went for Cousins Billy and Eddy Graham, bats and balls as Gladys has invited Jim and Bernice for Christmas. We found a story book he liked very much and lingered over so I bought it for him . . .

Lydia

June 26, 1919

My Dear Flora,

. . . I keep missing you, and I grow so wistful thinking of the home days when we could be together and of now when we see each other so seldom.

. . . "Let us live in hopes even if we must die in despair."

Mother and I had a nice time together while she was here. She hired Georgie to take her out to Bert's Friday. And has gone to Judah's since, I hear.

Those apples you brought over went good. I enjoyed every one. Made one apple pie which was fine. Gordy came down from Auberry, went to the cupboard, found the last piece, ate it, and smacked his lips over it. He is working for George since he came. They are drying the apricots—Em Root is there now to can some for herself.

I suppose you have heard that Son Perry came home from France. Em was so overcome, she laughed and cried and hugged him tight . . .

Flora, do you know that today is the day that Elsie died, four years ago? How we have missed her!

Vanished! Gone, those dear ones, and we look and long for them in vain.

But open wide the gates
Let the King of Glory come in!

And the graves shall give up their dead and they shall all come forth—"And my people shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy!"

"He will bring them forth."

I thought, too, of Daisy, so much yesterday while we were at the river.

. . . How the past and the present mingles and intermingles and joins hands together in our daily lives, our outings and all that we do. It is sad and sweet all at the same time.

Jean Ingelow says:

"Life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that shineth fair,
Let us turn oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession."

You have added so much to my thread of gold all the way along.

. . . I have a mystic garden to which I often go. You are usually with me, and those I love are somewhere not far away. Sometimes I am with one, sometimes another. There are all lovely things that ever grew, and the air is so soft and pleasant. There are marble seats and velvet lawns and shady dells. The most beautiful statuary gleams here and there among the trees: Sometimes music sounds not far away, flutes and soft tones and falling waters. Birds sing. There are great magnolia trees blooming and I know there are little sweet hard-to-find corners where lilies of the valley grow, but not many in a place. They must be hunted for and are rare. Carnations are so sweet, in large beds, many fine white ones, and of course pink ones, too, spicy and fragrant. And, oh! Bluebells! lovely dainty hair-bells and maiden-hair ferns, and white and blue violets, modest and lovely. Great old oak trees, too, with a whole open meadow about them, or a sloping green bank where children sing and play in bands.

I must stop now. Say, Flora, can't you come over and stay all night before you go to San Diego?

Bye, bye for now
With love
Lydia B.

Post Script: Harry has longed so to go to the river on a fishing trip so finally he and George and Tom Adams decided to go. Then Georgie and Ralph and Sim wanted to go, so Harry said Kate and I had better go too . . . So away we all went yesterday in two cars, Tom's, and George's new Ford, and we had a good time. Had a picnic lunch at noontime. The men could wade in the water, it is so low, and they had a big old time and speared salmon, great big fine ones.

We had salmon fried for breakfast—oh, delicious!

April 1, 1921

My Dearest Flora,

. . . The first day of April! . . . I thrill over the sweetness and beauty of the lilacs, out now in their full glory.

It was so splendid that we could be at church on Easter . . . That one song "And God shall wipe away all tears" was so beautiful, and the marching figures in white, singing. And how lovely the violin music and the big pipe organ, the flowers and the radiant windows. And then when we came out, the blue sky over our heads, the infinity of space that no roof can contain . . . Oh, so many things God gives us to be thankful for and to enjoy—called "common things" but wonderful miracles just the same . . .

. . . Still I never think of being anything but young . . . There is a gain for every loss. We will know all about it someday. One thing we do know, that we can feel the glory and thrill of April-time just as well at forty or fifty as we can at twenty. It seems to me my heart could not contain much more of joy and delight than it does by spells now . . . I could shout, too, I feel, and almost think I dwell now at moments "within Immanuel's Land" . . . I am so glad we could go to the Easter services!

Lydia B.

Feb. 23, 1923

Dear Flora,

Oliver and Lalie were here . . . Lalie is caring for Gertrude's little girl as she is expecting a new baby.

. . . The afternoons now are being so thrilly with warm sunshine, green grass, and many bird-songs. The mocking birds are mating and sing loud clear songs for us. Also we see blue birds, or others do. I would love to but seldom can, am too near-sighted, but am glad to hear about them anyway.

I was pleased to have the pretty valentine you sent me. Also there came one from Eva—my two faithful thoughtful friends.

Bessie Spurgeon is home now, visiting Susie and Aunt Nancy, her Mother and Grandma.

I think Louise does so well to write so often.

Feb. 23, 1923

I am still working betimes on my bedspread and enjoying it. George, Susie, and Bessie came up last night, so I didn't get Matie's letter looked over . . . Louise does so well to write such good long letters . . . In her last letter, Mother said they were looking for Old Terpenny Overholser to come.

Valentine's Day
Saturday, 1925

My Dear Flora,

. . . Everything is going about as usual excepting the Raisin Drive. We have all been nervous and worried, not knowing how soon we might be raided and our vines chopped off. But, now it has cooled down . . . Harry and Ralph have been pruning the vines.

. . . Tom and Kate Adams plan to move Tuesday . . .

Lydia

P.S.: Ralph wants me to thank you for the nice socks for his birthday. He liked the butterfly-card too.

NOTE: There was a movement to force raisin farmers to join a company but, after much distress, it petered out.

March 21, 1925

Dear Flora,

I have finally found out for sure about coming to your place on my birthday. Gladys will take me. Just Gladys, Junior, and I will come.

Yesterday, Mother's Birthday, oh, how often we have said those words and looked forward to the day in other years! Judah and Salema and Hester came to bring flowers for her grave and to spend the day among us. They were here for dinner and then we went down to call at the Homeplace for awhile, then to the graveyard with the flowers. They had brought some beautiful red roses—La Marque, and big pink ones, and one red velvet one, besides wild hyacinths, paintbrush and poppies.

After that we drove down to see Gladys, and then to Tom's and Kate's and then to Lawrence's. We made the rounds, you see . . .

It was such a lovely day but a sad day as we realized that Mother can no longer be with us ever; until the Resurrection Day, when God will bring her and Father and the others back to life, and there will be no more tears, no more partings.

Harry and Ralph are getting water on the young alfalfa and grain, trying to save it.

(On a post-card, with a picture of forget-me-nots, and a yellow butterfly.)

Nov. 30, 1925

To my own dear Sister Flora Ethel, whose companionship and faith and trust in me has given me some of the most golden moments of my life.

May you have Happiness and Joy and the peace of God.

Lovingly Yours
Lydia B.

April 19, 1926

We had a pleasant time in town Raisin Day. The Parade was a beautiful one and the day just right for enjoying it all; there was a fresh wind to blow the flags out, and the music was thrilling as the many bands went marching gaily by.

After the Parade some of us gathered in a shady place in the Park to have a picnic together—Flora E. and her family (excepting Gene and Donald); Mr. Churchill and the three girls; Martin and Ethel and little boy were with us; also Eunice and Witte. Oh, yes, Alta and the three children were with us too. They had left the car at Phil's. So when she got ready to go, I went with her.

Flora A. seemed glad I had come. Eunice Bedford was all dressed up in a lovely new coral pink dress. I asked her to come back down-town with us which she seemed delighted to do. We all decided to go to see a movie picture at the Grand—"The Whispering Pines," with Tom Mix as the Hero and of course his horse Tony. It was very thrilling.

Aunt Lydia

TO VIOLET FROM LYDIA B.

July 30, 1926

Ralph is turning out to be quite a worker, the poor child had never done any plowing, so it was hard at first, but he is learning, as he is willing to keep at it. I never hear a complaint out of him. He is very enthusiastic about making garden this year, we are to have all kinds of vegetables, and flowers too galore. He scans the seed catalogues for hours every evening. His Papa begins by discouraging him, but usually ends up by being interested too. Last year he raised all the tomatoes we wanted to use, and I canned enough for our winter's supply too.

Here is my boy striving with every nerve and ounce of force in him to get work done, and he and his Papa are just getting under good headway. And I must do my part too . . .

Lydia

LYDIA B. TO VIOLET

August 25, 1926

It has been a long, hot summer and it seems to take all the ambition and vim out of me. I am sorry to be so slow about writing to you—after awhile it will be cooler weather and then I will feel better. This afternoon it is a little cooler. It is also cloudy and I think there has been a storm someplace —the air has a moist feel to it which is something new.

When we first came to California, I remember how we used to long for a good storm, rain and thunder and lightning—*anything* to break the monotony!

Flora said she wrote you a letter from Dinkey Creek while they were camping for awhile. Didn't you enjoy it. I did mine—it seemed like a return of old times when we so enjoyed being in the mountains.

I have hardly seen her since their return. She has been so busy, and I have too. My folks are trying to get the grapes picked and it goes very slowly with only the three of them. They expect to get more help later on. But unless I get to feeling better, I will not have strength to cook for any extra people more than what I have.

Ray has come back here. His picking does not amount to much, he is so slow, but of course it helps some though Harry says he will barely earn his board. He is good about helping me with the dishes—he usually washes the supper dishes, for which I am grateful. Tomorrow is his birthday, he will be eighteen. He seems to be looking forward to it so I think I must make him a cake for the occasion, and I have some nice pears he brought me from Laton when he came. They are nice and ripe now and we will have them for a treat.

And now, we are having also a visit from Bertha's Mina. Bertha was having one of her flighty nervous spells after Melissa's death and the forest fire all about them, so Gil brought her and all the children down and left them at Flora's first. One day and night they came here, then Alta came and took them to her place but could not find room for all so left Mina with me and Lydia with Flora.

It is the first time I've ever had Mina. She tries to help me. She really can sweep the floor very nicely, is particular to do it well which surprises me, but she has to be told about wiping the dishes dry. At first she didn't like the idea of sleeping alone, but soon gave up when I told her her doll would be there for company. Now she goes to sleep as soon as her head touches the pillow so doesn't have time to be lonesome or afraid. It is a blessing that their ears are healed up. She hears, too, better than Lydia Mae does.

I have written to Florabel—they said she was heartbroken over Melissa's death. She wrote Flora E. a very nice letter and sent such a good-looking picture of Melissa in which she appears so well and happy. I want her to send me one, and also one of the young man she was to marry. How strange it must seem to them to have her so snatched out of their lives, it is surely bewildering and a hard thing to understand.

"We shall meet them face to face
We shall know as we are known,
And the waiting years shall seem
But as a day that's flown,
But as a day that's flown, the waiting
years shall seem,
For as we met of old we shall meet again
I deem"
With all our loved ones who have crossed
the River ahead of us.

TO FLORA ETHEL

Nov. 30, 1926

To my dear Sister and Chum for many years:

I have not words to tell you just how much I do love and appreciate you for all you have been to me and my little family for this week when you have taken us in and provided a home for us after ours was destroyed by fire November 21. May God love and bless and keep you and yours. "Inasmuch"

Lovingly yours,
Lydia B.

Lydia wrote to Violet, after her home burned, of "some of the cherished little things" that were saved. "There is one I want to give you to read. I think it is so cute and darling —something Ralph said when he was about four years old, after I had been telling him about Jesus' Coming and the new world there is to be."

"He was all taken up with thought, and walked around much excited. I wrote down what he said and kept it. 'Not a bit of old things anymore; no old straps lying around. We will all be happy when that Day comes—no broken doors. The roads will be straight. Won't we be happy, though? Not any old broken things scattered. I feel like marching, and playing a flute!' "

She wrote on Dec. 12, 1926 to Violet, from the Hughes' place:

It is Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, and I am sitting here in our sunny bedroom, lovely just now. From the West the sun is shining in and lights up the big bureau, saved from the fire. It is shining on Mother's picture, with roses pinned on her dress. And on one of my precious cards from your Mother, a quiet picture of green fields and still waters, saying, "In pastures green He feedeth me. By waters still, He leadeth me."

On the other side of the mirror is the precious book you gave me, maybe ten years ago, maybe more—"Blessings." It is the only book of all I owned which was saved out of the fire. It was in Eva's burnt-wood box; also I have found one of those lily-of-the-valley boxes full of precious keepsakes of letters, cards, and booklets.

There is one letter from Elsie written from Fowler in March, 1915, the year she died, in June, thanking me for a valentine. It is such a good letter. She says in it she had heard from Arthur and he expected to come home on furlough in two weeks. Just now, this afternoon, is the first time I have opened the Lily-of-the-valley box and looked through it, and the things I found have made me very happy and thankful they were saved. Especially over discovering in it the little old family picture of Mother, Father, Phil and Rebecca, your Mamma and Ida Jane, Elsie and me, who am only three white-balls apparently, in Mother's arms, taken when I was a little baby.

Little Janie has been dead so long; it is the only picture they ever had of her, I suppose. Then there is a poem, copied in Father's handwriting, "To the Converted Mariner, Dedicated to the seamen of the port of Oswego, N.Y. March 17, 1848." Also, I have found the picture Flora took in 1901 of our cousin John Myers. Here is, too, the poem you copied so beautifully for me, "He is not Here," and the little booklet you made me, called "Paradise."

LYDIA WROTE TO LOUISE

There seems to be worry on all sides. I have been nearly distracted, but have made up my mind to try to live anyway, and as bravely as possible. I find it helps to think of all the little common happy things of each day. The sun shining in the window when I first woke up seemed like a smile at me. It made me think of how our old Valley looked from a certain place in the road coming home from Hilliard's. Just before we got to Farrisee's, oh, it was so beautiful, hills beyond hills, and the pretty valley all spread out to view.

I have a tiny picture in my scrap-album that reminds me of it.

Your birthday has somehow reminded me of the old days. I wish I could close my eyes and wake up some morning to jump out of the old bundle bed Elsie and I used to sleep on, and bounce down-stairs out into the spring time, and to live just one of those days with Father again. Wouldn't that be glorious?

Wouldn't you love, too, to go up and stay a week with Grandma? Wasn't that a nice ride? Don't you remember the hills where Nelly used to be so frightened over going down, it was so steep? I wish sometime you would write me things you remember about Grandma, I would love to read them and have them to keep. I can't remember much, but what I do was so lovely and dear. The things I remember and the feeling I have for some of the folks seem too good to be true as if there never could have been such people. And yet there were, and more so, for I only knew a smattering.

There is a poem Violet copied for me once I was going to quote, but it deals with "happy morrows" when it should have been yesterdays.

"Within each heart there lies apart,
From all its cares and sorrows,
A paradise which knows no sighs."

Just think, when Father was fifty-four, must have been just about the time he had fairly got settled to running the Pleasant Valley home; and they were living in the log-house when Judah was born in August, and Father's birthday in December made him fifty-four. It seems like a dream to think of our life as it was in Illinois, and as it is here. There is so much difference in the seasons, and in everything, that our lives might have been chopped squarely in two, and made different people of us.

Ralph and I have been reading our newest book "Laddie," and it has so much in it of events and atmosphere as we used to know it when we were young it made me homesick as I read it. There were running waters; the first feelings of Springtime, bluebirds, thrushes, swallows, robins and all singing. The air was vibrant with the sounds of renewing life and hope and activity such as we never seem to have here.

And, later, delicious apples to be picked and eaten. I think you wrote something of the same feeling in one of your recent letters when you enclosed the poem, "In April" for me, also about the stars, "What the stars sang in the Desert." Both of them I enjoyed, also the one, "The House By the Side of the Road." Don't you get awfully homesick sometimes to see Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith, Howard and Will? Jane Van and Clarinda, and Clara Terpening and Maggie Farisee? I often get a heartache over it all.

Lydia

Aug. 2, 1927

My Dear Flora,

. . . Next best to being there with you is to have your letter telling about your camp and your doings. I am glad that you have a pleasant shady place and hope you will have just the goodest time imaginable. We went out to see Judah and Salema Saturday afternoon and they thought they could not get away for a week yet. Judah had to do some plowing which Gordy wouldn't do—he thought he was too tired.

The air and water in the good old mountains does wonders for us. When Paul and Lela come back from Santa Cruz they will take them up there for a few days. A card from Violet today says she got to Phil's Saturday night and would

go on to Shaver Monday and hopes to get to Dinkey and Huntington Lake.

We expected Lalie and Oliver Sunday, but they did not come. I fried a big rooster and made a nice cake and Salema gave me enough peaches for dinner. Ralph cut hay in the forenoon. In the evening, we went in to hear the Band Concert. Kate Adams went with us. Tom wouldn't go. It was extra good . . .

I had to get up at five the next morning, and as it was a cool day Harry and Ralph got off two loads of hay. Had to haul them clear to Lone Star.

. . . Yesterday made some Sultanas into jelly. The last I made of the Thompson's was too sirupy. We've enjoyed it on pancakes and for biscuits.

. . . If you could step in right now I would give you a piece of my frosted cake and some iced lemonade. I tell Harry I am looking forward to getting out of some of the cooking while we are vacationing in Santa Cruz. He usually is good about helping with it then . . .

Well, my dear darling, I wouldn't trade you off for a thousand of the kind of people who scintillate. You never shine but you glow . . . Yes, you do often shine too. Shine and glow and are a pearl and a diamond too. I wish I could be so gracious and so fine and lovable, and under all kinds of difficulties. If you and Alta and Violet could be there together how nice that would be. I've had a postal card from Alta today. Gladys sent me one from Santa Cruz. Earl was improving, she wrote. They will probably return today, so Georgie said. I was glad of Violet's card too. She wrote she was bringing the Lover's Lane picture for me. Oh, what a loving girl! Gil and Bertha came the next day after you left. We brought the children up here Wednesday. They brought Edna home. She and Bertha visited me in the forenoon.

Do you see, I am writing on my prettiest paper?—think it will look pretty up among the ferns and pines? Breathe deeply of their incense for me. And when I get to the Sea, I will think of you and wish you were with me when I smell the salt smell and look across that vastness to far-distant lands, and feel its freshness and purity in my face, its spray on my cheeks.

. . . Harry says if the water keeps in the ditches, they will stay here to use it until the 10th . . . I want a change so much. I feel like a clock about run down.

Ed Appleby's wife Lillian wrote me a letter about Uncle Len's death, the 3rd of July . . . 85 years old. Glad you got to see Ruby. I send love to her and the little boys and her Mother.

I saw Mamie Dalbotten in town. Witte and Eunice have been over and gone back. I did not see Eunice. She was at Ethel's and to Caruthers . . . Tell Ruth and Ellen and Edith and Gene hello! for me. All of you have a good time.

Love from Lydia B. as always

DEATH OF AUNT LYDIA

by Violet

Aunt Lydia died "by fire," June 7, 1928. After her home at the corner of Willow and North Avenue had burned down, she, Harry and Ralph moved into the Hughes' house next to them on the east. When fire broke out there, she was confused and thought she was in her old home and went into a closet instead of the hallway. Harry and Ralph saved her, but she died in the hospital a few days later. Aunt Flora was with her.

Ralph never did get over the shock of her death, and Harry died a broken-hearted man, though his drinking had caused much of her troubles.

There surely must be a Heaven to compensate her, and, oh, how she will appreciate it!

LYDIA

"How many things she had missed, and yet how much she had been able to win that which makes everywhere the best of life."

"She reached out of her own narrow boundaries into other lives and far countries."

"She often got books from the library of poetry, history, biography or travel, and her books on religion were her constant companions."

(Copied from Aunt Flora's notes)

TO FLORA ETHEL

My comrade and friend, through good days and bad days. One whom I have found to be always the same—giving me love and understanding, which is perhaps better yet, and helpful words even when there seemed little to hope for, helpful without fail.

* * * *

You have lit the night with many a song,
You have shortened the way when it seemed so long,
You have solved some problems too hard for me,
You have been as true as a friend could be.
You have helped me to know when the Spring came back,
Its infinite wonder and sweet surprise.
You have helped in winters of storm and rack
To find gold stars in the still blue skies.

You have given me strength when the fight seemed hard,
You have given me joy when the way seemed dark.
You have healed me of many a wound and shard
You have been my Ararat and my ark.

You have brought me visions of beautiful things
And brightened my heart with a fuller hope;
You have helped me to open and lift my wings,
You have helped me to rise when I thought to grope.

And you've never asked anything, nothing at all,
Quiet, contented—my comrade so dear.
And I sing you this song with my whole heart's thrall.

Lydia B.

* * * *

Forget-me-nots Blue
As the skies Above
I'm sending to tell You
Of my Love.

* * * *

What matter if the sun be lost?
What matter though the sky be gray?
There's joy enough about the House,
For Flora E. comes here Today.

There's news of Swallows in the air
There's word of April on the way.
They're calling flowers within the street,
And Flora E. comes here Today.

O who would care what Fate may bring,
Or what the years may take away!
There's Life enough within the Hour,
For Flora E. comes here Today!

Lydia B.

LYDIA

Upper Row: Lydia and Ralph. Lydia. Side-porch: Lydia, Eva, Violet, Edith, Ruth and Ralph. Grandma, Elsie, Flora and Lydia.
Middle Row: Ralph. Harry, Lydia and Ralph. Aunt Lydia's house. Lillian on horse. Ralph. Christmas Tree party.
Bottom Row: Edith, Marie, Sonny, Dorothy and Harry, at horse-trough. Myers, Ralph, Harry, Oliver and Gordy, playing cards. Gordy and dog.

COLONY TIMES, NO. 2

First Row: Nancy, friend and Paula Mae. Hester, Flora A., Salema and Flora E. Violet at Huntington Lake. Violet beside lake where Bessie lived at North Fork.
Second Row: Hester. Indian mother and child at Auberry. Paula Mae. Salema and Hester. Mrs. Hittle, Raymond, Connie, Beulah, Irene and Nellie Hittle. Raymond, Connie and Beulah.
Third Row: Edith and Marie at Aunt Lydia's, playing with Japanese children. Aunt Lydia's house. Hester, with Uncle Judah's house in background. Paula Mae.
Fourth Row: David, Lydia, Ralph, Flora E. and Eva. Ralph and Lydia. Rose, Lillian, Louise, Grandma and Lydia. Harry, Clarence Phinney, Ralph and Lydia. Edna, Florabel and Ethel.
Fifth Row: Lydia, coming out to welcome us. Ralph, with horse and dog. Lydia. Kate Adams and Lydia. Isabelle, Florabelle and Annabelle.

MOSTLY TIMES OF THE DARIUS MYERS' COLONY

Top Row: Flora A., Phil, Eva, Grandma, Lydia (on front steps of homeplace). Flora with Donald, Lalie with Johnny. Dorothy and Marie. Carriage house, barn, dryer, Seymour. Homeplace.
Middle Row: Douglas with dog. Alta, Flora, Lydia. "Sister" and Ethel. Ethel with Marjie. Grandma among the larkspurs.
Lower Row: Grandma in parlor of homeplace. Grandma in front of Aunt Lydia's. Dorothy, Marjie, Viola with dog. Bessie and Eva as bridesmaids. Eva and Aunt Flora, the bride. The Cave at Uncle Gene's, with Dorothy, Story and Marjie. A leaf painted by Grandpa Myers. Dorothy and Marie in a buggy at Aunt Lydia's. Marie, Edith and Dorothy patting dog.

SIXTH SECTION — DARIUS

REMEMBRANCES

by Darius Elihu Myers

(From First Home Folks Book)

GEORGE AND I went to Florida after Becky's children. We came back on a train. At New Orleans, we had to cross the Mississippi River on a boat.

Mina was about thirteen. Myers about twelve. Bessie was a good build. Lydia was slim. Renvy was chunky. Becky was tall and thin. She was more like Elsie.

Gordy was run over by a wagon when he was four or five years old, run right over his head.

I had to laugh: Gordy was always lookin' after George, tryin' to keep him out of mischief. We was all at the table, an' Father was sayin' Grace, and Gordy calls out, "Maw! Maw! George is cuttin' up while Pa is a-Lordin' it!"

Gordy and Bertha were never so bright, an' Mother had to watch over them more. Seems as if it is natchell to give more affection, to someone afflicted than someone strong an' robust. You're more apt to give someone weak an' sickly your sympathy than someone who is strong.

We used to have stew when we would come home from school. Mother would cook up a big pot, with about nine pounds of meat, and carrots, an' potatoes. Each one of us would eat about a pound of meat.

Then we'd go out an' do our chores, an' when we would come in, about eight o'clock, we'd have a big kettle of cornmeal mush, an' we'd eat all we wanted of that.

GLEN'S FIRST BABY

Jan. 12, 1914

Dear Violet,

It has suddenly dawned on me that I must be owing you a letter, and I do wonder if anyone has written to tell you of Glen's baby, now nine days old. I was up to see them yesterday and they are getting along finely. Glen had to have a few stitches taken so will have to lie still longer than she otherwise would. Kate Adams took care of her the first few days, and then her Mother came to stay with her. But I believe Kate came every day to dress the navel and see that all was going well. They liked her very much.

It has been hard on your Aunt Susie to do the work, wait on Glen and everything. There are so many steps to take through that long house from the bedroom to the kitchen, and we have been having so much rain and fog, it is hard to dry clothes. It is a pretty, round baby and has been real good, sleeping most of the time, and not making trouble. They think of naming her Winifred Claire, which would be pretty I think. It looks like Alfred, more than Glen.

Lydia

Fresno, Calif.
Jan. 22, 1914

Dear Eva,

. . . Mama stayed with me until last Friday, and Gertrude has been here since then and is going to stay until I am strong enough to do my own work. Mrs. Kate Adams nursed baby and me . . . She makes a very good kind nurse and certainly understands her business well. Everyone said I just got along fine. Of course I thought I felt pretty bad for awhile but when I heard the baby cry, I was so happy. That little cry was the sweetest music I ever heard.

She is a darling baby. She weighed 7½ lbs. with her clothes on, and has long black hair and dark grey eyes. I think she is going to resemble Alfred. She was 23 inches long, but looks real plump. How do you like her name, Winifred?

Dr. Barr was the doctor.

All the homefolks have been so good about coming to see me . . .

With love to you
and Lillian,
Glen

April, 1915

Dear Louise,

. . . I can't realize that we have lost Glen. Before long it seems she must be home again. Everything speaks to me of her. Her books we had talked over, her plants, the plans about the two babies, as I look at the green lawn we had meant to share together this summer. How can it be possible she is gone!

Her funeral was surely a most beautiful one. The church was decorated with so many flowers and there were so many floral pieces. The choir sang the songs she herself had selected to be sung, "Happy Day," "Will there be any stars in my crown?" and a solo by Esther Carlson, "Some of these Days." I never heard anything sung so purely and melodiously. Girls dressed in white acted as pall bearers. Ruby Shipp was one of them. Oh, yes! Ruth Graham was one, also. The church was full. Somehow it seemed like a pageant passing before our eyes and, no, it could not be Glen who was lying there in the casket.

Well, God our heavenly Father knoweth the end from the beginning. Fear not. Even a sparrow shall not fall without His knowledge. How much more he shall remember his children.

Alfred hopes to get a woman to come keep house for him so he may keep his home together.

Everyone is so deeply affected by this. No one thought she would die until that night and still we hoped until the news came of her death.

Lydia

NOTE: Glen died of a burst appendix, five days after her second baby, Wilma, was born.

No. 6 Rural Delivery
At Lydia's
April 18, 1915

Eva, Dear Grand-daughter,

I expect you have heard about Glen's death. She was getting along so well. I will get Lydia to tell you what it was that killed her. They took her to the Sanitarium for operation. She left two sweet little ones. They have gone to Clovis today.

They had a very large funeral never saw so many flowers. Our Minister preached the funeral services. She chose three hymns and said she was ready to go and said Alfred was agoing with her but it would be a long journey. The Church was full. She looked so sweet and peaceful. Did you get her letter she wrote on her deathbed?

Bertha was here went home yesterday, I suppose. I saw the little babe awhile asleep, a nice large babe. We had our

quarterly meeting yesterday at Fresno the Church was full, about 100 new members. I was worse on account of my riding up there, and suffered a good deal last night with Eczema. I have paid out about 40 dollars. Lalie came up yesterday with Salema and Judah. If I get better or well, I want to go to Camp Meeting at the park. It is so cold afraid to go to Berkeley. I suffer so with the cold. I appreciate these nice bed slippers. We will all miss Glen so much but those little girls without a mother how thankful that time is short, let us be ready to meet loved-ones—from Grandma Myers by by.

Sunday Afternoon
April 18, 1915

Dear Evalinda,

Mother has left this space for me to write some. It is a lovely April afternoon—everything quiet and still after our days of upsetting worry and sudden anguish of loss. Susie and Gertrude have been taking care of Glen's two babies. Today they all decided to go out to Clovis to see Darius and Earl and Myers so they drove out in the surrey. Aunt Daisy was so good to offer to care for the wee baby as they were afraid to take her.

Aunt Lydia

SCRAPS FROM LETTERS:

from Flora E.

1926

Saturday is Mother's birthday. Flora A. spoke of it, but Lydia and I could not bear to think of it. Believe they and Frank Bedford and his three girls, are coming to Lydia's to spend the day, anyway. Paul was around making calls among the relatives. He looks well and prosperous and evidently enjoys his work in The Republican office. We seldom see him as he sleeps day-times.

Darius is still helping Myers, but says he intends to go home next week, and "never get caught at such a job again." He has been plowing and says he has lost forty pounds. He often comes in the evening to play cards, got to telling about Uncle Tunis one evening and had us all laughing.

TRIP TO MONO HOT SPRINGS

Gertrude (Myers) Rhodes

Written in 1959

Mono Hot Springs years ago was quite a place to get down into, even on horseback. My Dad, Darius Myers, Uncle Gene, Kate and Tom Adams and I stayed at Mono for a few days. We came by way of Dinkey, Jackass Meadows, Vermillion Valley (now is Edison Lake), and then back to Mono Springs.

Aunt Lydia and Uncle Harry were already there, and Kate and Tom stayed with them.

It was early one morning we started back. We had a can of hot beans covered tightly to eat with our bread for lunch that day, and when we reached the summit at Kaiser Pass about noon, we got under a tree for shelter and opened the beans, and they were sour and already fermenting, so we ate plain bread.

That night we spent at Boneyard Meadows, with all those old grotesque dead trees around. The men killed a big tarantula right where I made down my bed. Out under the stars, I slept like a log on the ground, so tired I could have slept on a rock.

Next day, by noon, we were as Shaver Lake, at the camp of Uncle George and Aunt Daisy. Then we went on to Bretz's Mill, where Mother, Glen, Earl and Mildred were at our camp. At the same place were Aunt Flora E.'s family and Grandma Myers was with them.

I will never forget that trip and the beautiful scenery. We were gone twelve days in all.

AUNT SUSIE AT SANTA CRUZ

We were here twenty years ago with little Truman. We were only here three weeks, then he died and we took him back. Then we were here the year before we moved over. Phil and Flora were here to a convention, it seems to me.

Now, the homefolks come, off and on, I think Lydia's were here before. This summer Lalie and Lydia were on Laurel street. It happened to be next door to the house we lived in twenty years ago.

I like it here better than any place I have ever been. The hills are on one side, and the ocean on the other. Salema was here last summer with Hester.

My father was captain on the Great Lakes, and I think I take my liking for the water from him.

Charlie was just a little fellow when we left Lake Erie and Lake Huron and moved to Illinois. They lived in New York, Ohio, and Illinois.

I was born in Illinois, Flora in New York. She is six years older than I am.

Susie, Santa Cruz, Aug. 1924

DARIUS AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Uncle D'ri: What! You here again! Don't you know I can't support the two of you at the same time?

Winnie: Grandma, shall I set the table?

Uncle D'ri: I thought you was going to be a Pilgrim! You look like a Pilgrim. Do you know how Pilgrims look? They look green.

Aunt Susie: Sh! Ella is in the front room.

Uncle D'ri stretches his neck, opens and shuts his mouth and blinks his eyes.

Uncle Darius likes to torment Wilma.

Uncle D'ri: Here, Billibus, get the fine comb and scratch my head.

Wilma: I don't want to scratch your head.

Uncle D'ri: What! Will I have to get the strap?

Aunt Susie: Never mind the strap.

Uncle D'ri: Well, here is the little strap. Now get that fine comb and scratch my head.

Wilma gets it and starts in at random.

Uncle D'ri: Here, that's not right. Do it right and proper, or I'll hit you with this strap. (Hits backward without looking.)

Wilma: (Beginning to cry) I don't want to scratch your head.

Uncle D'ri: Oh, yes you do. You might as well learn to like it, as you'll have to do it until you're twenty-one. (Wilma is nine). Every night until you are twenty-one, do you hear me? And ten minutes by the clock.

Hey, there, you're not doing it right. (Hits backward.)

Wilma: Oh, I don't want to scratch your head! (Cries).

Aunt Susie: That's the way he entertains company!

Violet: Here, let me scratch his head. Why you haven't much hair to scratch. Grandpa used to have lots of hair. The skin was kind of pink. He used to have me scratch his head. He said he'd give me five cents every bug I found. Once, there was a big green flower-bug crawled over the pillow—he was lying down—and I called Grandma to see it and then squashed it. He made believe I had made it all up, but finally said he would pay me. He gave me a five-dollar gold piece. I knew it wasn't a nickel and I was just going to tell him so, when he said: "Here, would you cheat me?"

Uncle D'ri: He probably did it a-purpose.

Violet: Well, your head is all scratched.

Uncle D'ri: No, 'tisnt. Wilma's got to do it till ten minutes is up. Here, come on! Come on, I say. Take ahold o' that fine comb!

Wilma: Oh, I don't want to scratch your head!

Uncle D'ri: Which do you like best me, or—

Wilma: Grandma! Grandma! Grandma!

Uncle D'ri: Which grandfather do—

Wilma: Grandma! Grandma! Grandma!
(Clock begins to strike. Wilma lays down comb.)

Uncle D'ri: Here, here, your ten minutes isn't up yet till the clock stops striking.

Ethel: Why don't you curl his hair? Braid it and curl it? That's what we used to do with Papa's hair. Once we had it all fixed up, and a customer came and Papa ran into the harness shop. The man laughed and laughed. He said, "What have they been doing to you Mr. Platzek?" Papa suddenly realized how he looked. "Oh, it's my children's work," he said, feeling of his braids. Papa used to think so much of us children. He said his home was his heaven.

Uncle D'ri: Well, that's enough till tomorrow night.

170 Navarra Drive,
Santa Cruz, Calif.
Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1966

Dear Violet,

Yes, Violet, John Harlan and his wife, Sharry, had a baby boy, born November 25, 1965. His name is John Wayne II and he is a darling; haven't seen him since June. They went to Eureka to see Doris Labor Day week-end, but didn't come this way. I know Doris was real happy to see her Grandson.

Paul and Lela were here awhile Friday, stayed and had lunch with us. We had to go at 2 p.m. for our 3 month checkup with our doctor, so they left about one o'clock; were going on home that afternoon. Was nice seeing them and we are anxious to see their color slides of their trip to Alaska when we go to Fresno again which may be around the first part of October. We should also go up to see Doris before the winter sets in. She is quite lonesome. Melinda went to Edmonton, Canada, to visit an aunt on her father's side of the family and likes it so well, she has decided to stay this winter anyway, and is going to Business College and working at the store for her Aunt afternoons . . . She decided she wasn't ready to get married yet.

Melinda was with us for two weeks in June. Also Ricky, Fred and Mary's boy, at the same time. We enjoyed them both. We have been expecting Alta and Tillman over.

We just got home from Edward and Pauline's, in Pomona a couple weeks ago. Ed and Pauline, with Sue and Earl came by here on their way home from their vacation at Lake Tahoe and Lake Almador and we went home with them. They had their camper and boat-trailer and boat, but was room for us all in the Camper. Fred, Mary and Kiddies came to Pomona and they brought us home. We were down there six days, had a real nice time. Edward and Pauline have such a nice family. Susan started in College at Fullerton this semester, and Earl is a Senior at Webb High School, a private Boy's school in Pomona. Two real nice young people. Edward teaches at Chaffee College in Clarmont, and Pauline is Counselor at Alta Loma's new high school. So they are a busy family . . . They have such good times together at the Beach on week ends and enjoy boating, swimming, and water skiing. My brother Earl would be very proud of the family if he could only know.

We really had a thunder and lightning storm last night and had ½ inch of rain, which washed the trees and plants all clean and nice.

I didn't know Bessie had passed away until Paul told us. Poor dear! How much she has suffered the past years! It is a blessing she is at rest at last.

I must write to Renvy again . . . Sent her a Christmas card last Christmas and a letter. She sent the card back with just writing, "Thank you for remembering me."

Well, I have to go vote today on school bonds.
Hope this finds you in good health and all going well for you.

Lovingly,
Gertrude and Fred

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

170 Navarra Dr.
Santa Cruz, Calif.
January 16, 1967

Dear Violet,

. . . We had a real nice time at our fiftieth wedding anniversary reception, meeting relatives and friends at Mabel's. There were between fifty and sixty guests. There was a money-tree and we received over $400.00 and we plan on buying carpeting for our living room and dinette with the money.

Melinda came from Edmonton, Canada, and Pauline, Edward (Earl's son), and family came from Pomona. Wilma, Fred and their son, Freddie, and family came from over this way, and of course Winnie, Charles and their family and grandchildren were there. Hazel's son, Dennis, came from San Diego and brought a ship-mate. Dennis' ship sailed on Monday for the Far East. Am so glad he could be with us. Our whole immediate family were there and we were so thankful for them all and all our good friends and relatives.

On Saturday evening our family, Ed's, Winnie's and Wilma's went to Cedar Lanes for a prime rib dinner. There were 26 altogether. Then on Sunday the Open House at Mabel's. We are so fortunate all our family could be together.

Maybe we will see you in June at Alta and Tillman's Anniversary.

Love, Gertrude and Fred

DARIUS

Top Row: Hazel, Mable, playmates. Picnic on bank of San Joaquin River. Winnie. Freddie. Gertrude, with Doris, Hazel, Mable. Gertrude with Doris, Hazel, Freddie. Wilma. Hazel, Freddie looking at Jack-O-Lantern, Doris, Mable.
Middle Portion: Wedding picture, Darius, Susie. Big photo: Darius, Susie, with Glen, Gertrude, Earl. Around photo, clockwise: Glen, with Winnie, Mildred. House on Clovis Ranch. Mildred. Gertrude with Freddie. Gertrude, Alta. Doris, Hazel, Mable, Freddie. Lillian, Mildred. Mildred (left hand) in front of Malaga house: Earl, Glen, Lydia, Grandma, Gertrude, Susie, Trueman, Darius. Right hand: Susie, Flora. Winnie with dogs, well with bucket. Barbara, with Timmie, Mark, Glen, Lisa.
Lower Row: (At Cliff House, San Francisco): Glen, Gertrude, Earl, Mina, Violet. Gertrude, Tillman, Hazel. Melinda. Glen.

DARIUS

Top Row: House in the Colony, with Gertrude, Darius, Susie, Glen. Hazel, Mable. Fred with dog, Freddie, Gertrude. Melinda. Melinda, John.

Middle Row: Mable, Marta. (Big Photo): Ella, Frank, Flora E., Dari, Susie, Flora A. House near Belmont Ave. Charles, Janice. Mary, Melinda, Doris.

Lower Row: Alta, Tillman, Violet, Gertrude, Fred. House, Santa Cruz, with Gertrude, Fred. Hazel with Kent. Janice.

SEVENTH SECTION — JUDAH

(on a picture post-card)

February 1, 1926
Orosi, Calif.

Dear Sister Louise,

I send greetings; wish you health and happiness. May your birthday be bright and happy, a beginning of better days with higher aims, a spot in your life that will shine out clear above all others, and your life be an inspiration to those around you in good thoughts and deeds.

With my love and best wishes,
Judah

Cambridge, Nebraska
February 28, 1935

Dear Girls,

We are glad to hear from you. Eva, I hope you are improving. You have so much energy. Violet, your letter was so cheerful. I hope you are both happy in the Lord the next life will be full of explorations and new things all thro Eternity my poor mind cannot grasp it . . .

I hope all will be ready to meet Jesus, and we can be together. I loved our homefolks.

Love to you all
Salema

THE FLOOD IN CAMBRIDGE, NEBRASKA, ON JUNE 22, 1948

by Hester Myers

(Account given April 12, 1959)

The old flood! It sure was terrible. It was on my little brother's birthday. Now, we've got a big dam to protect us—they say it will.

It was at 6 o'clock in the morning I saw the water coming toward us. I heard the water rushing toward the back door, and I looked out the window and saw it. Mom said, "I can't believe it. We've got to get the rug up in the front room." We did. She opened the back door to find out whether it was true or not, and the water rushed in. It is sad. Think of all the dear ones who are gone. She said, "We've got to ask the dear Lord to protect us." And He did. That's why I'm here today and why Mom was here up until January. We had the Lord's protection on us. I held onto the wardrobe shelf, near the window above my bed, and Mom hung onto the trap-door into the attic; for three hours, from six to nine. Mom saw her cane come floating into the room on top of the water, then out again. Couldn't reach it.

There was Molly Murphy gone, and Mrs. Tolman and Grandpa Tolman. Florence Shotwell's sister Retha Mayo—they lived up on the hill, but the water got to them, too.

Mom and I had a prayer together and I don't know what all songs and memory Bible verses. Then we heard the sound of Dr. Stearne's row boat and some man hollered, "Is anybody alive in here?" We cried, "Yes! Yes!" And they came right in the room through the window. The two men were tall enough, water came up on their chests. They lifted Mom down first. Had our shoes on, not much on. They carried us out, wrapped blankets around us, put us into the boat. Took us up to Dr. Stearne's office, then to Ruby Finch's house. Bertha and Ed came after us, took us to their house. They took our pictures while we were in the boat yet, and carrying us. Was in the paper.

The water came from Medicine Creek, was a cloudburst up on the Republican River, south of us. Spread out all over, my, yes! We were in a terrible way. We lost another neighbor, Mr. Weideman. Some children were lost. Was sad.

The Red Cross sure helped us out then, with clothes and furniture and shoes, and they fixed the house up, while Mom and I went down to Aunt Fay's. Dear Uncle Miles took us down.

Everybody was good to us, oh, my, yes! Even our Adventist Church helped us get that good heater, and radio. The wood cooking-stove came from the Red Cross.

The town built up more toward the hills and the cemetery. They've got some houses down toward the river yet. Our house was right near the creek, that's why we got the water first.

God sure protected us. Mom said it was the Angel of the Lord protected us. He sure did.

BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR HESTER MYERS

(Clipping from The Clarion)

Cambridge, Nebraska
May 3, 1951

Twenty-four ladies gathered at the home of Miss Lizzie Nolan Thursday afternoon, April 26, in honor of Hester Myers' birthday. Miss Violet Beck, of California, Hester's cousin sponsors this annual party.

After birthday greetings and "Happy Birthday To You," Mrs. Barrett gave a short book review of "Lost, One Small Boy." This story ended right and the ladies listened attentively and enjoyed it. Mrs. Cotton read a nice letter from Miss Beck and our thanks are extended to her for a delightful afternoon. Also we thank Hester for thoughtfully planning her guest invitations.

A pleasant hour was spent socially and during this time, Miss Nolan served a dainty luncheon of cake, ice cream, fruit punch and mints.

Last but not least a group picture was taken. We hope we will have the pleasure of another birthday party next Spring.

DEAR BIRTHDAY PEOPLE IN CAMBRIDGE, NEBRASKA

April 17, 1952

The time draws near when you shall be gathered at Lizzie Nolan's house, for Hester's birthday party. I can almost see you in Lizzie's hospitable house where the lamps of cheerfulness and thoughtfulness are always brightly shining. That light reaches clear to me in my home, here; and I am glad to be with you in spirit. Mr. John will be taking your picture; and Hester will send me your names.

Maybe it will be a sunny day, as it is here in San Diego. This evening I've been out in my garden, which has grown because of the rains. The geraniums are blooming in big bunches—white, crimson, vermilion, pale-pink, rose-pink, single and double flame, and a bright cerise. Some of the bushes are over waist-high. The Easter lilies are coming in; and Eva, my sister, has planted some baby Oregon pansies and Scottish daisies. She likes the red and yellow of the nasturtiums.

Yesterday, a gorgeous yellow oriole perched in the guava tree near Eva's bird bath. Orioles like to get the honey from the trumpet-flowers, and from the Chinese lanterns, which hang down, apricot-colored. The roses, fuschias, sweet elyssum, and frezias are blooming and blooming. It is Spring weather here, much of the year. I'm thinking of the Cam-

bridge lilacs, violets, bridal-wreath, daffodills and crocuses. Oh, how I'd like to be with you.

In February, I went to Fresno; then to San Jose, San Mateo, Alameda, Berkeley, and Knightsen, and saw acres of almonds in bloom along the Pacific Coast, and in Central California and the upper San Joaquin. Also in bloom were the Japanese plum, the flowering peach, and the blossoming quince. Every place is lovely in Spring, and Cambridge will be so pretty at the time of the party.

If Grandma John can't be with you in person, she'll be with you in spirit; and you'll be remembering Grandma Palmerton and others who were dear to us. May our Heavenly Father bless this Gathering of Friends of Hester; and bless the hands of Lizzie, so busy in doing good; and may the coming year be a blessed one for each one of you.

Lovingly,
Violet Beck

Aug. 2, 1952

Dear Cousin Hester,

. . . You and I have not had husbands and children. But we've loved other peoples' children, and helped mothers, and been kind to grandmothers, and have had lots of friends.

We've had lots of relatives—that's something not everyone can boast of. Homefolks can't be bought for money, and here we've had so many and all free! They go into the hundreds, every one of them welcomed into our hearts, every one of them to be loved and prayed for, grieved for if they die, rejoiced over if they marry and have babies. Oh, we've been wealthy in homefolks! We think of them in their homes, they are like books. The plots of their lives unfold to us.

Just think! Maybe in Heaven we'll meet the relatives who were gone from earth before we appeared. I'll take you by the hand and lead you up to where Grandpa Myers is sitting on a Patriarch's throne. I'll say "Grandpa, I want you to meet my dear Cousin Hester. She has kept the Sabbath, and has been a good, kind, loving person all the days of her life, and you can be proud of her as a grand-daughter."

Then Grandpa will say, "Hester, I am glad. I yearned that all my children should love the Lord their God, and believe in Christ their Savior. Now we shall dwell together forever in the light of His countenance." Jesus will be passing by, and will smile at all three of us.

Grandpa will take us around and introduce us to those who came before us, and I will introduce him to the new ones. There'll be lots to do in Heaven!

I'll be thinking of you singing your solo in church, "The Best Friend to Have is Jesus." Isn't that the truth!

Lovingly,
Violet

May 1, 1954

Dear Aunt Salema,

Lizzie wrote to me you gave Hester a birthday party after all. You are an understanding person. From what I've been told, you always were that way.

You sacrificed to help your school-pupils learn, and I'm glad you're going to have an open house for them.

When you came to Uncle Judah's house, you made yourself a real member of the homefolks group, and meant so much to different ones. We liked to come to see you—you cared for our souls! You played on the organ, and sang with your clear strong voice, and you played a classical piece by heart.

Although handicapped, you worked like a farmer's wife. I've seen you out in the vineyard turning raisin-trays before a storm. The dried fruit in barrels that Uncle Judah shipped to your relatives, was a bond between you and them in the land of your sojourning. Uncle Judah accepted your people. One winter, you went to live in Cambridge.

How Uncle Judah depended on you! He would read a portion of the Sabbath School lesson and look up at you, with his clear blue eyes with their long dark lashes, as he commented on it. Both of you were exceedingly faithful in religious services. Alta was telling me that you folks and Grandma took her to church when she was small, and that was about all she had to go on, until of late years. Now, you see Alta and Tillman pillars of that East Belmont Community Church, and someone called him "the father" of it. Your influence has been far-reaching. Your family worship was about all some of the cousins ever had of religious life. Gladys told me, "Uncle Judah seemed more like Jesus than anyone."

You were understanding of Paul, of us cousins, of your own dear Hester, who wasn't the easiest child in the world to bring up. Yet, you see how much happiness she has brought into the lives of others, with her sweetness, thoughtfulness and kindness.

May this Open House be like a piece of Heaven to you.

Lovingly,
Violet

May 9, 1954

Dear Violet,

Was glad to get your letter. I told Hester what you said of me was fine if true. She said, "Course it's true." Well, I feel my life has been so far away from what it should have been, I'm only a Sinner Saved by the grace of our kind loving Father.

I enjoyed you when you came. You were always kind and cheerful, thoughtful too. We all loved you.

Seemed I couldn't get all done which should be. Worried me. That part of life is all over. Some shadows and a lot of sunshine.

If I had never married Judah, or gone to California, I might never have heard the Blessed Truth, which is in my heart . . . so I'm thankful the way the Lord led me. I'm thankful for a Christian husband and children, the relatives were like my own. God is good to me.

Hester came from town and said the party is to be a big affair. Will write after the 16th.

I enjoy hearing of your mountain home at Ramona. It is good to have a retreat in the hills.

Love,
Salema

Star-Route
Cambridge, Nebraska
April 28, 1957

My dear Cousin Eva,

We had forty-five out to the Baptist Church services today. I put my birthday offering in, and the Sunday-School sang my "Happy Birthday" song. During the church services, the Junior Choir sang for me, "Some Golden Daybreak, Jesus will come."

Then, after church, we went to the Park and had our picnic. We celebrated three birthdays. I took my Birthday Cake, Eva, you sent the dollar for. It was trimmed beautifully and said

"Happy Birthday, Hester" on it. We had good things to eat; and we had a good time. We had outdoor services.

Mother stayed home alone. She had two visitors and they were preachers. I got many presents; and some quilt pieces. Martha Cronk wished me "Happy Birthday" on the phone. I brought two pieces of my cake to Grandma Karash. We had sunshine, I sure had a Happy Birthday today.

Your Cousin Hester

Dear Girls:

Just a few lines to go with Hester's. I didn't feel like going to the picnic. I enjoy my phonograph, also radio. How well I remember forty-eight years ago today! I heard Hester cry while I was under the anaesthetic, that was all I knew. I am thankful for my child.

She has had a big birthday. The Baptist people treat her nice. The preacher comes to see me. We enjoy exchanging texts. The Last Battle seems to be shaping up. I hope all will be ready.

Love,
Salema

May 10, 1957

Dear Girls,

I got your sweet letters this A.M. You made me cry when you said nice things about my father. Thanks for the four stamps you sent us. I love you girls very much. We do have church services here at home every Sunday night. And on Saturdays we have our Sabbath School. We are planning to have a Spring week of Prayer next month.

Next Sunday is Mother's day. Mother is about blind, but she isn't sick. The weather man says it will snow again tonight. I will be glad when it gets warmer.

Your Cousin,
Hester

AUNT SALEMA and HESTER IN CAMBRIDGE, NEBRASKA

by Violet

July 16, 1958

After Uncle Judah's death, Aunt Salema went with Hester to Cambridge, Nebraska to care for her mother, Mrs. Babbitt, who lived to be almost ninety; and after her death, they kept on living in the old home, and are there to this day.

It was many years before I went to see them, and, oh, how I did enjoy that town, with it's trees and streams, it's cemetery on the hill, its lilacs and violets, its houses, stores, schools, churches, and people! Last time I was there, Julia Corder confided in me, "We feel as if you were one of us." I feel that way too.

Aunt Salema's sisters, Pluma Mousel and Bertha Trenchard, with their husbands, Ed and Robert, live there, and Bertha's son, Paul. Faye and Edith, other sisters, came to visit her when she and Hester were with us almost half-a-year in San Diego. Hester's cousin, Betty, and her mother were in Cambridge awhile. Family pictures of the Babbitts are in the town museum.

Also, Paul Myers' Uncle Clint Miller and his wife lived there.

Aunt Salema's house is a one-story, spreading white house, standing on a corner, with big trees and a lawn. There used to be a high lilac hedge at the side before the flood from nearby Medicine Creek buried it.

That flood took the lives of the kindly neighbors next door, Grandpa and Grandma Williamson. From up on the hill, Retha Mayo, a wheel-chair invalid, was also carried away. Aunt Salema and Hester were saved by men in a boat.

One by one, the older ones are passing away. Aunt Salema has just had her eighty-seventh birthday.

Here are some notes about these people, who are part of an era, that is passing away:

CAMBRIDGE FRIENDS

(From my Notebook of May 8, 1942)

by Violet

Mrs. Stillwell (came visiting)

Mrs. Stillwell: My beets haven't come up good.

Aunt Salema: I'd put some more in. I sent down and got a dime's worth more of seeds. Pretty cold to have things come up.

Violet: Whose picture is on that pin you're wearing?

Mrs. Stillwell: My child Harry. He's in Heaven now. He was not quite three. Wouldn't it be awful sweet to meet them just as they were?

NOTE: Another day, Hester and I went to Mrs. Stillwell's house, and we saw fancy shells in a basket on the stand. She showed us her roomy yard with a bird-bath, and a bench under a spreading tree. She told us, "Maria Nolan has always wanted to come and sit there, and eat her lunch."

Mrs. Schwab: Grandma Palmerton can write nice poetry. They call on her for prayer for a lot of clubs. They get her and bring her back. My dear son helps me with expenses. Every two years, he comes to see me. I pray for Cambridge every night, that the people may have an abundance of everything. I pray for the sick, and for the soldier boys.

Grandma Palmerton: This is a picture of my daughter Carrie. She died from whooping-cough when she was an adult. How I would have enjoyed her companionship through the years. I think of her every night. That is her daughter Carrie you saw go out.

Violet: People think you are wonderful. You make beautiful prayers. Lizzie Nolan said she wished you could leave her your intellect.

Grandma Palmerton: Those Nolan girls are the finest in the land. Lizzie has an intellect of her own. Their people were the very best.

Yes, I am rich in memories, but I want to live longer. Ninety-three years is too short a time to live. We spend so much time in getting ready. Then, we are so busy with families and preparing for security. By the time we are not so pressed, we are too feeble to do the things we look forward to. Now, I've always wanted to go to Wisconsin where I was born and spent my young married life and I do want to see California before I die. There are so many things I want to do. I have so many thoughts to keep me company. It is hardly ever I feel utterly lonesome, as I did the afternoon after Mrs. Rockwell's funeral. Here we had lived near neighbors for over forty years. That day, I sat here having a desolation of utter loneliness, and longing for someone to come and be with me. I hardly ever feel that way.

NOTE: She showed me pictures of her family and of herself at twenty years of age, a bright, young woman with a straight back, and with tight curls hanging in ringlets over her silk jacket. Her hair is still wavy, with curls around the neck.

Mrs. Mayo and Lucille: Hester and I went up the hill to visit Mrs. Mayo, a sweet-faced woman, unable to walk. She had been mending, and Lucille, her daughter, was ironing. I drew a profile of her; and Hester gave her some religious

papers; and we left a stick of peppermint candy for each one. At his drug-store, Clinton John sold me all his long sticks. They were wrapped in bright-colored paper. Hester and I gave them to those we visited.

MARY CHEHEY:

The apple-orchard was half-blossom, half-leaf, as we waited on the door-stops. Mary called from within, "Who is it?" She had been taking a bath, and when she appeared, seemed rather proud of clean underwear and dress. She is a large woman with a refreshing, though sometimes shocking vocabulary, and hearty, unconventional ways. She told about the year Uncle Judah, Aunt Salema, Paul and Hester lived in a little house back of Mayo's and across the road from her. Two times they "made garden." Hester would run away and knock at her door—she was three years old. Uncle Judah would walk to different farms, "working-out." Paul spent one year in school here. That day we were there, Mary's father was down-town in his jewelry and clock store.

NELLIE CARTER:

We climbed up the hill to a white house, where a hen and her chickens were scratching beneath a row of tall trees at the edge of a garden. We heard pounding. It was Mrs. Carter who had been putting a half-sole on a shoe which rested on a last, standing beside the sofa. She brought us in to where Nellie was sitting helpless in her chair. Nellie used to be a school-teacher, with happiness and joy of life, but an old injury caused her to lose the use of her legs, almost the use of her arms, and her eyes are almost blind.

Lafe Carter, since the first flood, when his arms were hanging onto the house for seventeen hours, has been an invalid, with shaking palsy. Mrs. Carter sat between them, to feed first one, then the other.

Hester played by ear on the piano, and sang "God Will Take Care of You." Nellie, only thirty, threw up her arms and cried, "I want to walk. I want to go around as I used to! I want to fly in an air-plane! Here I have lain for four long years! Oh, Mamma! I want to walk again!"

GRANDMA and GRANDPA JOHN

Grandma John was sick in bed with a head-ache. "I may slip away before Grandpa does," she said.

He groaned loudly from the other bed. Hester bent over him and sang two hymns. He tried to join in. Wherever we went, Hester sang hymns, and if there were a piano, she would play a hymn on it by ear.

"I wonder if Hester realizes how much good she does with her missionary work," Grandma said. She worried about Grandpa. "I understand him," she said. "I hope he will not have to stay long after I go."

Next day, Grandma John was feeling better. Hester told Grandpa John. He sat up in bed, his blue eyes eager. "Is she better? Is she better?" He thought they might both live a little longer.

NOTE: She did outlive Grandpa John by a number of years.

AT KATE'S and ELLA'S

Hester and I have been over to Kate's and Ella's. They don't know that first we slipped down and saw Kate's room in the basement, a neat room, with a featherbed and high windows. Kate likes it down there, better than upstairs.

She asked me, "Where do you live?"

I answered, "In California."

She paused, then remarked, "Oh! That's 'way out yonder!"

We invited her and Ella to Hester's birthday party. I took a picture of her and Hester close up to a flowering lilac bush.

HESTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTIES

by Violet

Only five ladies were to be invited for Hester's birthday party, Aunt Salema had planned, but Hester had different ideas. As soon as services were over at the Methodist Church, Hester and I scurried around to different homes, inviting more. There wasn't anything Aunt Salema could do about it. They all wanted to come, and two more appeared on the front porch, wanting to be invited. We just got in and prepared as fast as we could, and everything turned out fine. Kate Kelly received the guests at the front door and started everybody laughing and they kept it up. Grandma Palmerton said she never had so much fun at a party in all her life.

The ages of those seventeen people present totalled one thousand, two hundred and twenty-seven years (1,227) an average of sixty-six years, and some were young, as Betty and her mother. We counted that Grandma Palmerton had lived a little less than one-twentieth of the 1942 years of the Christian Era. Only twenty peoples' life-spans as long as hers would stretch back to the time of Christ.

That impromptu party started a long series of birthday parties for Hester, and one for Aunt Salema, an open-house for her former school-pupils, all held at Lizzie Nolan's house. Maria and Julia, Lizzie's sisters, would help her. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cotton were especially helpful in getting the shut-ins there, and others helped in various ways. Mrs. Barrett would give a book review. Clinton John took group pictures. To some, this was their only social event. My annual letter would be read aloud, and someone would write me a letter of appreciation, and there would be an item in the Cambridge Clarion.

Many of those ladies have passed away. Now, Hester counts as her birthday event the picnic of the nearby Baptist Church, held sometime around her birthday, April 29th. Last year, they had a cake in her honor.

Hester has had so many friends in Cambridge.

LADIES ATTENDING HESTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY
Picture of 1949

Martha Cronk	Bertha Trenchard	Mrs. Guy Richards
Carrie Kelly	Mrs. Fry	Frances Keith
Plumas Mouselle	Nina McKinney	Mrs. Fay Cadwallader
Carrie Breaker	Eleanor Allen	Carrie Richardson
Salema Myers	Grandma John	Nora Warren
Hester N. Myers	Hattie Wonderlick	Julia Corder
Ora Hardings	Mrs. Paisley	Lizzie Nolan
Rose Lamb	Lola Decker	Florence Shotwell

NOTE: Hester writes, May 8, 1967. "Sixteen folks have passed away." There were other guests. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cotton were good to bring the ladies in their car, and take them home. Mr. John would take pictures. There would be a book review. (I have written Hester asking if it was Mrs. Dicker.)

Cambridge, Nebraska
(before 1959)

Dear girls, Eva and Violet,

Hester has waited some time for me to write. I feel thankful that Eva is stronger. Bless her dear heart. I don't believe her work is done yet. I am not sick or well, ailing.

I went to see our neighbor Mrs. Williamson last eve. I call Lizzy Nolan often. She cares for an elderly lady.

We enjoyed Paul's. He helped and Lela got a good dinner for Paul's Aunt so we enjoyed that. Lela was so sweet this time, I guess better acquainted.

Hester has done quite a bit of canning already. I can peel the fruit. O I wish we could see you!

Love, Aunt Salema

NOTE: Aunt Salema wrote this by feel, as she was almost blind. She was deeply beloved by her former school-students, by the homefolks, by the church people, her own relatives. She was so patient, kind, and thoughtful. One leg was shorter than the other, and she walked with a cane. Her eyes were a deep brown. Her hair stayed a dark gray, though she was 88 years old when she died. Then Paul brought Hester back to Fresno with him.

November 4, 1960

Dear Edith (Aunt Salema's sister),

Thank you for the pictures. That must be your mother, Rebecca Rockwell, sitting in the rocking-chair, with Hester and Aunt Salema standing beside her. They took care of her for so many years. Most of their pictures were lost in the flood.

Aunt Salema would be pleased that Hester is in an Adventist rest-home. When she was dying, she called Hester "a child of God." Hester surely has been a blessing to many by her loving ways and deeds.

Aunt Salema had a merciful understanding of her daughter. You wrote me that when Hester was little and was naughty, Aunt Salema would put her rag-doll into her arms and send her into the vineyard. Out under the blue sky, among the muscat grape-vines Hester's turbulent soul would be quieted. "And when she did come in," you wrote, "it was time for prayer and Bible-reading."

Eva and I can testify to the healing influence of Uncle Judah's family worship. Others—hired men, visitors, relatives, were drawn into its warm fold. It was all some of them ever had of any religious services. Uncle Judah depended on Aunt Salema. She was an encouraging help-mate to him, both at home and at church. She made a happy home for his son, Paul, and their daughter Hester. He had reason to be grateful for she worked by his side in vineyard, vegetable-gardening, every where. She had his clothes neat and clean for Sabbath School and Church; off they would go, every Saturday.

He was a teacher in Sabbath School, a Deacon, an Elder, respected and beloved. He had aspiration for higher things. He had the whole family on his mind. I remember his gathering clothes for some baby that was to be born. The family cemetery was on his place, down by the pond, this side the irrigation ditch, and he kept it cleaned up, and planted trees and flowers. He would bring pansies and other little flowers home. One Spring, I saw him bring a handful of the first delicate pink-tinged filaree leaves to Aunt Salema. I saw him making each of the wooden caskets for Raymond and Esther, the babies who could not be born alive because Aunt Salema was crippled. That is the reason Hester was a Caesarean baby.

What fun he got out of Hester! Her's was a blithe spirit. Their handwriting is similar. Both liked to tease. They had great times together.

Paul was a precise little fellow. He would follow Hester, closing bureau drawers and picking up things. Aunt Salema was kind to both children. Hester loved "Brother." Paul has been faithful to her, although he has always seemed puzzled at her.

Once, Uncle Judah and Grandma went off to a Camp meeting, and when they got back, Aunt Salema was upset over a pledge he had made. She told me about it as she was stirring clothes in the long metal tub on top of the wood stove, and her tears mingled with the steam. "That twenty-five dollars was to have gone for a tank-house," she wept, "so we wouldn't have to pump and carry in the water." The pledge was to educate a Chinese child for a year. Maybe it was good seed that has not died out, even with China as it is. I never heard Aunt Salema and Uncle Judah quarrel. They would pray together, and somehow their differences got settled.

How far the candle of that godly home must have thrown its light!

Oh, Edith, write to Hester. Don't be mad at her. She loves you. Isn't that enough?

Lovingly, Violet

NOTE by Violet, April 11, 1963: They had a difference over beliefs of life after death, and about what had become of Aunt Salema's soul. Edith had written Hester, "Your mother is in Heaven." Hester believes she is asleep until the Resurrection. She appealed to me to tell Edith not to upset her. Edith wrote, "All right; I won't write to her at all." But she did, before she died.

1962

Dear Violet,

Do you listen to the Voice of Prophesy every Sunday? I am going to take a course this winter in the Bible. My mother's favorite text was Isaiah 43 v 1. My father's favorite text was Isaiah 60 v 1. Another was Matthew 11, vs 28-30.

My dear mother had a clear mind up till the last day. My mother is at rest till Christ comes again.

My roommate here at the Wyatt rest-home reminds me a lot of my mother. She is about her size and age. She is Aunt Jennie Powers. We both love each other a lot. We belong to the Adventist Church. She and I read our Sabbath school lessons every night. We done a little sewing on our quilt today.

I sure like my final home. The house mother used to live in Stockton, Illinois. Her name is Mrs. Wyatt.

Please, please write soon.

Your Cousin Hester

I. A. H.

by Violet

July 1, 1963

The summer of 1894, when I was nine and Eva twelve, there came to each of us, through the post-office at Malaga, ten short sermons printed on pink, blue, yellow, and green paper, from the David C. Cook Company. It was Uncle Judah who had subscribed for them. The last sermon asked us to accept Jesus Christ as Savior. For ten cents apiece we could have rings with "I. A. H." inscribed upon them. It was Uncle Judah who fitted our ring-fingers into holes on a card, as we sat on the front steps of the veranda of the home-place with Grandpa watching from his arm-chair in the shade of the trumpet-flower vine.

The rings are gone, but Eva and I can still say, "I am His."

How far Uncle Judah's candle threw its light!

AUNT FLORA JOINS THE ADVENTIST CHURCH

by Violet

The Saturday after Aunt Flora was baptized, a young man came and took us in his car to the Adventist Church. We sat up near the front, on either side of Hester. Afterwards, Hester wrote, "I guess you know how glad I was to have you and Aunt Flora at my Church. My wishes came true."

Aunt Flora writes, "Some of the church people come for me every Sabbath. Hester always comes and clings to me. I think she misses her mother."

JUDAH

Top Row: Rose, Salema, Hester, Bert and LeeRoy. Judah, Salema, Lillian and Hester. Paul. House in Colony.
Second Row: Judah, Salema, Hester with goats. Nancy, Paul, Paula Mae and Lela. Nancy, Lela and Paul. Hester's first birthday party in Cambridge, Grandma Palmerton seated at right, Salema's house.
Third Row: Judah. Judah and Salema. Birthday table, Lizzie Nolan's house, Grandma John at left, Pluma at right, front. Later Birthday party, Lizzie Nolan's house.
Fourth Row: Lela, Paul, Paula Mae and Nancy. Judah and Nettie. Nancy, Clifford and dog. Bertha, Pluma, Salema and Hester. Hester and Salema. Hester.

MOSTLY TIMES OF THE DARIUS MYERS' COLONY

Top Row: Camp Manana, Shaver (1902), Violet, Flora, Gene, Grandma holding Paul. Shaver Lake. In boat: Gene, Harry, Phinney, Violet in sunbonnet, Lydia with Ralph. Violet on Arkansas trip. Mirror Lake, August, Harry, Lydia, Ralph, Louise, Mat.

Second Row: Looking from Uncle Judah's house across the vineyard toward the graveyard, pond, and poplar trees. Jennie, Flora A. and Phil between the trails to Bridal Veil Falls.

Lower Row: Uncle Judah's wheat field in a windstorm. Judah's house, Flora A. Georgie, Paul, Salema. Yosemite, El Capitan.

MOSTLY TIMES OF THE DARIUS MYERS' COLONY

First Row: Rear: Helen, Connie, Beulah, Ione, Miriam, Ruby, Ethel, Herbert. Front: Ruth, Lillian, Nellie, Hester, David. Ethel with rose-bush. Howard Kavanaugh, Mary, Violet, Father Mitchell, with Catholic group at Mining Camp above Shaver.
Second Row: Beulah, Brent, Elden, Boyd. Judah with team. Waterfall above Dinkey Creek.
Third Row: Daisy, Lawrence, Georgie, Seymour. Lydia, Ruth, Flora, Edith. Susie, with Earl, Gertrude, Glen. Annabelle, Isabelle, Birdie, Bernadine. Hester's home in Cambridge, Nebr.
Fourth Row: Esther. Lawrence, at Em Root's. Ruth Graham. Jerry, Bernadine, Mary Ellen, Tommy. Frances, Violet. Hester, with dolls.
Lower Row: Gertrude, with Maxine. Lalie. Birdie, Clarence, Chuck, Clifford. Jackie, Edith, Gerry. Herman.

EIGHTH SECTION — GORDON

CONNIE'S FAMILY
by Violet

Route 1
Harper, West Virginia
May 25, 1946

There are six children around this table at the moment, doing different things: Alma is over by the heating-stove comforting her Baby Barbara; and Connie is in the kitchen beyond, getting on the dinner to cooking; the bigger boys are out hoeing in the corn-patch; Mary Ellen is plowing the potato field, with Tom, one of the mules; Mae is with her, waiting to ride home on Tom's back.

Richard has hired out to a neighbor, bringing timber in from the tract, and won't be home until supper-time. He and Alma have built themselves a house on the hill, with lumber made from their own trees—even to the doors and window frames; and Richard and Alma did all the carpentering work except a hundred-dollars' worth by an old neighbor, at seventy-five cents an hour. They will get water from a near-by spring. (Note: Richard was only a little boy when his father married Connie. When Bill was killed in an auto-accident, Richard was released from the service to look after the family. He worked in the mines and on the place. He married Alma, a neighbor's girl, and they had Mack, Peggy and Barbara. Both families have lived together in the big house, but now Richard has built a home for his own family on the hillside across from the big house.)

We went up to see the new house yesterday—Connie, Gertrude, Mary Ellen, Juanita, Leonard, Charles Ray, Mack, Peggy, Violet Eva, and Frances, up through the maple, elm, hemlock and oak forest, with wild honeysuckles showing bright orange, yellow, and red through the bushes.

It is a lush, green time of the year, and the stream that runs beyond the road is full and gurgling.

I've come over four thousand miles, I guess, with about three thousand to go. The last three thousand may be the most difficult because of the railroad strike which came off yesterday. I'm supposed to start on Monday westward, but I'll wait to decide until I get back to Beckley tomorrow.

First, I started with friends who went to see Zion's National Park, Bryce Canyon, and took me as far as Burley, in Idaho. I doubled back up North to Payette, Idaho, and visited Cousin Nellie's family on a dairy-ranch. They had built them a basement house, with a roof over it. I saw a number of these in the Northern states, where cement is more easily obtained that wood.

It was by train I went through Idaho, Wyoming and down through Cheyenne and Denver into Cambridge, Nebraska.

Our birthday party was on a rainy day; but twenty-six shut-ins and friends of Hester came to Lizzie Nolan's party-house. The ages of the twenty-six of us amounted to nineteen hundred and three years, and averaged seventy-three years. Grandma John said the blessing at table, and we did have a lovely religious program. I suspect Hester's parties are the only places where some of the old ladies ever hear a prayer or a hymn except over the radio.

Hester and I brought thirty May-boxes of candy, cake, nuts and popcorn to thirty more shut-ins, some of them men. I saw the inside of their houses.

(How Connie ever gets a letter written, is beyond me. Peggy and Frances are on a stool tight up against my left elbow; Juanita wants me to write in her autograph album; Barbara is crying at the top of her lungs; and Violet is organizing a play-school. They all talk in a West-Virginian dialect which I'm catching onto fast. Uncle Gordy, their grandfather, is peacefully reading in the midst of the hubbub.)

Well, I did get to see relatives and friends in Lincoln, Nebraska; Stockton, Illinois; Canton, Ohio; and East Orange, New Jersey. Cousin Gene and Jackie took me on a long ride through the business part of New York, and up through Central Park, and over the Pennsylvania Bridge. I was a whole twenty-four hours in Washington, D.C. and saw the main buildings of our national government. It was a beautiful ride along the Potomac, and through Virginia.

Through the northern states, there was need of rain; and whenever rain arrived, there was rejoicing. Our bus was going through a heavy downpour on the way to Mendota, Illinois; and when a man got off, there was a waterfall over the doorway. The driver turned and asked, *"Who prayed for rain?"* I answered timidly, "I did." The passengers laughed.

(Charles Ray and Violet Eva are hollering into my left ear, wanting to know if I'd like "a little bit of orange," if the girls would go to the store over a mile away, and buy two of them. Also, they want to know if I would like to stay two more days. I tell them I might have to, if the strike continues.)

We are going to walk up the hill by the family cemetery and into the woods to gather wild-flowers. The sun is shining, but the silver-leaved maple trees are clapping their hands as if a storm were blowing up.

Also, we want to go over to the nearest neighbor's, over the hills. Yesterday, Mrs. Shorter came to get the older children to help swarm the bees. Little Billy is plowing the upper field; and Connie wants to "pull" some onions up there.

These two families in one house have a time raising enough food to supply their wants, for the father is dead, and Richard's shoulders are young and slender. But, as Mrs. Tolbert explained, "Connie's children like each other;" and it is a pretty valley in which to grow up.

Mrs. Tolbert, Connie's mother-in-law, has such an interesting way of talking. Gertrude has been staying with her in East Beckley. Yesterday, as we were about to leave to come out here, Gertrude said, "Gramma, your ears are dirty." "That's a judgement on me," Mrs. Tolbert exclaimed. "Once I laughed at an old man with dirty ears, and now I've got them myself!"

When I'll get home, only the good Lord knows. I want to go by Beulah's in Alameda to see her new baby girl; and I want to see Aunt Flora—and other homefolks. But, I may be very glad only to see San Diego again!

Violet Eva says, "You've got done, haven't you?"

So, I'll stop.

AT BEULAH'S HOUSE

1302 Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda, California
February 24, 1952

Here I am, at Beulah's house. Steve brought me, with Anna riding beside me on the front seat through the Spring green with misty mansions, along sky-lines; and colored lights wavering on wet pavements; across the Oakland bridge, with first a faint dawning of thin fingertips of land; then stronger outlines with points of lights coming out, on the piers where the railroad trains wait to take passengers from ferries, now almost empty, because of the city bus strikes.

Beulah and the family and I have been talking:

Beulah: Violet says Connie's mother-in-law bought a Methodist Church, and the lumber from it made that house they live in.

Violet: The houses were the Sunday School rooms, that mother-in-law has been so good to them. When Connie

and Bill first moved out to the ranch, she helped with preparing the foods Bill took around the countryside to sell. The front of her house in Beckley was like a shop. She did sewing in it. I saw sunbonnets she had made in the windows. Then, she took in boarders. She had a little building she rented to the Post Office for $19 a month. She helped Connie all she could after Bill's death. She thought the world of Connie.

Alton: I can understand that. A hard worker, anytime you get a good girl like that in a bunch, you appreciate them. (Alton goes out, and brings back Laurie Anne and Chris, four and three years old, the same height.) Here are two little children want to hug and kiss their grandmother. And their grandfather. (Hugs them, sits in the easy chair; and takes Laurie Anne on his lap.)

Laurie Anne: I don't sleep with the bottle any more.

Alton: Oh, I'll have to give you a big hug for that.

Violet: Isn't it lovely, to be grandparents, with grandchildren, all near of an age, growing up together? And in a comfortable home; and living next to Brent and his family?

Alton (to Laurie Anne): I believe I like you. Why do I like you?

Laurie Anne: Because I'm going to Sunday-kool with a clean dress.

Alton: Next Sunday. What is sister writing? Short-hand! Can you read that?

Laurie Anne: When I go to kool, when I'm six.

Alton: They come into the barber shop; and I make them smell nice. Laurie Anne will sit there fifteen minutes. I hug them up; and they go out again.

Violet: Chris looks like you. He is the age Brent was when you had that barber shop in Fresno. You lay on the front lawn and played with him.

Alton: And with that big dog, white, Betsie—had her seven years.

Violet: Where did you meet Beulah?

Alton: In Fresno, April 14th, 1923. Martin Churchill took me and Beulah up to his place in Tivy Valley. He knew me, and Ethel knew Beulah. Martin and Ethel had just gotten married, and they invited us up there. Then, I took Beulah to the Raisin Day Parade; and then we dated until April 14, 1924; and then we got married. My father didn't remember his father and mother, they came from Des Moines, Iowa, farmers. My father was Scotch and Irish. My mother's father's mother came from Sweden. She couldn't talk English till she was in her teens. She was teaching school when she was eighteen, in Minnesota. She was the youngest, the only girl, with nine brothers.

Beulah: We got married in the Baptist Church at Fresno. We had Dayton and one of his girl friends with us, best man and brides-maid. We slipped off and got married—Alton was a coward.

Alton: Bet your life, you remember what happened to Eunice and Witte Bunne—they gave them a charivari. We took Eunice and Bunn up to General Grant's Park while the others filled up their kitchen with wheels of the implements of the farm. I was married a month before anybody in the country knew it.

Beulah: We stayed with Alton's parents for a couple of years.

Alton: My mother used to keep a community-kitchen; made delicatessen chicken pies, chile beans, chicken noodles, all kinds of pies and desserts. The first delicatessen in Fresno. After awhile she had to quit. Then, after we moved away, Dad worked as car-repairman for the Southern Pacific Railroad for several years. Then they cooked for the Free Market for five or six years. Dad did the delivery and settling up. Brent was born at 524 N. 21st Street. Eldon was born at 3070 Iowa Street. Boyd was born in the County Hospital, Fresno; Milo at the Alameda Hospital, and Tamara, also.

My mother used to spoil all my children—give them pies and stuff. Beulah and her got along pretty good. We moved to 3070 Iowa. I was barbering ever since we were married; first at 524 N. 21st Street for twelve years—opened it in 1920 but I'd barbered before that. Then I barbered for others, then I had a chain of five shops. Then I came, in 1940, to Alameda, and worked in the ship-yards as a welding inspector for four years during the war.

Then I went back to the business, for another fellow, two years. Then, in the real-estate business for two years. Then I came back here, three years in May. Now, the barbering business is the best it's ever been. I'm going to train Boyd, if I can get him started when he gets through high school. I was on Belmont, 12th and Belmont barbering a couple of years. I like barbering, didn't used to, I do now—you always eat.

We bowl for a hobby, we belong to the Neon and Eagles fraternal organizations, go to tournaments, that's what we're going out this afternoon for, at Hayward. I have five different colored shirts for different events. I'll show you some of them, yellow, green, gray, black; for different sponsors for whom I bowl. Different companies sponsor different teams; its an advertisement, and it pays for the bowling partly. I have 172 average, and Beulah has 121.

Beulah: Eldon is working for a roofing and siding contractor, putting shingles on roofs and houses. He is tall, twenty years old; had pneumonia, and was 4 H, rejected for the service. Boyd is in the eleventh year of high school, and likes wood-work and cabinet-making. Tamara is in the first grade; and Milo in second grade.

Alton: We've always made it, one way or another. Well, I tell you, if you, lose, you've lost; and if it's money, you don't live for money. These wars are costing millions of dollars—they've shot labor and material away up. Money can be replaced. Life is the same thing; you can always pick up and go on again. You never have troubles dealing with customers, you listen to their troubles. With Beulah, we have our ups and downs. We've got no complaint, we get along all right. We have our arguments and debates, I feel like this—it's not their fault our children are here. It's up to someone to give them love.

Beulah: He's studied psychology, he knows more than I do.

Alton: I've had more schooling after I got out, I've had up to two years of college, with extra things I've learned.

Did you ever see a more domesticated bunch of boys than that? (Eldon and Boyd are getting their breakfast. Eldon is making French-fries; Boyd setting the table.) Put your bacon in with your potato.

Violet: It must be a satisfaction to have a good-looking family. All of you are good-looking.

Alton: Yes, it is; I can say that truthfully.

LETTERS

April 19, 1953

Dear Cousin Beulah,

By Aunt Lydia's Birthday Book, Beulah Myers was born on April 14th, forty-nine years ago.

I saw you first in the house in the pear orchard, a beautiful baby, round and shapely, with fair ringlets and hazel eyes,

immaculate in your white clothes with fine hemstitching which your mother made.

How proud Uncle Gordy, your father, was of you! He was hard-working, affectionate toward little children, loyal toward Aunt Gertrude. It was hard for him to be both father and mother when she was taken away.

That summer, when Grandma and I came to the Homeplace to help him with you and Baby Connie, he would linger after his meals to play with you two, and wanted you to cry after him when he left the house. He would holler, "I'm going now!" until you would cry.

How glad I am you have a kind husband, and five handsome children! You are the heart of their home.

Lovingly, Violet

Route 3, Box 172
April 15, 1958
Beckley, W. Virginia

Dear Eva and Violet,

I wish you both could have seen Leonard and Alice's wedding. It was sure nice and they were a handsome couple. They sure had a lovely wedding.

It was at the house of Alice's brother. The preacher's name was Whitehouse. It was at seven-thirty Saturday, April the 12th, same day that Juanita got married years ago. They looked so nice. Alice had a white wedding dress, had lace and everything. Leonard had a dark blue suit and white shirt. They took a lot of flashbulb pictures. They took me with her mother, the preacher, and Alice and Leonard. They took one of them cutting the bride and groom cake. Leonard bought me a bouquet of white carnations with a white ribbon to wear and Alice wore a bouquet of violets. We had ice cream and cake, the cake had a bride and groom on top. I sure wish you could have seen the wedding.

She is going to keep her job. They sure got a nice place to live. She has her own bedroom suite and Leonard got front-room and dining-room suites.

April 29th

This is Sunday, we had eight at home today, and yesterday nine with Alice's brother who drove us home in a car over the week-end. Frances and I were there from one Thursday until the week-end of the next week. I don't know if it helped me or not as I haven't been satisfied since the three boys have been gone. Nothing seems the same anymore.

Bob came home the same day we did. He is going to cooking school and cooking for 200 men. I guess they will send him to Germany for two years. Frances is going to the Prom at school Friday night. She is in the eleventh grade. She had to buy three roses to wear on her gown. She makes pretty good grades.

Charles is working six days a week now. We have been having rain a couple days. Violet Eva helped Richard and Mack put up our onions and lettuce. Mary and Carl planted our potatoes and 200 lbs. for them—guess the army or military will get Leonard next March.

I have had several letters to answer, I was glad to hear news. It is so lonesome anymore. Bob just got to stay one night. He is stationed in Fort Lee, Virginia. Oh, yes, he gained 30 lbs. since he has been in the army.

Charles has been buying a lot of feed for the pigs, sow and sheep and lambs. The lambs are sure nice. I have supper to start so will close. Best wishes take good care of yourself.

Lovingly,
Connie

BEULAH and ALTON'S HISTORY

by Beulah Marley

May 3, 1958

It was in 1923, April the fourteenth, on my Birthday, that I met Alton, through Ethel Churchill, my cousin, and her husband Martin.

I was eighteen when I was staying at Uncle Phil's and Aunt Flora's before I went to work as a mother's helper at Dr. Anderson's, where I stayed a year. After a few months there, Ethel and Martin came and took me up to their place in the mountains, and we stayed overnight. Sonny was a baby, and sure was a big boy.

I didn't know many in Fresno, so I would go over to Alton's place on the street-car on week-ends from where I lived out by the College. His mother and father had a home near Belmont, and he had built the barber-shop in front of their house several years before. Alton had barbered eight years before I met him. He had been a telegraph operator on the Santa Fe Railway on the West-side, also at Knightsen. I would go over there when I could, and we would eat lunch together, and he would take me home after he was through working on his father's car, a model T-Ford.

The Marley's moved from Canada to Fresno. They had lived at Hughson, eight miles from Modesto, then at Fresno where they lived at 524 North First Street for thirty years. Alton had two brothers, Dayton and Lyle. Dayton is married and lives in Alameda. Lyle has passed on thirty-one years ago. He married and they lived in Los Angeles and had two children, Johnny and Gary. Merle was his wife's name.

Alton's mother was Swedish. She was a school-teacher for ten years, and had to learn to talk English. She was a very hard worker, very determined, too. They always were very good to all who came to their house. Eldon and Boyd were their favorites of my children. They never lived to see Milo and Tamara. We lived in their house for three years while they were at Merced Falls at a lumber-camp. Mr. Marley had worked before that at Pinedale at another lumbermill. Our oldest boy, Brent, was born in their house. Then we moved to 3070 Iowa Street, where our tallest boy, Eldon, was born. It wasn't too far from their house, so sometimes I helped them during the rush hours at their work on the Free Market in the Park at Fresno, where they sold food. The boys enjoyed the park. Uncle Guy Robinson used to come and eat with us sometimes at the Market. My brother, Raymond, was named after him. He and his wife have both passed on.

Alton tried running a barber-shop and beauty parlor called "Cut-rate Shop," downtown, but the Union kept worrying him. After John, next door, had his vegetable store burned down, Alton gave up, and went out of business. Soon we moved up to Merced to a real nice barber shop, painted ivory and baby-blue. It was in Hotel Tioga. We were there seven months, living in cabins. Then we came back to Fresno. We lived on Third and Harvey in a house I bought from my father. Alton said barbering wasn't any good at that time.

For about eight months, we were in Los Angeles, where Alton went to a Diesel school. It was just before the Second World War. No one knew what was going to happen. Jobs were hard to get. Living wasn't so high. We were really having a rough time. So we moved back to Fresno. He rented a shop on Belmont, and we lived in back. I worked on the Free Market with the boys after the Marley's gave it up. Also, Alton worked at real-estate. Then Alton got located in the Bay Area where he worked in the ship-yard as a welder, and then as a barber in Alameda, where we lived seventeen years. We lived on Santa Clara Avenue, and the barber-shop was on the corner.

Now we live in Sacramento, where we have been since February 7th of this year. Alton did some barbering around Oakland before he came up here. We now live in a flat at 2304 Que Street. Alton has gotten to the age where he does only barbering. He will always be glad he had a good trade to fall back on. So many have to go out and do hard labor which he could not stand to do. Brent was in the Second World War, and was in Paris a year. Eldon was in the Army in Germany too, about a year. Boyd also was in the Army in Germany for three years. All three are married. Brent has two children, Laurie Ann and Chris. Eldon has two little girls. Boyd's wife is expecting.

Milo is now thirteen years old. He and Tamara seem like twins to me. They are very close together and get along so good. They enjoy each other, so they aren't lonesome. Both were born in Alameda Hospital. Their grandparents on Alton's side never saw them, but my father stayed at our home in Alameda a number of times before he died.

Tamara is the only girl. We are so proud of her. She is twelve years old, has a nice build, and is wise beyond her years. She is large for her age, and Milo is small. She has blue eyes and lighter hair, and Milo has brown eyes and wavy dark hair.

They have adjusted themselves very well here in their new school, Sutter Junior High.

P.S. Dearest Violet,

I got Alton to go to the Sacramento Bible School Church last Sunday, as we were invited. I go get Alton for lunch and after work I pick him up, as I do most of the driving of the car.

Milo and Tamara have more homework up here. They are enjoying church. They were picked up by the preacher and his wife with other children to go to a meeting at Galt. They sang church songs on their way home. Milo got up in the morning singing more songs.

Love,
Beulah

STORY OF CONSTANCE GENEVIEVE MYERS LACY (112917J2)

(Written before 1960)

Married—William Earl Lacy—August 13, 1927 in Fresno, California, lived there a month and moved to East Beckley, West Virginia as his son took polio at the age of four and a half and died. We lived with his folks until our first child was born. A month later we moved to the farm.

My husband had three children by his first wife. So we had a boy and a girl. Their names are Geraldine and Richard Earl.

The farm is three miles from Glen Daniels, West Virginia. Our farm has a stream running in front of the house and on one side it gets pretty high when there are rains and snows. Part of the farm is cleared and there is woodland in front and back of the house up on top of the hills. William, or Bill, as I called him, got his eye put out about a month before my first child was born. He lost part of his hearing in the war; he was standing guard one night, it was raining. His step-father was good to him, he helped him to get the farm. He paid so much on it as he got his eye put out working on a fence for him. He also helped him get some of the timber cut for mining posts.

We raised chickens, hogs and several cattle, two or three milk-cows and had sheep a couple of times.

There is a place on top of one hill fox-hunters come every Saturday night. The dogs got so bad they would get into the sheep and kill two and three at a time.

Our farm has hills clear around, a person has to go to the top to see any distance. It's pretty when every thing is green and in the fall the different colored trees. Seems like there is more snow in the country. I don't think the children would have been as good raised in town.

It kept me busy with the cooking and house-work, washing clothes on the board. We had men to feed when they worked in the timber. There was about fifteen in our family at one time.

Richard, Bill's son, had to leave the army when his father was killed in a pick-up truck December 24, 1940. Three of Richard's children were born in our house. He built himself a house from the timber on our farm. Just lately he has had to move, as work in the mines went bad. Richard was a lot of help after his father got killed, managed the farm work. We had a pretty hard life but had some happy days.

We might of froze at night as the house was so big and never had but one heating stove. We had to use four or five quilts on one bed. Thanks to Violet and Eva who sent us many things we could use.

All the children went through grade school. I believe Richard and Gertrude was the only one's didn't go to high school. Francis and Violet both graduated from high school. The children are all married except the oldest boy and the youngest girl. (Note: Bill is now married.)

The children all helped their father and Richard with the farm work. When they got older, they all worked in the garden, field corn, and stacked or shocked hay. Bill, Junior, done most of the ploughing. All the boys left the farm in the last few years. Bill, Robert and Leonard all worked in a bakery in Columbus, Ohio. Robert was called to the army, he was in Germany for awhile. Charles worked in Philadelphia, Penn., where his oldest sister, Gertrude, lived. Then he worked about a year in Columbus, Ohio. Now he is back in his home town.

Charles has a pretty little girl, Lesa Carol. I am staying with Leonard, babysitting, as his wife is a secretary. They are buying a home. They have a son, blonde haired, blue eyed, little over a year old.

Violet Eva and Frances are both working at the same store and living together in Columbus, Ohio. My oldest daughter lived in Phila., Penn., a few years, now she is staying in my home so I can visit with the rest of the children.

The worst part of living on the farm, the children have to wear over-shoes to get to the bus for school.

My mother-in-law stayed in my home for eight years, she died at the age of 82. She slipped on the floor and broke her hip. She was in the hospital several times. She and my father died in my home. She had diabetes and kidney trouble. She was very good to all the children while she was in my home. She told the children about the Lord. She was a Christian woman. There was five days difference in her and my father's birthdays. My father came to visit us twice from California. She kept Gertrude and Mary Ellen a couple of summers.

He said he couldn't stand those radium treatments on his face, just like putting a hot iron to his face. He was so bad when he came back the last time, he couldn't wear his teeth and you couldn't understand what he wanted. He couldn't eat anything, just liquid, he lived twenty-seven days. I had to bury him in our cemetery on the farm. Just before he died he was calling for his mother. The doctor had to give him a shot. I really was glad he could be with me at the last. I felt so bad when my brother Raymond died and I couldn't be there.

It was terrible on all of us when the children's father got killed in a truck wreck. It was the day before Christmas. I

didn't know which way to turn. It was five months before my youngest child was born.

Juanita is the only one living close to my home, has had seven children born while she lived in that one house. (Note: She now has ten children.)

The same preacher married three of the Lacy children, Charles, Gertrude and Peggy Joyce.

Violet Eva and Leonard were both married in Columbus, Ohio. Leonard got married April 12 and Violet got married December 19, 1960. Married by a Methodist Preacher.

33501 13th St.
Union City, California
Oct. 21, 1966

Dearest Violet, My Cousin,

Here I am at my son Elden's place, not expecting to have to let you know of our first sorrow and break in our family.

Alton had made up his mind he had to see Milo in Missouri, where he is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood in the Army. So on Oct. 16th we went first from Philo to Reno to see Tamara where she and another girl are working to get their divorces. We brought the four year old daughter of Tamara's friend, Marty, with us. Tonya was so good and cute, Alton enjoyed her. We started Monday morning from their cottage.

The wind was blowing so hard all day, and when we got there, before he got to see Milo, Alton couldn't breathe or walk. He was getting water in his chest. I had to take him to the hospital. Doctor told me to go get a Motel. After Milo got us there, the lights all went out. There was a hurricane between us and the Fort. We sat by candle-light until Milo had to go.

Alton never really had a trip so it was something he wanted to do . . . So Milo said he prayed for his Dad. Milo took it real hard, so did Tamara. The hospital called at 12:15; Alton had passed away. It took a couple of hours before Milo could get out for a leave, of seven days.

Elden and Brent phoned and told us to fly back on a jet, TWA. We made it here 2 o'clock the next morn, so I could help out here. They shipped Alton back by jet.

We buried Alton beside his father and mother in Fresno, in the grave his mother had bought for Dayton in Mt. View Cemetery, but Dayton will be buried as a vet in San Francisco, so we used it.

Aunt Flora was there, Uncle Gene, Ethel and Martin, also Alta and Tillman. I was so grateful. Mrs. Hollit, who used to live across from our First Street home, is about 80 yrs. now. The Ragsdales brought her. They opened the casket for them to see. In our family, with the in-laws, there were 17. Dayton was his only living brother.

We drove to Missouri in a Cadillac 53. We left it there, stored. Milo will sell it when he gets back as he has inherited it now. Milo has been real sick. He got soggy that night in his wet uniform. He is a little better. He thought it was all his fault, but Alton wanted to make that trip.

Elden wants me to make my home here with them. I didn't ask, they asked me if I would like to. I have four wonderful boys.

Thank you for everything you ever did for us.

Write me. Love to you.

Beulah and Family

Nov. 11, 1966

Dear Violet,

. . . We all thought a lot of my Dad. I know I loved him very much. I wish I could have had him longer. And done more for him. But I'm glad he isn't suffering any longer. The good Lord has him now.

Love always, Tamara

272 E. Hudson St.
Columbus, Ohio 43202
May 3, 1967

Dear Violet:

I want to thank you for the things you sent me so that I can get the date of my birth established, as they say I am not on record. Beulah will be down to Fresno in June to the anniversary of Alta and Tillman, so she can get you and Alta to sign so I can get a certificate.

I sure enjoyed Beulah's visit. I have been down almost a month as I fell on the hard cement floor in the basement and sprained muscles and ankle. Beulah and Violet Eva did the work. I stayed at Leonard's the first week, as he took me to the hospital for X-rays.

Beulah called by phone and said she got home all right. Boyd picked her up in San Francisco. She got to see all the children but Juanita and her children. We went to West Virginia but couldn't get to Juanita's place as she had moved. Also went to see Mary. I think she enjoyed herself a lot. She likes to crochet and did quite a bit. She got to see Lake Erie. She enjoyed talking to the boys. She and Violet went uptown several times. Oh, yes, she had a colored picture, 8 x 18, made for me and I gave her one.

Best wishes, Connie

Box 1312, Rt. 3
Beckley, W. Va. 25801
May 22, 1967

Dear Aunt Beulah:

I have a little time so I will write a few lines. I hope you have got rested up by now. I enjoyed your visit very much. But wish you could have stayed longer. Violet and Juanita's birthday is today. My birthday was last Thursday. I got four birthday cards and three letters. I got letters from Violet and Frances and from Mom. She is in Cleveland now with Mary Ellen. She went up there to see if her knee would get better. Violet and Frances sent me a picture of you and one of Eddie and Sharon and Cherryl and Darryl. I have potatoes up and we had a mess of green onions this week. We have sure had a lot of rain this Spring. It has been raining so much we can't even get the garden out as the ground stays wet. This is Monday morning. The kids are getting ready for school. Linda cleaned the whole house Saturday and Leatha mowed the lawn. I will close now so the kids can take this on their way to school.

May God bless you.

Love, Gertrude and Family

Dear Bea:

I'm just writing a few lines. How are you. Fine I hope. I hope you will come again. I like it when you was down here. Violet said helo. She said she did not have time to wright. Because she was getting her lessens. Linda and mommy is watching T.V.. I will wait awhile to finish this letter. Mommy planted potatoes, onions, lettuce. We are going to eat some ice cream. Granny is in Cleveland now at Mary Ellen's. I curled my mommy's hair today. She is going to take it down in a minute. I had a cold for two days.

Leatha Carr

Dear Aunt Bea:

Violet is doing her lessons. Linda is watching T.V. and We are having ice-cream tonight. I think our cat is going to have some babys. There is only eaight more days of school.

Love, Margaret

GORDON

Top Row: Connie, Beulah, Lillian and Raymond. Leonard, Charles, Juanita with Frances, Gertrude and Mary Ellen. Richard with Mack and Alma.
Second Row: Leonard, Mrs. Tolbert, others, descending hill to house. Alma, Bob, Violet, Gertrude, Bill, Charles, Mary Ellen. Charles, Leonard, Bob and Violet.
Big Picture: Richard, Gordon, Alma, Mary Ellen, Gertrude, Connie, Mary Ellen, Charles, Bob, dog, Bill, Frances, Mack, Peggy, Violet and Leonard.
Left-hand Side: Gertrude and Frances. Group descending hill. Mary Ellen, Frances and Juanita.
Below and to right: Groups of Connie's and Alma's children.

GORDON

Top Row: Tamara on pony. Beulah and Tamara. Beulah, Tamara, Milo and Elden. Laurie Ann, Myrtle, Chris and Brent.

Second Row: Elden, friend, Myrtle and Milo. Connie and Beulah. Tamara and Milo. Karen and Kathy.

Third Row: Kenneth and Violet. Milo, Chris, Tamara, Laurie Ann, on steps. Beside house, Beulah and Milo.

Fourth Row: Milo. Betty, Boyd and Heidi. Chris, Tamara and Laurie Ann. Myrtle, Chris and Laurie Ann.

GORDON

Top Row: Connie, Beulah, Lillian, Raymond. Bill, Connie, Bob, Gertrude, Leonard, Violet, Charles and Frances. Myers and Gordon.

Second Row: Mrs. Marley and group, Brent in front. Alton, Boyd, Elden and Brent. Boyd, Alton, Milo, Beulah with Tamara. Elden.

Third Row: Alton, Beulah and Milo. Gordon. Connie's family on steps. On hill, Connie with baby.

Fourth Row: Connie, Beulah, Tamara and Laurie Ann. Beulah, Tamara and Milo. Violet Eva and Connie. Connie, dog, Bill.

GORDON

Top Row: Tamara. Laurie Ann and Chris. Boyd, Beulah, Tamara and Milo. Gertrude, Connie, Mary Ellen, Bob, Bill, Juanita, Leonard, Charles, Violet Eva, Mack, Frances.
Center: Elden and Brent, with Beulah's little white dog.
Lower Row: Mrs. Tolbert, Richard, Violet, Frances, Connie, Gertrude, white dog, Juanita, Mary Ellen, Charles, Leonard, Bill, Bob. Alton with Tamara, Chris, Milo and Laurie Ann.

GORDON, No. 5
From Collection of Connie

First Row: Gertrude with Margaret, Leatha, Violet, Linda, July 1960. Frances, Peggy, Violet, Barbara. Bill with Lesa. Carol with Lesa.
Second Row: Violet, Leatha, Linda. Center photo: Violet Eva Lacy. Connie with Margaret Joyce, April 17, 1960.
Third Row: Gertrude. Charles, Gertrude, Frances. Shirley, Arnold, Jackie.
Fourth Row: Violet, Kenneth. Leonard, Bill, Bobby, Charles. Mary with Shirley. Gertrude, Mary, Juanita, Violet, Frances. Connie with grandchildren, Leatha and Linda. Juanita, Gertrude, 1949.
Fifth Row: Grandma Tolbert in front, Connie behind her. Connie's, Gertrude's and Richard's families, June, 1954. Grandma, Charles, Mary Ellen, Gertrude, Leonard, Juanita with Frances, Violet, Genevive, May 22, 1942. Billy, Charles, Leonard, Mary Ellen, Violet, Juanita, Gertrude with Frances, Bobby, May, 1942.

NINTH SECTION — GEORGE

GEORGE MYERS ACCOUNTS 112917K

About 1956

I went to school at Nora last. I guess I graduated from the sixth grade. We moved out here from Nora. We went back to Pleasant Valley a year, stayed at Tom Munkley's, our old place. Phil worked the Pleasant Valley place a year and then we went back. Len Appleby had run the Nora place while we were gone before he went up to Dakota, or someplace. Angeline and Ruby Carleton were there, stayed two or three weeks, and visited around in the Valley. Come from New York; and their mother come. Had a pretty good time. We were at Eaton's before we left.

Dri brought the stock out, and I come with him. I had to buy a ticket. Didn't seem very long a trip—five days or so. We were snowbound at Wadsworth. Snow clean over the cars. Next, we knew we were in California, got nice before the first of the year. We left right after Christmas. I took Angie and Ruby down there to the Valley. Then we had a sale. We took a carload of furniture, five head of horses, one cow, bronze turkeys, chickens—had to feed and water them. Stopped at Sioux City, Ogden, and took the stock off to give them exercise.

Christmases, we'd always get a stick of candy and an apple, maybe three or four whips. Oh, yes, we had a good time. So many of us—couldn't give much to each one. I remember back when I was five or six years old. Father was bringing a load of poles across the river, I fell out and broke my arm. The wagon rolled over my arm. There was a bluff above the river but Father carried me to the house, about a mile. He set it, put splints all around it, got the Morseville Doctor. He said it was fixed all right. Father'd patch up the children as good as a doctor. We called them "Pa" and "Ma."

I was just a little fellow, Grandfather and Grandmother Appleby, on mother's side, came. She gave me a black marble —had it for years—and a little nigger doll.

Louise used to teach school—come home once in awhile after she was married. Come every summer. August gave me a 22 rifle. Would put up a penny. If I hit it, it was mine—pennies got battered up. He was looking for birds, take a walk down to the river and around. We all liked him. You were just a little tot running around him, and Eva, she was lively.

Rebecca come up from Florida, brought all her children, stayed all summer—six of her children come out.

I was wondering if that old stone school-house was still there or not. Oh, yes, I started in there a little fellow—only a quarter of a mile from our house.

I was eighteen when we come to Malaga. The Grahams lived in Malaga. Daisy and Dora used to cut at the fruit-shed across the road at the homeplace. I worked there. The rest of them knew Daisy at school. Flora, Bert, Myers, Judah, Daisy and Rose were going to school.

Violet: Did you notice how pretty Daisy was?

Uncle George: I don't know. I always thought everybody was pretty. We'd go to the opera house in Fresno, about once a week. I took Myers in to Uncle Tom's Cabin, first show he ever went to and he got up in the gallery and shook his fists, got awfully excited when they were whipping Tom. Myers was in there somewhere, twelve or thirteen.

Daisy and I got married at Malaga, at Mrs. Graham's house. Just their folks, that was all. We lived a little while there at Malaga, then across from the homeplace. Then to my place in the pear orchard.

Lawrence would stammer, if he got mad—face'd turn black. I threw water on him to get him out of it. They call him "Larry" up to Oakland.

Lawrence works in a machine shop—has for fifteen years. Another year after this, he'll be sixty-five—will retire. Can draw pretty good social security—$105 a month. For a long time (five years or so) he didn't come around when he was living over to San Jose. Last years, comes down pretty often. Been good to take me to Oregon, Santa Cruz, nice ride. When Susie was able to go, would take her to Oregon—Oh, yes, she likes him.

Violet: When you were at the homeplace, it was hard for you to be left alone after Daisy died.

Uncle George: At Daisy's funeral, Georgie couldn't come. He was in the army at Siberia. He was about seventeen, but he told them he was eighteen, so he could get in. I tried to get in, but they told me I was too old.

Violet: Well, you were needed at home, with your sick wife. You were so patient and kind with her. But the homeplace was so big and lonely.

Uncle George: Sim and I were batching. Gladys got married the same time as Lawrence and Ruby. A double wedding, held in Fresno, at Ruby's mother's house. Gene took me out one day and got us acquainted, Susie and me, and I took her out once in awhile. Bessie stayed with us awhile at the homeplace.

Violet: Well, you've had a happy married life with Susie.

Uncle George: Oh, I've had a glorious time!! I've had a happy life. Nothing ever worries me, like the song, "Nothing ever worries me," "Whatever is, is bound to be." I don't care anything about sad parts, only the good parts.

Shirley! Susie used to go to the packing-house, leave Shirley with me—one day, I missed her. Saw her tracks out in the road, followed the tracks and finally found her. About two years old. Put her in the car, took her home, never seen her to run away again. Oh, yes! She's been an awful lot of comfort. Anything I want, she goes and gets it. Oh, yes, I and her girls get along fine.

I used to love to play cards. Last two years I can't see the cards. Oh, yes, Gene is good company. Good on camping trips. I always go to see Flora every time I go to Fresno. We are the only two left.

We used to have worship ever since I was a little kid. I'd always go, as I got used to it. Songs and Bible. I used to take Mother to church when we lived in Nora—down to Lena, just private services. Would go to camp-meeting. Oh, yes, I always believed in God and Jesus.

Oh, yes, I don't know why anybody shouldn't enjoy life. Oh, yes, Ellen, Birdie, Flossie, Alta, Oh, yes, I love everybody!

I know some friends, Bennie and Minnie, come with their husbands and I kissed them both, and apologized to their husbands and they said, "That's all right, Women like to be kissed."

I see the funny part.

SUSIE (GORMAN) MYERS

NOTE: Alta took Florabel and Violet to Visalia, to visit Uncle George and Aunt Susie.

June 24, 1958

Yesterday was my birthday, and I didn't get a card. I said I ought to make a cake. Used to think nothing of it. Made good ones, even if I do say so myself.

Two years ago I was sewing quilts—made the prettiest one

of all for Bessie; she thought the world of it, it was the flower-garden one. I gave Shirley's girls quilts. I pieced and sewed.

Bessie went out, bought all the food, made the nicest meal when she visited us lately.

We're better off to stay right in here, better for us right where we are. He still sits up till midnight and has both noise-boxes going, Radio and Television. It's a wonder the neighbors don't complain. One night I went to bed before seven, and the minute I did, the minister and some folks came. It didn't take me long to get out of that bed, and get dressed—they were nice.

That picture over there is from a tin-type of me when I was four years old. Jeannie looked like me at that age, Shirley thought. My mother's breast-pin, a brown dress, stripe stockings, my hair was never a real dark brown, but kind of dark.

There were no older than Myrtie, Webb, and Myself. They hung together and left me out. The two youngest ones, Jeddy and Clarence, being together, again leaving me out, so I was brought up alone.

My daddy was an undertaker, and made his own boxes, and I'd hold up the planes and saws. I loved to be out there with him. I was like an only child. I kept my distance. My mother hung onto the others, and I hung onto my father. I lived in Kentucky, a little town outside Bowling Green. Polksville, a little place where I went to school, one room, got all the schooling I had there. When I went back, in 1920, I went to see the school, and wrote on the board. I saw where the Sunday School used to be that I went to.

Clarence came out with Gene and Flora, got himself a job, and wrote back to Jeddy to come. My mother pulled up things and came out with him.

In 1908 my husband died. In 1910, I came out. I got work in a cleaning shop. I rented my house for sixty dollars a month, and I went back to Kentucky with my three youngest children. The two oldest had jobs on the railroad. I was the first of my family to go back to Kentucky.

I came here to Fresno in November and Henrietta died in March. My baby was three years old and she would take her little red chair and sit down beside me. My children were: Bessie, Osee, James Raymond (died 3 years ago), Henrietta, and Shirley.

I worked in a place, very prominent woman had a millinery parlor next door and she said, "Did you know that Bessie is considered the prettiest girl in Fresno High School?"

James Ivy Gorland and Nancy Jeanne Hancock were my father and mother. My mother's mother married a Hancock and she was a Howell—as for my daddy's family I couldn't tell a thing. My mothers children were: Myrtie, Webb, Susie, Jeddy Anne, and Clarence the youngest boy.

My mother's family was a big family—about twelve, and they lived to be old. Her sisters were Ellen (Gene Washer's mother), Anne, Betty, and Jane. Sarah (died at 16), my mother (Nancy), Uncle John, Uncle Thomas, and Charlie, Mose and Stephen. They were awfully good-natured, just as sweet as they could be.

Violet: I knew your mother, Nancy.

Aunt Susie: She had two brothers and her Daddy, all of which died in the Civil War. I've heard my Daddy and Mother say they were Scotch-Irish. When I told that, someone said, "You're crazy as a crow." I can't hear a word George is saying!

Alta: We were saying we children used to follow Uncle George around for candy. He'd give us candy when he'd come to see us at Auberry.

Violet: Did Uncle Gene introduce you to Uncle George?

Aunt Susie: Yes, he brought him to my house and then George kept coming, kept coming, kept coming. Then we got married. We were married in Merced by a Justice-of-the-Peace, and went to the homeplace. It burned the second of July, and Shirley was born the twenty-sixth. They had just given me a shower. The dresser was full of baby clothes. I hollered at George, "Will the homeplace burn?" The tank house was burning. He said, "Of course it will." I dragged out the dresser—drawers with my baby's clothes in them. Bessie carried out the cedar chest with her things in it, out to the stubble-land. She'd had her piano taken out to the homeplace and I'd had my furniture taken out, and we had it insured, so we both got insurance. We lived in a little apartment in Fresno until the new homeplace was built. I think Shirley was a month old when we moved in. Where she was born, the nurses would hurry to see who could get to Shirley first to give her her bath. She was born in a private maternity home, not in a hospital. Dr. Bennet came in the next morning and looked at her and at me, and said, "Don't you think this is a young woman's job?"

I don't know what we'd do if we didn't have her. She has finally determined that when we can't wait on ourselves, we are to go and live with her. But she has her own family. I don't want to be in a rest-home. Bessie spoke about Oregon, but we couldn't leave Shirley.

George has been an awfully good husband. Either one of my husbands would have done anything they could that I wanted done. I used to get so fretful at George. I didn't know what to do. I knew just as well, time come to go on a vacation July first, he'd come in. Usually after I got on to him, I'd say, "For goodness sake, where are we going?" He'd say, "Wherever you want to." Sometimes it would be Santa Cruz. That morning, (I'd never been in Sacramento where Dora and Ray lived) so I said, "Let's go to Sacramento." I couldn't have said anything he'd have been more tickled about. Bert and Rose were at Arcadia, up the coast, and Nellie, Ruth, and Leroy were good big children and we stayed two, three weeks. We got out, after we'd left Ray's, and headed for Arcadia, and believe me we had one good time.

After Shirley came, we usually stayed at Santa Cruz. Oh, yes, we had lots of good vacations. The last one was in that great big house at Santa Cruz, a year before Bert got sick. I thought so much about it afterwards. Bert would say, "Susie, why don't you go to church with me?" I thought afterwards, why didn't I go with him? Bert was an awfully good man. I belonged to the Christian Church.

Alta: When I was baptized in the Adventist Church, Aunt Rose was deaconess and Uncle Bert a deacon. Gladys and I went in together.

Aunt Susie: I was brought up across the street from church. I went to the church when I was fourteen years old, and I've always been a Christian. Alta, look in that box at his feet—just look in. (Uncle George has cigars, candy, cards, chewing tobacco, everything.)

Uncle George: Want to pry into my private affairs?

CONVERSATION BETWEEN SUSIE, ALTA, and GEORGE, JUNE 24, 1958

Aunt Susie Myers: I'm older than Gene. I saw the house he visits in Kentucky when I was a little tot. I see it plain right now. It still has the old well. I guess it has a pump now. The house has been added to and painted up. Ida, his sister, and the two short brothers live there. She is stone blind; but knows where everything is. She wouldn't let Ethel help her in the kitchen when she visited there.

She didn't want things to be gotten out of place. Those three get along living together there.

Alta: Wes and Lu Qualls are having their fiftieth wedding anniversary July sixth at the Sierra High School, at Auberry. She came by yesterday and wanted to know if we were sure to come. They're going to have two beef barbecued, and have invited all their friends. Their son Otis is going to take charge. We are for sure going.

Uncle George: I lived at Auberry a couple of years. Georgie was born while we lived in Auberry. I loved the mountains. I knew Wes Qualls long before they were married. I knew Lu when she was a little thing about six years old. I knew Em and Thede when first they were married.

Aunt Susie: George is getting where he just wants bread and milk.

Uncle George: Well, she's getting where she can't cook, and I'd just as soon have that, along with three or four chunks of cake.

Aunt Susie: Sim says he is going to come and take Dad to Oregon. I said "Like fun he is going." I don't want him coming down saying he will take his Dad to Oregon. I'll raise Cain like everything. There comes a time when folks can't do what they want. There is something in my ear, makes me black out and I might fall.

Bessie came Thursday afternoon before Mother's Day and stayed until Friday. She's got a new grandbaby coming. When Nancy's baby comes, she has them to her house, and now this baby's mother wants to come. She started something. I wish you could see Bessie. She's twenty pounds overweight, and her hair is white! She seems to enjoy life so. Oh, my gracious, it was good to have her!

Alta: Are those pictures of Shirley's girls?

Aunt Susie: Yes, Jeannie is the oldest, Norma Ann the youngest. Next year will be Jeannie's last year in High School. Norma is going through as an honor student.

Uncle George: This is the way it was. "(H) Ornery" not honorary.

Alta: I'd like to have seen the old Malaga School House.

November 14, 1958

Dear Aunt Salema and Hester,

On the evening of November 5th, Alta phoned that Aunt Susie, Uncle George's wife, had died, and her funeral would be held Friday in Visalia at eleven o'clock.

I took an airplane flight to Fresno next day and Alta and Tillman met me at the airport. Next morning, Birdie took Alta, Florabel and me in her car to the Haley Funeral Parlor in Visalia, and afterwards to the cemetery which is located not far from where Uncle George and Aunt Susie lived. Shirley, their daughter, and family live not far away. Jeanie and Norma are growing into young ladies.

Uncle George's children, Lawrence and Seymour, and Lawrence's son, Buddy, were there. Also a number of Aunt Susie's relatives in the close-relatives' room. There were many flower pieces. Aunt Susie looked very pretty, with her hair curled, in a blue dress with a pink dressing jacket. She looked younger than 79 years. She had been failing for two years. The minister was from the Christian Church, of which Aunt Susie thought herself a member from childhood up. Uncle George and Aunt Susie had been keeping house together, until Shirley had them come stay with her.

Lawrence wanted to take his father home with him to Oakland, where he has a good job. Lawrence has been very good to Susie and George, coming often to look after them, and take them places. Aunt Susie thought a lot of him. He would cook for them. Uncle George can still identify people, but his vision is poor. But not his hearing. He looks well. His mind is real bright.

Aunt Susie was a good wife and mother. She had brown eyes.

Lovingly, Violet

UNCLE GEORGE'S FUNERAL

June 8, 1966

Dear Niece Nellie,

I am very sorry you could not be with us at your Uncle George's funeral. It was so near Memorial Day, the cemetery was like a garden of flowers. There was quite a long procession of friends to say farewell.

We shall miss Brother George very much. He was so faithful to come many months to see us. Last time he was here, when he left, he kissed me goodbye, and gave me a peppermint lozenge, as he usually did, and said, "This is for a good girl."

Several came from a distance. Violet Beck flew from San Diego. Osie Lucas and wife were there. Bessie was not well enough to come.

Now I am the last of my father's large family.

Gene and I are as well as can be expected at our age. I am 91 and he is 90. George was 93 last September. Alta got up a Birthday Gathering for him, held at Roeding Park in the evening.

Since Susie died, he has made his home with Shirley. She and Robert bought a beautiful home out near Visalia. Both of them work, so George must have been lonely, with only his little dog and his radio to keep him company.

He could not see well, but he got around very well on the bus, and would visit Florabelle and different relatives. When he stayed overnight with us, he would sleep on Gene's bed. Last time he was here, after lunch, he lay down on the couch and slept awhile.

Not long ago, Ruthie Casper drove her car clear over here from Santa Cruz, put flowers on the graves of her father and mother, visited me, a good visit, and then drove back. She was lonely and talked about marrying again.

Since my sight has failed so much, I am having Violet write this for me. We would be glad to see you if you are ever over this way, or to hear from you, or any of your family.

Lovingly, Aunt Flora

12186 Ave. 272
Visalia, Calif. 93277
May 11, 1967

Dear Violet:

Sorry I took so long to answer your letter, but Norma arrived home from Washington, D.C. this week and every second I could spare I have been visiting with her.

Bob and I were married on August 23, 1940.

I would like very much to have a copy of the Myers family tree. I saw it many years ago, but would like to have a copy of my own. I will be glad to pay the cost if you could get me a copy.

Yes, you sent me a picture taken at the cemetery and I sure did appreciate it. Thank you very much.

Our grandsons are growing so fast. Jeanne is a good mother. Steven starts to kindergarten this fall and is all excited about it.

If I want to mail this on my way home from work, will have to close for now. Note our new address. We live out in the country now. Have been there several years.

Love, Shirley

GEORGE

Top Row: Sonny and Dorothy. George's 80th Birthday Party. Georgie and Gladys with Seymour.
Second Row: George. Gladys, Daisy, Georgie, George and Lawrence. Lawrence' house at North Fork. Sim feeding chickens, Homeplace. Donna Jeanne and Norma.
Third Row: Junior and George Edward. Junior, Leroy, Gail, Bernie and Betty. Inset, Daisy with family. Shirley and George. Daisy, Lawrence, Georgie, Sim.
Fourth Row: Gene, Flora and Lawrence. Bob, Shirley, Norma and Jeanne. Florabel and George. George and Susie. George.

DARIUS, JUDAH, GEORGE, BERT

Top Row: Hazel, LeeRoy, Gilbert Jr., Winnie with Charles. Rose, Salema, Hester, Bert, LeeRoy. Ruby with Elwin.
Middle Row: Em Root. Nancy, Lela, Paul. Shirley, Norma. Jeanne. Bert with family and cow. Judah with family. Flora, Ruthie. Seymour. George.
Lower Row: Freddie, Mable (asleep). Fred with Freddie. Glen.

HOMEFOLKS, DIFFERENT PERIODS

Top Row: Susie with Shirley Ann. Camp Manana at Shaver Lake: Daisy, Gene, George, Violet feeding Paul, Gladys watching, Lawrence on stump. Grandma. Gene and Flora at Golden Wedding celebration. Annabelle with children and goose.

Second Row: Seventh Day Adventist Church. Jackie and Gene in Yosemite. Ethel at house on the West Side. Uncle Phil. Sonny with family and Marjie, West Side. Martin with Janette and Peaches and Marjie.

Third Row: Bud Wright at North Fork. Company at Flora and Gene's under the tamarisk trees, front porch, new homeplace. Dorothy, Viola, Peggy, Marjie and Douglas with dog. Newly-built new homeplace. Witte Bunn with dog.

Dec. 16, 1912

My Dear Eva,

Your splendid good letter was just what was needed to complete my birthday. I like to have a little review time, thinking over past happy days, and linking this birthday with all the others that have gone.

I am glad you have so many happy memories connected with the Home Place and Home people. You really seem more like younger sisters to us than those of a later generation. How I would love to have known my aunts so well!

Ethel and Sister have gone to bed early so as to be up in good time as I promised to take them to town with me, and they can help with the baby. They are excited over the school entertainment to be given Friday evening. A neighbor gave my girlies a nice tree for Christmas, which they plan to decorate although they prefer having their presents in their stockings.

With Glen's wedding the 24th, and our going over to Lydia's for Christmas, this promises to be quite a busy holiday time.

Have been making over my second-day dress which I plan to wear to the wedding. It is so fresh I can hardly realize it is ten years since it was made.

I must not forget to tell you I got the clothes you sent, also the little go-cart which Gene brought a day or so ago. When the days are bright, Baby will enjoy being outside. I am grateful to you for sending them.

I am glad Violet is to be with you, she takes so much interest and pleasure in adding to the happiness of the little ones. I think your Mamma would like to be there too, she seemed homesick for Lillian when she last wrote.

You know I should be very glad to have a Christmas letter from you.

With much love,
Flora E. Washer

Feb. 15, 1913

Dear Eva,

It was like you, in your sweet thoughtfulness, to remember our wedding anniversary and take the time to write a letter for it. We had a double celebration by going to Judah's the day before for a good visit, and having Lydia's and Harry's family here for the day itself. I was so glad they came, as otherwise it would have been a dull day, baby being sick, and we had a big washing to do in the morning. But Gene helped faithfully so it was all out on the line when they came and I had found time to make an orange layer cake, which came out so good, it was a joy to behold, and to eat! As it was our tin wedding, Gene got me a loaf-cake tin I had been wanting and Lydia and Salema promised me cooky and biscuit-cutters, long needed. Isn't it funny one will go without little things like that so long? But there are always so many things to get. It makes me think of Mrs. Jensen, who had gone without a fire shovel for fifteen years! It will be nice if they and Mrs. Hughes come to Mother's birthday, as Lydia suggested, they are such good neighbors.

The children are playing happily in the other room. I am trying the plan of the woman in last Ladies Home Journal, who was the soul of pleasantness. "Mrs. Warren's attitude toward her pleasantness was that of the keeper of a priceless jewell; her alertness in its protection was unflagging. She had learned how many things were non-essential when compared to the treasure of a quiet mind and the content that makes home a heaven."

Donald boy tried to wash windows for me yesterday. He was so happy over it, I let him. He will be six Monday. Does it seem possible?

Lovingly, Flora Ethel

Fresno, Calif.
Route 5
Nov. 15, 1913

Dear Sister Louise,

All the week I have been looking forward to Saturday, the Sabbath, when I could have leisure and quiet to write to you.

I kept your package for Miriam's birthday to surprise her with, laying it by her pillow that it might be the first thing she saw in the morning. That is a custom among the children dating back to when they were tiny and had their first dolls to amuse them, while they waited to be dressed. They keep reminding me, "Be sure, Mamma, to put something in bed for me!" I enjoy their excitement.

This time, Miriam woke up to look at her package by moonlight and could hardly wait until daylight to show me how well the dress fitted. She kept exclaiming, "Isn't it just beautiful?" All the children gathered around in their nightgowns to admire and exclaim over it, noticing each detail of soft coloring, nice fit, and fine sewing. The lace in front was a point of special pride. I thought it almost too dainty for a child's dress, and thought of the many patient, fine stitches it had taken to put it on. You do such beautifully fine, careful work. My children surely will always hold their Aunt Louise in grateful, loving remembrance, not just for the gifts, but for the feeling that you are interested in them and for remembering these anniversaries that mean so much to them.

Miriam is so happy over the new dress. I let her wear it to school on her birthday and she looked pretty with her shining eyes and rosy cheeks, under the big bow of her new pink and white ribbon.

She also had a string of coral-colored beads and a large tablet to feel happy over. Mother had given a nice Bible for her and Ethel but I am waiting to give it on Ethel's birthday. Her little party will come on Sunday after Dec. 3rd, my birthday being on the Sunday before when we are invited to Lydia's.

They are to be here for Thanksgiving and I mean to write today to ask Violet and August. I feel in rather a whirl of events with so much to plan for and Christmas racing upon us!

Matie and Elsie may come over some day next week. I have a comforter to tie while Mother is here.

I have been reading one of Bowers' cow-boy stories aloud to Gene and Jonathan, and "Little Women" to the children in the evenings.

I will get working-cotton to crochet around the linen centerpiece. I was tempted to ask you to let me keep it, but it would be nice for Matie who intends sending me the Ladies World for a Christmas present.

Must stop to prepare dinner so it will be ready when Grandma and Gene come.

With many thanks for your kindness.

Flora E.

RUTHIE'S QUILT:

This is Ruthie's quilt, a "Dresden Plate,"
Rounds of pink set on soft green,
and lined with rose.
When she was home last month, she chose
the lining gay, like sunrise glow.
'Twill brighten San Francisco's cloudy morns,
And start her days with cheerfulness, I hope.
Or if 'tis laid away in her carved treasure-chest,
Perhaps, at lonesome times, 'twill bring a bit
Of comfort as she lingers o'er her keepsakes there,
And thinks of Mother's patient, loving care.
Fain would I shield thee from all chilling blasts
And wrap thee warm in loving tenderness.

Flora E. Washer

THE SAN DIEGO STAR QUILT:

Edith pieced these blocks,
In long winter evenings
When her school books were put away,
Bright eyes and busy fingers intent
Upon their work with the gay prints,
While Mother read aloud
News from the evening paper
Or tales of adventure
To interest Papa in his easy chair,
Pipe in mouth, and slippered feet at ease.

The pattern came from Mrs. Mayme Nelson,
Living in Violet's little house, two years ago,
When we visited there.
She had made a quilt like it,
And brought it in to show.
Her's was set in white,
But this has green between the blocks,
And has a broad-cloth lining, all of rose,
A bright and lovely combination
Like the modern girl who made it.
May it cover always gay spirits
And a heart of cheer.

Edith has another quilt begun,
"Recovery quilt," I call it,
Being made when she was recovering
From an appendix operation,
As she half-reclined upon the couch,
Whiling the hours away
With bits of soft challies,
So much like the material
Her Grandma used to buy
For little dresses when
The childrens' birthdays came.

Flora E. Washer

Fresno, Calif.
Nov. 14, 1918

Dear Louise,

I suppose you saw a great celebration Monday, Peace Day. When the whistles woke us in the night, I thought, "Surely there will be no celebration until morning," but the papers said people gathered and held a big parade! And another the next morning.

Lydia and I drove to town in the afternoon, only to find most of the stores closed. People seemed to have forgotten the Flu scare and crowded into town in great excitement.

We are so glad that Eva is getting better.

I was very glad to have the warm red dress to wear last evening when Gene and I went to spend the evening at Jim Hughes', who are going away soon. Ella admired the dress. Darius and family and Alfred came there, and a couple of men neighbors, so there was quite a little gathering.

Mildred looked thin after the influenza. Earl is very thin also.

George has decided to stay on the homeplace another year.

Alta expects to go to the nurse's home about the 25th. Has recently received a letter from her husband who is now in France.

Lawrence was in Washington, D.C. the last he wrote.

Phil is gaining, but Flora has rheumatism.

Lovingly, your sister
Flora Ethel

NOTE: This "Peace Day" was to celebrate the ending of World War I.

THREE LETTERS FROM EDITH

Feb. 15, 1926

Dear Violet,

I am at Aunt Lydia's house because mama is gone to town with the boys and Ruth is in school I just got home and came down here I do wish you would come and see the flours there are lupens and nugger toes they look so purrty that I almost love them . . . Did I tell you about Ruth's purrty pickture it about some pace in the hills . . .

I can write more because Aunt Lydia gave me this whole sheet to write on I like to be at Aunt Lydia's house dont you? She gives me sech good things to eat. dont you wish you were here? tell your mother that she did not thank me for my valentine wont you? and give her a kiss for me too. I have lots of dolls but not hardly any clothes only the ones that are on the dolls one is so sweet that it looks like a rill baby. sometimes when mama holds her she turns her head as if she wanted something she is only about two feet and a hafe and I have a flapper doll and I have one little one about as big as a pencil and one as big as my thome she has real hair it is snow white she is sweet to. When you come we can play house you can play with any doll you wont to. This will be all for this time so good luck Edith

Dec. 12, 1926

Dear Violet,

I thought I would write a few lines for your birthday. I know I would appreciate a letter and so would you.

. . . We have a radio and sometimes Ralph comes down and listens to it. We get Annie McPherson and all kinds of stations. You no those crayons you gave me last Xmas I liked them so well that when they were gone I didn't no what to do and I would like it if you would give me some more . . . For Xmas at school we are going to have a program and I am going to say a peace . . . this will be all for this time loveing Edith

Jan. 1, 1927

Dear Violet,

. . . I am going to send this letter all by myself this morning. it sure is going to be a nice day just the kind for a party and I think I will have the little girls down the road and Aunt Kate if they will come and maybe some of the other girls . . . Mary Rebecca and Margot and I dont no the rests names we can go down to the dich and have one. we have a grate big Shepherd dog her name is purl and she likes to chase birds and rabits and she likes to jump up on me and bite the little dogs legs and when the train goes buy she howls because I think it hurts her ears and we have barney google he is so funny when he gets in the high grass he jumps like a rabit and purl thinks he is and she runs and when she finds out she comes back and looks at me and when I say sickem she runs fast.

. . . Mama sends her regards and so does Ruthie, from Edith

July 1, 1930

Dear Violet,

. . . Summer has descended upon us, and about all we can think or talk about is the heat. Afternoons, I retreat to the cellar where I can 'rest in peace', and comparative comfort. This afternoon, the girls have gone off for a swim.

Martin and Ethel were here overnight and yesterday, and Miriam and Witte were here Sunday. Oliver and Lalie came Saturday, Judah, Salema and Hester yesterday, so we feel we have had a week-end houseparty, but it was good to see them all.

Sunday was the fifth anniversary of Miriam and Witte's wedding, so I had them come to supper, and we made ice-cream. You know that it is an event in the country where we must

grind it out by hand, and it tastes more delicious when it is done! Miriam mixed it and Witte turned the freezer, and Ruth made pineapple syrup to go over it that was fine.

Lalie's plan to go to San Diego some day this week . . . Salema planned to spend the week-end at Flora's, Susie's and Paul's . . . She had bought herself a lovely ensemble silk in a henna shade with white blouse.

I am feeling good over a new dress Alta bought me, a figured voile. I kept the little girls for her while she was at Santa Cruz two weeks. She looks rested and revived. There were four women in the party and only little Philmore to look after. When she came yesterday after the children, George was with her, as he had gone in town to see the doctor . . . Susie is just getting around a little.

Bob Newton has just come. Ellen has a new baby, a boy, born Sunday on Bernadine's birthday.

I think of so many things to talk over with you, but I must get in the clothes, washed this morning.

Lovingly,
Aunt Flora E.

Route 4, Box 84,
Fresno, Calif.
Dec. 30, 1933

Dear Violet,

It did seem so good to have your nice Christmassy letters. I had been missing Louise so much, she was always so faithful to write, and we enjoyed talking (by letter) over our Christmas.

Emma Jane wrote in a sad strain, worrying over her sister Mary, whose health does not improve.

I was so busy with making things go well, I could not realize until afterward all the joy of having my family around me—all here, except Eunice and Douglas. Witte came, as his family was having a big family gathering, but the others dreaded the long cold trip too much.

Ruth came Saturday night, Ethel's Sunday, also Donald's and Chester. So we had our presents Christmas Eve before a fireplace Edith made of the red paper you gave us, covering the small sideboard, with your red stockings hanging from it, and presents piled around. It did look pretty, and so did the room, decorated with gay crepe paper, you had sent. So you see you had a share in our Christmas too.

Beside our own family, we had the Churchill's so there were twenty-two here, all eating at a long table spread through the two front rooms, and looking very gay and festive with lighted candles and bright napkins and red crepe festoons.

The girls had brought prepared food, and helped cook and wash dishes and all seemed to enjoy it.

Other company came in the afternoon, but most of them left early. Ruth had to go about four, she said it did her so much good to be at home with us all. Ethel's stayed until the next day. We persuaded them to leave little Peggy with us awhile and how we enjoy her, she is so good and sweet. Such a pretty, dainty, graceful child, it is a pleasure just to see her.

With New Year Greetings and love,

from Flora E.

Dec. 1, 1937

Dear Eva.

You dear girl! Your package came this morning—Your special candy you had made, with nuts and dates, I want to keep until Christmas. But I'll confess I did have to sample it and let Ethel take a nibble, too. Then I hid it.

I wore the "little red apple dress" for my birthday. You girls just ought to have been here with the other nieces whom Alta invited for a surprise dinner. They brought the dinner, and how we all did enjoy it! Eleven at the main table, with the four small children at another. Lydia May came with Beulah. Joey is the picture of health. She might go back to San Diego.

Alta is coming for me tomorrow to go to a director's meeting, which will result I hope in hurrying up the distribution even though Mr. Hayden wants us to wait.

I'll be thinking of you on your journey to Honolulu and following you in my mind all along the way. I hope it proves a delightful voyage with a happy ending and enjoyable stay with Lillian. I'll hope for a ship-letter.

Bon Voyage and Aloha.

Lovingly, Flora Ethel

May 1, 1952

Dear Cousin Violet,

Thank you for the lovely letter to Valla. Tho she is too young now to read it, I'll save it for her.

We all wish Eunice could have lived to see Valla, too. She is such a sweet and lovable child. But I'm sure Eunice is painless now after so long suffering. I only wish I could have known her longer as I was very fond of her. Who could have asked for a sweeter Mother-in-law?

Doug is quite a proud Father and so wonderful in caring for her. We've been very happy in the year we've been married, and I think that bears a lot on Valla's sweet disposition. She is growing rapidly and getting quite plump.

Sincerely,
Billie Bunn

March 28, 1953

Dear Aunt Flora,

There comes to my mind a sentence in a precious letter of Esther's when she and Carl gave you that blanket as a Golden Wedding gift, "Many hold you in their prayers as a soft blanket that comforts."

When Aunt Lydia's house burned down, I sent her my new coat, and she wrote, "I accept it as your love enfolding me."

Do you have Grace Noll Crowell's poem, "Christ prayed for me . . . as yet unborn, and centuries away?"

That is marvellous, to know His love is large enough to take in every person that can be born. As human beings, we love each other, but the garment of the flesh comes between and there is room for heartbreak, but with Jesus, there is nothing between.

He is homefolks. He accepts us anytime. He is always there.

". . . while life shall last,
I shall be comforted, I shall be blest."

Violet

AUNT FLORA'S MORNING PRAYER:

Ere thou risest from thy bed,
Look to Him whose wings are spread
O'er thee through the silent night.
Lo, He waketh thee with light.
Lift thy burden and thy care
On the mighty wings of prayer.

NIGHT PRAYER:

As thou sleepest, lay away
All the troubled thoughts of day.
Put off worry and distress
As thou puttest off thy dress.
Drop thy burden and thy care
In the mighty arms of prayer.

Lord, Thou knowest how I live,
All I've done amiss, forgive.
All of good I've tried to do,
Strengthen, bless, and carry through.
All my friends in safety keep,
While in Thee I fall asleep.

Written by Henry Van Dyke

TO EVA and VIOLET:

July 14, 1953

Your letters just came yesterday, but it is such a good chance to write while I am alone and feel in the mood. Gene is at Cantua doing some cabinet work for Harvey. After canning apricots all morning, it was pleasant to have your letters (and those from my "Nora Girls") to enjoy while I rested near the cooler.

Last evening, Chester, Nina and Sharon brought little Mark for his first visit with his Great Grandmother Washer. Only nine days old and so tiny and sweet. They all adore him, hovering over him, and even Chester going into the bedroom often to see if he is all right. I am so glad he has come to fill the empty place in their hearts. I gave Sharon the note you sent; she and Nina both wiped tears from their eyes, saying, "It is so sweet," and, "It sounds like a poem." Chester and Nina went to Santa Cruz last week end and may locate there.

Dorothy's baby arrived; it is named Steven Kelly Collins. So now we have nine great-grandchildren, and Richie and Anne expect theirs in February. Richie says he "must be very careful of his health" now that he is a prospective father. Ethel and Martin spent their vacation at Richie's, helping them get settled in a larger house. They stopped here Sunday evening, and Edith and Lester and Harvey came later after the children, whom they had left with us while they took a trip to Reno and so now I am thankful to be alone and quiet for awhile.

Yes, I would like to see these children grow up; but am thankful that some of them may remember their Great-grandparents, or that we were alive when they were born. It has been sweet that these new babies were brought to see us as soon as they could be. I am giving little Mark the silver spoon Chester had when he was a baby, and the toy soldiers he had from the first World War. I offered them once to Story; but Chester asked me to keep them.

It must add a good deal to your lives to see Lillian's boys growing up. You surely have no chance of being lonely with so much and so many to be interested in.

Lovingly yours,
Flora

DOROTHY COLLINS (Talking to Violet)

July 5, 1955

Rudy's family has a very interesting history. His father's father, Jesse Collins, came from Spain to New York, where he met and married Salome Garrillo. They went to Mexico. A land-grant was given him by either a French or an English nobleman. One of his brothers, or a brother-in-law, was a cattle-baron in Mexico, and still has a large cattle-ranch. Rudy and Robert, his younger brother, are the only heirs to Jesse Collins' cattle ranch, and, if they do not accept it, the family will turn it to the government. Neither brother wants to live in Mexico. Joseph Steve, Jesse's son, came up from Mexico. He died 12 years ago.

Salome Garrillo was Irish and Spanish. Rudy's mother is French and Spanish. Her name is Genoviva Gastelum. Her father, Jesse Gastelum, was French. He married Antonia Adargas. Rudy's mother married once before and Rudy has a half-brother. The daughter, Mary Marin, has five children and lives in Los Angeles. Robert and Virginia are Rudy's brother and sister. She is the same age I am and works in Fresno. They are all attached to their mother. She clings to Ralph, who has never married. Jesse's parents were Raifail Gastelum and Josephine Asees. Antonia's parents were Jesse Adargas and Maria Ramos.

Rudy is the one to whom the children look for advice, since the death of their father. Mrs. Collins is always willing to help others. She works from sun-up to sun-down constantly. She helps the Spanish people that need her. She has helped me many times, when Baby Steve was sick. She just stepped in and took care of him, and relieved my mind very much. She has Paul because we wanted to go on a trip to see Richard and Anne. If we ever get a big home, we'd want her, not to come to work, but to have a home. It would be good for our children, because she is so wonderful. All the people who know her love her.

Rudy is very intelligent and wise beyond his years. People who know him have great confidence in him. Sometimes it makes me feel illiterate, he is so much wiser. He explains things and we are able to work out our difficulties and ease the tension, by sitting down and talking and understanding the reasons and wherefors. He is strong in his mind. My main goal in life is to take care of my children. I would like to start going to church. I would like to read the Bible and decipher it. I believe in God and Jesus. When I'm faithful, or in pain, I look to God.

Cantua Creek
April 2, 1957

Dear Violet,

We were so happy to receive your letter and cards. I do think of you often but with my four small ones and Rudy to care for, I'm kept pretty busy. We appreciate the gift and as soon as possible we will have Patricia's picture taken and shall send one to you. I took some snapshots of the children last week and when they are developed, I will send some to you.

The children are growing and developing their individual personalities. Rudy and I enjoy them all and love them. Steven will start school next year and is interested in learning about school and what he will be doing there. He is very affectionate and seems to need more attention and loving than the younger brothers. Paul is independent and has a quick temper but is imp-like and very lovable. Michael is the chubby, happy-go-lucky one and no one is a stranger to him.

He is still a little jealous of Patricia but loves her with a puppy-like clumsiness. And Patricia is the Dollie of the family. She is gaining weight and trying to make noises; smiles whenever anyone plays with her. Also, she has only to fake a cough and someone is there to attend to her needs. From appearances, she is a very happy and healthy baby and with God's will we shall all get along fine. Rudy works awfully long hours but he has his heart set on providing for his family the things he never had as a child and wants the children to grow up in comfort, for which I love him very much but wish he would not push himself too hard. We are happy just to be all together and in good health and spirits.

I must close now and I'll write again soon. May this letter find you in good health. God bless you.

Sincerely,
Dorothy and family

P.S. May you have a very happy Easter.

November 10, 1955

Dear Aunt Flora,

It is nice to know that the past is there, of the years of your living in the new homeplace, when Edith was a thoughtful growing girl, always ready "to take a walk," and visit the neighbors with me. Aren't you glad we can go back in memory, and drink the wine of long ago, sweetened by time? We

should let the froth drift away and leave only the golden liquid.

"I've reached the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine."

Those were riches beyond price, when the uncles and aunts lived close together, and babies were born and grew up.

Edith had the softest golden curls! I can see her, now, about two years old, standing on a chair, holding onto the back of it. Mamma had suggested changing her name to Patricia, but Edith insisted, "It's Ediff!" She was a resolute soul. Eunice said, "She's like Papa."

How rich your life has been in love, giving and receiving. God has been your source of supply, that has given the water of life to many. Mamma never did get over loving you. All of the older generation, and all of the new, have loved you. You've had the companionship of young people, who like to be with you and Uncle Gene, in a house warm in understanding.

No doubt about it, your face is framed in happy memory.

Lovingly,
Violet

Route 3, Box 7A
Soledad, California
January 3, 1956

Dear Cousin Violet:

I would like to tell you about my family. Maybe I am prejudiced; but I believe I have one of the nicest, most considerate and helpful husbands. Although we are too far from a church, we do believe in the Saturday Sabbath. I have quit eating pork completely; but we do have beef or fowl occasionally. My little girl, Janette, five years, is a handsome child, but not pretty. She has long, dark-blonde hair and she talks a blue-streak. In looks, she reminds me of Dorothy as a child. She is quite a busybody, and loves to help around the house. Unlike most of the Churchill children, she would rather stay inside and look at books than go out and play.

My older son, Robert, sixteen months old, is quite different. If we would let him, he would stay outside all night as well as day. He is a typical boy, loving his father's tools more than toys. He is affectionate and would love babies or dolls too much if we didn't watch him close. He has light hair and blue eyes, as do Janette and Jeffory, the baby, three months old. Mother thinks Jeffory looks like me as a baby; but I believe he looks like his father. Jeff has almost red hair and a cleft in his chin like Jerold, my husband.

We stayed at our own home for Christmas and celebrated with just our wee family; but it was so nice. Mother and Daddy came for much too short a visit Monday. Now, I'm anxious for Grandma and Grandpa Washer to see their latest great grandchild. I have told you of my own beloved family in part. The things that happen every hour make me happy that I have such a loving husband and beautiful but comical children.

I would love to have you come for a visit. Our home is humble but our door is always open, and our hearts are full of love. May the New Year hold many blessings for you.

Lovingly
Cousin Viola Miller

Oct. 24, 1956

Dear Eva,

Just now I have been immersed in some letters Lydia wrote in 1926-27, soon after their home burned. They are a revelation of faith and courage in adversity, with her wonderful spirit of trying to see the best in everything and everyone. Violet brought them when she came. She has been so good to rub my back and comb my hair, and keep us supplied with ice-cream which she enjoys. She slept in the guest house, and often brought in little gifts for me; she has always been so generous. She does a great deal for all with whom she comes in contact, and takes much interest in the whole family more than anyone.

Flora

Santa Susana, Calif.
July 26, 1960

Dearest Grandma and Grandpa,

Hi, lovely people. Taking time out from a busy hot day to write, relax and gab about my favorite hobby. My family.

Not long ago Jerry had an accident at the shop. A grinding wheel flew apart and a piece of it hit him in the forehead. He is doing fine now and the cut is healing real well. I've been real busy trying to teach a group of 3 and 4 yr. olds in Vacation Bible School. The children have been growing like wild flowers in this heat. In just 3 weeks, their feet are bigger, legs and arms longer and energy is greater. Making a busier day for everyone.

Carolyn is really getting to be a silly. She jabbers all the time now and mimics all the scolding Eddie does. She's quite a flirt and no matter where we are or when we are she tells everyone "Hi," then becomes real coy. Right now Eddie and Carolyn are in their cute stage, learning and doing and saying so many silly things. All the children are just real brown. They play outside so much and seem to be feeling so very much better. I'm so happy I'm almost ashamed to admit it.

Love from everyone
Vi

THE REED FAMILY

by Donna Reed

1960

The Reed family is supposedly descended from Eric the Red. This was the Norseman whose son, Leafe Ericson, first discovered America, naming it Vineland. Whether fact or fiction this has been handed down from generation to generation. If so, Eric the Red was on my grandfather's side of the family. The name Red transposed and handed down from generation to generation finally changed to Reed. There are many red-heads and blondes on Grandfather Reed's side of the family, proving perhaps, that the Reed blood-lines originated in Norway.

Eventually the descendants of Eric the Red went to England and intermarried. The Reed's came to America in the Mayflower era and settled in the New England states. Later they went to Detroit, Michigan where Great-Grandfather Reed worked in a cheese factory.

The Reed family was quite a large family and three of the sons came to California, Thomas Lawrence or "T. L." (as he was called), Samuel Lester or "S. L." (by Great Grandfather), and John Roscoe Reed ("J. R.").

They settled near Woodland, California. In about 1870 they moved down to the lower San Joaquin Valley where my Great Grandfather "T. L." pioneered the town of Reedly. The town of Reedly was named after my Great-grandfather and an old Chinese cook named Lee. The Reeds in Reedly were grain farmers and had quite a lot of money and land. Later more of the family moved to California. My Grandfather Reed moved out when he was a year old.

My great-grandfather T. L. married Amantha Smith. No one knows much about the Smith family but my father remembers a "Dirty-Neck Smith," his uncle twice-removed. "Dirty-Neck Smith" derived his rather unwholesome name from the fact that he never took a bath.

My great-grandfather and great-grandmother Reed had two sons and four daughters. Eviline Elizabeth Neil, my grandmother, before she married my grandfather "T. L." came from a Scotish family. When the descendants of the Neil family migrated to America they settled in Polk, Tennessee where there is now a James Polk Neil County and, strange

as it may seem, all the men are named James Polk Neil, which gets rather confusing.

July 8, 1960

Dear Grandma and Grampa:

I'm sorry I'm so lazy about writing. I've been flying around putting my house in order while the weather is cold. When we have sunny days, we stay out of doors and I neglect the housework, so I am trying to get caught up now.

Mark had his birthday (7th) last Tuesday. We took hot dogs and ice cream and cake to the park and had a fine time. He and his chums played baseball. Mark decided to go to summer school this year as they are offering a science course for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd graders. He's sure enjoying it. He goes for four hours each morning, and it helps to keep him occupied.

The other children are fine. Casey and Christina play outside almost all day. Christie weighs 24 pounds, and talks a blue streak. Anthony is almost as big as his sister, but is so lazy he won't even sit up by himself! He is just a big jolly boy, and doesn't have a tooth in his head yet!

Jim and I are planning our vacation-trip to Idaho next month. We will visit friends who have a cattle ranch. Mark and Jim are looking forward to camping out and fishing along the way. Sounds like fun, but I think I will take along a sedative to put the children "out" each night! I learned my lesson at Lake Tahoe. They would just keep on going until midnight when they are not in their own beds!!

I hope Grandma's injuries are all healing and that you both are feeling well.

Daddy comes by occasionally, and looks well.

Much love to you both,
Sharon

Dec. 15, 1959

Dear Violet and Eva,

. . . My babies are about the most important part of my life. So I shall be very happy to tell you about them.

We now have five children. Each one has a special charm.

Nine yrs. Janette has dark blonde hair, blue eyes and a talkative personality. She is such a help to me and everyone who meets her compliments me for her manners and grown-up way of talking.

Five yrs. Robert is my serious, lovable clown and keeps baby Carolyn amused. He is quite a mechanic and helps his father fix toys.

Four yrs. Jeffry is my singer and he has quite a memory. He never fails to learn his memory verses. He is a conversationalist.

Three yrs. (in April) Eddie is his father's son. He has just started talking in sentences. Anything the other boys do, Eddie tries to do too.

One yr. (in Feb.) Carolyn, the baby, is her mother's daughter. Last Sabbath in church, while the congregation was kneeling in prayer, she crawled up to the pulpit, turned around, and smiled at everyone, then crawled back and forth.

Jerry, thank the loving God, is a hard-working, intelligent, kind and loving husband and father, and is so gentle with the children. He sings in the choir. He has endeared himself to his boss, he is so enthusiastic about his work. We do things with our children.

This is my family and I could go on for hours.

Sending love from all here.

Sincerely,
Viola, Jerry and family

Oct. 27, 1960

Dear Violet,

. . . We are enjoying our last Autumn in Modesto. The ash trees are so beautiful when the wind blows . . .

I am attending Modesto Junior College. I am hoping to stay in Modesto for two years in order to finish school.

I am sending you the material I have typed for the Book. I know you are anxious to get it compiled.

God bless you.

Love, Donna

151 Roble
Modesto, Calif.
Dec. 8, 1960

Dear Violet,

Thank you for the Christmas card, also for being so nice to Donna.

She was glad to have the typing, as every little bit helps. She's doing nicely in college and loves it.

We are moving to the Bay Area this spring. Lester is there already. We'll most likely live in Walnut Creek or thereabouts. His job is in Berkeley. Donna will stay here and finish her college, at least this term.

Donna majored in Art and has done some beautiful work. The high school advisors recommended that she teach art in high school. She has won several awards on her work. She has a talent for animals and watercolors. Her oils are good, too, and she isn't afraid to use color. I was always timid about bold coloring.

We feel fortunate to have two very nice children. They must inherit it from their maternal grandmother and wonderful father.

Love,
Edith

STORY OF MARTIN CHURCHILL who m. ETHEL WASHER

1962

On my father's side, Charles Henry Churchill went by the name of "Hank." His ancestors came from Germany. He was born in Illinois. He and his brother, Alonzo, were horse-traders. He drifted into Missouri, met my mother, married.

She was born in Indiana, Esther Emma Pennell. My aunts were Rose, Lydia, Nancy. My father and mother both died when we lived in Tivy Valley, above Sanger. We used to leave Sonny and Richard with them. Shoot! Everybody'd play with them. They had a little ranch.

Ethel and I met in Tivy Valley. Betty Sutton was the instigator, about six months before we were married. I had gone up in the mountains to get work, it was snowing, I came back, she was there, I liked her right away. Them days, not many girls you could get ahold of in the mountains, so I thought I'd better pick her and not let her get away. Had one little scrap. She finally give up and had me come to her birthday party Dec. 23rd. That settled the deal. January 15th, we were married. Wasn't going to let her get away again. We've been together ever since, happily married, very much so. We were married at the home of Clarence and Judy Gorman. Ethel's father and mother gave a dinner for my people down at Caruthers. My sisters and Dad always got a kick out of Ethel's Dad, thought a lot of Ethel's folks. We had a little bit of everything, especially little ones. I had a job in Tivy Valley taking care of an irrigating company.

Sonny was born in Tehachapi, two days after our first anniversary, weighed 9 3/4 pounds. He was the biggest, Peggy the smallest, 4 pounds. She was born at Earlimart, Viola and Dorothy at Wasco, Richard over here at the homeplace, also Marjie and the twins. The little girl, Barbara, lived 29 days.

My wife was anemic after the child-births. Then she got to eating raw vegetables and improved.

Something important, her mother calls for her, had to have Ethel go with her when she was baptized into the Adventist

Church last Saturday. When she was a girl, was baptized in a creek. Now she's baptized for sure. Said she didn't see any sense of it, but she guessed she would. I don't think she has an enemy in the world. She'll buck up and speak to Grandpa. Anything happens to the other one, they're going to do all they can to help.

I go over to help with errands, take Grandpa to the store, prune, do what I can think of to do. He likes babies—that's his long suit, children. First thing he'll do, want to hold a baby.

Ethel: When we were little and got sick, we'd always go to Dad to have him help us, hold us on his lap, and sing to us. In the evenings, we'd all sit around and listen to Mother read to us from some book. She'd get sleepy, and we'd wake her up. When we were away, we'd want to go home. She'd spend hours making over dresses so they'd look like new, besides all her other work. On Saturdays, she'd read the Bible to us. She used to play on that organ, and sing hymns and say blessing at table.

In the mountains, the women would sit on the rocks, and we children would run around like wild Indians. Aunt Salema went with us. She's another one I loved. And Aunt Lydia! We all thought the world of her. She'd show us all her pretty things, we loved to go to her house. Remember that phonograph with a horn and round records? She had a blue bowl with saucedishes. Then, she made that yellow cake with nuts on top and in it. She and my mother were close. They used to look after Bertha.

Martin: I quit water-well drilling at Wasco to go down to Pomona to learn to be a machinist. I boarded with a minister and his wife. We'd take hands around the table, for the blessing. They'd go to San Quentin weekends, to visit prisoners and I'd go with them as far as Fresno to see my family. I've used that machinist training a lot, in oil-fields on the westside of Fresno, in farming different places, then near Mendota on the Anderson and Clayton Ranch from Nov. 11, 1947 to January 1, 1963, fifteen years. Sonny was married, but the rest of them got married after we were there. Sonny was married in Oregon, Richard in Easton, Peggy in Santa Monica, Viola in Selma, Dorothy in Reno, Marjie in Pennsylvania.

Sonny is scatterbrains. He'd give his last nickel away if he thought somebody needed it worse than he did. Richard and Dorothy are more alike. Everybody loves Richard. He's strictly a mountain boy. Peggy is more businesslike, independent, willing to help, education enough to be a dental technician, married to a big Irishman. Viola used to be unpredictable, but now she's settled down, a big leader in her church work. Married a fine husband, his folks are awfully nice—strict Adventists. Dorothy is Daddy's baby, but everybody's girl, makes friends wherever she goes, don't show her worries. I don't know what she would have done if it hadn't been for Rudy's mother, Mrs. Collins. Rudy says he has two of the best cooks in the world. Rudy sells insurance, has a position, tries to make a good husband, is succeeding. Marjory is our youngest. She's haphazard, but she's a good girl—I'll say that about all my children. No matter what happens, sticks by her mother and daddy. She's not going to ask for help, if she can do things for herself.

We have 24 grandchildren, and more on the road—Dorothy, Peggy, Autumn are all expecting. They're a pretty good bunch of kids. Grandpa and Grandma love them all.

Looking back, with our ups and downs, we've had a very happy life. With my mother dying, Ethel's mother has been like a mother to me. I worked with my own father till I was 30. Grandpa and Grandma Washer are the ones we're always talking about.

We're always glad to welcome friends of our children. I call Marjie's friends "my adopted daughters."

STORY OF EUGENE PATRICK WASHER

1962

My grandfather, my father's father, Jacob Wascher, was the first one who came to America. He and my grandmother came at the same time. He and his brother William were born in Germany. Their mother was Irish. His father came to Germany and took the name of Washer. She was from a county in Ireland. He went there, married her, then they stayed in Germany until they came to the U.S.A.

My father, George Washer, was born in Virginia, moved down to Kentucky, bought property, married there to my mother, Rachel Ellen Hancock. Had a brother, William.

William's children were: Luther, George, Dr. William, Ellen, Jonathan, Laura. They lived about four miles from us, in Smith's Grove. Half a mile south, the other side, I was born. Our house was like a double house, had a passageway between the living-rooms and kitchen, mostly bedrooms upstairs; still stands there. Ida was the last one to be born there. The rest were born where Ida lives now, in a two-story house, four rooms upstairs; five rooms, counting the kitchen downstairs. She lives all alone, now that Jake and Henry are gone. Perney, Mamie, Henry, were born there. Ida is blind.

Most of those I know have drifted away to other states. I want to go back again, always enjoyed going back. Ethel went with me one time, and Jessie another. After the main summer's work is done, they take me around.

I have this card, with one-third of a dollar-bill in it. Three of us classmates tore a dollar bill in three. Any one die, his third would be sent to me. Must all be living, Gene (me), Nathan and George.

Violet: Maybe you'll find them when you go to Heaven.

Gene: I'll tell you it's foolish to think we'll meet our friends in person, after we're once dead. When a person dies, their spirit goes to a resting-place, wherever it goes.

Flora: Don't you believe in the Resurrection? Saints go to Heaven, not too many of them. Others come back on this earth made new. The meek will inherit the earth. Christ came back.

Gene: That is a different proposition. I went to the Advent Church one time, was a preacher—didn't have any use for him. Said there'd be 144,000 in Heaven, all Adventists. Anybody'd go to Hell, it'd be that guy!

Yes, I'd like to go back to Kentucky end of June, nice then. We had a big vegetable garden, must have been a good acre in it. We'd pick a bunch of grapes, eat a bunch. Mother said, "If you don't bring in the grapes, you won't eat." That was all right. Mamie had enough with the grapes. She's the fighter in the family. Oh, boy, she is! Ida tells 'em off.

Ethel looks a good deal like my mother. My mother was 5 ft. 5 in. I used to be 5 ft. 8 in. She was always ready to help somebody. Our old family doctor, he thought she was wonderful. My father taught school, hand-writing, singing. He gave Aunt Ann Casady lessons. She taught in the State Normal. She boarded at our place when she taught at Three Forks. Had more trouble with me than anybody. Ellen Washer taught two terms. She wouldn't stand any foolishness. My uncle taught for years.

We have a lot of cousins around thar. My grandmother was an Irishwoman, smoked a corn-cob pipe, was snappy. An old man would come visit, they'd speak Gaelic at a great rate. My grandfather died a good many years before. My father and his brother had places half a mile apart, raised families. They only had girls, four, married around thar. One of them married Beryl Tabor, come to Fresno. Fred lives on the coast.

In the Eastern states, they plant things by the moon. Things

that produce fruit above the ground, they plant in the light of the moon. If corn is planted when the moon is dark, it will grow up, but not have much corn. Potatoes and such should be planted when the moon is dark.

My father was a little man. So were Pernie, Ida, Jake and Henry. Built strong, with short arms and legs. Somebody made inquiry, wrote back, and found out that, about five generations back, there had been a "little man" in the family.

Dari and George were the liveliest of the Myers brothers. We were up on the Auberry Road, seven miles from the Toll House, camped in the middle of the road by a big barn, and Dari made believe he was sick and had to have some whiskey, and we sent Bert for it, but Dari revived and said, "Is he gone?" Those two liked to make lots of fun.

MY CHILDREN:

by Eugene Henry Churchill

September, 1962

Peaches is like a little mother to the other children.

Clifford is Grandfather's helper.

Nina wants to be loved. Can't get enough love. Quite studious.

Teresa is very independent. She is like this, "Leave me alone, and I'll get along all right."

Pat is independent, also. Pretty much Daddy's boy.

Mary is my little doll. Has blue eyes. I think Teresa has blue eyes, too. I'm not sure about any other. I'll look.

Autumn is my good old mother hen. She's a busy person. She enjoys life. We have been married sixteen years. We have lots of fun.

My children! If I were at the end of the Milky Way, and I called to them to come, they'd do their best to climb up to me.

SONNY CHURCHILL AND FAMILY

by Violet

July 4, 1963

This Spring, Sonny and family came unexpectedly to my house, and, oh how glad I was to see homefolks! They stayed about five days, and got in two trips to the Zoo. The last trip, I went with them.

The children are quiet and well-behaved, and get along well with each other. They enjoyed watching television. Peaches and Clifford made pop-corn. Nina had recently been in a Nevada Hospital. She wanted to accompany Teresa when she went to have a tooth pulled. Pat examined everything on all the tables. Mary liked to have Sonny toss her in the air. He wore a western outfit, big hat, pointed boots and all. Autumn was expecting a baby soon. It has evidently been their way of life to go from place to place. Autumn explained it was "educational."

Lillian said she heard so much about Sonny at the Reunion, she wanted to know if Autumn had had her baby. Aunt Flora wrote on June 4, 1963, "Sonny phoned they are in Arizona, now, on a ranch. We had worried because no one seemed to know what had become of them. They have a new baby boy named Martin."

Martin and Ethel have taken them in many times throughout the years. Martin says, "Sonny is a good worker, but he just won't stay put."

STORY OF DON WASHER

June 2, 1963

On the Anderson and Clayton Ranch, where I was foreman, different relatives of mine worked, — Mother and Dad, Chester and Nina, Dorothy and Rudy, Sonny and Autumn, all with their families. The ranch was practically all relatives, — related to some. Still is.

We are still west of Fresno, on this 3-acre ranch. Have a good house, fruit-trees, chickens, 3 calves, a pig, and Mickey, our dog. I still get jobs hauling.

Jessie: And we lived happily ever after.

STORY OF JESSIE GERTRUDE SMITH WASHER

My mother's name was Della May Williams. Williams, Arizona, was named after her father.

Arthur B. Smith, my father, was born in Michigan, son of Aaron and Sarah Smith. Both came from England.

My mother was born in San Diego. My parents lived around in Imperial Valley. They had five children, Ethel, Arthur, Jessie, Ray, and Clifford.

The way I met Don, — I was on my way to church with Betty Stoner. On our way back, Don picked us up and took us home.

At Fresno, at the homeplace, in the tank-house, Virginia was born, Donnie was born at Kerman, in a private hospital.

At Mendota, Don worked for Bedell on a cotton ranch, then as foreman with Giffen, then with Anderson and Clayton at Cantua. We were there for 25 years. We bought the store, and for awhile I ran it, and the Post Office, and the Cafe, and hauled all the mail.

STORY OF CATHERINE MULLIGAN m. DONALD LEE WASHER (112917L132)

Wesley Milligan, my father, was son of Bill and Josie Milligan. They lived in Oklahoma. All are dead.

My mother was Ruby Henry. Her mother was Ruby Bell Winn, and her father, George Henry.

We belong to the Southern Baptists, and work in the church. The two oldest girls have also joined the church. I work for Dr. Jones in Kerman as a medical assistant. I think Grandpa and Grandma Washer are wonderful sweet people. Mom and Dad Washer have been awfully good to us, ever since we've been married. We just think the world of them.

Marlene is my helper. Norma is an affectionate, emotional child. Vicki and Norma are very close to each other, and are alike. They show their love for people, as does Donnie. That's why we are such a happy family.

Oct. 19, 1964

Dear Violet,

. . . The news of Mr. Hoover's death brings memories of when he had dinner with us. Gene was working on the Hopper Place and Mr. Hoover came to see it, from Palo Alto. I remember so well the conversation at the table and what rosy cheeks young Hoover had! I saw Mr. Roosevelt in San Diego and Mr. Taft in a procession here. He looked like Harry Wilder. If Great-grandma Cornelia Like had written of her times, she might have told of similar historical events.

. . . Those who get the books will surely treasure them. Interest crops up in unexpected places. Did I tell you about Junior Bibb and his wife being here? And how interested she was in what George had told her of the family? Lawrence's sons too and Ethel's Richie were avid to hear about and to read your book. My own girls delight in reading my journals, and as they get older, the past will be even more interesting to them. So be of good courage and know we appreciate all you have done.

Lovingly yours,
Flora Ethel

Nov. 9, 1964

Dear Violet,

. . . Last Sabbath, at church, Hester called me aside saying she had news from you and began crying, but when I read the letter from you I couldn't see Eva was worse.

You have been so faithful in your care of her. When her time comes to go, we should be thankful she can be at rest. She will always be with us in our memories of her. As we get older, death is not such a shock to us, so many of our loved ones have gone before, and we look forward to being reunited in the Better Land. Wish you could have been here yesterday, when Seymour came after George, who had been with us overnight. Sim told so much about his trip to Alaska, and I'd like to have transcribed it for your book . . .

George seemed to feel pretty well; he had been to Oakland with Carrie May Garmon recently . . . George said that Shirley and husband have bought a fine place out in the country, though they still work in town . . .

Edith and Lester were also here yesterday, and Herman and Fara Lehrbach, who were on their way to a vacation in Las Vegas. Edith hopes to come again the Sunday between Thanksgiving and my birthday. I imagine several of our family will come in then. Douglas and Billy are coming up to Ethel's then, so some of the overflow will stay here. They are usually good to help with the extra work . . .

Tell Eva we think of, and pray for her. Love to Mary.

So fare-thee-well,
Lovingly,
Flora E.

Dec. 9, 1964

Dear Violet,

What you wrote about Father, for the conclusion of your book, is just fine. I do hope I get to see the completed book. It will be a legacy from you that you may well be proud of.

Although I hobble around like an old woman, I still can't realize that I am *ninety* . . . You would have enjoyed the grand dinner the family took us to, with its beautifully decorated cake and an orchid corsage for me—wasn't that lovely of them? And a few evenings later Martin and Ethel took us to Dorothy's for a party—for me and for one of her sons. So we feel quite young and giddy with being entertained so much . . . Come on over and see all my nice presents. I keep them out to look at every day.

. . . Lately, I've been giving our children some of my things, feeling I'd rather know who has them, while I'm alive, than that they should be scattered when I'm gone. Chester chose some of my books . . . He has a bookstore now, and a collection of rare stamps and coins he is quite proud of.

We were surprised one evening when Mamie Platzek came, with her brother Johnny and his wife and son . . .

A man and wife from our church took me out to see Hester in her "final home" as she calls it, at Calwa. The place has been built up so much I couldn't even find where we used to live.

Dear me! I'd better quit—you will be all worn out with such a long letter! I do hope that Christmas and the New Year will bring you much to enjoy—Also, that your birthday will be a happy one.

Lovingly ever,
Your aunt Flora Ethel

New Year's Day, 1965

Dear Violet,

. . . Gene would like the model of the Ore Wagon, and I would be thankful for him to be occupied with it.

Thank you for the stamps and for Connie's letter . . .

Alta told me Bessie Wright is in a hospital and so is Renvy, both quite ill.

Florabel showed me some of Bertha's letters that you have sent, and seemed thankful to have them . . .

I want to thank you for the subscription to the "Secret Place" which I shall have so much good from. I read it every morning at breakfast. It is a link with the morning devotions we always had at home. I attend church when I feel able. Dr. Miller, who teaches our class of elderly people, sent me such a nice greeting card, saying they had missed me lately. That pleased me.

Ethel's daughter, Peggy, with her husband and child, may come today.

Many good wishes to you and Eva and Mary.

Lovingly,
Aunt Flora

Feb. 7, 1966

My Dear Violet,

It was so very thoughtful of you to let me read the transcript of your book's beginning while I can still see to read and enjoy it. My sight is failing so fast, I read very little now—you must know how I miss that. Now that there is sunshine again, I want to go over the pages again . . .

I am enjoying a pot of azalias Ruth brought us for our wedding anniversary Feb. 3rd. Most of the family came in, and we had luncheon for a few, as Edith came down. She and my helper, Mrs. Pickerelle, took charge, doing most of the work. It was also Gene's 90th birthday and our 63rd wedding anniversary . . .

Yesterday, Sim and Erna brought your Uncle George over, and Gene livened up to talk to them. George seems fairly well, but is thin and his hands were cold. He does so well, at 93, to get around at all.

Alta and Tillman were here lately, they have enjoyed two snows at Bass Lake. Paul and Lela are at North Fork, about ten miles away.

Dorothy's are up near Sacramento, living in an old mansion of 20 rooms, built about the time of the Gold Rush in 1851. There are so many antiques in the house, I'd like to see it.

Lovingly yours,
Flora Ethel

3031 W. Nielsen
Fresno, Calif.
November 12, 1966

Dear Violet,

Sorry I waited so long to write. I just couldn't find time. I want to thank you for the dolls you gave us. We like them very much.

The picture you sent us that was a double exposure we can still see both pictures pretty good and either Norma or me. We will put the picture in our album. The weather down here is pretty sunny at least today. A few days ago it rained but today its sunny. Well we better go. See you later.

Love, Vicki and Norma Washer

P.S.: Thank you again for the dolls.

Nov. 28, 1966

Dear Mother,

Wish I could be there with you on your birthday. I'll be thinking of you and remembering how wonderful you always made our birthdays. So special, with a surprise present under our pillow, and usually more presents at our plate and a *dime* in the birthday cake. How lucky we were to have such a wonderful mother to always make "our day" special no matter how little you had to do with.

Love
Ruth

Nov. 30, 1966

Dear Alta,

Aunt Flora was pleased to receive your card and letter in the mail this noon. She was beginning to think nobody was noticing her birthday, and sat by the heater in her strawberry-red dress and white apron, waiting. Then Ruth phoned, and

she said she was sending a package, so she looked forward to that, and the mail-man brought it in, personally.

Nina had cooked a chicken, and we had a nice dinner, with a birthday cake, with "Happy Birthday, Flora," on it. After dinner, Aunt Flora said. "I thought *somebody* would come!"

Ethel and Martin came, right after dinner. They had a good time at Dorothy's. Margie was married Friday to Harold Van Zant and they have Mori with them and live in a house not far away.

Mrs. Riding came over and there was laughing and joking. Jessie brought red berries from the ranch. I took pictures out in front, although it was dull weather. When the guests had departed, Aunt Flora said, "I was afraid no one would come." She was satisfied.

She said to me, "You are kind and gentle with Gene." It looks like rain, and I imagine you and Tillman up there in your trailer at Bass Lake, with a storm outside. It is a wonderful place to be. You were generous to share it with me. You were so good to come down to San Diego, braving dangers. I don't know what I would have done without you.

It was good of you to bring me back to Fresno with you. Didn't the desert look beautiful in the dawning of the morning, with the misty lilac mountains?

I dread to go back, but David will need me in problems arising from Lillian's death. God comfort him and Charles! I can hardly bear it. If only I had made Lillian's life easier! She was so dear.

Lovingly, Violet

Dec. 5, 1966

Dear Nellie,

Aunt Flora was pleased to receive your letter. It was nice that you and Gilbert could take Susan and Judy to see his 98 year old mother.

Birdie had invited Tillman and Alta for Thanksgiving, and when she learned I had come back from San Diego with them, she invited Aunt Flora, Uncle Gene and me, also. There were twelve around her table including Shirley, Clifford and Janis' baby in her high-chair. I hadn't seen Mrs. Newton for years. Emil has a little new apartment built in one side of the garage. When the turkey was cooked brown, Birdie carried it on a platter into the living-room for all to admire. Aunt Flora said the blessing. Everything tasted so good. Ione's orchids were in the middle of the table.

For Aunt Flora's 92nd Birthday, there were two gatherings in her home. The first was on her birthday, when, after dinner, Martin and Ethel came, then Jessie. There were letters, cards, presents, and even a vase of red roses from Donald and Jessie, delivered by the florist's girl. Mrs. Riding, the neighbor from across the street, came over, and we had ice-cream and cake.

The second gathering was on Saturday, and I said I wanted this one to be partly for my 80th Birthday also. Ethel Platzek arrived early. Then Mrs. Wyatt brought Hester. Then Martin brought Beulah, who had come on the bus from Union City. We were four first cousins. Richard came with Deborah, his oldest daughter, from Porterville. Then Joey and Verna Dustin came in their station-wagon with Davene, David, Darlene, Diane Violet, and six-month's old Daniel. Suddenly, Sonny Churchill poked his head high up in the door. He got down on the floor and showed the children gold-fish and turtles he had bought for the pet-shop, where Autumn works. He has a job topping trees at Los Banos. He said, "We are now all Mormons, and work in the church. When I go down the street, friends call, 'Hi, Slim!' Teresa is the smart student."

On Sunday afternoon, Joey Dustin and his family came and he took Beulah and me around. We found Alton's new grave near our family plot in Mountain View Cemetery, and Joey laid a bouquet of gladiolas and chrysanthemums upon it. We looked at the monuments on Grandpa's and Uncle Darius' plots, and Beulah showed us where she will be buried beside Raymond.

Joey took us to his own house, to see Beulah's cousin on her mother's side, Nettie Robinson; to Florabelle and Johnnie's, where they served hot cocoa; then back to Birdie's where Alta and Tillman were, and Birdie had such a good supper for us!

Beulah returned north today. I am staying over two more days to address Christmas cards and write notes for Aunt Flora, who does not see well. She has always been a wonderful Christian Lady, thoughtful and dear.

We are grateful to Nina Pickerell, who comes over from her house and from her blind husband, two doors away, to help Uncle Gene and Aunt Flora. She jokes with Uncle Gene. He has been sitting by the table, cutting up paper.

Nina remarks, "When you get to Heaven, you'll be clipping the angels' wings!" We have to laugh. "I wonder if angels really have wings?" I ask. "How else would they get around?" answers Aunt Flora.

Lovingly, Violet

TRIP TO HAYWARD AND FRESNO

December 25, 1967

The day before Thanksgiving, Beulah came down from Ramona and took me with her in her car, bound for Hayward, where Brent and Myrtle were to have a reunion dinner. We stayed that night with Lydia and Alex in their trailer home at Delano, and reached Aunt Flora's next day near noon, then reached Brent's house before five o'clock, in time for dinner. Beulah said the grace. All of the Marley family were there, except Elden's. Milo had just returned from Vietnam.

Next afternoon, I returned by bus to Fresno and was at Aunt Flora's a month. Nina, the helping neighbor, had quit because of her blind husband, so I stayed until Uncle Gene was placed in the Country View Nursing Home, and Gladys Watson came as a helper for Aunt Flora.

The next evening, Jessie and Don gave a pre-birthday party for Aunt Flora, which all their family attended except Virginia's. On November thirtieth, the real birthday, five of us older cousins, Ethel Platzek, Ethel Churchill, Florabel, Hester and I had an ice-cream party at Aunt Flora's. Uncle Gene sat in his chair by the table, beaming upon us.

Those weeks before Uncle Gene went to the nursing home, was a quiet, happy time. On December 15th, my birthday, Hester came early and stayed until dark. As we lingered after the noon meal, I said, "Uncle Gene, Hester and I love you." "What!" he exclaimed, "Say that again!" Hester added, "Yes, I do, because you are my last living uncle on my father's side." Uncle Gene bowed his head. "That makes me very happy," he said. "Nobody has ever said that to my face before."

Another day, after the evening meal, I brought a footstool and sat on it, holding his hand, while he remembered old times. He talked about his childhood, his brothers and sisters, the homefolks. Through the front window, we could see the leaves falling from the sycamore tree, and I remarked, "It is the time of the falling of the leaves for us three. We know we cannot stay here much longer. But won't you enjoy seeing those who have gone before? You always did enjoy Aunt Susie and Aunt Rose . . ." "And Darius," he added. He wanted to take me back with him to Kentucky. "Flora and I thought as much of you as if you were one of our own kids," he said. Martin said he told him the same thing.

Martin was wonderful to help. He did the errands, the shopping, repairs, and everything he could think of to brighten

the lives of Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene. He would get Uncle Gene ready to go to the barber's every Tuesday. He would say, "Upsadaisy, Doodlekins," and Uncle Gene would rise and go with him in a sprightly manner.

Martin asked to have their picture taken together when he had Uncle Gene ready to go to the nursing home. As we stood out on the lawn, I said, "Uncle Gene has been good and patient. He has been lovely." "Thank you," Uncle Gene said, "Long ago I learned to be patient." But he was not always patient. He was loveable, and boyish, and had a beautiful voice for singing, and loved mountains, horses and babies. Ethel told me, "He would take us on his lap and comfort us if we got hurt." Now, he was willing to go to the nursing home. I went along, and stayed with him as he sat in the hall by his room, while Martin and Ethel were in the office. As I left, I kissed him on the top of his head.

Four days thereafter, Martin brought the little Arkansas housekeeper, Gladys, who is kind and attentive to Aunt Flora. "Anything Grandma wants, she gets!" Gladys says.

I had planned on staying until after Christmas, but on Saturday night the Naval Hospital in San Diego phoned that Cousin Lester Johnson had died that morning, and I was needed to release his body to Greenwood Mortuary; so I came home by plane yesterday. Virginia Cooper, owner of the nursing home in El Cajon where he had been the last four years, said he had been looking forward to being Santa Claus, to hand out the presents as he did last year. It was a stroke. In the Spring, the Naval Hospital doctors had pulled him out of one and had given him these extra happy months. So far as I know, he is the last of the family of Nicholas, an older brother of Grandpa Darius Myers.

I am glad to be in my own home for Christmas. I have been taking jars of home-made guava jelly around to the neighbors. It snowed here a little at the time of the big storm at Bass Lake. Alta and Tillman slept at the caretakers' house one night, for fear a loosened tree would fall on their trailer-home. As I came down on the plane, we could see the Sierra Nevada Mountains completely covered by shining snow. Through the western windows, we could see the ocean and pearly islands, and the land clear up to Saugus and Santa Cruz. "A pretty day," the pilot announced.

This has been a wonderful month, to be with Aunt Flora and to see homefolks. Verna Dustin took me to a piano recital, where Davene and David played. On the last Wednesday, she took me and her five children around to the houses of Birdie, Joyce, Mary, Tommy and Mary Ellen, all belonging to the Bertha family. Ellen and Bob were visiting at Mary Ellen's. Christmas decorations were up everywhere. On Friday, Mabel Hagen brought Fred and Gertrude Rhodes. Aunt Flora sat in her big easy chair, wearing her red dress and white sweater.

One day Gladys, Aunt Flora and I were talking about what Heaven would be like. Gladys asked, "Doesn't the Bible say the earth will be made new?" "We will see our loved ones," Aunt Flora said. I have seen loved ones right now, this last month, and that is like being in Heaven.

AUNT FLORA'S BLESSINGS AT TABLE

December, 1967

(Mornings). Our Father, we thank Thee for the blessings Thou hast given us. We pray that Thou wilt strengthen and guide us. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

(Noon). Our Father, we thank thee that Thou art with us through the day. Turn our hearts to Thee. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

(Night). Heavenly Father, we pray that Thou wilt bless and guide us, and be with us through the night. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

January 8, 1968

Dear Violet:

Your letter came yesterday, with its sad news of Mary's passing away. I grieve with you, knowing how much you will miss her. She was like a dear sister to us.

As we grow older we look forward more to the future life when we shall meet again the dear ones who have gone before, and are waiting there. It will be most wonderful to see Jesus . . .

Company came and I could not write more. Donald and Jessie and Chester came in. They had been to see Gene, who seems more content there now. I would like to go to see him on his birthday, February 3rd. I saw him at Donald's Christmas Eve. He did not say anything about coming home.

Gladys gives me good care here and I am satisfied to be at home. You were so good to stay until I had satisfactory help here. I am so glad you came to encourage Gene to go where he might have help and care. Bless your heart, dear Violet.

Lovingly yours, Flora

TIME OF UNCLE GENE'S FUNERAL

3335 Madison
Fresno 93702
January 14, 1968

When the night letter came the morning of Tuesday, January 10th, I cried out, "Oh! Don't let it be Aunt Flora!" On Wednesday, Martin met me at the airport in Fresno and explained that Uncle Gene had faded away at the nursing home. His heart was not strong enough to throw off the fluid that gathered in his chest. That evening Viola came and took Aunt Flora, Gladys and me to the Tinkler Mission Chapel to see Uncle Gene. The funeral was to be the next day at two o'clock.

Rev. Ligon, the minister of the Baptist Church across the street from Martin and Ethel's house, was to officiate. When he came in the morning, Aunt Flora told him Uncle Gene had joined the Christian Church in his youth.

NOTE: When Aunt Flora accepted Uncle Gene's proposal of marriage, he said, "Let us pray."

Most of the family gathered at the house before going to the funeral. Aunt Flora sat on the couch in the new black dress and hat Ruth and Edith had bought for her. Harvey, I and others took pictures of family groups, but we did not get them all taken before we had to go to the Chapel. I sat beside Alta, but Martin came and took me to the family room where Aunt Flora was.

There were almost a hundred people present. The relatives mostly sat on the right-hand side in the big room. There were many flower-pieces and potted chrysanthemums around the gray casket. Uncle Gene looked younger than his almost 92 years. He looked calm and peaceful as the singer sang, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Rev. Ligon quoted from the article in the Fresno Bee about Uncle Gene's life. Everyone thought he did real well there and at the cemetery.

Uncle Gene was buried in Donald's plot at Belmont Memorial Cemetery. I rode in the car beside Aunt Flora, and sat beside her at the graveside. It was cold, and I put my coat over her knees. Immediately, Verna Dustin put her coat over my shoulders. At a distance beyond the grave was a long line of tall trees, with a pale sun.

When we returned to the house, Gladys put Aunt Flora straight to bed, with a hot water bottle at her feet. Different ones had brought dishes of food and all ate before starting for their homes, some of them as considerable distances.

Yesterday, Mrs. Wyatt left Hester here, after their Sabbath church services. As we lay on the bed in the Guest House, I

told Hester she should accept the death of old people as if they were trees that had grown old. "When I die," I said, "you mustn't grieve for me." She pursed up her face and cried, "I will, too!" We agreed nothing could keep us from grieving if Aunt Flora should die. Hester was grieving for Uncle Gene, who was always good to her. He had a colorful personality. His brown eyes crinkled when he laughed.

At three o'clock, Verna came with her five children and Florabel, and we had ice-cream and cookies. Then she took us to Bernie Bibbs' house, where the children played among the trees and in the dry irrigation ditch. Betty looked pretty in a red dress. Lee Roy and Gail left their T.V. in the bedroom to meet their cousins. We five women went outdoors in the pink sunset glow and we pointed out to Verna where the houses of the Colony used to be. The second home-folks place, which became Aunt Flora's house, was the only one left. A full yellow moon was already shining behind the bare boughes of the trees. On our way to Hester's rest home in Calwa, we passed by Aunt Lydia's corner, now occupied by a big electrical installation.

On Sunday afternoon, Virgie Oberg came to Aunt Flora's, dressed in the pink uniform she wears in helping at the Community Hospital. Ethel Platzek came Monday, bringing a pumpkin pie and doughnuts. Both said they missed Uncle Gene from his customary place in the chair by the table.

Just before I had left San Diego, there had been two other funerals, only a few days apart, those of Cousin Lester Johnson and of Mary Davenport, my friend of fifty-two years. Dr. Frank Lowe was the minister for Lester, at Greenwood Chapel, in the same Poetry room where Elsie's funeral had been held. He said that now Lester could praise God with his lovely voice in Heaven. Mary's funeral was in the Lewis Colonial Mortuary. She had put up a fierce battle for life those six months after her stroke. At my last visit to the hospital, holding her hand, I told her, "Maybe we can have little cottages near each other in Heaven. Jesus will welcome you, 'There comes Mary'!" Mary cried, "I want to stay here a long, long time!"

OBITUARY

Wednesday, January 10, 1968

Eugene Patrick Washer, a former rancher, carpenter and fruit buyer who loved to pack into the mountains as much as work, died Monday in a local nursing home. He was 91.

Fresno's population was about 8,000 when Washer came here from his native Bowling Green, Ky., in 1897. He was born Feb. 3, 1876.

He came here as a farmer, buying his first ranch on the south side of Calwa. He later bought another vineyard in Biola, and one of his later farms was an 80-acre site near Caruthers.

Shortly after that he went into the wholesale fruit buying until he began his carpentry work.

In February, 1903, he married the former Flora Meyers. The couple celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary last year.

He built houses in the Kerman and Mendota areas, continued ranching and started building up a string of pack and saddle horses near Clovis.

He was what mountain lovers call a strictly "back country man," in that he did not consider himself off the beaten path until he was above the timber line.

"Many of my friends liked to go fishing and camping," he recalled in an interview. "I had the stock and the gear and every chance we got we would take off. I bet I've covered almost every square foot of the back country of our Sierra. I love it."

He retired in 1955 but he was always ready to drop everything at his home at 3335 E. Madison Ave. and head for the hills at the slightest provocation.

Funeral services for Washer will be held at 2 p.m. tomorrow in the Tinkler Mission Chapel. Burial will follow in Belmont Memorial Park.

Surviving besides his widow are two sons, Donald C. Washer of Fresno and Chester A. Washer of Santa Cruz; three daughters, Mrs. Ethel E. Churchill of Fresno, Mrs. Ruth O. Saucier of Arcadia and Mrs. Ethel E. Reed of Concord; three sisters, Mrs. Mamie Dalbotton of Kerman, Ida Washer of Kentucky and Pernie Washer of Tennessee; 13 grandchildren and 48 great-grandchildren.

940 W. Duarte Rd., Apt. 20
Arcadia, Calif.
February 2, 1968

Dear Violet:

Sorry to be slow in answering your letter, but have been very busy at the store.

It was good of you to stay awhile with Mama, after Papa's funeral, and I know it helped her through a difficult time.

We were so thankful Papa did not suffer long, and also feel relieved that he did not die at home, for Mama's sake. It was good to see so many friends and relatives at the funeral and the gathering at the house later. Seeing the grandsons all together as pallbearers, I realized for the first time what fine young men they are, all six feet or more tall, and all fine-looking, good men. A proud heritage. They were: Eugene and Richard Churchill, Douglas Bunn, Donnie Washer, Dale Reed, and one great-grandson, David Pontius, who is also over six feet tall. Had Chester's boy, Story Washer lived, there might have been six grandsons.

It's a wonderful thing that all the 48 great-grandchildren are healthy and fine-looking too. I hope Mama will live to see her first great-great-grandchild, expected this Spring by Viola's daughter, Jan.

I wish I could live nearer Mama, to see her more often, and would love to bring her down here. However, she seems to want to be in her own home, with her own things around her. Now, with Gladys there, I'm glad that it's possible for her to be where she is most contented.

Love, Ruth

March 6, 1968

Dear Cousin Violet:

. . . It was real nice to see all the family even under the sad circumstances.

I've always been very close to Grampa and Gramma and was deeply affected by Grampa's passing. But I know that he led a full and happy life—sometimes at the expense of Gramma—but it was a good life and they both have many loved descendants and have passed on to us a zest for life, much love and an unending capacity for giving. I'm very glad that my children have the honor and opportunity to get to know their Great Grandparents.

Mother wrote and said that Gramma had been up and outside for sun and short walks and was anxious to be able to start back to church so she is well and doing nicely—bless her heart.

All my children are doing very well in their schoolwork and have many activities to keep them occupied. Rudy keeps very busy trying to provide for us and we worry that he works too hard, but he feels he must work hard to provide the best he can.

We enjoy living in the country where there are many things to keep us all occupied and to allow the children freedom to play without disturbing neighbors.

I must close now as there is much to do before the children come home from school.

So do take care of yourself and come see us when you can.

As always, Love,
Dorothy

FROM AUNT FLORA'S RECORD BOOK, AUGUST 15, 1939

Alta is one of the finest characters I know—so unselfish, so thoughtful of others, so uncritical, so thoughtful and kind. She is always busy, and yet always ready to help others.

It was sweet to see Tilman so affectionate with her, even after twenty or more years of married life, and he says her children adore her.

720 W. Roosevelt Ave.
Visalia, California
October 9, 1952

Dear Violet:

Washing, ironing and cleaning done the first of the week, and now several long days stretch before me. No yarn to finish Nina's afghan, and borrowed books all read, so now I am answering letters. This morning, one came from Edith from Natchez, Mississippi. They evidently did not stay in New Orleans long, but seem to be having a wonderful time, and may go on to Kentucky.

Your mention of the song on the radio, "Going Home," reminds me of Mamie Dalbotten, who mentioned, last time she was at our house, she didn't want that song sung at her funeral, because she does not believe we shall know our earthly friends. . . . For me always, Heaven is going home to be with those dearest on earth, and God, Jesus and the angels. But, whatever we believe, "We shall be satisfied."

Billie wrote Douglas would be discharged about October 26th. I hope Don can give them a house and work on the ranch. Don's have just had a barbeque and housewarming in their new home . . . Ethel is working in the store, though Martin objects as she had enough to do at home, and the girls can't help much while in school.

I am enjoying little Donna and Dale. Donna is quite a responsible child and helps manage Don who is more temperamental. She is good to look after their various pets.

Thank you so much, dear girl, for your words of solace and comfort, which I read with tears rolling down. I hope you outlast me, for there would be none to replace you. Eva is good, and very near and dear, but, like me, cannot express so well our deeper feelings.

Guess I'll have to leave Eva's letter until tomorrow, as it is near lunch-time, and soon Dale will be home.

Lovingly ever, Flora

THE RIVER ROAD

The road winds along the side of the river among the cool trees. The river sparkles as the sunlight flashes on the ripples, and there is a murmur in the air as the river flows along, ever seaward. The sweet song of the birds is to be heard and little animals are very near.

Once in a while you run across a small band of pheasants feeding on a nearby patch of clover, not far off you hear the loud, clear call of the leader of the flock. If by chance you happen to see the beautifully colored fellow, you will stop and watch his proud head as he moves it to and fro looking for you. If I were you some time I would go along the river road.

I love it. It is nature.

(Written by Chester Washer when he was fourteen and they lived in Tivy Valley, near the Kings River.)

WE ARE UNITED IN OUR LOVE FOR AUNT FLORA

I want to live until my book is published. I want Aunt Flora to hold a book in her hand. She is the link with Grandpa and Grandma, the very last one of her brothers and sisters. We all are united in our love for her.

NOONTIME AT THE HOMEPLACE

Grandma setting the table. Aunt Flora E. ringing the dinner-bell. Uncle Judah getting a cup of water. Jennie and Nellie, horses, at the trough. Gordy, riding Patsy, with Fanny.

FLORA

Top Row: Dorothy and Steven. Grandpa Collins with Janette and Robert. Flora. Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary reception of Gene and Flora.

Second Row: Flora. Grandchildren. Eunice and Edward. Flora and Gene. Friend, Virginia and Harvey, Douglas and Billie, Flora, Friend, Jessie, Catherine, Gene, Donald and Rudy.

Third Row: Dale, Lester, Edith and Donna. Flora Ethel. Patty, Paul, Amy and Michael. Sonny and family.

Bottom Row: Douglas and family. Donnie and family. Gene and Flora. Donald and Jessie, Martin and Ethel, Flora and Gene.

FLORA

Top Row: Alta, Flora and Violet. Gene and Flora. Martin, Ethel, Mrs. Collins, Flora, Dorothy, Gene, Patty, Michael, Paul, Christopher.

Second Row: Dale and Donna, Andrew, Flora, Ruth. Gene and Flora. Sharon, Story and dog.

Third Row: Flora and Gene. Entrance, 3842 White Ave. Viola, Dorothy and Marjory.

Fourth Row: Edith. Chester. Suzanne. Virginia and Donnie. Grandchildren. Martin and Ethel with girls.

Fifth Row: Flora, Gene, Bernadine, Birdie. Sonny and Peaches on donkey. Peaches. Clifford, Autumn, Violet, Pat, Teresa, Nina at Balboa Park.

FLORA, BERTHA

Top Row: Lee, Gil, Anne, Roy Childers. Stephen, Patricia, Paul, Michael. Clifford, Nancy with dog. Alta, Clifford, Birdie, Chuck.
Second Row: Douglas, Flora, Gene, Virginia, Donnie, Donald. Flora, Edith, Marjie, Viola.
Third Row: Donna in Tillman's barn-yard. Florabel. Davie, Flora, Suzanne. Viola with children.
Fourth Row: Peaches, Clifford, Janette. Edith. Suzanne on pony.
Fifth Row: Emil and Gerry. Verna, Diana Violet, Darlene, Davene, David, Joe, Florabelle, Hester, Violet. Gerry, Alta.

FLORA, LOUISE

Top Row: Gene, Flora and Lawrence at Lawrence's mountain home. Stevie. Cousin Lou, Louise. Violet, Stevie, Dorothy. Dorothy.
Middle Row: Flora. Flora reading. David. Flora. Eva, bridesmaid, Flora, bride. Violet at Old Timers' Picnic.
Lower Row: Chester, Sonny, Gene. Flora. Eva with Lillian, Flora A., James. Violet, high school graduation.

HOMEFOLKS, DIFFERENT PERIODS

Top Row: Janette Elaine, Robert Matthew, Jeffory Roger, Carolyn Gail and Edward Martin Miller. Gene and Flora. Dennis and Kent Neufeld. Jacquelyn (Martine) and Eugene Childers.

Middle Row: Ricky Rhodes. Melinda Harlan. David Earl, Lydia, Ralph, Flora E., Eunice and Eva. Flora, Donna and Dale. Oliver, Flora, Rose and Gene.

Lower Row: Birdie and Gene Childers (Clovis Parade). Phil (taking pictures). Douglas with puppy. David and Charles Sutton and Eva.

ELEVENTH SECTION — BERT

REMARKS BY BERT MYERS, OCT. 14, 1950:

VIOLET, the minister might want something for my funeral about my spiritual quality, if you wanted to give a diagnose of my life. I have tried so hard to be good, in my Christian endeavors. Abraham left his country, Isaac and Jacob were faithful. "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

I have more time, now for children than when I was so busy, making a living. I was so tired, I didn't want to hold the children, when I came home from work. But after I was converted I had more love for little children. I loved Wardy Lee; yes, I surely did, my first born. He was such a likely child, obedient and reverent, he was the cause of me having aspiration and desire for God; because, after he was taken, my only hope to see him again, was to come to God. That was the great incentive, the cause of my having peace of mind in God. I guess the Lord saw fit he should be taken, that both of us might be redeemed.

That morning that he got killed, he said, "I want to go up with Uncle Frank." He saw Frank going across the railroad; but Wardy didn't get across. Usually, he was so cautious. It was a shock; it took that to wake me up. Once, when Wardy had spinal meningitis, I promised the Lord, if He would raise him up, to follow Him; and I neglected my promise. But the Lord has been with me since, to support.

Elder Thurston came from the Fresno Church to talk to me; but it wasn't until about two years later, under the ministration of C. J. Holmes, that I came into the Church. I was still under the influence of the spirit; I had not lost my desire. A Seventh Day Adventist Church was started at Fowler, afterwards; and I helped with the services. Elder Thurston made a call in communion services; and I stood up and Rose did, too. We hadn't even talked about it. She has been a good help-mate. She didn't oppose me, she went out canvassing and colporteuring, also; and always assisted in every church we ever belonged to. Rose was a great help-mate.

I went up to Healdsburg College; went back to school. I found that, after my conversion, my desire was toward serving the Lord. We've always conducted worship until I got sick here lately. That should have had influence on our children; that is my great desire, that they should all be saved. During the time I was in Lodi, I held missionary credentials, and assisted in tent efforts.

I was a deacon in the Fresno Church several years. I had some office in the church, deacon, elder, home missionary, Sabbath School Superintendent, sabbath-school teacher almost all the years since I was converted. I've been an elder in three churches.

Being brought up in a Christian family was wonderful. Father's worship services, daily and on Sabbaths, come to my mind so clearly. I remember the old songs, now; the Spirit brings them to my attention, sketches and portions of many, many old songs; and many promises of the Bible and spiritual texts. They come during my waking hours, to give me contact with the Lord.

The song that especially comes to my mind is "Beulah Land," the sentiment of meeting on the Evergreen Shore, where I'll meet Father, and other relatives; and so many friends in the church. I want it sung at my funeral. My heart goes out in gratitude to the love manifested by the brothers and sisters in the faith, in my welfare. It touched me deeply when I heard that Elder West, of the Santa Cruz Church, called for a vote for those who would intercede for me, in private and public worship; and the vote was unanimous. There were so many cards, letters and visits and expressions of love, and desire for my health and peace that have come during my illness; and I feel deeply touched for the ministry of cooperation and love.

Relatives came from a great distance just to show their sympathy and love. My brother George and my sister Flora came. A person's faith brings assurance of acceptance by the Savior; and His guidance gives assurance. The Lord could heal instantly; but the main thing is to resign implicitly and have peace of mind and heart. That is true wisdom, given by God; and I praise His Holy Name and the Spirit's working power.

UNCLE BERT'S FUNERAL

March 8, 1946

Dear Eva,

There were many people at the funeral yesterday. Counting those in the family room, I think there were over a hundred. Ralph Wilder counted forty-four cars; Jessie Golder said it was a long procession going by her house.

I stayed with her the first night. When I telephoned Alta, she told me that LeRoy and his family would be there; and Aunt Rose came with them; so she had a full house.

When I got to the Lisle funeral parlor, Uncle George and Susie were waiting in front, and Mrs. Ripperdan soon came. We went in to see Uncle Bert; he looked so thin and bloodless. There were many beautiful flowers. Then I came out again, to greet different homefolks as they arrived. The night before, I had telephoned to Ralph, Renvy, and Ethel Platzek, and they all came.

Aunt Flora came down through the night on the Greyhound bus from San Francisco. I went around the other side of the funeral parlor, and saw Aunt Rose and her children. Some were meeting there—Nellie and Ruthie, Jesse and his family, Leroy and Violet with the youngest boy; Elwyn and his father and step-mother. Leroy took time to tell me that Uncle Bert had gotten up that last morning, February first, but went back to bed. Then he had a heart-attack and was in pain for an hour. The minister said he prayed, "Lord Jesus, lay me away," his last words.

I telephoned the Adventist minister the night before and told him that Uncle Bert had left "remarks." Elder Hickey did weave into his sermon the death of Wardy, and how Uncle Bert gave his heart to the Lord at that time and that was the heart of the remarks; so I was glad of that. They did sing Beulah Land. The minister gave a sermon on Suffering; and a nice prayer; and it was a good service. He is a slender man in his forties. Out at the cemetery, several of the church people spoke to me.

Ruth Bibbs cried a lot; and she was good to take Ellen and Florabel home. Lela had brought Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene, and she took Ralph home; and then left me here at Aunt Flora's. Paul had been quite ill with near-pneumonia, and Nancy stayed home with him. Beulah telephoned from Alameda that Eldon had had pneumonia, and one of the little ones had measles, and the other was coming down with them.

I'll try not to go on further from Fresno but will visit as I can, and then come home soon. It has been cold, but now is sunny, like Spring, with green grass and budding boughs. Birdie said, "Have you heard the good news?" I did not know of any especially. She said, "Gene and Jackie will have a baby in July. How I would like to be there! Gene was so pleased he had to tell it right away." I wish you had the black walnuts I picked yesterday in Aunt Flora's back yard.

Edith is up and around, now. Eunice is some better. Richard was here last evening. He is marrying, in the Fall, a girl named Sheila Ann, who is four feet, eleven, and who "comes up to this button," pointing to one about the height of his heart . . .

Lovingly, Violet

ROSE MYERS REMEMBERS TO VIOLET BECK

At Violet Myers' House
San Jose
about 1951

ROSE:

More and more, I remember the older days; lately, I've been thinking about the school days at Malaga. It was the big two-story building; we used to have the programs downstairs. Miss St. John had the upper classes — fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth grades; and Miss Birdie had the four lower classes.

Bert was six years older than me. He was in the same room as me one year; anyway, he sure did worry me. He acted up so, and the teacher would hit him over the head with a book, or a ruler; it got so every time she came near him, he'd stick his head in the desk and, if she hit him it was on his shoulders. He sure was onnery in school, he didn't try to learn. I paid more attention to Bert. It kept me worried all the time; it worried the teacher too. I asked him afterwards why he was so mean. He said, "I wanted to stay home and work."

I liked to play hard-ball when I got in the fifth and sixth grade. When I got in the seventh grade, I felt older and stood around more, talking to the boys and girls. Mark Simpson was always good and kind. Charlie Simpson and Lisha Henry, Dick Hughes, Morris Feaver—he was an awfully good boy. We used to stand around and talk; the girls were Meda and Hazel Gibbs, Julie La Rue, Mina McClain, Edith Hughes —oh, there was a number of girls. Renvy, the two Henery girls—we'd sit around and talk. The boys would hold girls' hands; but I wouldn't let the boys hold my hand, because I was going with Tom. I'd write notes to Dick; but Dick wouldn't go with me because he said Tom thought so much of me. Dick was in the ninth grade; and I, in the eighth; and we caught up together in arithmetic, and then we worked to see who could go further. There was one example, neither one of us could get the answer in the book, the teacher got the same answer as we did; so the teacher said the book must be wrong. One time, I took a note and left it in the dictionary; and I was scared to death somebody else would get it; and a boy went up, and found Dick's name on it, and delivered it.

Us bigger girls would sit around and talk about what our husbands would be. I said mine was going to be dark-headed —wouldn't take two cents for a blonde-headed husband.

Dessie Brusler, Tom and Irene were our neighbors. I'd like to know where Tom and Irene are. Dessie, she's dead. I didn't graduate; half-way in the ninth grade my eyes got so bad I couldn't study anymore. Then, I was at home, and Renvy got me interested in Bert. Renvy, Bert and I drove in a buggy to Lone Star, a good half-a-day's trip; we got something at the store Dad Myers wanted us to get. Bert got where he wouldn't throw clods at us. He used to run with Steve Bryan, Bill Graham and Myers, but they didn't throw clods. Ma'd ha' give him a good lickin, if he'd ha' clod us.

One morning we girls started out ahead of the boys, Bessie, Bertha, Mina, Renvy and I, and, there, Bert had hidden under the bridge between the Home-Place and the Gibbs' place, and had stacked up a whole lot of clods. Just as soon as we got across the bridge, he began to clod us. My! but he was mean! Laugh! It just tickled him to pieces when he cloded us. He just hollered and yelled, "Run, Niggers, run." He didn't have to tell us to run—we scattered, I tell you, we scattered. We ran as fast as we could go.

When we got up to the Gibbs' place, Hazel and Meda and Dick would meet us, and we'd all walk along together. We'd cut across catty-cornered through that great big vacant place and go right across to school.

Their calf died, and that old cow mourned it. Bessie, Little Lydia, Renvy, Mina and Bertha, we had a funeral for the calf, and buried it. Picked flowers and sang and set the calf in a grave; and George came out and covered it up for us— it was out in the pasture. Bessie, Bertha and I were more of an age.

VIOLET:

Those ice-cream watermelons used to be good. Lydia and I had one hidden up in the tank-house. Uncle Judah got it for us, it was a secret; and we didn't tell Bessie and Eva. Seems as if they found out, and came up, and ate some of it. I remember looking out that window of the tank-house, away out toward Fresno. I think that year Aunt Lydia was teaching Bessie and Lydia at home.

ROSE:

I always stood up for Bertha, took her part in everything. She was a good girl. I always liked Judah, too, he was always good to me. Down on the ranch at Belmont, Judah stood up to Bert and said, "Rose has helped you—you wouldn't be worth a hill of beans without her."

Before Nellie was born, Bert wanted me to go down to Tennessee, but I wouldn't go down. Bert's mother cried, and begged me not to go and take the children to the South. I loved her as much as I did my own mother. I said, "I'll stay right here on this forty acres," right across from Lydia's place. Steve was somewhere around; I know he was mischievous, but he wasn't ornery. He wouldn't hurt one of us, Steve wouldn't.

VIOLET:

Once I went into the upper class room, that time I went to school at Malaga, and Miss St. John had Steve on her lap —his long legs hung down, and he had his head on her bosom, just relaxed and he was smiling. She said, "You act like a a baby, so I'll treat you like one." But he didn't mind, just lay against her; after awhile, she pushed him off.

ROSE:

Steve was a lively bunch when he was a boy. I don't know how he was in after years.

VIOLET:

His boy, Kenneth, was lively. Steve had lovely children, Anna was a wonderful wife to him. Beautiful in her ways and looks, auburn hair, Scotch look—she was so faithful, and had such nice children.

ROSE:

I liked Steve and Myers both. Myers was quiet, and modest; Steve was mischievous, but he was a kind boy. There was another girl beside Bessie, Lydia Jane.

VIOLET:

She was a pretty girl, blue eyes, dark hair; grew to be a good looking woman. Had two children by her first husband, Byron and Little Helen. Little Helen married and brought her baby to show me when I was visiting Carl and Esther in Taft.

ROSE:

Bessie was in the same grade I was. She told Bert, "I'll get married, I will," and she did.

VIOLET:

Bud has been awfully good to her. Roy was her oldest, then Beth and Alice, then her youngest, Edwin—he was always laughing. They're all married, and she lives up at North Fork.

ROSE:

All the Bryan children had nice voices for singing. We had singing lessons at school and programs. There was a girl, made up rhymes—we shouldn't have sung them at people. But a couple of older girls got Irene and me to sing that song. We thought a lot of Mr. Bagley, who was the store

keeper; Frank Bagley, and his wife helped him. We went back of the store and sang loud enough so Mrs. Bagley heard us:

"An eagle flew from East to West,
With J. S. Bagley on her breast,
And when she saw she had a fool,
She dropped him at the Malaga School."

Next, we went into the store, hanging our heads, and Mrs. Bagley put her arms around our shoulders and said, "You didn't really mean that, did you?" We said, "No, we didn't mean it. We liked Mr. Bagley; two big girls got us to do it." I don't know what that girl's name was; she made up rhymes, she was good at it. But I never again sang a song for her. Judah would go to school sometimes, and Charlie Henry; he was older, too. They wanted to learn more. I thought so much of Judah. He gave me a lamp as a Christmas present. It had a pink rose on the bowl, and on the chimney. It was before I was married, then he gave me a mug, white with pink around the top and bottom, with cross-bars, and a gold spot between the bars. Bert took it as a shaving mug when he went to Healdsburg; and left it there. I felt so bad. The lamp was burned when the homeplace burned down. Judah would bring an apple, an orange, candy and nuts, each Christmas, when we children were little. He favored me rather than Billie, Jim, or Frank. What he brought me was nicest. Daisy was married by then.

Daisy gave me a pretty doll that had curly hair and went to sleep. I had it in my bureau drawer; and Gladys was a little thing; and she got it out, and broke it. Bert was great to give presents before we were married. He gave me a bar-pin, gold, with gold leaves; and a little violet-pansy, with a diamond right in the center; it was beautiful. It got stolen when my engagement ring was stolen, in the cabin in the mountains. He'd get me something for Christmas, but the presents for the children, he expected me to buy myself. My wedding-ring was stolen from our house, when Nellie was a baby about a year old. We went in to Daisy's for dinner in December. We were living on the Forty Acre ranch. I was fourteen in April, and we were married in July. I was nothing but a kid; he was twenty in November, the past year.

We went on the Beanenfelt Place; there was a house. Him and Harry worked the place together; after that we lived in the little house back of Dri's place. Then we lived on the Robinson place. We rented that for a year, and Wardie was born there. Wardie Lee; he was a very bright child; the smartest we ever had. He loved horses.

That next year, we moved on the Homeplace for a year or two. Ruby was born on our Forty-acres. Jesse was born on the Peach Ranch, Nellie was born on our Forty-acres, and Ruthie was born on Belmont, in Fresno. Leroy was born near Madera, in the ten-thousand dollar mansion. It had four bedrooms and a library, a living room, dining room, porch each side the kitchen. Bert was the foreman for Carl Tarhadian, an Armenian. I got awfully tired of cleaning that big house, I tell you.

The children were all in school when Leroy was born, eight years between him and Ruthie. The doctor said, "This must be your last baby, don't have any more." At school, we girls sat around and talked about getting married. We didn't talk about having babies. I wouldn't take the world for any one of them now. I had a hard time raising them; I'm glad I have them now. I don't know what I'd do without them. They're a big comfort to me, now.

Bert was away so much, canvassing, tent-work. I'd sit in church, a child on each side of me, and a baby in my lap, my arms would get about paralyzed. Sometimes I felt almost like a widow. I'm having pleasure out of my grandchildren, I'll say I do; ten great-grandchildren, counting Nellie's adopted ones, and I have twelve grand-children.

My mother didn't know who her grand-parents were. I knew my father and mother came from Illinois; but my mother never said where her folks came from. She came from Missouri; I was born in Missouri and was brought here when I was two and a half years old. Daisy and Dora were older; Daisy eight years old, and Dora ten. Bill was two years older than me, Jim was two years younger; and Frank three years younger. Little Georgie was two years younger than Frank; he died when he was four or five years old. He and my father died of T.B. when I was nine years old. My mother had a struggle to raise us children. I used to walk from Malaga to where Judah's house was later. It was the Chinaman's place then; and I'd cut fruit all day, and walk home at night. I've worked ever since I was nine years old.

Bill went out on the West side when he was eleven, drove an eight-horse team. Judah was always good to us. I've always thought a lot of Judah. He'd brag me up to Bert, said he was lucky to have a good woman like me. I'd go to school; come home and baby sit—Aunt Betty Cartwright worked at the packing house; would leave her baby there with Mamma and I'd have to look after it after I came home.

I was cutting cling peaches; and I just couldn't cut the clings; and a man said, "Little girl, you can't cut these." A girl was working in the shed; and she said, "Can you wring the peaches, if I cut the pits?" So, she pitted the peaches and threw them in a box, and I cut them, and put them on a tray. That way I didn't have to go home—she saw we needed the money.

After I was married, Frank and I went over to the West side; and Harry Drew went with us; and we harvested the peach crop. I took the two babies, and cut all those peaches. From the forty acres, we moved into Fresno, on Belmont, the first time we went to Belmont. Bert stayed on the ranch till he rented it, then we went to Lodi—we lived in town. I worked in the packing house, he was in the tent effort; holding tent meetings. He'd go out and give Bible readings to those who were interested. I worked in the packing house packing grapes.

Daisy and I could each cut a hundred boxes of peaches a day. I cut sixty boxes of peaches the day before Jess was born. I nursed out quite a bit, too, when Mamma was with me, and before Leroy was born. After Lodi, we went on the ranch at the Homeplace and were there a couple of years. Jess, Ruby and Nellie went six months to Malaga School, then to the Academy. Bert bought a Ford, and I took them into town; an Armenian girl took them in.

Then we went back into our Belmont home again, and we stayed there until we went on the ranch, just before Leroy was born. The ranch was out on the highway, from there we went on the Dunn place. We've been "around, and around, and around about, Willie" We've been around! From the Dunn place we moved up to Washington, and there we had a mountain ranch. From that we had a ranch down in the Glade, rented two years. Then we bought the store, and were there pretty near six years, across from the Academy.

We enjoyed those young people. We built a house down from the store a ways. Then we sold that place and came back to California; then returned and built a big four bedroom house. Then we rented Mrs. Porter's place for two or three months. Then we bought a place down near Lodi. We sold that place and went to Los Angeles for four or five months. Then we bought a place on Dunlo Ave. We sold that place and moved onto Olive Avenue. Then we sold that place and moved to Santa Cruz. We rented more places, and then came over to Violet's (Myers) a month or so.

The we went up to Coos Bay; then Payette; then Violet's back in San Jose; then to Santa Cruz, and rented an apartment where Bert died. Now I'm at Violet's and have visited Nellie and Ruth; and I went to Manteca and visited Pauline.

Vera's daughter; and I went to Fresno and visited Flora E.

Two moves, I don't know just how we did that, we had a place near George's place. We built one long room, kind of bedrooms and kitchen; we lived out on Amador, in Fresno, for awhile. When did we move there? What did we move there for. How many places did we live? It was Bert who wanted to move around. He took me to Lodi. Frank and Ruth went there. He squatted me down in Lodi; didn't have a horse and buggy even; had to walk to go anywhere.

He took me up to Washington; we only knew one family there. How many times did we move? I've got fifteen times counted, and have lost track. Do I have to go all over that again? Now I'd like to move back to Fresno. I'm going up to see Lu Qualls at Auberry. Yeah, we moved over on the Parlier place. I'm not going to count up the places we moved. Never was my notion to move. No, sir, I never wanted to move. I did want to go from our forty-acres into town.

I just got tired of carrying water up those steps. Bert'd just take a notion he wanted to go and would go. I told him I never did forgive him for taking me to Washington. He did love the mountains; he'd be there now till he died, if he had his way. But I insisted upon coming back to civilization, I surely did. When we moved to Santa Cruz, I said, "Bert, don't ever ask me to move again." I enjoyed it there, very much. We had good friends wherever we went—through the church we made friends, and outside the church we made friends.

I'd say we've had an adventurous life; too adventurous. I'm going to count up how many times we moved since we've been married. Flora thinks she had a horrible time moving around, but I don't think she moved around as much as we. I'm going to figure out how many times we moved; maybe I'll have it counted up by morning.

NOTE by Violet: This morning, when I came out into the big living room Aunt Rose was waiting for me, in her night gown. "Forty-one times I've moved," she said, "I counted it up three times; forty times up to the Santa Cruz move, and then this move to here makes forty-one times. Of course, when we were up in Washington, we moved twelve times, right around that one place. But we went into different houses—that makes it almost once a year, on the average, we moved over the fifty-one years we were married."

Little Steve had come out into the living room also, and was standing in front of the radio in his pyjamas; a slender, handsome five-year-old, with a beautifully shaped head, and long eyelashes over his eyes like Violet's. He is very intelligent, and has an astonishing vocabulary, much of which he must have picked up from the television. He asked me, "What does 'perceptible' mean?" and "What does 'alkalinity' mean?" He sits on the davenport quietly watching the television over long periods of time. He does belong to the Kindergarten, but has been having a cold, so has been home. Johnny is an affectionate, loveable and loving little boy of three; he, also, talks well; but it is still with a baby accent, and his words tumble out in an effort to get thoughts expressed which are bigger than he has as yet words for. He was talking to himself, sitting on the floor near the table where Aunt Rose and I were. He was puzzling, "This 'Rose' is my grandmother; my mother is 'Violet,' now this other 'Violet' must be my other grandmother." "No, Johnny," I explained, "I am your cousin, your father is my first cousin, and I am your second cousin." Stevie had come in and stood gravely listening. "Then," said Johnny, "You are my second cousin," and was satisfied.

Violet took me with her to town yesterday, when she went to attend to different businesses. She must attend to Leroy's business, also, for he is driving his truck for a fruit and food distributing company, from Los Angeles to Seattle, and into Arizona and Nevada, and Montana, and gets home, sometimes once a week. Right now, she is busy with his income-tax report. I heard her say, "He made twenty-nine hundred dollars last month; and every dollar of it was spent in expenses."

This is a large, lovely home set in a wide yard; but, "It costs too much rent for us to pay," Violet says, "a hundred and fifteen dollars a month; and we are thinking of moving, perhaps to Modesto, where my folks are. Or to Los Angeles, where Leroy's terminal is, and where he has to stay in a hotel. Our big problem is the moving of our furniture, and the finding of a large enough house to place it in."

It is fine furniture, and well kept. San Jose is the city Aunt Flora knew when she attended Normal. Paul says that property values are high here—three thousand dollars for a lot, away out. Paul brought me over from Fresno, over the Pacheco Pass—after our good rains, the hills are very green. The water was running in stream beds. He called my attention to the view of the Santa Clara valley. Soon the fruit trees will be all in bloom—some of the cherry trees are already in white bloom.

ROSE:

The mountains are pretty now. I enjoy it when I come over. But that was the prettiest trip, from Coos Bay to Payette, from Ruthie's to Nellie's, with the autumn colors red, yellow, three or four shades of green—so many different shades of green blending together so beautifully. I'm glad Bert got to take that trip; there had been a frost that had turned the brake-ferns white-gold, but they hadn't fallen, or turned brown. It was as if they were a fairy land.

There was an art teacher at Columbia Academy who said, "How do you blend the colors so well? You should be an artist." He was talking about my quilts. I've made quilts for all my children and grand-children, for every one of them; and for Dora, and Frank, and Bettie; one, with little squares. I'll show it to you.

VIOLET:

My! It must have more than a thousand pieces! And the quilting around the green edge is so well-done; that must be the over-lapping leaf pattern. And the lining is wool.

ROSE:

Yes, wool. I made it before Leroy's wedding, so it must be fourteen years old. We used to have quilting-bees in Washington. Five women made quilts up there; and we'd invite different ones in to help us, and have an all-day session, with dinner. They like to have me here. When I came back from Ruth's one day Johnny did something I didn't want him to do, and I said, "I guess Grandma'll have to go away again." He began to cry, and I heard Stevie come and asked, "What's he crying for?" I answered, "I told him Grandma might go away again." Then he began to cry; and both of them got louder and louder. They just whooped it up. Finally, they yelled bloody murder. Then I said, "If you don't stop this, I'll have to leave." They both stood up and stopped right off.

In Sabbath School, I used to teach either in the kindergarten or in the Junior Room. The Juniors are from six to twelve. Bert taught the Seniors, grown people, both men and women. He never had patience with children. "Better get my wife, she can teach them all right," he said. He was a deacon for several years; and I was deaconess. Over to Santa Cruz, he was an elder and I was deaconess. He and I were deacon and deaconess at Fresno. I had charge of the Dorcas work in the Spanish and Italian churches.

I'll say I had lots to do. I told Elder Allen, "You'll have to release me from the English church, if I'm to do the other churches." They wouldn't release me, said I was the best worker they had; but they did relieve me of some of the work. I was the only nurse they had, so I took care of the sick.

VIOLET:

You and Bert were close in your religion.

ROSE:

It was the thing that kept us together. If it hadn't been for our religion, we'd have parted long ago. Bert was a hard man to understand. I never could understand him.

VIOLET:

I always loved Uncle Bert, from the time he carried me around on his shoulder when I was a baby. I've been glad I went to see him when he was ill.

ROSE:

He got to know he had homefolks that last year. George and Susie came to see him at Santa Cruz, and others came. He realized he did have real homefolks before he died. I had them sing "Beulah Land" at his funeral; but I couldn't remember the other song. It was a beautiful funeral.

Rt. 2, Box 395
Ontario, Oregon
July 5, 1963

Dear Violet,

I did so enjoy seeing everyone at the Reunion. Rose did, also . . . I did get to see Ruby's Elwin and family, as they live out of Sacramento, and they drove in for an evening's visit.

School was out the day I got home . . ., then Judy went to 4-H summer school at Corvallis, Oregon, on a scholarship. Then Gilbert, Jr., Elsada and family were here for a week and then it was time for Gilbert to attend a Creamery meeting at West Yellow Stone. Barbara's husband, Merle, was able to do our chores as we took the girls and while Gilbert attended the meetings, the girls and I spent three days in Yellow Stone Park.

The Challenge Creamery provided us with a lovely motel. We also visited the Hengen Lake area, Butte, Montana, and on the way to Missoula, the Lewis and Clark Caverns. We dropped down thru the National Forest toward Idaho, and drove along the Locksa River for miles.

You asked about Dad's grandchildren. Elwyn is the oldest and has a large ranch north of Sacramento. He raises cloverseed and rice. All of Lee Roy's children are still in school. Ruthie's boy, Bill, works in a boat shop and Mable lives in Los Angeles. She is a beauty operator. Gilbert, Jr. lives at Juliaetta, Idaho, and works for the railroad as inspector. Barbara and Merle live in Payette, Idaho, and Merle works in the creamery there. Robert and family live in Encinitas, California and he will have ten years' service in the Marines this October. Rose and Frank live in Sacramento, and Frank is a welder. They own their own home and have two houses they rent out. Our two at home: Susan will be a Senior this fall and Judy a Sophomore in high school.

Ruthie could write much better. Her address is 409 Columbia St., Santa Cruz. I was disappointed in not getting to see her and Jess and Vera while I was in California.

We will go up to attend the family reunion of Gilbert's mother next week-end. His mother will be 96 years old this year. All of her eight children were there together last year and she did enjoy their visit so much.

I'd better close now and get supper, as they all will be in soon.

Lots of Love, Nellie

Feb. 13, 1964

Dearest Cousin,

. . . The girls have surely been busy in school this winter. Judy was taking Debate and Judy had Debate in her speech class, and they debated against other schools . . . Next Saturday, Susan takes her College tests and Judy goes to a school in Idaho for an Essay Meet.

We've had snow on the ground for over two months . . .

Susan will graduate the last of May. Sometimes I dread the thought of her going away to College this Fall, but I wouldn't mention it to her.

Well, here comes Gilbert for lunch.

Give everyone my love.

Nellie

LETTER FROM RUTH CASPER

998 38th Ave., Sp. 29
Santa Cruz, Calif.
May 8, 1967

Dear Violet,

I received your card from Nellie today. Mable and Dwayne have three girls, Cheryle, Sherry, and Lori.

I surely enjoy my children and grandchildren. I was up to Mable's in Santa Rosa week-end before last. They always love to have me come. They say they love me so.

So sorry to hear about Lillian. Alta and Tillman were here last week and told me about it. Hope I can get over to their 50th Anniversary. But it is so hard for me to get a Sunday off from my work. I'm going if I can make it.

We are so glad to have this sunshine, had so much rain this year.

Love, Ruth Casper

Rt. 2, Box 395
Ontario, Oregon
July 15, 1967

Dearest Violet:

I was so sorry I couldn't make it down to Alta and Tillman's Golden Anniversary. I did so want to come so I could see everyone, and have a nice visit but Rose came that weekend with her three girls and a few days later Robert and Audrey sent their two boys up to spend the summer so for three weeks we had five of the grandchildren here with ages from 10 to 12. Then Frank came up after Rose and spent the week-end and the boys will be here until their folks come up after them in August sometime. Audrey said it would probably be around the middle of August as he can't come until he graduates his recruits. I guess I'm getting old as the youngsters bother me more than they used to and of course there is more cooking, washing and ironing and cleaning to do, also we're planning Judy's wedding which will be just before they leave for college.

Larry is studying to be a veterinary and Judy is still taking pre-med but may change her major to a shorter degree; but she says it will have to be in the medical field.

She is working from 6:30 a.m. until 3 p.m. in a cafe in town and then she comes home and helps her Dad in the field and barn. Susan is going to summer school at La Grande. She is so anxious to finish and be able to earn some money as school is so expensive. She has gotten a loan to help out so will have to pay that back.

Judy is marrying a real nice boy and they think they can live cheaper together. His folks are letting them use their trailer house so they will move it to La Grande for this year and then he is to transfer to a veterinary college. He has a scholarship for this year and his professor said he'd help him get another one next year as he is an honor student. Judy has been on the honor roll too, so she may be able to get one also.

They have some money saved and are both working this summer, so I hope they will make it to finish and get their degrees; they are both good workers. Judy got out of school on Friday and went to work on the next Monday. She's saving her tips for her wedding dress.

I wanted to make her some pillow slips and dish towels but have been so busy cooking, washing dishes, washing and ironing that I just haven't had time.

Were there very many of our relatives at the anniversary party? I sure hope you had a nice time and that it wasn't too hot. We've had terrible hot weather. It was 113° one day and the heat seems to bother me more this summer. My blood pressure was up the day I went down to give blood but they took it and now I've given seven and one-half gallons to the Red Cross.

Well, Violet, I must close and get lunch for these hungry boys. They can't be too hungry as they've gained eight pounds apiece since they've been here and I've lost 10 pounds. Anyway, I'm baking bread today and they want cinnamon rolls made so I'd best get busy. I finished the second basket of ironing today so I'm thru ironing for this week.

All my Love
Nellie

July 25, 1967

Larry's parents are John and Betty White and his birthdate is February 7th. He's 19 years old. He was born at Ontario, Oregon, an only child.

Nellie

October 16, 1967

Dear Violet:

. . . We had made a trip up into Oregon. Saw Bessie Lucas, She lives alone. Then we went on into Idaho, saw Nellie and her husband. The same day her daughter, Judy, came from their honeymoon trip. We got to see their wedding gifts. They packed up their things to go up north to College, as he is learning to be a Veterinarian. She is taking the Medical Course. They will have only one girl at home, Susan, and she is also going to College. Had a good visit there.

We send our love. May the Lord bless you.

Alta

December 12, 1967

Dear Violet:

It was so nice of you to give us each a room when we came down this fall. How is the book coming? Will come down to see it again some day.

Ruth Casper is coming to see us January 5th. She has vacation then.

Thanks again for your kindness.

Violet Myers

TRIP TO SEE UNCLE BERT, 1950

by Violet

Written June 27, 1968

So little Judy has grown up and gotten married!

I remember her when she was a little girl with straight, blonde hair, when she was running around and beginning to talk. It was at Gilbert and Nellie's home at Payette, Idaho, which address has been changed to Ontario, Oregon. Nellie and Gilbert adopted her shortly after she was born, just as they had adopted Susan, a pretty child with golden curls. There were three older children of that same family to which they belonged who later were adopted by a farming couple, and all five children attended school together.

After I learned that Uncle Bert had cancer of the stomach, and could live only a few months, I went by bus to San Jose, to the home of Lee Roy and Violet, where I found that Uncle Bert and Aunt Rose had left for Coos Bay, Oregon, and were at the home of Kenneth and Ruth Casper. At Coos Bay, I learned they were all up at Kenneth's lumber camp. After church services on Saturday, some Adventist friends, the Smiths, took me up to the colony of houses built temporarily on park grounds. There I stayed for five days in that mountain place, until Kenneth took us over to Nellie and Gilbert's dairy ranch—all but Mable, who was attending school, taking a school-bus in the mornings. Every year, the family gathered for the pheasant-hunting season.

UNITED IN A SINGLE RING ceremony on September 16, in the First Methodist church in Ontario, were Judy Sproul, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sproul, and Larry White, son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. White, all of Ontario. A reception for the newlyweds followed the rites in the church basement. Signing the guest book were 225 relatives and friends of the couple.

We stopped one place where the ferns were silver-gold, like a fairyland.

At another place, Kenneth helped me climb steep steps to a monument, from within which we could look out openings and see different mountain peaks.

Gilbert and Nellie had started to build a new house, and were living in what they said was to be the basement, sunk partly below the level of the ground, with a gabled roof over it, which made room for extra bedrooms upstairs. I slept in the childrens' playhouse outdoors, near the swings, where Susan, Judy and Sharon played.

Sharon was the little daughter of Gilbert Junior and Elsada, who were there, also. Sharon clung to her grandfather and wanted him to hold her.

There was a big, old white dog who wanted to go hunting with the men. We had pheasant meat to eat.

Uncle Bert conducted worship on the Sabbath, and Nellie played the piano. Every morning, I would go in by Uncle Bert's bed, and we would have a little worship period together. He wanted me to become a Seventh Day Adventist, but I explained to him that I was settled in my religion. He said that songs from Grandfather's morning worship when he was a boy kept coming to him, like "Beulah Land."

When all the others had departed for their homes, excepting me, Nellie sank into a big chair, and Judy and Susan both climbed into her lap. Young Robert and Rosey were rolling on the floor together, and Nellie explained, "They have always been close like that, almost as if they were twins." They were all a close, loving family.

Nellie urged me to go to see Aunt Salema and Hester, so next morning, I took the train for Cambridge, Nebraska.

Through the years since then, Nellie has written to me, and she has attended reunions whenever possible. Last reunion, Rose brought her three girls. Judy and Susan joined the 4-H Club, and were good workers on the ranch. Judy is studying medicine while her husband is still in college. Susan is almost ready to teach. Both have proven to be a comfort. When Judy and Larry were married, their wedding party was made up mostly of relatives.

Marine Dies In Viet Nam

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sproul Oregon Slope, parents of Sergeant Robert L. Sproul have received a telegram saying their son, Sergeant Robert L. Sproul, U. S. Marine Corps, died June 13 in the vicinity of Quang Nam, Viet Nam. He received fragmentation wounds from artillery fire which fell short of the target while he was in his living quarters.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sproul Sr., Ontario; his wife, Audrey, Santa Monica, Calif.; five sons, Jim, Bob, Randy, Jeff and David; and one daughter Nancy, all of Santa Monica; one brother, Gilbert J. Sproul, Julietta, Ida.; five sisters, Mrs. Merle Good (Barbara), Payette, Mrs. Frank Wessler (Rose), Sacramento, Calif.; Susan Sproul, Ontario, and Mrs. Larry White (Judy), La Grande.

SGT. ROBERT SPROUL

June 19, 1968

Dearest Cousin Violet:

. . . We just received a telegram from Washington, D.C. telling us Robert Lee Sproul was killed at Quang Nam in Vietnam . . . I just can't think to write much . . . Maybe the funeral will be in San Diego . . . It was such a shock and so needless it seems to me . . . I know you understand how I feel. I must close Violet. With all my Love,

Nellie

TIME OF THE FUNERAL OF ROBERT SPROUL

June 26, 1968

Nellie sent me this clipping from her home paper. She told me to watch for the notice of the funeral in the paper. Sunday morning, I was too busy getting flowers and cuttings ready to give away at the Old Timers Picnic, but when I returned, I saw the obituary in the paper. Then I phoned to Nellie's address in Ontario, Oregon, to tell her I had places for nine people to sleep.

Cherry, one of Barbara's seventeen-year-old twins, answered the phone and said the folks were on their way and would reach Rose's house in Sacramento by night. When I called Rose's address, Gilbert said Ruthie had already made arrangements. Nellie had come down by plane. She was taking the death very hard.

Monday, they went to Ontario, near Los Angeles, to the home of Robert's wife, Audrey. Tuesday, they came to San Diego and went to the motel where Ruthie and Jesse were to be with them.

This morning, Wednesday, Beulah came down from Ramona. We waited awhile for Ione Mahoney, but she had gone directly to the chapel. We had trouble in finding the place and came to the door of the chapel just as the flag-draped casket was being carried out, followed by the sad procession. There were more friends with children than usual. I had brought a bouquet of flowers from my garden, and took it into the chapel, to give to a man in a dark-blue suit who was gathering the flowers to take to the grave. He said the service had been short—a song, a prayer, reading and a talk by the chaplain.

As our line of cars passed through Point Loma and Loma Portal and up to Catalina Boulevard on its way to Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery, Beulah and I counted twenty cars with their lights burning.

The place of burial was in the northeastern portion of the cemetery beyond the close rows of white tomb-stones. Marine pall-bearers, in khaki-colored uniforms, stood beside the casket. After the short service, a row of Marines, at a little distance, fired three shots with their rifles. These were followed by a bugle's soft playing of Taps. Then came the ceremony of the folding of the flag, and its presentation to Audrey.

Rose and Audrey, with her children, sat in the seats. Fifteen-year-old James stood behind them. Six growing children, all under sixteen years of age! I tried to see them, and caught a smile from little Nancy's upturned face. The wind was cold and I held onto Ione's arm.

Afterwards, Jesse came to greet us, and then Gilbert, Judy, Barbara and Rose. I did not see Gilbert, Jr. Susan had stayed in the car with Nellie. Nellie looked young and pretty and worn with grief. She leaned over to embrace me. Ruthie was crying in the back seat. She had to get back to work in Santa Cruz by six o'clock to go to work, and Jesse had to get back to San Jose. They would not have time to come to my house.

Kenneth Casper, Ruthie's former husband, was going from one to another, crying and embracing them. Frank Wessels, Rose's husband, explained, "He knew Buck so well. Everybody up around home called him 'Buck.' He was in his living-quarters while combat was going on. A bomb fell short of its target, and I don't know how many men were killed." Ione said she read in the newspaper it was thirteen.

They all drove off. Beulah noticed the man in the dark-blue suit standing alone by the grave. He stood there until the last car, which was ours, passed on down the boulevard.

Frank told me Audrey plans to make their home in San Diego, to be near "Services."

BERT

Top Row: LeeRoy and Junior at the pump. Fresno house, with Velma. Path. Junior, LeeRoy holding Elwin, Sonny. Ruby with Elwin, Ruth Graham with Ruthie. Ruby, Nellie, Jesse and Ruthie. Mrs. Graham. Em Root.
Second Row: Bert. Family gathering. Ruth and Kenneth with William, Eva and Jesse, Nellie with Barbara and Gilbert, LeeRoy, Dave, Bert, Rose, Ruby, Gilbert Jr., and Elwin. Bert reading Bible. Bert on Charley.
Lower Row: LeeRoy with family. At Ruthie's house, Battleground. Violet, Bert and Edith looking at Falls. Susan and Judy. Rose and Flora. LeeRoy.

ODDS AND ENDS

Row 1: Louise Edith Beck with granddaughter Lillian. David Earl and Hester Myers.
Row 2: Birthday gathering, in front of Mrs. Whigham's house in Ramona: Edith Bailey, Jim Aspinwall, Mrs. Whigham, Siro di Franco. Marisa Provencher. Wedding picture of Judy Sproul and Larry White: Rose Wessel, Barbara Good, Susan Sproul, Judy, Larry White, Barry Phillips, George White, Stan Lloyd, Donna Taylor, Bryan Jackson, Patricia Mendrola.
Row 3: Beulah's dwelling at Ramona, Beulah, Alex and Lydia in Front. Uncle Emerson's house in Mississippi. Uncle Silas' house in Missouri.

TWELFTH SECTION — BERTHA

Auberry, Calif.
Jan. 4, 1927

DEAR Sister Louise and niece Violet,

I will answer your letter I just got the other night . . . I enjoyed "The Little Friend" coming. Lydia reads it to the children. She is in the fifth grade.

We had a pretty good Christmas. We hung up our stockings and had some presents on a tree a boy that was here got it up in the field it looked nice. Gil's sister Cora sent us some presents too . . . We had Ellen to come back to stay with Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora A. to go to high school in Fresno. She is in the ninth grade now.

I and children went over to the childrens' school Christmas program at the Moose hall. Lydia was in the Rainbow Frolic; they did real well. They had a pretty Christmas tree and a Santa Claus to give out the candy. Lydia B. gave me a good thick dress, brown it is good and warm. It is too bad about their house burning up.

P.S. January 5th

We have just got breakfast over with and Lydia and Mina have got started to school. Lydia is always in a hurry to get to school so they have started 16 minutes to 8. Gil has gone to work chopping wood for the house . . . this cold weather and Eugene has gone with him; he likes to be with his Papa; he chopped little limbs yesterday.

Them hollyhock seeds I got from Grandma before she died were a lemon; they had a little pink in them.

The baby is growing fast; she is three years old but I call her baby yet. It is hard to call her my name; most of them call her Berdie. My teacher's name at Malaga was Miss Berdie Lester and she was something like Aunt Flora; so loving the children would go to meet her when she came to school; we all love her. The baby is a loving disposition. She likes to hug and kiss everybody; she gets acquainted easy. Eugene will be going to school next year as he will be six next July 3rd. He is growing fast.

Gil said if him and Frank could get together he would get Frank to write about when his folks crossed the plains coming over here . . . I always enjoyed reading about the Indians fighting. Well I must close for this time, from your Aunt Bertha Childers.

June, 1928

Dear Alta,

Your loving, comforting letter came yesterday, and, oh, I was so glad to have it! It is like you, in your sweet thoughtfulness to write; and it does me so much good to know you love me as I love you.

Lydia and I felt so near to you. To me you are more like a very dear younger sister than a niece. My heart turns to you many times, because you are so ready and eager to help in every time of need, and I do appreciate that so much. I only wish I could do more to add to your happiness. I always enjoyed your visits when you were a young girl, and there is no one now that I am gladder to see anytime. Lydia felt the same way about you. She often spoke of what a fine character you have.

I think we all regret that we didn't show our affection for her more. It is hard for me to tell people how much I care for them. I think she knew, but loving words are such a help. She was always doing something to make me happy.

"Oh, call my sister back to me
I cannot stay alone;
The summer comes with bird and bee
Where is my sister gone?
And by the brook and in the glade
Are all my wanderings o'er?
Oh, when my sister with me stayed,
Would I had loved her more!"

Oh, Alta, how glad I am you were spared in that accident! I hope your car is fixed in time, so you can go with Fred and Gertrude on that trip you planned. If we go to Ducey Camp again, I'd love to have you with me. I'd rather have you than anybody.

I just wish you were here with me. It is a lovely place, and Louise has a nice home. She is doing so many things to make my stay pleasant. Sunday we went to Coronado, and saw the fleet that has just come from Honolulu, such immense warships and submarines. Yesterday, Mina and Jack Bryan came and took us for a ride to Balboa Park, Mission Beach and Ocean Beach, and we had a fish dinner. It was a lovely sunshiney day that made the ocean so beautiful.

The weather is wonderful here, though cool enough for a light wrap whenever we go out. Louise tires so easily and coughs considerable. She still plans to go East this summer. I expect to be home about the middle of next week. I am getting anxious to know what my family are doing. Feel as though I should be home, though I dread to go back in the heat. But I am glad to have this much change and rest, and am so grateful to Louise for making it possible. If only everyone there keeps well, and all are safe!

Glad Florabel and baby did so well, and hope you have a chance to rest before Ellen needs you.

Lots of love to all, and especially Alta.

Yours ever, Flora Ethel

TO ALTA BETH:

Our Alta, bright, illustrious
Goes singing on her way
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
Not that Life's path is all flower-strewn
Nor suffering held away;
Not that her heart has never known
The burdens of the day.
Oft-times her shoulders have to bear
Great loads that others may
Dream fairer dreams,
Climb greater heights,
Or escape the frightening fray
But in the weary wake of care
She's learned a lovelier way
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.

To the dearest and best of girls—may you have a happy, happy birthday.

Flora Ethel

Auberry, Calif.
July 23, 1928

Dear Sister Flora,

Well, I must answer your letter. How are you all getting along now? We are all well.

I have been out picking berries this morning.

We have all our beds outside now.

Frank and Florabel went down to Fresno last week. Left the twins, Annabel and Isabel, here with us.

I was down last week. I got me a new blue dress, two underskirts, and a pink and white cameo breast pin, and side-comb for my hair, and a barret for Lydia May's hair.

I saw Ralph and Harry on the street and shook hands with

them. They spoke of you canning some fruit and asked where Gil was.

July 28th

I just finished my washing yesterday. Last night Alta and Tillman came and stayed all night but left this morning early for Dinkey Creek.

Florabel canned two quarts of berries this morning. The 26th was Frank's birthday, and Florabel made him a layer cake. It was good.

Hope you can come by here and I get to talk with you.

Six Shooter Kate and Ed See and Leonore her daughter were here Sunday. I enjoyed seeing her again. Gil went to Fresno with them.

We get more milk now as the calf don't suck her now.

Gil got a big watermelon and put it on ice, and we had that last night. It sure was ripe with black seeds.

It is cooler today and yesterday. The vegetable man came and I got some tomatoes, muskmelons, lettuce, eggplant, cucumbers and peaches, so we had a good Dinner and Supper and Breakfast out of them. Got a box of small cling peaches for 35 cts. so we had sauce and Lydia May made two pies and Florabel canned the rest of them. The children picked ten pounds of Thompson seedless grapes, and Florabel canned two quarts of them and made jelly out of what was left.

The children have a playhouse out under the live-oak tree back of the house and have a fine time out there. Have play dinners. It is cool and nice out there for them.

Well I must close for this time. Write soon.

from your sister,
Bertha Childers

P.S.: This is something I made up:

Tho realms apart
My courage never fails.
I think of you always
And love you just the same.

LETTER FROM LEROY GILMORE CHILDERS

Byles Mill
Dinkey Creek
July 29, 1942

Dear Daughter and Son (Alta and Tillman),

Will drop you a card. I got a nice letter from Eugene yest. Also 3 pictures of him in uniform. They were swell.

My check should come Mon. Aug. 3rd. Get it and mail the bills to me.

There were two bears in camp the night the folks were down. Just myself and two Indian girls were all that were in camp. We went to Dinkey fishing and boating. We are all O.K. hope you are the same. It was cooler last night. Best wishes. Let us hear from you. Come up when you can.

Pop L. G. Childers

7806 Belmont Ave.
Fresno, California
March 24, 1949

Dear Aunt Salema and Hester:

We, Violet and I, have had a good visit, and often speak of you and Hester. It's been such a cold winter, so much snow on the mountains, and freezing weather. We are glad to have Spring. We're having a lot of rain. The fruit trees are blossoming and the weather is warmer. It's too wet to make garden now.

Tillman is helping with a church that is in the making. We donated the ground and feel we have a part in it. It is such an inspiration to the community around here. My grandchildren want to go to Sunday School with us. Tillman and I are both whole-heartedly interested in our Sunday School here.

I often remember when you and Grandma Myers made it possible for me to go to Sabbath School. It has been such a comfort all through my life whenever I think of it. Now, I want to see that these little folks get this religious teaching. I hope that this finds you both in better health. Everyone is well here. Last evening, Bob and Ellen were here. Birdie and Clarence, with their two boys were here also.

Edith and children are here this morning; she is doing her sewing. She has a little girl, Carol, in school. Aunt Flora is quite well. We stopped to see her yesterday. Eunice and her husband were there. We stopped at Florabel's. Her husband is able to walk without a cane. He had his leg broken last year. It's been so slow healing. We want to wish you good health.

I send my love and best wishes.

Alta

November 10, 1953

Dear Lydia,

Here are some handkerchiefs which belonged to my mother, you might like as keepsakes. She wrote in her will, commending you for saving, and Eva says, "Mamma would have been pleased for you to help Lydia and Joey."

Your Aunt Louise would have taken pleasure in your funny little ways, because they would have reminded her of her grandmother, Rachel Myers, in your fancifulness; and of her father, in your propensity for teasing, and in your deep interest in religion, especially in prophecy.

Lovingly,
Violet

November 16, 1954

Dear Audrey,

. . . I have known Florabel from the time she could not yet talk, a shy, reserved child. Oh, the courage in that loyal heart! She has had so many vicissitudes, but she has kept her brave cheer.

People have to go through similar sufferings to understand, and you have not known Florabel—patient, hard-working, long-loving, brave Florabel. Annabel and Isabel, your sisters, know her for the true mother she is and love her.

Annabel has that same courage, and I think God is going to reward her with another good husband, to help her with her two lively boys, cousins to your children. A young man came with her to the reunion. How glad we would have been to have you come! There would have been welcome flowing out to you. You belong to us, also.

Lovingly
Violet

AS I THINK BACK

Alta (Childers) Bratton

November 6, 1957

Grandpa Oliver Childers and Louise Lee Childers came out from Illinois in a covered wagon. I don't know how many children they had at that time, but they did have ten children in all.

My father, Levi Gilmore, was the youngest, born in Kingston, now called Traver, and he was named after a man that ran a grocery store, whose name was Gilmore. He would run up there and the man would give him candy—many a spanking he got, but it didn't stop him.

They lived there a number of years. Then they heard of Auberry, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains where there was a lot of game, and prospecting for gold, so they sold out and moved up there. It was a very long journey in those days, with a team of horses and a wagon. When night overtook them, they camped along the road.

As they passed through Fresno, they saw a few stores, a blacksmith and saloons. The surrounding country was plains,

with a house or two in sight, not a desirable place to live. There were many jack-rabbits, ground-squirrels, owls, but who would want them? So, with their small children, they journeyed on the hot, dusty ride, and finally came to the foot-hills.

There was a little stream running down through the hills, with grass green on each side, Dry Creek, we called it, as it was dry most of the year. Emma and Theodore Root, first cousins, lived on this creek, where their range cattle grazed. The folks decided they would rather be up higher.

It took three days to get to Auberry. There, just below the High Sierras, they found a nice valley surrounded on all sides with mountains which looked green and inviting. There weren't many families living there.

Oliver Childers bought the place that years later was owned by a Mr. Otto and his three sons. It was pretty bushy, so they had to clear the land in order to have grain-land.

There were many Indians of the Mona tribe around who has plenty to eat, as game was plentiful, and they made acorn meal for bread and mush, but they would come and ask for food, as they wanted beans and flour. So, to make friends with them, Grandpa would get them to help clear the land. When they butchered hogs or cattle for winter meat, they would let the Indians have the entrails, heads and parts they couldn't use. The Indian boys of the age of my father and his brother Marion, a few years older, taught them how to hunt for quail and other game.

As there was no school there, Grandpa with some others, decided to build a school-house, and got busy and built a one-room building with an iron-heater in the middle of the floor. The children had to walk long distances, some, three or four miles. It was built so it could be central for all the families. That's where my father got most of his schooling. He had a few years in the National Guard.

That same school my sisters Edna and Florabel and I attended, when my own folks moved back to the hills. The school-building was getting pretty small, so it was moved to another location to the east, and a larger school was built, and I went there through the eighth grade. The little building still stands. Mrs. Myers, who taught there until she retired, bought it. She still lives in Auberry.

Now, there is a fine school built a mile or two up the road, called Big Sandy.

Here, I've got ahead of my story. Gil, my father, told how they would get late to school many a time because they got busy hunting. One time there was a skunk that had gotten into a hollow log, so he and Marion decided they had to get it out, and worked for hours before they decided they'd better get to school. But when they got there, the teacher wouldn't let them in, and when they got home, their mother wouldn't let them in, but stripped their clothes off and burned them. That taught them to leave skunks alone.

Father said that when Saturday evening came, the young people would gather at different homes and dance. Some would play the fiddle. Aunt Cora was a beautiful dancer.

After a number of years, when the family had grown up, they moved to the valley near Fresno, close to Malaga, and bought a place right across the road from Grandpa Darius Myers' place, which was on the corner of Annadale and Willow Avenue. Gradually all the brothers and sisters were married and left home but Gil who, being the youngest, stayed to help his father and mother.

Grandpa Childers always had a yearning for the mountains, so he would go back quite often for trips, and one time, on such a trip, he had a brain hemorrhage and died.

My father married Bertha Serena Myers, the youngest of Grandpa Myers' family, on July 4, 1899. Uncle Phil Myers, the oldest of the family, sold my folks his place, about twenty acres of vines and orchard. I can well remember the big weeping willow-tree under which we children liked to play.

Uncle Gene Washer gets a kick out of telling how Uncle D'ri' put axle grease on my thumb and told me to suck it, as I had a habit of doing.

Uncle Judah and Aunt Salema, who lived just across the road, had a son named Paul, and we all used to play together. Uncle Judah had lots of fruit and honey-bees. We liked to climb up in the cherry-tree for the fruit. Grandma Myers lived with them part of the time. They would take me to Sabbath School sometimes. Hester was born there.

My folks lived on this place a number of years. I started to school at Malaga, where my mother and others of her family had gone to school, and where Aunt Flora had taught.

When I was about nine, my folks sold out and moved to the foot-hills at Auberry. They found a place of one hundred and sixty-five acres of land. There were three of us girls, Edna, Florabel, and myself, the oldest. It was quite an adventure for us.

While we were riding along, my father saw a squirrel up in a tree and he got out to shoot it. The team started up and the wagon-wheel ran over his foot and broke it. I don't remember how he managed, as he needed to use his foot for the brake.

I was so fascinated by the scenery, I felt like being in a cloud. Traveling the second day, we arrived at the house of Bill Childers, a nephew of his. They had two boys, George and Henry, about my age. We took out some of our food to help out. I guess I just wanted to show off, so I picked up a fifty-pound sack of flour and carried it in. Those boys just stood and watched me.

The next day we went on, and over to the place the folks had bought, just at the foot of Rocky Hills. There was a two-room house, a good barn, a couple of springs, some flat ground, but mostly rocky land and brush. The first thing we had to do was to clean up the ground, picking up rocks and burning brush so we could plant the grain to have hay for the horses. It wasn't long before we got a cow.

Most of the time my father would cut up oakwood and haul it to Fresno for groceries. There weren't any stores at Auberry. We girls would help cord the wood. It took three or four days to make the trip. He would always bring some candy back, hid away. I would get up first to see.

My mother had her babies. I, being the oldest, had a lot to do. If it hadn't been for the help of Aunt Emma, who always came at a time like that, I don't know what we'd have done. She would be on hand if any got sick. It was too far to get a doctor in time.

We would have a garden, and what with hunting game and fishing, and selling wood, my father managed to raise eight girls, and finally he got his son, Eugene.

Uncle Gene and Aunt Flora had stopped by on their way to the mountains when Mother was expecting her baby, and they stayed and cared for her, so he was named after his uncle, Gene Washer.

Through the summer months, some of the folks would come by on their way to the mountains. It never bothered us about going up farther as we were happy there. We were glad to see the folks. I know it must have meant a lot to our mother as she was so far away from her family. She never complained, but she would brighten up when they came. Some were so faithful to write to her, as Aunt Louise who lived in San Diego, Aunt Flora and Aunt Lydia, also Grandma. What a sweet Christian woman Grandma was!

I remember the time Cousin Violet and Glen came to visit. I was pretty good size. I marveled at their clothes. I had never seen a corset before, and I wondered how they endured it.

My folks would let me go to the valley to visit in the summer.

When I had finished the eighth grade, I was like a bird, ready to spread my wings and fly. Grandma Myers and Violet came to my rescue and offered to help me through high school. Aunt Flora Washer, living at Caruthers, was expecting her baby Edith at that time and said I could help her and go to school there, so I did. Uncle Gene let me drive Dan Patches, a former race-horse, hooked to a cart. Ethel, Eunice, Don and I went together to school.

Along in the middle of the term, my father came down and said Mother was sick and they needed me at home. I loved school, but my family needed me worse.

In the Spring, Mrs. Sharp wanted me to help her as she was cooking for railroad men. I got a dollar a day and was happy to get it. She was like a mother to me. I was about sixteen.

Tillman Bratton and his father took up a homestead west of our place. He came by often and stopped. I had seen him at the cookhouse where he got his meals, but didn't think much of him. One day, he came by after he had burned himself quite bad—a boiler had exploded. I guess somehow my sympathy turned to love, as I married him.

I don't know why, but we wanted our marriage kept secret. I went down Friday night to stay at Aunt Lydia's and she insisted on going to town with me the next day, so I had to tell her and I was glad I did as she made the day more pleasant. She bought a bouquet of white carnations and fern for me. Tillman wanted to buy me a pair of shoes, high and top-lace, which cost ten dollars, but Aunt Lydia thought that too much.

We went up to Justice of the Peace Judge Smith, and there was a group to witness the marriage, so it really wasn't a secret any more. Since I was only seventeen, the folks were present. Jim Graham and a Mr. Nelson took us home to Auberry.

Tillman had worked up from boyhood and was an engineer of the San Joaquin railroad, and the men put together and got us a silver set. I think Hob Pinnel and his sister, Edith, were responsible.

We were married on the 16th of June 1917, and Tillman enlisted in March of 1918, as war had been declared, and he left for Menlo Park for training as an engineer. He wasn't there many months before he was sent across to France. Cousin Gladys Myers took me up to see him and I went once on the train before he left.

It wasn't long after he left, I discovered I was to have a baby. Gladys had promised Tillman she would take care of me and she took me in. Her mother, Aunt Daisy, was ill, and I helped care for her. By saving my allotments of thirty dollars a month, I was able to take care of my confinement expenses.

After Billie came, Grandma Myers said she would go to Auberry with me and share expenses. We got a small house, and Mr. Bratton kept us in wood. Times were very hard. Once I walked about three miles up to my folks' house to borrow a cup of beans to cook, as we were out of everything. Even my folks' cupboards were bare.

Grandma and I came down to take care of things while Aunt Lydia and Uncle Harry and Ralph were in the mountains, and while we were there, Tillman came home from France, when his son was seven months old.

Tillman took me and Billie back to the hills, and got his job back on the railroad. We lived in one of Mr. Otto's houses just a mile south of the folks. His father stayed with us until we moved to Big Creek, then to Auberry and lived in a tent-house. That was the time of the Scarlet Fever, Flu epidemic when so many died. My little sister, June, died, and the ears of Mina and Lydia were left affected.

Mr. Bratton, who was a carpenter, bought a piece of ground and built us a house just above the station where I could watch the trains come in. Tillman ran a train from Elparado to Big Creek and wasn't home much. Edith and Philmore were born while we were living there.

Tillman worked a number of years there before we moved to Fresno, where he railroaded some. After moving around considerable, we finally settled down on a forty-acre ranch eight miles east of Fresno.

While we were living in Clovis, my mother and Tillman's father passed away, in 1926. My father stayed with us and finally went to Bob Newton's.

Early in the Second World War, we got word that Philmore had been shot down over Sicily, Italy. He was a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. Bill was in the South Pacific when Geraldine, his baby daughter came to live with us. What a God-send, as we were so grieved having lost our youngest son. It wasn't long before Bill came home in a bad condition with yellow-jaundice and fever. Jackie, his son, came to live with us also.

While Gene, his son, was overseas in the South Pacific as a Second Lieutenant in the Navy Air Corps, our father got sick and died. Many anxious days were spent with so many boys in the service.

Edith, my daughter, married Robert Schmidt, and had Carol Louise and Dennis while he was in the service. Later, there were Patricia and Penny Joe.

Gene came home, but was in a hurry to get back to New Jersey to marry Jacquelyn Martine. He entered Medical School at Jefferson College and, after four years, graduated, and is now practicing in New Brunswick, New Jersey. They have three boys, Lee, Gilmore, and Roy.

Bertha, my youngest sister, married Clarence Newton, a diesel mechanic. They have two boys, Clifford and Charles.
P.S.: I wrote this while up at Hot Springs this summer.

Dec. 13, 1963

We were up to see Bob and Ellen the other day; they have such a pretty place to live. Bobbie and Danny are so big—fine-looking boys.

Emil's last name is Rebashus. He has lived with us so long, he seems like a part of the family.

Our cabin was at Cayucuse, near Morro Bay.

Edith Schmidt lives at Fairfield.

Tillman is helping build classrooms for the church. We are having a busy season . . . So life goes on—but we have the blessed hope of God's love and promises . . .

Alta

ELLEN NEWTON'S STORY

June 22, 1958

My earliest memories were happy ones in our life at Auberry. We had a father who protected us in our home, and a mother who was loving and kind.

We used to play in the woods, make play-houses, climbed up Rocky Hill or Rocky Mountain, kind of between us and the San Joaquin River. I never did go down to the river—there was a meadow on that side, good for cattle, and there were numerous meadows.

Uncle Bert and Aunt Rose camped in back there one summer. She brought a trunk, and her children Ruth and Nellie. We were just small children. They used to have Bible readings for us children, and that is where we got first knowledge of the Bible. My mother and Edna had taught us kindness and love. That little animals and butterflies were God's creatures.

From my father I learned how to camp out, and build fires, and do things like that. My father learned to butcher from his brother. You might use "Papa" instead of Father. I don't believe in calling anyone "Father," but God.

Papa was good at tracking and at guiding people or ani-

mals by their tracks. He also packed-back in the summertime. He'd go back on trips and he'd pack trout back in the pack-saddle bags, put leaves and grass on top, and they'd be just as cold! There would also be blankets around the bags.

It was just about as near perfect a life for little children to grow up in as I could imagine. Our fancies would rise, and we would live in a fairyland. It was so peaceful and like heaven.

The family kind of broke up when our mother died. Bernadine was about a year old, and she is now thirty-two, so it must be about thirty-one years ago.

Bob and I did go there for a little while, to keep the family together. Bob was working for the county, and he put a lot of decomposed granite on the roads all around on the mountain-roads. He mentions that proudly; made the roads pretty good.

Bob and I met in Fresno! I was out walking one night. I was living with Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora. I was talking with my girl-friend and Bob was driving in a car, and he and a friend stopped to talk. I asked him what time it was, and they took us home. After that we went out on dates to the park or other places, and I stayed all night at his folks' house; and he gave me an engagement ring, and afterwards Alta gave us a wedding-shower.

We had a double wedding, with Edna, my sister and Louie Pashki, by a justice of the peace, Mary Barton of Toll House, real nice, up in the mountains near Big Creek, at Camp Sierra, Chatauqua, at Florabel's house. Frank was working for the company that was putting in the Shaver Dam, and he had a pretty good-sized house. The twins were babies, Annabel and Isabel, walking around.

We had an out-door wedding near the house under the trees; it was awfully nice. Ruth Washer was my brides-maid. Uncle George's wife, Susie, made two large angel-food cakes, one pink, one white. They were awfully good. Alta brought them up. It was just a family wedding. Florabel and Frank had a huge roast-beef dinner of everything. I was fifteen. This was September eleventh. Bob was nineteen, and the following December I was sixteen.

We had a little house in the East part of Fresno. We had fixed it all up. After a night in Camp Sierra, Chatauqua, we came down to our little house. We moved to another house on the next street after a little while, and Bernardine was born there. Then we moved back to the first house, and Jerry was born there. In between, we had lived at Auberry, after our mother died. My mother stayed with us a little while just before she died. Then she was with Alta. I was with her when she died at the hospital. Papa and she were close. She kept wishing for Papa. He was taking care of the younger children.

We moved to different places around Fresno. Joyce was born in a nice place on Grant, the east part of Fresno. She had a bird-like way. Bernardine was six years old when Tommy was born. He was born in the County Hospital. We were living on South First. It was kind of raining. He was a real pretty child. His hair got curly as he got older. Gladys was with me when he was born.

My father was a wonderful person and so was my mother. She wanted him near her all the time.

We were living on Olive when Bobby was born. He was born at home. We were living in the new home on Harvey when Danny was born. I weaned him at around four months. I had anemia; it comes back once in a while.

I'm fine most of the time. Sometimes I get tired, but I'm healthy and have a strong heart. I've been real good up here in the mountains.

We bought a ranch where we could come up week-ends, and had been coming up for several years before we moved into the store.

We made out good when we sold our home and made a good profit. So we could buy this store, and we are all happy here.

LUCY NEWTON'S STORY

Alder Springs, Calif.
June 22, 1958

I cannot tell you the genealogy of my family, as I do not know it myself, and I can't give dates.

We lived in Missouri. My mother was Lizzie Combs, who worked hard to bring up her six children after my father died of T.B. All of his family died of T.B.

My mother washed clothes for twenty-five cents a washing, and we children had to pitch in and help her. In those days you could buy calico at five cents a yard, and make a dress for fifteen cents.

When my mother died, I was twelve years old, between the last two boys and next to the youngest. There were three older girls. My mother's children were: Rettie (passed away), Virgie (in Watsonville), Mrs. Dollie Crane (in Missouri), Jack (in Missouri), Lucy (myself), and Frank (the youngest). Three or four years ago Frank came to visit me, but he was like a stranger.

After my mother died, I went into households to earn a living, and I've worked all my life, including now. I've spent much of my life standing at a wash-board or an ironing board.

When I was sixteen, I married Ed Newton in Missouri, and we had five children, Bob, Irene (Smith), Bud (now in San Luis Obispo), Glen (Fresno), and Clarence, the baby boy.

My husband has been gone over ten years now, and I've had only an income from his railroad pension, but I have my home, and do some work and get along all right, and am asking nothing from my children for support. I'm sixty-nine years old.

I do enjoy my grand-children. This little girl of Mary Ellen's is so sweet.

Tommy stays with me. He's a nice-looking young man. He's working for Jerry, doing electrical repair work.

A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

Lydia May (Childers) Seifort

May 5, 1958

Our home was at the foot of a small mountain with the name of "Little Rocky," and in back of it was a bigger mountain which we called "Big Rocky Mountain." Many a Spring day we would climb Little Rocky and bring back large bouquets of flowers and ferns. From up on Little Rocky we could look down and see the town of Auberry and all around for miles and miles away. There was a little rock on top and we wrote our names on it, and left them there.

Down by the house were big fig-trees with broad leaves that gave us shade all summer. As soon as it grew warm, Papa moved everything outside and he and Mamma cooked our meals in the open, and we ate under the trees at a long table with benches on each side.

Most of us slept under the stars or on the porch until it got cool again. Everyday Papa would sweep up the fig leaves and dampen the earth down, and it was so nice and cool.

We had a well and pumped all our water to drink for ourselves and the horses and cattle. Near the well was an iron kettle with legs, under which we built a fire to heat water for washing clothes. The well had a little cover over which grew blackberries.

Sometimes we would pump out water-snakes. Gopher-snakes would come into the yard. One time a snake came into the yard when Birdie was two years old, and she cried, "Oh, look at the big worm!" I don't remember seeing any rattle-snakes.

At night, before bed-time, we sat at the table near the coal-oil lamp, and could hear the crickets. Sometimes Papa would exclaim, "Listen!" and we would all stop talking at once. Pretty soon he would say, "I hear a coyote howling!" The chickens were already safe high up in the trees by the barn.

We had one gentle white cow which even Mamma could milk, so we had all our own milk and butter.

We had a nice shepherd dog named Rover that lived to be eighteen years old. Papa traded him for two dogs, "Attaboy" and "Pearl." Later Uncle Gene kept them and they had puppies at Aunt Flora's.

Uncle Gene came several times. Once he brought a box of apricots and once some plums from their farm in the valley. We always loved to see them come. Aunt Flora could make baskets with pine-needles. She and Uncle Gene had so much to say. I loved to hear them talk.

We always loved to have Eva and Violet come as they took pictures of us and brought gifts for everyone. Violet liked the figs. We had many kinds of them, and different kinds of grapes, too. Papa raised all kinds of tomatoes and watermelons. He took a whole wagonload to town to sell. He would chop wood, too, and take it and sell it by the tiers.

He had a whole herd of hogs once. There was a cook house at Auberry where they fed the special railroad workers, and he got swill from there.

He even plowed and planted grain every year and made hay. Once, he made five dollars a day putting in wires to the hospital. He helped name it "Wishiah," an Indian name meaning "Beautiful View."

The company had a cook and a crew of men, who stayed on our ranch, and while they were with us, Mamma and we children would go over for our supper, and the cook gave us so many good things to eat. He even made cake for us sometimes.

When Eugene was about six years old, he was up on a big rock and a small donkey passed by, and he slipped right onto the donkey's back. The donkey kicked and jumped and threw Gene off onto the ground, and Gene lay there hollering as if he were about killed. I ran up there to help him, and he jumped up, laughing like everything.

Once our white horse Ruby bucked Ellen off and they carried her home. We thought she had broken her back, but she was all right next day.

We had a more gentle black horse, Jumbo. One time when Melissa and I were riding him up a hill, he sat right down, and Melissa slid down on top of me, and Jumbo got up and went off as if nothing had happened. We sure liked horses and so did Uncle Gene.

Every fall in deer season, the menfolks from miles around would come on their riding and pack horses and Papa would join them, and they would leave to be gone several weeks away back into the mountains, hunting and fishing. Papa always got a deer and we had venison and jerkey for quite awile. He was a good hunter.

When they fished at Friant, they brought home big orange salmon. We cooked them, and ate them outside on the table and they tasted so good. The bees and wasps would just hum around everywhere. Once in awhile someone got stung.

At our Big Sandy School, I liked my last year's teacher, Miss Myers, especially. She had such a pretty voice that I could well understand. She was superintendent. Once Violet visited our school and drew faces of children on the board.

My sister Melissa taught me to count, and the time-tables before I went to school, and the teachers were surprised I already knew them. She also taught me to read. Many a night by the fireplace she would print the words out and patiently teach me. Then I in turn later tried to teach Mina and Eugene.

We had what we called a little school-house on the porch. When they built the house, that room was really going to be our bathroom, but they never could complete it, as plumbing and fixtures and things at that time were so hard to get into the mountains. They had only dirt roads to travel on, and no school-buses.

Saturdays, we read "The Little Friend" in our play schoolhouse. That was an adventist paper which Grandma subscribed for, for us, and later Eva. It had stories and poems about God and Jesus, and children.

Uncle Harry and Aunt Lydia came one summer and stayed all night before they journeyed higher up to the cooler mountains above Pine Ridge. She couldn't stand the heat, and had to go to the coast or mountains every summer. In the valley, they would go to the show where it was cool.

Aunt Em had a beautiful home not far above us with lawn and fruit-trees and berries. She had a tank-house with water piped in that cost a thousand dollars, an awful lot of money in those days. Once she had Papa take care of her canary birds. One was in a cage outside and a snake ate it. It was a long time before she got over that. She was so scared of snakes.

When Birdie was born, Uncle Gene had come, and we children were sent down to Alta's. Aunt Em and Uncle Gene were with Mamma. We went home the next day and we had a new little sister. I think Mamma had them to help her when my brother Eugene was born. I don't know about Martha June. With me, Mamma had May Bronaugh. She bathed me in olive-oil. Mamma named my "Lydia" for Aunt Lydia, and "May" for May Bronaugh in appreciation for her being with her and caring for her.

Aunt Em Root was so good to our family always.

I lived in the mountains until I was fourteen years old, when I lost my mother. Then I went to Kerkoff to a nurse's home, and she got worried about my ear-ache, and thought I'd better be near the hospital and doctor, so I stayed at Alta's awhile, then was taken to another nurse at Sunnyside. From there, I was taken to the hospital with mumps, and then went to Kerman to an Irish couple where I stayed a year.

The next three years I stayed with a Christian Science teacher and her husband, Mother and Father Arnold, and three children, and we were one big happy family. I went to Beauty School week-days and on Sundays we had picnics and excursions to San Francisco's beautiful park and to other places. Mother Arnold was so kind to me. She let me go home once a year to see the folks a week or so. She let me go with Violet and Aunt Flora up the Red Wood Highway, and to see Mina and Edna at Sonoma.

When the Arnolds went financially broke, she sent me back to Fresno, where I worked at housework and made my own living. Later, I went to San Francisco to help Gladys, the cousin of my brother-in-law Bob. She was about to have the stork come. There I met Joey's father Fred Dustin, and later married him in San Bernardino. Joey was born a year later, in 1935. From then on, my dear boy has filled my life with happiness.

LATER REMINISCENCES

We have enjoyed every minute of our Christian work and received many blessings. Above all, we are so happy that Joey married someone in the Truth. A hundred people came to his wedding and brought presents. We wouldn't have made friends of that many in a life-time if we hadn't done missionary work. Of the folks, only Alta and Ellen came. Violet and Eva couldn't come but they sent a most lovely present.

Folks visited us in Santa Maria; Alta and Tillman came, and Ellen, Tommy and Danny. Violet came once, and we drove her over to Lompoc where she used to teach, to visit old friends. What a nice trip!

P.S.: Now, Violet, I wrote this the best I could. If it isn't enough, tell me and I will write more.

I have been up to see Joey, and Verna has twenty days before the big event of another baby. We took them some spuds. Joey's lawn and garden were so pretty and green.

FROM A LETTER TO VIOLET

April 23, 1958

I told Ellen I would like to go back to Auberry and visit my childhood home, and she said, "Don't go! It will just make you feel like crying. Where our house was, is a beautiful modern house, and where our garden and grapes and flowers and trees and berry vines and fig trees were, there is just a modern lake. Nothing seems the same."

I guess they couldn't move those nice big mountains in back which we used to climb. Those will always be the same, thank goodness.

They will still have such pretty flowers in the Springtime, snowflakes, johnny-jump-ups, wood-violets, blue-bells, and we knew where wild onions were and Indian soap.

We really did have a happy, happy childhood.

Lovingly, Lydia

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE

When Joey was a little over twelve years old, Alex and I and Joey went out to do missionary work (as Jehovah's Witnesses), and we continued until he was twenty when he got married to Verna May Phillips. Two years later they had a baby named Davene Sharon.

When we first started out to pioneer (that is what they call full-time missionary work of one hundred hours a month), they sent us to Shafter. We stayed one month in our tiny trailer-house in the friends' back yard there. We found lots of people of good will. Once we had a real bad sandstorm and couldn't see even the white line on the highway.

They sent us from there to Santa Maria, a beautiful place along the coast. Seven years we worked there, and twice went to a convention in New York, and once in Santa Maria. Afterward, they sent us here to Delano.

STORY OF WILLIAM JAMES BRATTON 112917N111

June 13, 1958

I was born on old Fulton Street in Fresno. Started school in Auberry age of 7. Father railroaded the Big Creek run. Attended Big Sandy School, also red school-house of Auberry. Went to Pinedale Grade School, Jefferson Union School, Nees Colony School and Clovis Union High. Also Temperance Union. After graduation, I married Helen Ann Curtis.

Shortly after 1940, went into Service at Camp Luis Obispo, with 185 Inf. Medical Dept. and left for overseas in 1942, shortly after my son was born. Services include State of Washington, Oregon, Hawaii, Guadalcanal, New Britain, Marshalls, Philippines. During my army travels, my daughter was born and wasn't seen until age of 3. Returned home from service 1945 a single with both children in custody. I joined the California National Guard in 1935 and transferred to Army Reserves in 1950 as instructor. Retired at 20 years. Been peace officer for 7 years. Spent many years in LAH Fresno, also Fresno Co. Hospital as Hosp. Attendant.

In 1953, I married a former employee of Fresno Co. Nurses' Aides, Luella Higginbotham, a wonderful woman. Now residing on 4 acres east of Fresno. Have everything here we want. A rich, full life.

June 18, 1961

My dear Alta,

Your birthday is near and I want to get a letter ready as I haven't a card fine enough for you. All your life you have been a blessing to all who know you. That is a wonderful record to have.

I remember when you hadn't learned to walk yet. You sat on the floor sucking your thumb, and Ralph would come and push you over. Like other boys, he liked to tease. You were old enough to walk, but your legs were weak, so Mother took you and rubbed your legs and back and helped you until you were stronger. Bertha was young and had Florabel to care for.

Then, as you grew up, you and the other girls were with us once in a while, and seemed like one of my own. You were a help to your mother as her family grew, and you came to help me several times.

I think we were at Caruthers when you came, hoping to attend High School, but Gil felt you were needed at home, so he took you back. You never complained and were always ready to help. Always you and Eva and Violet seemed like younger sisters to me.

So the years have slipped away, with all their losses and blessings. May they bring you much joy all through your future, and always the love of all who know you, our dear Alta.

From your
Aunt Flora E.

STORY OF BERTHA (BIRDIE) NEWTON

Jan. 6, 1963

I, Bertha Newton, age 39, mother of Clifford, 18, and of Chuck, 16, have been happily married to Clarence Newton for twenty years. We live at 4983 E. Iowa St., Fresno, in a beautiful home we had built.

I was the 13th child, born in the small mountain community of Auberry, California.

When I was almost three years old, my mother died, and my oldest sister, Alta, twenty-four years my senior, took me and my brother, Eugene, three years older than me, into her home with her own 3 children, and she and her husband, Tillman Bratton, gave us food, shelter and love. We had a very happy childhood, a wholesome good life.

My earliest memory is the funeral of my mother, when I did not know why everyone cried. My next memory is of being in the hospital with a ruptured appendix, when the doctors gave no hope for my life.

We lived in the suburbs of Clovis for three years, then moved to an acre home where we stayed for another three years. The depression had hit us very hard, by then, and we cut card-board daily to cover the holes in the soles of our shoes before going to school. Enough food was a problem so Tillman traded the equity on that home for a down-payment on a ranch 15 miles east of Fresno on Belmont Avenue. There we were able to raise most of what we ate. We had 2 miles to walk to school, and some mornings it was very cold. We had to work hard, but we were happy.

I attended Temperance Colony for most of my grammar grade schooling and graduated from Clovis High School in 1942.

I applied at Highland Hospital in Oakland for nurse's training, but did not have the $100 entrance fee. Besides, I planned to marry Clarence. So I worked at Moore Dry Dock Ship Company in Oakland until I married, and for two years afterward, until our first son was born. Two years later, my second son was born. Six years I spent in having and raising them.

When Chuck was in kindergarten, I started working only the hours he was in school. From then until now I have worked at various jobs to help with the income. Now, my husband's job pays enough for us to live well on.

ALTA

by Violet

July 3, 1963

Next day after Geraldine's wedding, September 1, 1962, Mrs. Gibson was speaking to me on the porch of the Bel-

mont Community Church after services. "Few realize how much Mrs. Bratton does," she said. "She is active in many ways she doesn't talk about. Did you know she is President of the Federated Christian Womens' Clubs of Fresno? It has many important members, some of them college graduates and business people." Alta had not told me. Last month, the church ladies helped her with a dinner in the church social hall for that club.

When I was at Fred and Gertrude's house in Santa Cruz after the Reunion, Fred exclaimed, "Alta is the best woman that ever lived," and Gertrude smiled, concurringly.

Tillman is of service to the church, to his family, to the community. He helps in a Mission. They help families in need. They visit the sick in homes and hospitals. Besides, they have their own ranch-work. Their home has been hospitable to many, including myself.

Both are good people, but Alta is a Special Prize.

STORY OF FLORABEL (CHILDERS) BOSQUET

June 2, 1963

My mother was an Adventist. She had religion in her heart. On Saturdays, we would have kind of a religious service, with Bible reading and songs. My father would read out of the Bible too. He was a Sunday believer. So was his mother. When she stayed at our house, she would see to it we got all cleaned up and got to church, if we could.

Uncle Judah and Aunt Salema and Uncle Bert and Aunt Rose took my mother and us children to Camp-meeting in Fresno when I was thirteen; and Alta and Edna and I were all baptized into the Adventist Church. We all kept religion in our hearts to this day. Somehow, I've been blessed all my life for being baptized. When things would get hard, always help came from somewhere. I'd read the Bible and pray, and my faith has helped me all through life.

I want to get Johnny to church. He needs help. He's a good man, tries to help me with the house, now I'm so busy working out, has a nice garden of vegetables. Come and taste some of it. If he would read the Bible, might help. I get discouraged, then I pray, and get courage again.

My mother always wanted to be baptized. My father didn't encourage that, as he was a Sunday believer. But all of us have faith. Aunt Flora is such a good woman. I'll ask her for a blessing to say at table.

THIS IS OUT OF MY SCRAP BOOK

by Mrs. Foster

"Sisters and brothers when I was a child
Were taught in a Christian way
I've lived my life as my forebearers taught
And await that glorious day
When Sisters, Brothers, Father and Mother
Gather to sing His praise
No entrance is barred to the Pearly Gates
Of that beautiful land above
We'll meet 'neath the Olive Branch
Eternally, in God's lasting love."

Bertha

MARTHA EMALINE ROOT
b. May 22, 1853 — d. April 2, 1944

by Violet Beck

Jan. 30, 1964

Em and Thede Root lived near enough to Aunt Bertha's place at Auberry for anyone to walk over after her if need arose such as at times of the birth of babies.

Bertha's children called her "Aunt Em," although Thede was really a nephew of Gil. Her children, Myrtle, Lula, Perry, and Ida would be second cousins to them.

She was a large-built woman, with blue eyes and a kind face. She must have had some Indian blood in her, for Perry showed it in his looks.

She was a good angel to Aunt Bertha and her family, and to Uncle George and his family. When Aunt Daisy was dying of T.B. at Auberry, she nursed her. Lawrence used to stay at her house in later years for long periods of time, doing the chores.

It was while he was with her about twenty-four years ago, I spent two happy weeks at her new house.

The first night I was there, Em woke me up, and said Lawrence hadn't come home, and she was afraid his horse had thrown him and he was lying somewhere with a broken leg. We were starting out the gate when Lawrence rode up. He had been down in the valley playing cards. He told me lately, "I came to say Goodbye, and stayed two years." She was broken-hearted when he went to Oakland.

One day he took us up the road to the right of the pasture to where there was a big stream, and another day over to see Lu and Wes Qualls.

Perry's house was across the pasture to the left from Em's house, and he came over often to consult his mother. It was branding time, and Myrtle came to help.

One afternoon, we saw smoke pouring out the windows of his house; and Em told me afterwards some company stayed too long, and Perry had smoked them out.

It was Spring, and the wild flowers were beginning to bloom, gentians among the rocks, and mariposa lilies under the pines and oaks.

Water ran through a pipe into the cattle-trough, and flowed over to make a stream down through the pasture.

There were cats, a big white dog, Em's cow that she milked, and a sheep that ran with the cow and calves.

One morning, some men took Em away up in the mountains. They called her "Mother Em."

To her funeral in Fresno many men came down from the hills and mountains. Aunt Flora wrote: "There were more men crying than I have ever seen at any funeral. They always came to Em when in need, or ill."

LOUISE CHILDERS, "GRANDMA CHILDERS"

by Violet Beck

Grandma Childers used to stay at different houses.

Once, I was at Aunt Lydia's, and she called out, "Look! Harry is bringing home Grandma Childers!" There she was, sitting in her big rocking chair in the back of the wagon, her feather mattress and sack of clothes beside her, an overflowing woman with blue eyes and a bonnet. We all helped her get settled in the bedroom downstairs, for she couldn't have climbed the stairs.

She told stories of the past in such a colorful, entertaining manner, people enjoyed having her, until she was ready to move on. Alta remembers she stayed awhile in the little room in back of the house at Uncle Phil's place when they lived there, and that she smoked a corn-cob pipe.

MADE OF GOLD

P.O. Box, Delano, Calif.
Aug. 25, 1964

P.S. This A.M. before going to work, Alex was rather put out because I overslept and he might be late for work. To change the subject, I said, "I found out my glasses' frames are made of gold." He said, "So are you."

Lydia Mae
Sunday, Nov. 1, 1964

Dear Violet,

. . . I wish you could step on a plane and take off for Germany or Switzerland to see your relatives there. Life is so short, I'm afraid you will never get to do these things which would mean so much to you . . . I know your concern for those

around you. The Lord knows all things. I feel you will be blessed.

. . . I am so thankful I have Tillman to help me make decisions. I thank God for him, every day. He gets more saintly I think in all his ways. He really is the father of this church. They respect him as an Elder.

I received a nice letter from Beulah from Philo. I hope we can go up and see them.

First I want to see our new great grandson Jeffry Allen Chatfield born 2nd of Oct.

Got a letter from Gertrude. They had been up to visit Doris, and went over to see Gerry and baby.

Our grandson Jack with his wife Pat are living in Fresno now.

Everyone is quite well as far as I know.

We send best wishes,
Alta Bratton

December 8, 1964

Dearest Violet,

Your card with the enclosed letters came this morning. The letters my mother wrote will be my most treasured gift for Christmas.

Mama wrote a good letter, her penmanship was pretty. I do wish I could have known my mother. I remember her holding me on her lap and rocking me. The other things I remember of those days are only snatches, like a birthday cake for someone's birthday. Climbing in the barn with Gene and not being able to come down. Standing on the big rock. I remember the funeral very plain.

Clifford is working for Jerry Newton. He started his electrical apprenticeship this fall. He goes to College at night. Chuck is still in High School but goes to City College every afternoon. He is studying diesel mechanics. Clarence and I both are proud of them.

We are spending Christmas Eve with Alta and Tillman. Bill and Lue, Jack and Pat, Geraldine and Ed, Clarence and I and the boys will be there. We have almost always been together on Christmas Eve—this has become sort of a tradition. We will miss Edith and her family. I always miss Gene—I love him so dearly. His life is so taken up now, I hardly ever hear from him . . .

I'm thankful you sent the letters to me. Violet, you are very dear to me. You have been kind and good to many people in your lifetime. The flute you gave to me in high school was wonderful . . . Maybe I will have a grandaughter someday who will play it and make me happy. You know I finally learned to play quite well . . .

Love,
Birdie

TWO LOVELY DREAMS

by Violet

Jan. 25, 1965

One afternoon last week, Alta and Tillman appeared, and stayed over one day. Oh, how glad I was to see them!

Alta read over the "Bertha" chapter, and thought she was mentioned too much, but I told her the book was for posterity and her descendants, and it would mean much to them to know about her. I, also, thought I was mentioned too much in the book.

Before they left, she told me of a dream she had had the night before. "I dreamed my mother came, and threw her arms around me, and kissed me."

I told her, "Last week, I dreamed about my little dog Bubby. It was in Heaven, and I saw him and called, 'Oh, there is my darling!' and he rushed into my arms. It has been 64 years since he died."

Maybe these dreams are foresights of Heaven.

TILLMAN BRATTON'S STORY OF HIS LIFE

(as dictated to Alta)

Robert Bratton, my father, lived in Kentucky as a young man. He had three brothers, one named Gilmore. His sister, Lydia, was a dressmaker.

He went to Tennessee where he met Martha Manley, and married her. From there they moved to Arkansas, near Little Rock, now the capitol.

They had ten children, all of whom died when little, but Lucy, the oldest, and me, the youngest. The malaria was so bad on account of the swamps. My mother died when I was nine.

Father married again—Ida; and we left for Fresno, California; but they were separated as soon as we got out here.

My father had brought his tool-chest with him, and he did carpenter work and farmed. I'd never seen oranges growing before; could walk down Mariposa Street and pick fruit off the trees.

We went out by Clovis, worked on ranches, then went up to the mountains to saw-mills.

Finally, the Edison Company put a railroad in from Friant to Big Creek, to haul supplies for building dams and powerhouses. I worked up from machinists' helper to engineer on the railroad.

I met Alta while she was cooking at one of the cook-houses along the road, and we got married. A few months later, when war was declared in 1917 with Germany, I went into training at Menlo Park, and was sent overseas to France, and railroaded there.

While over there, our first son, Bill, was born. When I came back, he was seven months old. I went back to Auberry on the railroad as an engineer. We had three children when I quit the railroad and moved back to Fresno. My father had died in 1926.

In 1931 we bought a place out on Belmont, and started farming. Gene and Bertha, Alta's brother and sister, came to live with us. The children grew up there going through elementary and high school.

In World War II, Bill went into the Service Medical Corps. Phil and Eugene had started in to Fresno College, and when the war was declared they went into the Navy and Army Air Corps. Edith had married Robert Schmidt, who was also in the army. Birdie married Clarence Newton, and they were both in defense work in Oakland. I went into the Navy as stationary engineer, and Alta was nurse's aide.

While we were there in Oakland, we got word Philmore had lost his life while patrolling in the Sicily Invasion of Italy in 1941.

Sierra Camp Trailer Park,
Bass Lake
Aug. 28, 1966

Dear Violet,

Today we went to church then stopped at Bendoske's and had dinner with them as it was Erma's and her twin sister's birthday. Sim and the two brothers and wives were there.

Wednesday we took a ride up to Bayshore Meadow and over to Central Camp. We found a spot of wild gooseberries, half ripe. We had no way of picking them but with our fingers. Got a lot of stickers in them but I was so elated to get them. The next day, I made five pints of jelly. I wish you could have been with us. I plan to take a jar to Aunt Flora for a treat.

Bill and Lue were up and stayed overnight. We send best wishes, from Alta and Tillman.

9 Edgewood Rd.
Metuchen, N.J.
Dec. 28, 1966

Dear Violet,

The life of a doctor is so busy . . . So this next year I shall resolve to work less, get more rest, and become a better father.

We've had our second snow of the season. The children are having a great time sledding. Little Ann, who is four years old, has as much stamina as the boys. She loves the snow and never seems to get cold.

All the boys have vacation this week. Lee, who is 15 and goes to Metuchen High is growing entirely too fast. I'm afraid I'm too old-fashioned for him. He wants to go out most every night, wear his hair long, not too long, and chooses tight pants, but they say it's just a passing phase, and we really shouldn't get so upset about it . . .

We have plans to visit the Canadian Exposition this year in Montreal. Jackie says that Ann is a little too young to travel to California. I really would like to go to California. We should be making that trip in 1½ years. I hope to go into Mexico and travel up through Southern California. Our first stop should be San Diego.

It would be nice to have you come back sometime.

Love,
Gene

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Elkins
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter

Barbara Kay
to
Mr. Charles Edward Newton

Saturday, January the twenty-eighth
nineteen hundred and sixty-seven
at eight o'clock

Victory Temple
5391 East Tulare Street
Fresno, California

Reception immediately following
the ceremony in the
Church Recreation Hall

June 29, 1967

Dear Cousin Violet:

I want to thank you for the lovely tea-set and card. It seems more like a dream all you good people were there just as if you were passing through! No time to talk or visit. It was a wonderful occasion for us to see so many. We're ever so grateful for it and to the girls and Bill who made it possible. And to think you did come up out of your busy life down there!

We just got back from a wedding at Pittsburgh. Ed's brother Tom married Shirley Richardson. It was a big wedding. We stayed at Edith's overnight.

I'd like to tell you about all the lovely things we got, but it would take some time. I'm going to put them down in the Guest Book you gave us. There must have been over two hundred there.

We send best wishes from

Alta and Tillman

THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF ALTA AND TILLMAN BRATTON ON JUNE 11, 1967, HELD AT EAST BELMONT COMMUNITY CHURCH IN FRESNO.

50 YEARS ARE OBSERVED

(with picture)

Mr. and Mrs. James Bratton

The East Belmont Community Church was the setting for the golden wedding observation of Mr. and Mrs. James Tillman Bratton last Sunday.

Hosts were the couple's children and grandchildren. The children are William James Bratton and Mrs. Edith Schmidt of Fairfield. There are six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Bratton and the former Alta Beth Childers, who now reside at Bass Lake, were married June 16, 1917 in Fresno. He is a retired farmer.

He is a member of Veterans of Foreign Wars, a former director of the Fresno Rescue Mission and an elder of the East Belmont Community Church. Her memberships include the American Legion Auxiliary, Bass Lake Ladies Guild and Fresno Rescue Mission.

Metuchen, N.J., November 7, 1967

Dear Violet:

We are at Gene's visiting. My! How the children have grown!

Everyone is quite well. It's nice here. The trees are in their Autumn colors, so colorful. We plan to go up to New York for a few days this week.

How's the book coming? Everyone is asking about it. We send best wishes.

Alta and Tillman

1350 W. Mesa
Fresno, Calif. 93705
August 19, 1967

Dearest Violet:

It's Saturday morn 9:00. The children and Joe are still sleeping. While it is quiet, I thought it would be a good time to answer your letter. I always mean to write more often, but it seems I'm always so busy rushing about. Yesterday it took all day washing clothes that had stacked up while I was painting the five days before. We finally got our electricity finished so we could hang the sheet rock on the new addition to our house. I painted the laundry room and kitchen with two coats of paint. It was hard work but it looks so pretty. We don't have the cabinets built yet. We have the old ones outside set up like an outdoor kitchen. I cook and we eat outdoors and I wash dishes out. Its fun, knowing in a short time I'll have a brand new kitchen. I still have 2 bedrooms and garage to paint in the new part, and I know I won't stop painting until I have the old part painted too. So we are all pretty excited about finishing it. Davene and David are helping me paint. Darlene and Diana watch Danny. And Danny, well he tries to help, ha, ha!

Last Monday we started out with our new piano teacher, Shirley Davis. We all like her very much. Violet, thanks again for all you are doing for our family. We all think it is wonderful to have a piano in our home. Joe enjoys listening to them play. As the children get better at their music, they practice more, now that they know what they are doing. They enjoy it more as they play songs they already know.

It's now 8:30. It's no longer quiet. David and Darlene are up watching cartoons on T.V. Danny woke up and cried a minute. I gave him his bottle and he went back to sleep. Diana usually sleeps until 9:00 or 9:30 every day. She's a little sleepy head.

We got the last check that you sent. At the time that it came, Joe needed a new suit for Assembly, and since we were paying five dollars weekly for the piano lessons, we didn't think you would mind if we used the check for his suit, as long as the children got their lessons just the same. We really do appreciate what you are doing for us. Joe's business has picked up, and he will just have to plan ahead.

I guess Diana heard the T.V. because she just got up sleepy-eyed. The children all say give you their love, a hug and kiss, and tell you hello. Joe is still asleep but I will send you his love. I know he would want me to.

Love from all the Dustins.

Love, Verna

Sierra Village Trailer Park
Bass Lake, Calif. 93644
April 15, 1968

Dear Violet:

. . . We had a quiet Easter. We stayed for both church services. The second was a cantata singing about the crucifixion of Christ. Paul narrated. Lela sang in the choir. I had prepared food in case anyone should come up.

Jack and Pat were up the week before. They brought little Douglas, and the new baby girl, born April 5th, named Alexandra Beth. They were moving into their new home, across from Bill and Lue.

We were up to see Birdie. While there, Janice came with her new baby, Karen Leigh, born the 7th of April.

Chuck and Barbara have a baby boy, Charles Jr. Lee, born February 12th. The new babies are coming fast.

I talked with Aunt Flora over the phone. I am thankful Florabelle can now get a pension. She was 65 years old last March. She has worked so hard, now maybe she can take it easier.

Gene may send Lee out to us this summer.

That day when Lydia and Alex came up, we had gone to Fresno.

It's so nice now—everything is green and the wild flowers out. The lake is filling up. Some of our good neighbors gave us a lot of fish.

We went over to see Bob and Ellen in their new mobile home at Grover City. Bobby was just enlisting in the Navy. He is supposed to be stationed there at San Diego. Danny will graduate from high school this spring.

Birdie's address is 1724 Minnawia Ave., Clovis.

We send love and best wishes.

Alta and Tillman

319 No. Highway
Grover City, Calif.
June 20, 1968

Dear Violet:

Bobby is on the air-carrier Bon Homme Richard. Is doing real good. Has more responsibility now according to Dan's last letter, different things to do around the ship. Ship fitters, welding repair work, metal work, fireman and damage control. Third Class Fireman; $95 every two weeks, not bad for a start, he says. He may be home in Oct. or Dec., 9 days liberty; 2½ years on this ship. After that he wants shore station or school if he can. We like our new mobile home very much. Same duties as home, only less so. Have quite a bit of room, 2 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms completely furnished. We want to move over to San Luis Obispo about Sept. as Dan starts college then—Cuesta Junior. Bob is better. We are both getting to notice our age a little but I'm pretty good, but I rest more I find. Gene is supposed to come out this summer and family.

Love as ever.

Bob & Ellen & Dan
La Sage Riviera Park

May 2, 1968

Dear Violet:

Where we went to visit Tillmore's relatives was Blytheville, Arkansas. Philmore was stationed at Luke's Field, Arizona, where he got his commission as 1st Lieutenant. He also graduated there.

We just got home from a three day trip to Fresno, then on up to Fairfield to visit Edith and family. Got to see Patricia, she is working at Rio Vista. And saw Penny and Robin and her husband, Dick Garcia. Little Robbie is trying to walk.

Bill and Lue, and Birdie and Clarence were up for Father's Day. Made Tillman very happy to have them. We send love.

from Alta and Tillman

BERTHA

Top Row: Bertha and Birdie. Annabel and Isabel. Birdie, Isabel, Annabel, Gene and Bill.
Second Row: Bertha. Bertha and Gil. Bill and Grandma. Gene, Birdie and Gil. Bertha. Edna and Mina.
Lower Row: Gene and Gil. Bertha, Florabel, Alta, Edna and Melissa. Lydia and Ellen. Lydia and Ellen. Gene and Uncle Gene. Lydia, Ellen and Melissa. Em Root with cow. Frank Tavener at Huntington Lake.

BERTHA

Top Row: Alta and Jerry. Tillman, Jackie, Gene, Emil, Bill, Edith, Clarence and Chuckie, Dennis, Carol, Lee. Tommy, Tillman and Alta.
Second Row: Party at Uncle Marion's. Jerry, Joey, Violet, Joyce and Tommy. Tillman, Alta, Jack and Jerry.
Third Row: On Edith's porch. Birdie and Edith. Mary Ellen and Jerry. Jerry, Jackie and Mrs. Curtis.
Fourth Row: Carol, Patty and Dennis. Philmore. Alta and Bill. Gene. Patty, Dennis, Carol and Edith with Penny.
Fifth Row: Waiting for the school bus. Isabel, Florabel and Annabel. Bill and Helen. Birdie. Carol, Clarence and Chuckie. Tillman with Patty.

BERTHA

Top Row: Lee, Gil and Roy, also Cleo. Anne Gabrielle. Mickey Lynn, Cathleen, Stanley and Bernadine. Mrs. Newton with Terry Lynn.

Second Row: John and Florabel. Annabel, Daniel and James. Birdie and family. Bob with Bobbie, Ellen, Tommy and Mary Ellen.

Third Row: Lydia and Joey. Robert, Penny, Edith, Alta, Tillman, Emil. Bobbie, Ellen with Terry, Mary Ellen and Donald, Danny, Joyce and John, with Stephen and Marian. Luella, Jerry and Alta. Jerry and Tillman. Tommy, Mary Ellen, Joey and Joyce.

Fourth Row: Joey and family. Dennis. Birdie and Bernadine. Birdie and Gene. Joey with family, Alex and Lydia.

BERTHA

Top Row: Lee, Gil, Roy and Anne Gabrielle. Dennis and Carol. Danny and Bobby. Joey on pony.

Second Row: Eugene and friend Louis. Under the fig-tree, Gil and Bertha, Florabel, Edna, Alta and dog. Bobby and Danny, Jerry, Dennis and Carol.

Third Row: Lydia and Joey. Bernadine and Stanley with Cathleen. Jerry. Easter-egg hunt on the ranch.

Fourth Row: Alex and Lydia. Penny Joe and Tillman. Clarence and Chuck. Philmore.

BERTHA

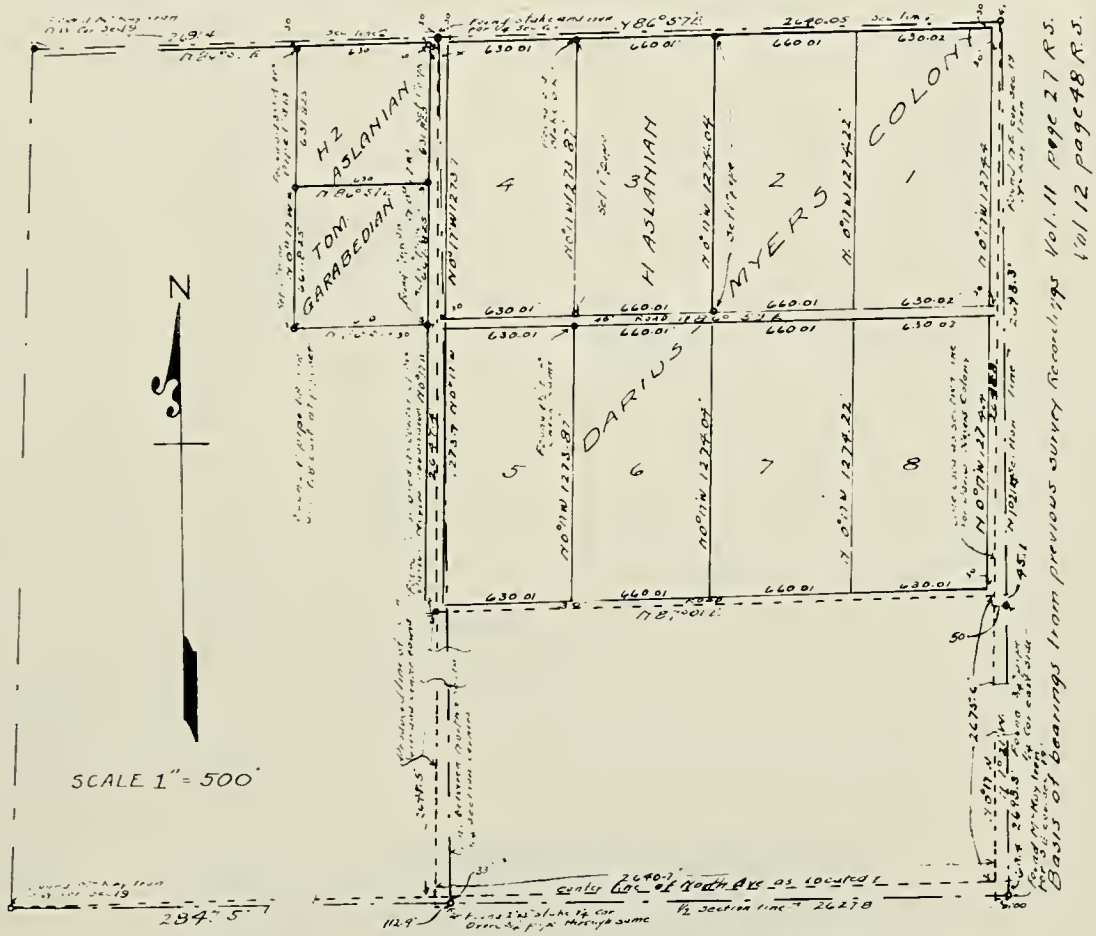
Top Row: Eugene, at Guadalcanal, on the Avenger. Bernadine at Reunion. Gene in Sydney.

Middle Portion: Carol, Jackie, Gerry. Jacqueline. Edna, Lydia, Mina. Alta, Lulu Qualls, Tillman. Tillman, Dennis. Edith, Philmore. Gene. Alta, Tillman greeting Mrs. Bishop in front of church.

Lowest Row: John, Joyce, Marian, Stephen. Little Wes, Wes and Lulu Qualls. Verna, Joe, Davene, David. Emil with Rex.

RE-SURVEY OF LOT 3 DARIUS-MYERS COLONY AND THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED PARCELS ALL IN SECTION 19, T.14,S., R. 21E. M.D.B.+M.

Beginning at a point on the north line of section 19 T14S R 21E MDB&M 2640 feet west of the northeast corner of said section, thence south 661 825 feet, thence west 660 feet thence north 661 825 feet, thence east 660 feet to the point of beginning.
Beginning at a point which is 2640 feet west and 661 825 feet south of the northeast corner of section 19 T 14 S, R 21 E M D B M, thence south 661 825 feet thence west 660 feet thence north 661.825 feet, thence east to the point of beginning.
Note - The term south in the descriptions for the purposes of this survey was taken as line marking the westerly boundary of DARIUS-MYERS COLONY and defined by the 1/4 section corner on the northerly end and a 1" pipe at southerly end-East+West were used as parallel to the north section line



State of California } ss.
County of Fresno }

I, EDGAR C SMITH, County Surveyor of said County, do hereby certify that I have examined the accompanying map with respect to the accuracy of the survey and mathematical data thereon and its compliance with the provisions of the State Law.

That I approve the map as being sufficient and in compliance with the legal requirements.

Edgar C Smith
County Surveyor

FILED FOR RECORD at the request of W.B. SUTHERLAND, at 50 minutes past 11 o'clock A.M. JANUARY JULY 21 1938, in RECORD OF SURVEYS, BOOK 13 PAGE 99 FRESNO COUNTY RECORDS.

I.E. FARLEY, County Recorder
by _____
Deputy Recorder

RE-SURVEY OF LOT 3 DARIUS-MYERS COLONY AND A PORTION OF THE NW 1/4 SEC 19 T14S R 21E M.D.B.M
SURVEYED FEB.-10 1938

J.R. Sutherland
Licensed Land Surveyor No 868

Chart IV Re-survey of Darius Myers Colony.

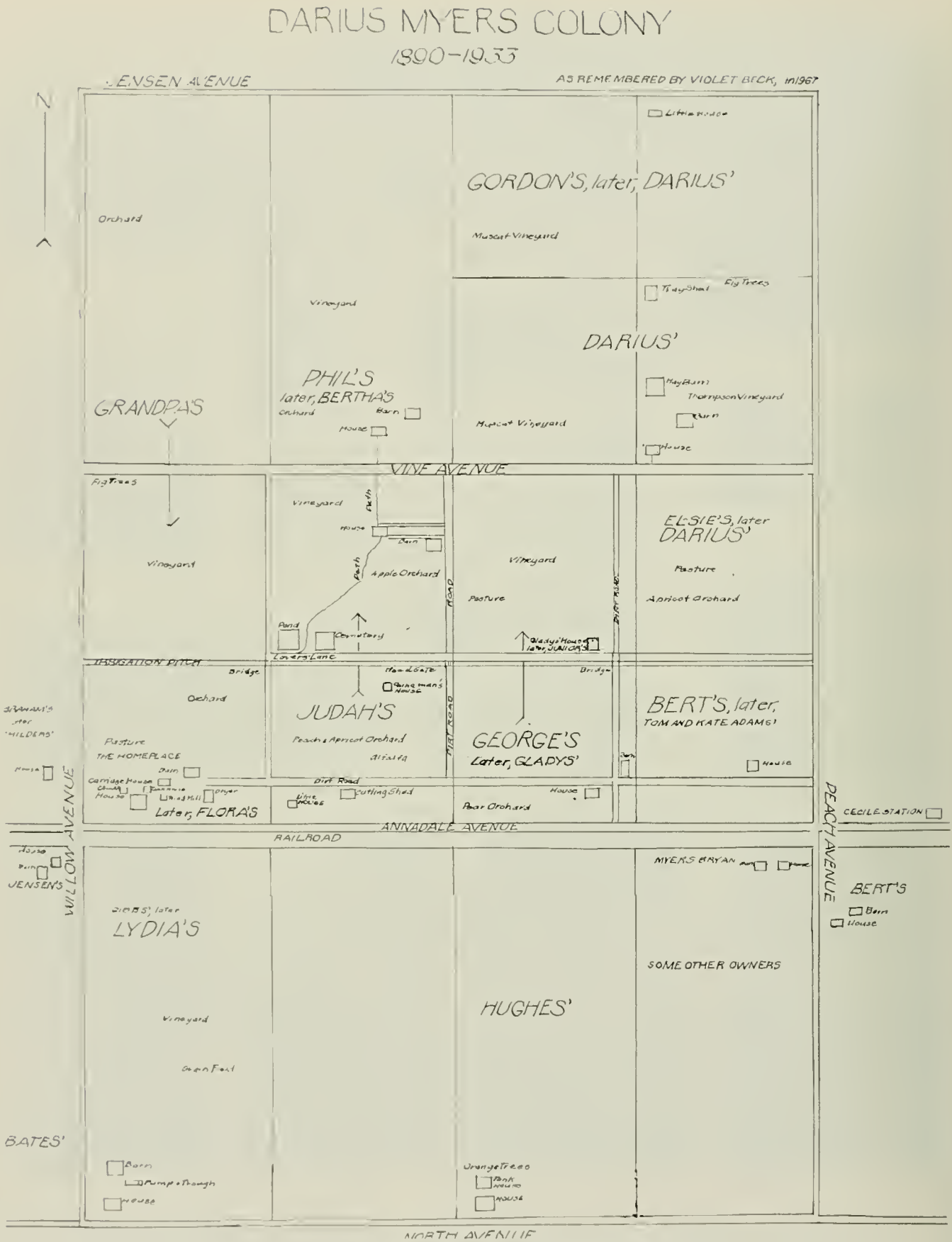


Chart V Darius Myers' Colony, 1890-1930, drawn by Violet.

MAP OF

DARIUS MYERS COLONY

being the NE¼ and portion of the NW¼ of Sec. 19, T. 14 S. R. 21 E. M. D. B. & M.

Surveyed in March 1904 by Geo. L. Norris, Licensed Surveyor

Scale 0 100 200 400 600 800 1000

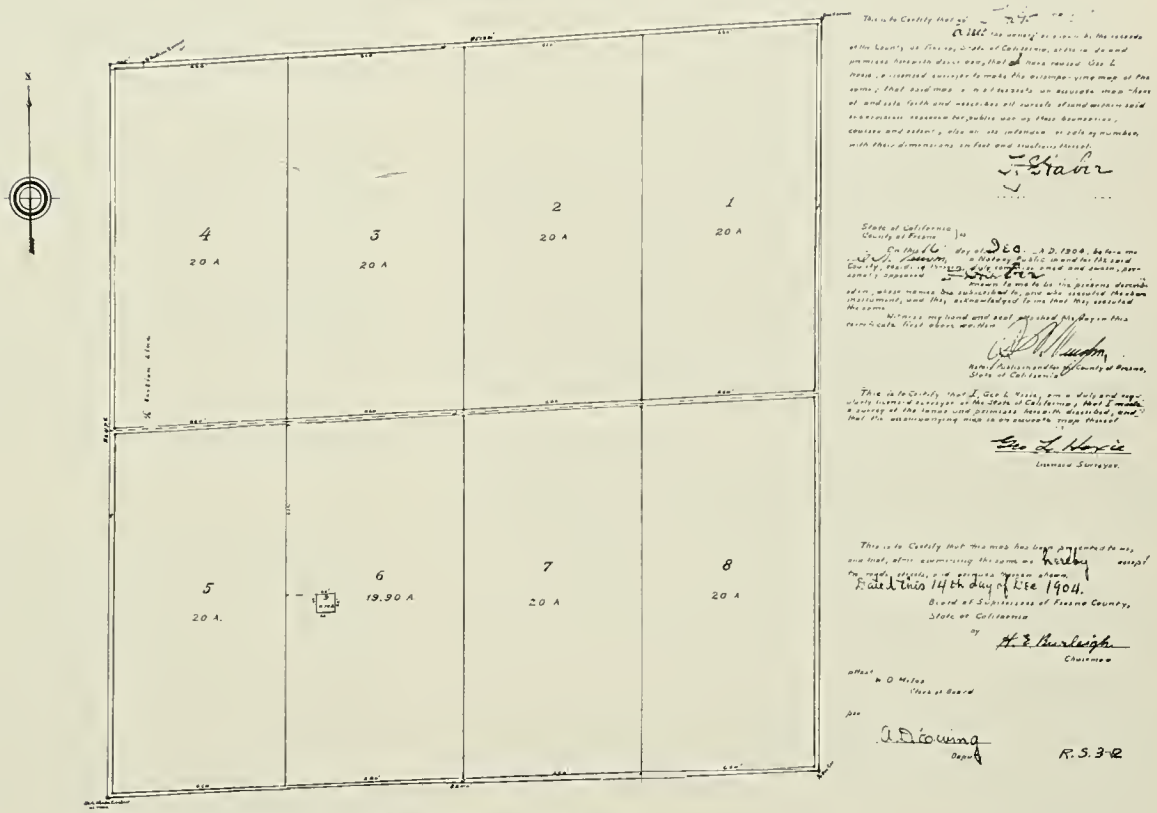


Chart VI Darius Myers' Colony.

Getting in the hay.

MEMORIES OF THE DARIUS MYERS COLONY

AND SO WE CAME FINALLY TO CALIFORNIA

Mother's first impressions. (As told to Violet.)—

California seemed awful nice when we got here. When we came down from the mountains it was deep snow. They had to put a big engine on. We woke up in the morning an' there our car was dripping with snow. It was warm all the rest of the way, flowers and sunshine, an' there it was in January!

It was awful deep snow. When the boys came through they got side-tracked and everything. Ours was the last train came through in two weeks. The boys didn't get our letter, we had to walk over. There was an old farm house across from where Niswanders' is now where we asked the way.

There was twenty different varieties of roses about the house, one bush, a dark crimson-red, bloomed out every month in the year. Water in the yard, in the sink, in the bath-room, everywheres. There were locust trees, purple and white.

There was mocking birds. We brought a lot of turkeys with us. Man wanted bronze turkeys so we brought 'em here. We went to church in Fresno right off. There wa'n't so many members as there are now. Your Grandfather got so he believed different to what they did an' he wouldn't go, but held meetings and prayer-meetings at home.

For years he wanted to come here. It got too cold for him. He set out twelve orange trees. Had 'em too close together. They had brown paper in the dining-room—had most hideous scenes, like heathen rites—'twas rich paper, too, looked like satin stripes. We had a long table. George has it yet.

We had quite a family, twelve or fifteen. We brought two or three teams—two got killed the first summer. We had Nellie—give her to Bert, and Charley. Jennie he give to Judah, an' Patsy to Gordy.

Mina and Myers and Renvy we took an' Phil took Bessie and Lydia, when Becca died. D'ri's folks had Renvy for a spell. Lydia J. was pretty an' grew up strong like her mother, strong an' slim. Little Bessie used to be the greatest girl to climb everywhere.

Oh, we had such nice fruit! There was early apples. There wasn't any raisins then, only out here by Judah's. There was a pond and a little boat to go on. There was a dinner-bell. The next Sabbath after we came here we went down in the orchard—there was poppies and filaree—the grass was up quite high, an' there it was January.

THE HOME IN CALIFORNIA

Grandmother's Story:

When we first came to the Homeplace, it was the most beautiful place you ever see. There was twenty-two varieties of roses. There was a velvet rose, a dark, very dark red on the west side near the porch. On the east side I called it a raspberry rose—it was cup-shaped—the rose—an' smelled like red raspberries, an' I thought so much of it. That tree-rose was yellow.

There was a blackberry patch the east side of the house, a large patch.

In front of the house there were umbrella trees. There was a kind of a hedge went out in front of the house, on each side the path.

The cork-elm that was all one side. They was great big trees, different kind all around, and your grandfather had them cut down, an' Lydia cried about his having trees, so many of them, cut down. In the hog-pasture, great big trees he had 'em dug out. If he'd ha' let them stand, they'd ha' been good shade for the hogs.

There was a meadow, or field, right below the house—used to have grain in it most every year.

We had a great big weeping willow—there was a big ditch right on the east side an' we had planted sweet potatoes right close to the ditch.

He had the poplar trees along the road cut down—thought it was taking the richness out o' the ground.

Beyond the berry patch there was an orchard clear to Gordy's house.

When Susie an' Flora came, there'd been a heavy rain. The Japs had pruned the trees, an' the limbs laid in the orchard, an' flowers an' grasses had grown up, an' Susie and Flora helped pick the brush out.

Phil brought two span o' horses, an' they both died, change o' climate, I expect. They were buried out by the barn. There was one left, Susie's, so she let that one go toward her fare, an' that was the only horse he had left.

Father gave that place opposite Judah's to Phil, an' they had that all planted out. They was fig trees going up an' down one side. Most all kind o' fruit.

Bert was only thirteen years old when we come. He had a sick spell on the road. They was snow on the mountains. Couldn't get back to the hotel.

Had to put two engines on the cars (crossing the summit). When we got down (from the mountains) in the morning the snow was dripping off from the cars. But when we got to Sacramento, oh, it was just so warm—the trees an' flowers all in bloom—seemed like summer. It was January when we got there.

The boys had come ahead—D'ri and George. They come with the big car that had our household goods, chickens, turkeys, stock. We had a whole big chest o' lunch. That all froze up, so they went to killing chickens on the road.

George was young and little. They said he broke all out on the road—don't know what was the matter.

D'ri wasn't much hand a yarnin' in those days. Don't know where he got it. Says it come from readin' Gulliver's Travels tales, yarnin'. He wouldn't let Earl read those books—was afraid he might get to yarnin', like he was. I heard D'ri tellin' about it, said he didn't want him to get to yarnin'.

The boys drove to Fresno—was so boggy afraid the wagon'd bog down.

Nobody to meet us at Malaga. They just throwed the trunks out. We all walked over. Pretty cold.

They'd been burnin' papers in the fireplace.

Everything was green an' nice—trees all pruned. Chinamen had put props under them. The little pink blossoms of filaree were all in bloom.

Father thought the Chinamen had ruined the trees, prunin' off so much, that we wouldn't have much fruit, but we did—the limbs broke down, there was so much.

Flora E. was a young woman. Lydia come from Chicago. There she had the measles an' her back has been ailin' ever since. She wasn't able to come, but she didn't want us to come away and leave her there. She was allays good to work when she was well an' able to. She come from Chicago, an' all the young folks had the measles, there in Nora, an' she took it.

We had a beautiful dog—all white with black spots, an' I wanted to bring him, an' your Grandfather wouldn't let us bring him. He had a notion we was going. We took him to some neighbors an' he got out an' was so tickled. They shut him up and he felt so bad. Didn't live but a year after that—just a young dog.

They brought some cats—what d'ye call 'em? blue cats (Maltese). I know the name, can't think of it. They had eighteen cats when we got here—the folks who lived there before we came. The boys, every time they'd go away, would take some. One old cat it was a hull week before she got back.

We had a cow got bogged down. Bert come up cryin'. She got fast, her neck broke. A great big cow that we got from Vanderheyden's.

Judah was older. He used to write evenings, an' your Grandfather said he was writing a history of the world. He might 'a been writing to somebody East. You know he was acquainted with boys there. I can't say what he was writing.

Flora and Judah went to the World's Fair in Chicago. Your Grandfather went. George an' Daisy, it was their honeymoon. Everybody fell in love with Daisy, thought her the sweetest. Quite a trip for her, hadn't never been so far.

Then I went, an' Phil an' Flora. We stopped at your mother's.

Flora's hair used to hang in curls on her shoulders. Boys—like all boys, 'd get at her and tease her. She'd get at them an' pull their hair, an' act as though she was goin' to tear their eyes out. They didn't care about fussin' her anymore. Bertha'd cry.

One day, Mrs. Davis was there, an' she went outdoors, an' Flora had the sheepshears, an' there she was cutting off her hair in front. She asked her, "What are you doing?" She said, "All the girls have their hair banged," so she thought she'd bang hers (about five years old).

Yes, that was big, big place. Wa'nt hardly any vines. Cut down some o' the fruit trees, some they hadn't ought; some early apples, young.

The windmill, old, give out. George was there, come near fallin' on him. We didn't understand how to fix the pipes. We had water quite a number o' places. Got clogged up. That thing upstairs—the tank got to falling through. Didn't amount to much. Daisy's father built that tank house. A good worker. We had a sink there, hot an' cold water running right in the kitchen.

Your grandfather divided up the property an' gave to the boys, an' Lydia, an' Myers, and Elsie. Lydia turned hers in on the big place. Elsie sold hers. Myers let his go so as to go to Florida.

Max took our brass kettle to pick fruit. He left it down to D'ri's. The Chinamen stole it, an' they put a piece in the paper—someone had stole their brass kettle.

That black iron kettle belongs to Phil—two or three hundred years old. Come from Germany. Put up fruit in it. First one, then another'd use it.

They used to dry their fruit in the drier. In September come a wet spell, they had to dry the raisins in it. Fed 'em to the horses, an' pigs.

Bertha had dark brown hair. Lydia an' Bert had light brown hair, straight. Flora was the only one had curly hair. When her hair was wet, it would be all ringlets. Flora done well at school—grammar school at Malaga, high school in Fresno, three years to San Jose.

Susie an' D'ri got married there (at the homeplace). Lydia and Harry got married there, too. Rose and Bert, the girl wan't only fifteen. Susie an' D'ri had two tents. Had canary birds. Flora A. had typhoid fever. Been nursing Bertha. Was hungry. Susie an' D'ri had been hunting. Come in an' threw a dead rabbit down. She said she was that hungry that if she could ha' got ahold o' that dead rabbit, she would ha' et it, fur an' all! They have an awful appetite after Typhoid Fever.

There was a man, a Sabbath keeper, wrote to Father to bring bronze turkeys to him, clean from the East. When they come, he wouldn't take 'em. Your Grandfather built a high fence, but they'd fly over the top. Clear to Childers; when they moved there. He didn't want them tormenting others, so he gave them away.

We used to raise so many things—tomatoes, took them to town only a few cents a box. So we told people, Sabbath keepers, to come out and get all they was a mind to. They offered to do sewing for them. We had egg tomatoes, an' pear shaped. We fed 'em to the hogs. We fed 'em raisins, made sweet meat.

I had an awful headache, was almost crazy. Phil come home and got a piece o' ice an' put it on the top o' my head, I felt better.

Christmas we had a Christmas tree, a great, big one. The neighbors all come in—Knapp's, Jensen's, quite a gathering.

OLD-TIME NEIGHBORS

Hans and Annette Jensen

Mr. J. Myers bought the place from Charlie Richter. He lived there with his family. He had two girls and two boys, Ed. Hughes improved the orchard part of it. Charlie improved the vineyard part. Ed. Hughes, the son of Thomas E. Hughes, built it and lived there for several years. He had children, but they were all small. Ed. Hughes' son was postmaster in Fresno for some time.

Ed Hughes had just moved away when we came there, I built my house. I bought the place and improved it. It was mostly vacant land when we came. We lived there nineteen years. We had lived there probably four, five years when Mr. Myers came. We had lived on Dr. Bates' place first. I had run it for Bill Hughes.

My first impression was that it was a very large family. Mr. Wall and I went to have a talk just as they were moved in. Mr. Myers he looked like Phil do. They counted up the family, and there were thirty or thirty-two then.

Mr. J.—Myers was more strong than Phil, more active.

Mrs. J.—He was very kind—the old man—very kind and good.

Mr. J.—He was always a good neighbor, well-thought of by everybody. He worked away on it, hard.

Mrs. J.—And Mrs. Myers—I think she was a very good lady. She has set an example through the years to be patient—Never complaining—always sweet disposition. She have set an example to her children. We have been together often. She have brought her patchwork. She came over and visited me. She always busy with something. She didn't fold her hands and do nothing. Always sweet, nice-looking.

Them biggest boys and girls went to school there for sometime. They passed by my place to school. They walked generally. Sometimes they went in a spring-wagon.

The Grahams:

Mr. J.—I went to Mr. Graham's funeral. He was very nice, a good Christian man; he belonged to the Baptist Church. I went to the Methodist Church in Fresno. Mr. Graham was just like Daisy, kind of slender, thin, and looked like her. Daisy was a good girl, and had just her father's disposition. Rose was something like her mother. The boys—looked some like their father. I see them going by the place. First they lived over at Malaga. Afterwards, when George were married to Daisy they sometimes lived there in the pear orchard by George.

The Childers lived on the Childers Twenty, over by the Myers, and also across from my place. They come down from the mountain. The Childers boys were all kind of growed up—only Marion and Gil that were growed. The others were married or something. Gil was a stout, young man, one of the best correct parties in shooting, he could shoot better than the rest in the Home Guard. He were a crack shot.

Bertha was a stout little girl. She was very pretty.

Ed Hughes lived right across the street from Myers. Then he sold three-quarter of the quarter-section to the Raisin Company. Gibbs don't bought it. He built the house and planted

out the vineyard and then they were sold to Wilder. Ed Hughes had three girls and four boys, if not five. Gibbs had five girls and two boys.

Then Mrs. Bates came, Dr. Bates lived there part of the time, and sometimes he moved to San Francisco and had his place rented out.

Jensen Avenue got its name: There were two brothers Jensen at Sanger where they had quite a bit of land.

The railroad built on the road. It were laid out for a road, and they builded on that. They bought extra land.

I went away. I thought I would have more land. Going to branch out bigger, like everybody. I had twenty-six; and I bought eighty. I think I'd 'a' done better if I'd stayed right there. There a'n't much to moving out. I got in my head to go out somewhere and get some more land.

Rutherfords are living there yet. After their house burned, they built again.

They were the Knapp's family. They came in shortly after the Myers. They also bought from Richter. They lived right west beyond the Childers Twenty. The older people got along fine. They were getting too old to run the ranch so they moved to San Francisco. He don't seem to stand the sharp cold weather there, and he died shortly after. They had a boy and girl. The young man, he married, and brought his wife and they lived on the place.

The Malls lived in the same section as I lived. They had the two girls and three boys. They were all growing up excepting the youngest went to school. The Malls got acquainted with the Myers—We went right away to see 'em—such a large family—Thirty-two come right there to California. The Becks were in Chicago but occasionally come out there. Phil were married, and the Platzek. Susie and Flora and Lydia and Darius were married there.

Now the homeplace is gone. I haven't been out there since the house burned.

Mrs. J.—When I was at Roeding Park 1924 two years ago last Spring, at the Reunion, I look over that large family, I look into all the faces—maybe more than a hundred—I look into Mrs. Myers' face, so peaceful, so sweet, so patient, and I think: She have laid the foundation for these all.

Mr. J.—And Mr. Myers. He have been at peace with his family. They have been at peace. They have been a good family. I have been glad to have known them.

Mrs. J.—We have had a happy connection all the time with the Myers' family.

EARLY MORNING AT THE HOMEPLACE

by Violet

This morning there came a flash of remembrance of Grandpa's garden in front of the Homeplace. I could feel the cool morning air, and smell the mingled odors of oleanders, sunflowers, verbenas, petunias, hollyhocks, trumpet-flowers and roses. There was a labyrinth of silver-green foliage under the white plumes of the plumosa bush.

Grandfather stood there, near his orange tree of which he was so proud. There was about him an atmosphere of power, and quiet strength; of faith and assurance. He was a man of decision, and there was confidence in his presence. He did love his garden. Uncle Bert was like him in his love of beauty and the out-of-doors. With Grandfather there, in the out-of-doors with me, the atmosphere was that of joy and refreshment. The trumpet-flower vine was flaunting its orange trumpets, and bees were climbing into them from the nearby hives under the cork-elm trees.

Uncle Judah came out to the pump with a bucket to fill, making such a noise, there were stirrings in the carriage-house, where the boys slept, and in the house, and soon everybody was getting up, watering horses, milking cows, getting breakfast, doing all the busy things on a farm that must be done whether it is the Sabbath Day, or not. For it was Saturday, and Grandma must be taken to Church; and, in the afternoon there was to be a family service in the parlor, such an inspiration in the lives of so many, for years afterward.

GRANDFATHER'S FAMILY WORSHIP

by Violet Beck

Grandfather Darius Myers held Family Worship in his home, both daily ones, before work began on the farm, and Sabbath afternoon ones, when we gathered in the parlor of the Homeplace in the colony near Fresno. To the Sabbath ones, Uncle Phil and Uncle Dri' would bring their families. Mamma, Eva and I were there when visiting; and Grandpa and Grandma already had a household of sons and daughters, beside Aunt Rebecca's motherless children, Mina and Myers.

Grandpa was like a patriarch of old, with white beard and hair, and deep voice. He truly desired the spiritual salvation of his children, twelve of whom lived to grow up. If he could know about his descendants now, over three hundred of them, he would be satisfied, because they are good citizens; not a bad one among them; and every one reverent toward God. In the Sabbath meetings, Grandpa read from the family Bible, and talked. Aunt Flora A. played on the organ while Aunt Lydia led the singing. Those who were old enough read references from Scripture. Then we knelt by our chairs and those who wished to, prayed.

To this day, the sound of an old hymn will bring back the picture of that parlor, with the fireplace and oval-framed portraits; the dear home-folks; and, outside the open door, the trumpet-flower vine near the steps of the wide veranda. Some of the uncles and aunts continued Family Worship in their own homes; and those were a blessing to Eva and me, especially at Uncle Judah's. When my mother was about to die, she heard the music of "I'll go with Him through the Valley," and she said, "Think of the influence, throughout that big family, of Father's Family Worship."

When Uncle Bert was still a boy, I remember seeing Grandpa run him down, jumping over the pasture fence to catch him, and make him attend Worship. Uncle Bert became an earnest Christian; and, when he knew he was going to die, he told me, "It is as if I were hearing "Oh, Beulah Land," in Father's Family Worship."

Now that the sun is going down in my own life, there is a golden light streaming across the long years; I hear strains of hymns and voices of loved ones; and I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for Grandfather's Family Worship of long ago.

THE HOMEFOLKS AS I REMEMBER THEM, AS A CHILD

from First Home Folks Book

by Evalinda Estella Earl

About 1925

Our first trip to California is vague, only the sad memory of receiving a telegram on the way there on the train, of Aunt Becky's death and that Bertha had typhoid fever.

Years later we went to find a home in California. It was after the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. When "The Last Days of Pompeii" were concluded and the buildings were being burned down, we could see the flames from our back yard.

It was a long trip on the train. The prairie dogs and vividly colored forests were a delight. The Indians sold clay dolls and other figures at stops.

When we arrived at the Homeplace, it seemed large, though crowded with happy folks who opened the day with prayer

and praise. The orchards and fields seemed vast. I picked blackberries near the house.

Aunt Flora Ethel was always the most beautiful person in the world. Aunt Lydia was sweet and dear, always kind and loving. She wanted to adopt little Lydia Childers, but little Lydia was homesick.

Uncles Bert, Judah and Gordy all teased me. Bertha and I played on the pond, floating boats, and getting on a raft. Mina bossed us around. One day she was teetering on her chair, at the long table, and slid clear under the table.

There was an abundance of fresh milk, with milk-gravy for breakfast; and the corn-meal mush with real cream over it was delicious.

Seventeen cats we counted one time. A bunch of them were carried away one time about thirty miles, and Grandpa's white cat came back. The croquet ground was green with Bermuda grass where we and the Bryan children and Bertha played. The bees in the garden made delicious honey, but one found me on my birthday so I couldn't enjoy the nice cake at my party.

Grandpa was the fine-looking stern priest of the family. I used to comb his hair. He was a hard-working man, working until over eighty, except on the Sabbath Day.

Grandma was always kind, patient, busy with various cares, could walk several miles, got the washing out before nine o'clock, was nice-looking.

When I remember the Homeplace, I think of the poem:

"The doorway of the old home
Has often opened wide . . .
. . . . . .
And yet, in glowing Summer,
In Winter and in Fall
It gives a cheery welcome
And knowing eyes may see
The row of clear-cut visions
That stand and smile at me."

The heights of the different children as they grew taller were marked on the wood at the side of the dining-room door, until Uncle George painted it over.

At Christmas, the youngest opened their stockings first. One year, Uncle Bert gave us all bought presents.

When I was thirteen, Mamma was called from our quiet home in Benicia to help nurse her father in his last illness, and then we moved to San Diego. After that, we didn't see the homefolks yearly, and many changes came. Dainty Aunt Lydia married and lived at the homeplace a year. Now she lives not far down the road where she still has her hospitable home.

Aunt Flora E. came back from her honeymoon to live in the homeplace a year or so, and there Ethel came to brighten up the home. Before this, I enjoyed a year with my "Queen Flora Ethel" at Uncle Judah's, helping take care of Uncle Judah's little Paul.

Uncle Judah worked hard to improve his place, planting new rows of trees and vines, keeping Johnson grass out.

We are so glad of the reunions we had at the Homeplace. Before that, we had met at Uncle Judah's, Aunt Elsie's, and Aunt Lydia's, but later ones were at the Homeplace, where we gathered on Grandma's birthdays. After my return from Honolulu, bringing Lillian and little David, I came down from Berkeley to gather with them all. It was the last time we had dear patient Aunt Daisy with us.

I have nursed the homefolks different times. I was glad of the privilege to nurse Aunt Daisy before Seymour was born, and I nursed her a few weeks before the end of her life. Several times I was with Aunt Flora E. when an addition came to her family. Donald was a good fat strong sleepy baby. Chester was more nervous. Edith came in Fresno. Aunt Flora welcomed each child.

While I was in training at Dr. Maxson's Sanitarium in Oakland, I had come down to help Aunt Elsie, but was called back before Johnny arrived. I nursed her through one serious illness later. I wish I could have been with dear Glen and Mildred.

One reason I hurried back from Honolulu was to take care of Lalie, but though disappointed then, I did nurse her when she had bonny Dorothy. I was Gertrude's nurse with her first baby.

Hester was really my first hospital case, at St. Helena. Three weeks later, she was brought, a tiny mite, by her brave mother, to my wedding. I was so glad Aunt Flora Ethel could come, bringing Eunice. Aunt Elsie came, too. Aunt Lydia, bringing Ralph, came later to visit us at Seattle, where James and I and his two boys, Louis and Charles, were living.

Aunt Lydia and Aunt Elsie were both good to give me a home while I was packing fruit in Fowler and Fresno as a girl. Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora A. gave me room and board between cases in Fresno. They let me live in their cabin. I used to call their home "The Home of Peace," especially when dear patient white-haired Grandma Bedford was alive, with her smile like a benediction.

As long as I can remember Grandma Myers, she has been brave through pain. She pieced me four quilts.*

"Work of a trembling wrinkled hand
But carefully fashioned as first was planned
Just a whisper of quiet days
Of humble duties and lowly ways,
Of life as swerveless and fine and true
As these wondrous blocks of brown and blue."

She loved babies and enjoyed even the third generation. Beth's little child is the fourth generation. Grandma looked for the second coming of her Savior and was ready to meet Him. She attended church services and kept thousands of Sabbaths. Few of her large family joined her Adventist Church, except Uncle Judah with Aunt Salema, Uncle Dri with Glen, and Bert, who was converted after years of prayers had ascended for him; but most of her boys and girls kept the Sabbath and look forward to meeting her again.

*Note by Flora E.: Mother told me she had pieced sixty-five quilts.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HOMEPLACE

Written November 25, 1953

Dear Gertrude:

Christmas is coming, and I've been remembering Christmases away back. In Chicago the big plate-glass window in the front room where Mamma and I slept would be covered with frost, and I'd look at the tree and fern-like designs until Papa had started the fires in kitchen and living-room. Then Eva would come in and we'd dress by the stove, eager to open our stockings tied onto the backs of chairs.

Mamma had made red dresses for our dolls, which she put last in the stocking tops with their arms spread out, and candy canes protruding beside them. Books and toys would be on the chair seats; there would be a Chatterbox book for Eva. We waited until Papa and Mamma could be there to watch; and, oh, what thrills there were as we delved down—an orange, an apple, a ball, nuts, candy, a handkerchief and, in the very toe, a thimble, ring, or something else small and precious. We never had a tree, because Papa did not like to see a tree cut off from life. In Germany, where he lived near the Black Forest, trees were kept carefully.

When I was eight years old, we spent a Christmas at the Homeplace near Fresno, on our way to Benicia. Christmas Eve, the men-folks put their hats on the long table in the dining room, and the women-folks tied their stockings onto the backs of chairs. Mamma let Eva and me use her black Yaeger stockings, which stretched.

Fires were burning in both fireplaces of dining room and parlor, and kerosene oil lamps were lighting the tall-ceilinged rooms, as different ones came to put their presents with the separate piles. Grandpa, looking like a cheerful, white-bearded Father Christmas, and Uncle Judah went out into a room off the west porch and wrapped up turnips and potatoes to look like presents—they both liked to tease. When the presents were opened in the morning, there was lots of laughter. Aunt Lydia received a tiny china bureau, which she let me play with on the window sill.

On Christmas afternoon, there was a program in the parlor with recitations and readings. Grandpa played on his flute, and Aunt Flora A. played on the organ to accompany songs.

There was a Christmas program at school also, upstairs in the big childrens' room, where there was a platform and curtains; and again we sang "Jingle Bells." In California, we didn't dash through the snow in "a one-horse open sleigh," but the remembrance of snow was fresh in our minds in that year of 1894.

On Christmas Eve there drove up to the homeplace an old friend whose destination was Kingsburg. He said it was too late to drive that far, and Grandpa took him in though the house was overfull. Grandpa never turned a traveler away.

It seems such a little while since I was eight years old and at the Homeplace that Christmas Eve. Now, of all that full household, only Aunt Flora and Uncle George, Mina, Eva and I remain.

We do have dear ones living now. You and Alta live near each other with your childrens' families not too far away. Little children are having Christmases now, to be their memories in future years.

Gertrude, did you like the brooch with bright red stone I left with Alta to give you? I thought it would look pretty with your smiling brown eyes.

Lovingly,
Violet

THE FAMILY CEMETERY

by Violet Beck

Aug. 19, 1963

The cemetery stood on a little rise on Uncle Judah's land, across the road from the ditch. The path from the house led right through it, turning to the right to go down the road of Lover's Lane; and then to the left to pass over the bridge toward the homeplace. Poplar and cottonwood trees shaded it from along the ditch, and ornamental trees grew among the monuments inside the fence.

There was a big monument for Grandpa and Grandma Myers, a middle-sized one for Caroline Bedford, a slender one for Nettie, and a marble lamb for Wardie Lee. We would put wild flowers on the graves of the babies, including those of neighbors' children.

The cemetery and its environs were made pleasant by growing things. Uncle Judah, carrying a bucket back and forth from the ditch, watered his flowers. I can see him in memory, now, bringing a bouquet of pansies to Aunt Lydia, or the first pink-leaved filaree to Aunt Salema. He planted a little Sequoia tree from the Sierras, on the bank of the ditch. Myers' peach-tree, which Grandpa had given him, was half-way down Lover's Lane beside the path. Over the bridge drooped a weeping-willow tree. Muscat grape-vines grew up to the edges of the cemetery fence and the pond.

In the early days, the pond had been filled with water, for storage, swimming, and boating; but in the later days, it was overgrown with willow-trees and bushes. One summer, Earl, Paul and Ralph pitched a tent beside it. On its southern bank, two of the farm horses had been buried under a big tree.

Lying among the leaves in the shade of this cottonwood tree, I used to wonder about death. The spirits of those loved ones whose bodies had been put in the graves did not seem too far away. The homefolks were living in houses all about. God had them all in His keeping. There was hope of a Reunion.

After Uncle Judah sold his place, the remains were removed to a new plot at Mountain View Memorial Cemetery in Fresno. On Grandpa's big monument were added the names of his fourteen sons and daughters. The babies were put in one grave.

The family cemetery was a lovely place. None other has ever seemed so homelike.

THE DARIUS MYERS COLONY

by Violet Beck

August 26, 1964

This map of the Darius Myers Colony, photographed by the Western Blue Print Company of Fresno, proved too difficult to use as a base for a map of the homes and environs of any home-folks living there. Besides, the homes of Myers, Bert, and Aunt Lydia should be included. Therefore, I have added the quarter-section of land south of our half-section, and have drawn all plumb with the compass, to represent the Colony as I remember it.

The Homeplace was a big, one-story house facing south, with wide verandas on three sides. In the early days, the boys slept in the upstairs of the Carriage House. There was the milk cellar, the tank-house, the windmill and watering trough, the barn and the dryer.

Uncle Phil built a two-story house, and there was a little building in back where Mrs. Childers stayed while Bertha and Gil lived there, before they bought the place at Auberry. Uncle Dri's one-story house became a fine, two-story one. Uncle George's house was one story, and I think Lawrence added on to it. Uncle Judah's was a four bedroom, two-story house. The homes of Myers and Bert were one-story. Aunt Lydia's house was two-story, big and roomy. When it burned down she, Uncle Harry and Ralph moved into the Hughes' house, on the adjoining farm. When it burned down, Aunt Lydia lost her life.

Uncle George and Aunt Susie were living in the homeplace when it burned down. Uncle Phil had a new house built, a little further to the East, and they were living in it when Shirley Ann was born. Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene bought it and lived in it a number of years. That house and Gladys' house are the only remaining houses of the relatives.

Gladys and Bernie built to the North, beyond the irrigation ditch, a modern, one-story house, which Bernie Junior, with his family, occupies now. They are making a beautiful yard which one Jehovah's Witness lady said, "looks like what I imagine Heaven would be." They are the only relatives now living on the colony land.

Last week, Aunt Flora wrote, "Martin took me out to see what had happened to the Colony, and it made me heart-sick. So many little houses scattered about, and the orchards and vineyards gone. Wasn't it strange? All the original houses burned."

But the Colony lives in my heart, and I hope this map will bring it to life again in the imagination of those who read this book.

THE HOUSE ON COTTAGE GROVE IN CHICAGO
(where Eva and Violet were born)
Aunt Lydia in the window. Louise on the sidewalk. Violet in the rocking chair. Eva standing beside her. This was a tintype picture, taken in 1888. Notice the board walk and the chimneys.

GRANDMA'S BLESSING AT TABLE

Grandma has a blessing she generally says without much variation, but when I ask her for it, she can't remember anything only what Aunt Lydia did not want me to write down. It is about our decaying natures, and she will not give it up; because, she says, that is what she means, "We are not as we used to be in our younger days."

She has a beautiful prayer at morning worship; but she finds it impossible to dictate that also. It is something like this:

"Our Heavenly Father, we come before Thee this morning. We thank Thee for all Thy great blessings. Be with us through the day. Be with the sick and afflicted and discouraged. Thou knowest our weakness and shortcomings. Be with all those who are in need of Thee. Bless Lalie and help her and comfort her, and if it be Thy will, may she get well. May Thy holy angels be about her, an' hold her in the hollow of Thy hand. For Jesus' sake. Amen!"

Grandma's Blessing at Table

"Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this food. Bless it to the nourishment of our decaying natures. Forgive us our sins. Fit and prepare us for Thy coming. For Christ's sake. Amen!"

GRANDFATHER HITS THE DEVIL

Cousin Myers—

Grandfather used to tell stories. He used to tell the ghost story of how he went to see his girl. That was before he sparked Grandma.

He went up to the back door, but he saw the devil before he reached the door. It was a big, black devil, with black horns that stood up on its head.

"Get away from there!" he calls. No answer.

"Get away from there, you devil!" he repeats, but the devil didn't move.

Then he ups and takes a big stick, and throws it straight at the devil's head. Clank! He had broken a big black iron kettle that was setting on something upside down, with its feet in the air.

He never went in to see his girl after that. Next day he sees her father and offers to pay for the kettle. But he never went to see that girl again.

I used to tell Grandmother that if he hadn't thought that was the devil, he might not have married her, but the other one. She thought that was all foolishness. She wouldn't hear to me.

Grandfather told that ghost story lots of times.

MEMORIES OF OLD TIMES

By Myers Bryan—

We used to go and watch dances. Bert took some dancing lessons, but they were only fancy steps and he never got onto the floor. There's where we missed out. We ought to a-learned how to dance and get acquainted.

There was lots of good theaters in Fresno. There's where we'd get our entertainment. We used to sneak out.

We'd help with the washing. I'd turn the crank of that old washing machine clear around till it would stop, then back again. They'd put clothes in a sheet and we'd kind of rumble them around. Don't think it did much good—they had to rub them nearly as much.

There'd be about a hundred of us in the kitchen—one doing this thing, another that. Sloppin' all over the kitchen floor. Every Sunday morning was the washing. Flory was real pretty.

There used to be a croquet ground southeast of the house, in a Bermuda grass lawn. It was trodden down smooth. We used to play there every day but Saturday.

Saturdays we used to eat and eat. On Sundays we would have to work.

Grandma was real spry and chipper in those days. Mina left to work in Fowler after about a year. We all pitched in and helped with the work. Grandfather used to tell about the Indians following their train when they crossed the plains.

AN UNEXPECTED EAVESDROPPER

Cousin Myers—

Bert and I went together. George and Gordy were of the older generation. We went our ways and they theirs. We slept in the carriage house.

Judah slept in the house. He was allays listenin' to our plans an' reportin'.

One night we thought he was listenin'. Gordy was going home to D'ri's. We told him to see who that was standing out there. We thought it was Judah. Gordy ought to 'a' told us. He went whistlin' down the road—never give us a sign or nothin'.

We stood there lookin', thinkin' it was Judah, an' called out: "Who's there?" No answer.

"Who's there?" Bert calls. No answer.

"If you don't answer, I'll throw this shoe at you," says Bert.

"If you do, it'll be the last one you ever throw," Grandpa calls back.

We just melted back into the rooms. Gordy ought to 'a' told us. It was his fault.

SKUNKMEAT AND THE TRAMP

Uncle D'ri'—

I had to laugh one time, a tramp come there, and Mother had a skunk in the oven. She used to try it out for the tallow and then throw it away.

We didn't have very much, and Mother set this skunk before him, and he et and he et. "Madam," he said, "this is the sweetest meat I ever tasted. May I ask what it is?" "Skunk," Mother said. He didn't say nothing at all; just got up and walked out. Mother used to give us skunk grease when we had the croup.

THE GENEROUS TRAMP

Uncle D'ri'—

Back in Pleasant Valley, the house was a great big house. Father would never turn down anyone who came.

One time at Nora he used to wear old clothes, and he was working out on the fence and a tramp come along. Father wanted to trade coats with him, but the tramp wouldn't, he said his coat was better. The tramp took out a dollar and said, "Here, old man, I think you need this worse than I do."

GAMES

Lydia Writes—

The first two or three years after we came here we young folks used to have the greatest time playing croquet. The boys had made a fine level ground for it in the southwest yard of the house, and toward evenings the trees on the south and west sides made a nice shade. It was about our only relaxation from work and we entered into it whole-heartedly. The others would come from their homes to play—sometimes Phil and Flora, Darius and Susie — and we would have as many playing as there were balls and mallets for. Often we would have games by moonlight and if we couldn't see well enough we would tie strips of white cloth at the top of each arch. We would love to play the partner games or else choose sides and whole sides would play against each other. John Phil Moody, a Maine boy, worked for us for a while. He played with us many a game, and Howard Smith came on a visit from Illinois and he enjoyed it, too, and young people would come out from town to play with us.

REBECCA

By Steve

I remember seeing my mother hanging mosquito netting over the bed, to keep out the mosquitos, and the box on top of the chair gave way, and she fell and broke her ribs. It happened in the evening when none of the men were there. They were over in New Smyrnia.

She favored Aunt Elsie or Aunt Lydia. She was taller than Aunt Lydia. She was not so tall as Aunt Flora.

I remember going to Nora, Illinois, and getting sick seeing some tobacco in a shed. The darned thing got to smoking and made me sick.

My Mother and Father and Mina, Myers and myself, and Renvy—that is all there was. Bessa might have been a youngster.

They had a big dog at Nora's that did the churning. Grandfather had a dog that walked on a slope on an endless belt, and that connected up so as to turn the churn. D'ri told me that he found out he could slow up and stand there. He was a big fellow.

I remember my Mother and the little baby lying in the coffin. I never will forget that.

My dad never did say much to us, that is, if I remember right.

Written Aug. 9, 1924 by S. S. Bryan.

Date of birth—Sept. 6, 1880.

Grandmother was telling about Rebecca's wedding dress. She went to town and bought some cloth,—white with little roses, but Grandpa wanted it all white, so he bought a white silk, with a raised stripe, and white roses; and a dressmaker made it up, and she was married in that.

They had a big wedding. For several days beforehand they were cooking. They hired a cook. They had captains and colonels, and several bridesmaids.

Anna Bryan

ACCOUNT BY DARIUS ELIHU MYERS

Born August 2, 1868, A.D.

George and I went to Florida after Becky's children. I paid my own fare, but Father allowed me five hundred dollars for the whole trip. Myers and Mina had to pay fare—seventy dollars. Half fare on Steve and Renvy. The others, when the conductor'd come around, I'd line them up in their seats and make them stoop down so they'd look little so they didn't have to pay any fare.

We had to lay over to the hotel at Jacksonville, Florida, and at New Orleans. Took us about ten days. We didn't have much trouble, only, when we got on the pullman, Steve had an air-gun, was breaking all the looking glasses. After I took his gun away from him, he was ripping up all the cushions with his knife.

At New Orleans we had to cross the Mississippi River on a boat.

Mina was about thirteen. Myers about twelve. Bessie was a good build. Lydia was slim. Renvy was chunky. Becky was tall and thin. She was more like Elsie.

Gordy was run over by a wagon when he was four or five years old, run right over his head.

I had to laugh: Gordy was always looking after George—was always tryin' to keep him out of mischief. We was all at the table, an' father was saying Grace and Gordy calls out, "Maw! Maw! George is cutting up while Pa is Lordin' it."

George was always your Mother's favorite. Gordy was pulling him away from mischief, yankin' him away, thought he had to keep him out'n mischief.

Gordy an' Bertha was never so bright, an' Mother had to watch out over them more. Seems as if it is natchell to give more affection to someone afflicted than someone strong and robust. You're more apt to give someone weak and sickly your sympathy than someone who is strong.

We used to have stew when we would come home from school, Mother would cook up a big pot, with about nine pounds of meat, and carrots, and potatoes. Each one of us would eat about a pound of meat.

Then we'd go out and do the chores, and when we come in, about eight o'clock, we'd have a big kettle of corn-meal mush, and we'd eat all we wanted of that.

REBECCA'S HOME IN FLORIDA

By Myers Sidney Bryan

Born 1878, at Datona, Volusia Co., Florida

Lived in Tomoka first; visited Illinois; then Barbersville, Glencoe, New Smyrna.

Father had a mill and a store at Barbersville. He was building a big, two-story building. Sold out mill at Glencoe—sawmill. Big mill at Smyrna.

Father's family were kind of Scottish-Irish. I lived with Grandfather and Grandmother Bryan and Uncle John above

Ormond. Had lived there two years when Mother died. Old-fashioned house, set back from the kitchen, six feet high off the ground, on account we lived on a river; and at high-tide we had a boat and rowed from house to kitchen.

Had the time of my life—made little boats and sails. That was the height of my life, at high-tide. Made a little boat and sailed around in it. Missed it when I left Uncle John.

We had the choice. Bert wrote they had a pond and a boat. I had an idea it was a great big one. Came out here and it was only a little water. Always liked the water. It was being raised on the water—on the Halifax River. Spent one winter right on a boat. The stormier it was the better I liked it. Ever since have liked the water. It was a clean life. Used to get fish and oysters.

An awful high storm finally washed the kitchen away. Now they have built a canal up that country connecting the rivers, now it is more even current. Always had the craving to go back.

They took us to a hotel at Jacksonville, Uncle George and Uncle D'ri. Left us awhile; thought they never would come back; kept worrying for fear our train would leave us.

I guess I was eleven. They met us at Malaga. That evening Grandfather took me way up in the orchard, showed me the pears way up on the trees. Was in January. They had a watermelon they had saved.

Grandfather had white whiskers—was taller than Phil, longer boned. He was jolly—he had stories to tell for occasions. Grandfather was all right. Was always pleasant to everybody.

LALIE'S MEMORIES

That swift horse was beautiful. It had a tail that dragged the ground. It was small-built. We sold it to Hasty, there at Fowler. They had a mate for it—just about the same build. They hitched them to a surrey. One Sunday they came by our house, and the horses were running away; threw them all out. I remember the big boy crying, had hurt his head some. The old man drives it yet—the last I heard—he plugs along. Hasn't got the life he had. We called him Charley-horse.

Papa sold him because he was afraid there would be an accident. Mamma was not afraid of any horse, but Papa was afraid she might have an accident.

I remember that Papa used to let men come after hours to the harness shop. He would put his arm around the man's shoulders, and say, "Mein bruderlie, what is it today?" Especially, that old man, Post, who had his blacksmith shop next to Papa's, on the old Place, and Papa had the harness-shop. Even after he moved away, old man Post would come to see him, and Papa would call him, "Mein bruder."

That old man Jennings, that colored man, used to come and sit in Papa's shop. When he died he came to the house, and Papa was dead—that old colored man cried like a baby. He was an old slave. He used to come and sit in the shop even after Papa was dead, seemed like he couldn't realize it.

When we were all sick there—Johnny and Carl were so sick we thought they would die before Papa did. Mamma looked after Papa and Carl, and I looked after Johnny and Cousin Alice, who was sick upstairs.

On the twenty-third Mamma wakened me and said, "Lalie, go for the doctor right away, I am afraid Papa is dying." I prayed all the way that he would not die. I guess my prayer was not to have been answered. I have thought of that so much when I would pray to God so earnestly, with faith, you know, and my prayers would not be answered.

Papa died Christmas noon. I will never forget that day. You know how Papa always made over Christmas so much, and how much he planned on it. They had sent away to Sears and Roebuck for a tricycle for Johnny. It came two weeks before, and Papa had to show it to me in the shop. He could hardly wait to see Johnny on it. But he never did.

If Death is the end, and we are never going to see our loved ones again, I do not want to live. If I thought I was never going to see Papa and Mamma again, or anyone would be missing I had loved, I would not want to go to Heaven.

You know it says that few there be who will go to Heaven. You know Papa never did belong to any church, and I get to thinking of that. But God knows the heart.

Death is an awful thing anyway you look at it. They say children do not realize it. They play around, but they do not forget. It is like a blow. You do not know what has happened, at first. I would not want to love anyone, if I was never, never going to see them anymore.

Jimmy used to go fishing with Rudy. I never did understand how Papa could let him go when he was so little. Rudy is hard to understand. He appreciates it when someone does understand him.

I met Oliver in Fowler. He was a big boy when he first came to Fowler. He lived in our same block. I didn't notice him for a long time. I have nothing against Oliver. Nothing to complain about. We have lived happy ever after. You get to loving one another more as the years go on. There is nothing mean about Oliver. Always the same. As you see him now, he is always the same.

I think Mamma realized that the operation would be the end. It was better that way than if she had suffered a long time. She always said that if she had cancer, she would not want to suffer like Mrs. Nelson, she was with her when she was so sick.

She felt so bad to leave Johnny. "What will become of my little boy?" she said. "Don't worry, Mamma," I said, "I will take care of him." He was such a pathetic little boy. He was the sweetest little child I ever knew. I guess she thought the rest of us were able to take care of ourselves, but Johnny was such a little boy, though he was nine.

Mamma was always doing something for somebody.

Papa's beard was natural to us. One day Papa came home from Fresno. He'd had his beard shaved off and left a moustache. We children wouldn't go to him at all. We peeked around the corner at him. Rudy was away fishing when Papa died.

Lalie (Leonora Hittle)
Arbois Station, Calif.
Aug. 26, 1924.

THE HOMEPLACE NEAR MALAGA IN 1890

By Judah Myers

When we came to California the night air was cooler and damper than in Illinois. We enjoyed the fireplace. There was lots of rain that spring, more than usual, and the grass grew rank. The rain came late in the spring, so every chance between rains we had to get part of the work done. We hired some help in pruning orchard and vineyard, then the job of gathering brush in grass began.

Phil's folks came last of March and soon helped us with work, even Flora A. and Susie helped gather brush. The ground got so soft that a cow or horse would get down outside of the road; we helped a cow out several times.

The moisture made dense fogs in mornings and sometimes lasted part of the day, made the air chilly and damp.

We had a house full when Phil came so they put up a tent near the house and lived there. Part of boys slept upstairs in

carriage house, which had two rooms. We enjoyed the roses that bloomed most of winter, and soon, at last of February, some trees began to bloom, it was a new sight to us. We had apricots, peaches, plums and some apples and nectarines and pears. When it all got ripe we enjoyed it, but found lots of work, but most of us liked it.

GRANDFATHER'S BEES

Violet Writing—

Uncle Judah says Grandpa was not as large as Uncle Phil. He was sick a good deal. He would work very hard and have sick headaches and come in and lie down. Once he made believe oranges grew on a little orange tree, and called us all out to see them. He had tied them on.

He used to tend the bees, and was very angry if people would kill them. He used to have me fish them out of the water-trough. Once I was helping him take honey out of the boxes and a bee ran after me, and I ran around the house and he shouted at me not to kill it. I stepped on one with my bare foot and squashed it, and he was kind of provoked. He used to call me to run and get the ammonia.

When he felt tired or sick and would lie down, in hot weather, he wanted me to fan him with a palm-leaf fan.

Lydia Writes—

Father had very beautiful hair, it was thick and vibrant, it would never lie down smoothly, but seemed more alive than most people's hair does. It never did get real white, but was silvery. He had a large head. He liked to have us brush and comb his hair and rub his head, it rested him more than anything. I suppose that habit began because of his having so much sick headache and then it would seem to help him to have someone rub his head and comb his hair. Poor Father! What a lot of suffering he went through, with sick headaches all his life!

He used to call this the "Land of Milk and Honey, Wine and Oil." We never wanted for delicious honey while we had father, for I can't remember a time when he didn't keep many hives of bees, and took all the care of them himself. He often got me to help him about hiving them when a new swarm came out. He had the hives sitting along in a row just east of the house at the old Home Place, and he had planted several clumps of verbenas near by. They looked very pretty.

GRANDMA AND JUDAH TALK TOGETHER

Grandma: Bert was small when we came, but he grew big and strong and self-willed; and did not want to honor and obey. He got to smoking cigarettes. He and Myers smoked. Grandpa told them if they would go to school, he would hire a man to do their farm work. The teacher would not let them stay because they smoked.

Judah: Bert thought a lot of Wardie. He was around with him a good deal, and acted like a boy larger than his age. If he thought his father hadn't watered the horses, he would go in and get 'em out.

Grandma: He wan't hardly six. George's were moving down to the Homeplace. Lawrence and Frank went on ahead. They were climbing a telegraph pole. Wardie came after them. The train was coming seventy miles an hour. The conductor didn't know about it (hitting Wardie) until he got to Fresno, and saw the cap on the engine. Bert said that turned both of them to doing right. They see they couldn't never see him again if they didn't make a change and be different.

Judah: First Daisy and Rose belonged to the Baptist Church. Mr. Cook came and invited Bert to go to church. Bert had got so that he was kind of indifferent to anything before he was married.

Grandma: Now he is trying to live a Christian life. He was a deacon in the Church. Bert was baptized in the Adventist Church. An' Daisy an' Rose, an' Gladys an' Dary, after Daisy died. Brother Holmes an' Brother Dart was there an' held meetings.

MEMORIES OF THE HOMEPLACE

By Susie Bedford Myers

Written Aug. 18, 1924, 126 Caledonia St., Santa Cruz

Stockton, Illinois

As I remember the old homeplace there are many dear memories, coming from Mo. with Phil and Florrie in March, 1890, we lived in two tents in the yard close to Father Myers' house until Christmas of that year, when Darius and I were married in the house at the old homeplace. The house that is now burned.

They were all so nice and spared no pains in giving us a very nice wedding. I think there were about thirty guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Norton of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Chinnock, and Rev. St. John, of the Adventist Church officiating.

After the wonderful dinner was over and most of the guests gone, Flora E., Florrie, Judah, and Mr. and Mrs. Richter accompanied us to our own little house, which was all new and ready for us to go keeping house. We were very proud of our home, although there was only two rooms in the house at that time, but I thot that was perfectly wonderful.

The next day Bertha said to Mother, "O my, I'm glad I am not the baby of the family any more. Susie is." And not least among the nice wedding gifts were two little yellow and white kittens which Bertha and Hugh brot us the next day, and we named them Annie Roonie and Joe.

We lived there and kept improving the place and growing more prosperous for 24 years when we sold and went away.

Our six children were all born there. Glen was married there, after we had improved the house until we had a very nice, comfortable home, but always have enjoyed going back to visit the dear old Homeplace. Now there is not and never will be the same home feeling that there was before the fire.

NOTE: The house at the Homeplace burned in July, 1924. Darius' old house burned in 1925.

June 1, 1968

NOTE by Violet: These excerpts from the First Home Folks Book are being added, because they will give a better understanding of these homefolks, whom I remember so clearly. I can see Uncle Dri leaning forward, as he tells one of his jokes. Myers spoke with a slight lisp in his soft southern voice that almost had tears in it. Lalie had a tenor voice. Steve liked to put his feet up onto something when narrating. Uncle Judah spoke with a quick, almost gruff voice. (He walked with a limp, because Bert's Charley-horse kicked and broke his leg, when he was snatching a neighbor's little girl to safety. One of Aunt Salema's legs was shorter than the other, and she dipped to touch the ground with the ball of that foot.) Grandmother had a bubbling laugh and an easy, rippling voice. Aunt Lydia spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

OLDER PICTURES.
(Reading from left to right)

The house in which Grandpa (Darius Myers) lived as a boy. The cemetery in New York State where Grandmother Cornelius Like was buried. Her tombstone is the big one to the left, and on it are also the names of some of her children. Home of Aunt Elsie in Fowler. Lalie among the hollyhocks at the side of her house in Fowler. Uncle Phil's house in Fresno; Grandma is sitting on the steps. The home of Louise in San Diego; she is sitting in front.

The house in York State where Mary and John Myers lived and died. Rebecca and Henry Bryan. Grandmother sitting in front of Aunt Lydia's house. Grandmother Ruth Howland Annable, (a tin-type). Uncle Judah's house at Orosi with all the family in front. Aunt Flora E. sitting on the sofa at Aunt Lydia's house. Aunt Lydia. Ruthie Myers. Lillian in her red plush dress. Louise with baby Lillian. Grandmother. Georgie, and Gladys holding Seymour.

Aunt Flora E. and Tom Monkley in front of the Pleasant Valley home. A group in front of Uncle Darius' house in the colony. Mildred is in the buggy. Little Mildred. One of the early reunions; the picture was taken out on the Bermuda lawn. Hester and her dolls. Lydia and Ellen. (Above) Elsie's Gertrude, Edith and Miriam. David among the poinsettias. Winnie and Wilma. (Below) Eugene Lee and Uncle Gene. Aunt Flora A. cooking. Gertrude and Alta. Lydia, Ellen and Melissa. Bert on horseback.

Uncle Judah's homeplace. Uncle Judah's family. Grandma Bedford in her room at Uncle Phil's homeplace. Bert, Rose and Ruby. Gordie and Gertrude's mother with Beulah and Constance. Aunt Flora E. and her two bridesmaids, Eva and Bessie. (Above) Aunt Lydia and Ralph. Eva and Lillian. Aunt Daisy's family with their house in background. Ralph. Mina Childers. Bertha, Florabel, Alta, Edna, and Melissa. Isabelle and Annabel, Jack Bryan, Bessie, with Elwin, Roy, Beth and Alice. (Below) Paul, with Uncle Phil's house at the end of the path. Johnny, Herbert and Hermann with Matie's house in Fowler. Matie and Philip. Matie and her grand-daughter.

Camp Goodall at Shaver Lake; Aunt Daisy holds the tiny baby Georgie, and talks to Gene and George. Violet feeds Paul with a spoon while Gladys looks on; Lawrence is astride of a log. Gill and Mrs. Graham are in the back. Camp at Dinky Creek; Ralph plays, Aunt Lydia reads, Aunt Flora cooks, Harry and Finney fry bacon. A reunion group showing rear end of homeplace. Group of happy cousins. Mina. Glen.

THE HOMEPLACE

The Homeplace from the front: Gladys and Violet on the porch. A corner in back to the west. Seymour feeding the chickens. Chester and Ruthie smelling sunflowers.

Toward the barn and tray-shed. Uncle George and others at a reunion playing horse-shoes. (Below) Children on east-porch: Miriam, Ruby, Ethel, Beulah, and Connie holding Ruthie. Group of cousins at reunion: Grandmother holding Connie, Ethel with arms around Grandma's neck. Earl and Ralph behind. Piece of Miriam, Gladys, Ruby and Georgie pulling up leg of panties. To Grandma's left, Frances, Paul, Beulah, Violet, Glen, Lawrence, and in front, Edna, Alta, and Florabel. Picture at side: group on Bermuda-grass lawn; Mildred and Lillian, arms around each other, Ruby holding Mina, and other little girls. A carload of girls. Constance. A group of cousins by the old tank-house.

Sons and daughters and in-laws. Out on the lawn—it is Donald who is standing on his head. Aunt Lydia, Ethel and Miriam. A car-load.

Ring-around-a-rosy on the west-porch. Hester and Lillian in front and David in the center. Dancing out on the lawn. Ruthie is mad and won't play. Grandma and some laughing aunts. Grandma is blowing her nose. Flora A., Salema, Lydia, Daisy, Rose, Flora E., Grandma, Susie.

I HEAR THE VOICES OF CHILDREN, THE LULLABIES OF MOTHERS

Melissa Clark with a log-cabin quilt she has pieced. Alta kissing Philmore. Gertrude buttoning up Freddie's sweater. Junior watching Gladys sew. Roy Young holding his black cat. Lou Young fixing flowers on the table.

Carl feeding Harold. Eva giving a bottle of milk to a baby. Uncle Phil reading. Aunt Flora A. giving candy to Mabel, Doris, Hazel, and Junior. David in his first long pants. Lillian starting for high-school.

Flora and Edith; Edith reaching for a butterfly. Lalie taking a sliver out of Dorothy's foot. Louise and Lou Young. Philmore, Billie and Edith climbing over a fence. Ruth and Edith starting for school, and Aunt Flora waving goodbye to them.

Looking east from the headgate. Melissa Clark's house at Keene. Winnie and Wilma. Hester, Georgie, Donald, Chester, Ruth, Ethel, and Miriam.

Winnie and Wilma climbing the big pine tree, Uncle Dri's house beyond. The family cemetery. Gertrude and Gladys in the apple orchard. Leroy holding Ruby's baby, Junior, and Sonny looking on.

Alice starting for school, Bessie's house in the distance. Hester feeding the chickens. Ruth and Edith going to school.

THERE ARE ORCHARDS AND MEADOWS, OLD-FASHIONED HOUSES, AND LOVERS LANES

Violet picking golden-rod. Down by the pond—Mamie Washer, Flora, Seymour, Jesse, Ruthie, Georgie, and Lydia. Early Reunion. Violet when she got her Master's degree.

Susie and Shirley. Hazel. Grandma. Ralph at the pump. George and Shirley.

Esther and Harold. Philmore. Hazel and Mabel on the swinging-bar at school. David sucking his wash-rag. Philmore, Edith and Geney-Lee. Ida (a little girl staying at Aunt Salema's house) and Hester, sitting on the old head-gate.

Uncle Judah's old place. Dorothy and a Christmas tree. Ruby's boy. Doris walking her doll. Charles taking Lillian to Sabbath school at St. Helena. Gordy smoking. Dorothy and Marie making mud-pies.

Salema, Hester and Leila. Dorothy and the kittens. Philmore. Violet, with kittens in her arms. Ruby and her baby.

Mabel and Freddie scraping the cake-bowl; a little dog is licking it, too. Raymond. Lillian, Miriam, Ethel, Donald, Chester, Ruthie in the swing, and Mildred. Hester and the calf. Jesse pumping water over Junior's feet.

THERE ARE JOYOUS PEOPLE, THERE ARE THOSE WHOSE STEPS ARE SLOW

Eunice playing the violin. Flora and Phil listening to her. Philmore washing his hands. Uncle Phil asks the blessing. Shirley Ann. Philmore tries to take the dipper of water from Edith.

Beth and Ellis by the fireplace. Violet feeding the lamb out of a bottle. Esther, Harold and Richard. Philmore crying. Freddie. Edwin with lamb and dogs. Uncle Judah reading the Bible. Fred holding little Freddie, the dog licks the baby's toes.

Lalie, Dorothy, Marie and Oliver. Bessie feeding the calf. Doris pulling the wagon with Hazel and Mabel in it, Freddie pushing. Winnie and Wilma with their dolls.

Ralph plowing. Wilma watching the ocean. Lydia, Ellen, Mina and Billie going to school. Trees at Huntington Lake. The new homeplace. The old homeplace on the east. Ralph and Dri, about to tease cousins posing for picture.

Looking toward the barn from the old homeplace, Junior playing. Toward the east from the homeplace, Berney driving a team. Philmore, Billie and Edith. Looking west from the headgate.

WE TALK OF OLD TIMES WHEN LOVED ONES LIVED NEAR

Mildred, Chester and Lillian in front of Uncle Dri's house. Cousins playing near tank-house, Ralph catching bean-bag. Visitors at Aunt Elsies: Violet, Matie and Helen, Grandma, Elsie, Gene, Flora and Donald, Harry, Lydia and Chester. The swing at the tank-house: Gertrude Platzek with Mildred and Hester, Donald, Georgie and Johnny. Uncle Bert with his family, and Ruth Graham and the cow.

Mildred. In front of the homeplace: Miriam, Chester, Flora, Ruth, Lydia, Grandma with Hester, Donald, Seymour, Ethel, Daisy, August, Gladys, Alice. Grandma, Elsie, Flora and Lydia.

Grandmother by the fireplace. Alfred and Glen. Lydia and the colt. Ruby and Ethel fixing the hair of Eunice, Beulah and Constance. Lydia combing Flora's hair.

The cemetery. In the vineyard: Harry, Jim, Ralph, Alta, and Lydia. Paul standing by his car. Johnny, Herbert, and Herman, with Matie's house in back. Paul with a car-load of laughing home-folks.

ALL ARE DEAR TO ME. THEY ARE MY HOMEFOLKS

Florabel and Frank holding the twins. Jesse with Ruby's baby and the dog. Mabel and Freddie scraping the cake dish. Flora, Sonny-boy and Gene. Frank with the twins. Donald on horse-back.

Fred looking at Freddie's book. Lillian in nightie looking out of window. Grandmother sewing in the shade of the elm-trees. August. Florence. Doris and Freddie. Constance, Mrs. Hittle, and Raymond.

Hester. Lydia and Ellen. Darius, Susie and Ethel Platzek. Salema shaking her finger at Judah. Anna with Florence and Matilda. Alfred, Glen and Gertrude.

Gertrude MacArty's little girl, Marie, and Dorothy. Winnie pointing out something to Wilma. Alta, Philmore, Billie and Edith. Alta's and Bertha's children playing with animal cookies. Gil and Eugene Lee and the dog. Melissa Clark showing a canna.

Seymour, Jesse, Chester and Georgie playing marbles, Nellie, Ruth Myers, and Ruth Washer looking on. Looking towards the east from Uncle Judah's old place. Chester waiting for the school bus. Avery and Lillian. Violet holding some kittens. Leroy, Sonny and Junior sticking sweet-peas in the earth. Louise, Lucy Eaton and Emma Jane Vanderheyden at La Jolla.

HOW HAPPY OLD TIMES FROM A DISTANCE APPEAR!

Phil going to show his watch to Winnie. Salema, Hester, Paul and Judah. Susie with Winnie. Hester. Johnny Platzek with cats. Grandma starting from Judah's to a reunion, with Easter lilies in a box.

Daisy and family. Edwin and Sammy. Glen and Winnie. Grandma and David. Lou Young and Louise.

Mina and Lillian. Uncle Dri, Susie, Gertrude, Earl, and Glen with zither. Earl. Raymond, Connie, Beulah. (Above) Lillian, Charles, with John, Louis. August picking blackberries.

Susie, Hattie, Ella, Nettie, Winnie and Wilma. Alice Lewis with Gordy's and Matie's children, and the goat. Seymour, Roy. Mildred in swing, Ethel and Chester in back. On Aunt Daisy's steps: Mamie, Ruth, Lydia, George, Flora, Daisy, Ruth Graham, Nellie, Bernice's boy, Ruth, and Bernice. Violet picking morning-glories.

Down the road from Lydia's to the homeplace; Ralph teasing Alta, Aunt Lydia gets in between. Glen's wedding party.

An early reunion: Bert with Wardy Lee, Darius, Mrs. Miller, Rose, Bessie, Tom Hughes, Gordy, Louise, Grandma holding Alta, Susie, Eva, Elsie with Gertrude, Max, Judah with Paul, Rudy, Gene with Ralph, Bertha with Edna, Mamie Platzek, Lydia, Jimmie, Lalie, Carl, Gertrude, Glen, Lawrence, and Gladys.

TAKEN IN APRIL, 1927

Billie petting his dog. Shirley, Philmore and Edith looking at the new doll. Philmore going from the house to the service station. Philmore looking shy, and Edith.

Dorothy and Marie. Birdie standing on the granite rock in their yard. Bertha and Birdie, with their house in the background. Junior and his dog. Ruthie and Edith on the way to school at Malaga.

Wilma and Violet. Lydia Mae. Lydia and Ellen. Ella. Ruth at the mail-box.

Dorothy giving a hen a piece of her bread. Shirley picking flowers. Sonny Boy, Edith, and Edith's cousin. Ethel holding Richard, Martin and Sonny Boy. Shirley on her "whorse." Winnie and Wilma. Hester. Lillian. Beulah's baby. Beulah and her baby.

TO LYDIA — THE WRITER OF CHARMING LETTERS
by Flora

Finest of paper be given thee,
Who writes such beautiful letters to me!
A fairy's hand and a poet's touch.
Not too little, and not too much;
Visions of beauty from other lands;
The depth of a heart that understands;
Tenderest love for all is shown;
The spirit that reaches to God's throne;
These are thine, and the will to give
To other hearts, and make them live
In the glow and magic of Fancy's power,
That brightens life through a happy hour.
Then take this box of paper white—
Silvery-edged, a thing of delight,
With ink, and pen and a quiet time,
Write me a letter to answer this rhyme.

THE OLD HOME PLACE
Flora E. Washer

The old Home-Place!
O Place of dreams!
O House of memories!
Our hearts turn back
To days that are no more;
Our thoughts return
Through paths of joy, of sorrow, and of toil,
To that far day when first our eyes beheld
Your wide verandas
And the grassy yard,
Encircled with a double row of trees;
Stately Lombardy poplars
Pointing to the sky,
Cork-elms, umbrella trees, and locusts too,
For welcome shade in summer's heat.

Beyond, great fig-trees by the carriage house,
And, nearer, pampas-grass,
To us, so strange and new.
While in the front were palms and evergreens.
Guarding the pathway
Where the scotch rose grew;
Tall holly-hocks and morning-glories too,
And Oleanders to perfume the breeze,
When Springtime came again.

About the wide veranda
Climbed the vines
Of white and crimson roses,
Fragrant and velvety against the cheek,
And trumpet-flower whose elfin horn
Enticed the humming-bird and bee
For honeyed store.
There too, the strangest one of all,
The passion-flower, pale-petalled,
Ever carrying its cross,
An emblem of the passion of our Lord—
While Mother's flower,
"The Star of Bethlehem"
Recalled the night when first,
His star shone forth.

But, when we first arrived, in January,
The chill of fog and rain
Still wrapt the land,
And welcome was the fire upon the hearth,
That scarcely served to warm
The high-ceiled rooms,
But brightened with its glow
Dark-papered walls
On which were curious scenes of long ago.
And by that fire we often gathered near;
To share it's warmth, to talk, to rest, to read.
And there would all unite
In praise and supplication
To the Lord of hearth and home,
While hymns of Glory-land
Poured forth from heart's rejoicing
In the Joy that is to come.

O morns begun with souls attuned to God!
O days filled full with wholesome, happy toil!
O evenings of study and of reading venturing far!
O nights of rest, our father and mother near!
Time takes so much that we are fain to keep.
It cannot take the memory of those hours.
It cannot take the influence of those lives,
That led us gently upward all the way,
And taught the hope
That we shall meet again,
Rejoicing all to-gether
In the earth made new.

* * * *

THE OLD HOME PLACE
by Flora

In early manhood's prime
Our father took his way
By ox-team, slow and wearisome,
Across the western plains
And mountains high,
To California's land of gold.
O spirit, strong and brave!
O heart, so true and high!
No fortune found.
And sickness disappointment brought,
But, still, so fair that country seemed
That ever in dreams returned he there.
And seven times the trip essayed,
Until, at last, when old and wearied,
Back he came to end his days
In that bright land of promise—
Bringing then a goodly band
A happy colony we were,
Homes building fast.
The eldest, Phil, with Flora,
Of sons and daughters fair
To make their home
Gathered about their parents
On the old home place.
And her gentle mother, dear to all;
Then Darius made his bride a cosy nest.
Elsie and Max had come,
Settling at Fowler.
Louise and August, too, with little ones,
At barracks in Benicia.
Rebecca's little orphaned ones were brought
From far-off Florida,
To join our band—six of them,
Lacking one, left with his uncle there.

At home was Lydia, gentle one and dear;
Though frail in health was she,

Yet comfort gave to parents, help to all,
And cheer to many a guest
And wayfarer at our door.
Life has not brought to thee
The joy we crave, nor ease,
Nor pleasures such as many know,

But, better far, a heart of high endeavor,
While thy willing hand gives greatly,
And the power to see beauty in all things.
And thy feet go gladly
Many a second mile along the way
That oft is rough and lonely to us all.

In those earlier days
Half that large family
Still abode at home.
Judah, the quiet, studious one, was there,
And George and Gordy, twins, just out of school
While, Flora, Bert and Bertha still,
Fared forth to Malaga in quest
Of education such as Father had, and oft
Encouraged us to gain.

Ah, life has problems which we all must solve,
And years bring lessons hard to learn.
But the foundation laid in youth remains
And, strong or weak, is with us 'till the last.

The years speed by, and soon the changes come.
Not long it was until each one
Had sought a mate and home-nest of his own
George, while a youth,
Had chosen gentle Daisy for his bride,
And Lydia, next, with Harry ventured forth.
That was the year before our Father passed
Into that last deep sleep.
Whose glorious awakening he had oft foretold.
While we, who left behind, mourned long,
Still hold within our hearts the hope
And faith his life teachings gave
That we should meet again, rejoicing,
When the Lord should come,
And Resurrection's morn shine forth in joy.

How quiet and empty now, the Old Home Place!
How lonely Mother must have felt, so many gone!
The boys had each the places Father gave;
The older girls, all married, in their own homes dwelt
Flora was teaching, coming home at night,
Bertha, the youngest, was now the last in school.

Later, Bert chose his Rose, Gordy his Gertrude,
And Bertha, Gil.
Judah went to Nebraska for his bride,
The quiet Nettie soon to pass away.
Leaving their little Paul
To need the mother's care
That kind Salena gave in future years.
Last of them all was Flora claimed in turn
By Gene, Kentucky's son,
At the last wedding in the Old Home Place.

And now, in the new homes soon.
The little children came,
And again the old home blossomed forth
At the reunions, when the families came
To gather round our Mother dear,
And celebrate her birthday
On the twentieth of March.

So good it was to gather there
And see them all again;
The elders at the table spread
In the large dining room
With flowers and dainty fare.

The little ones upon the porch
With happy laughs and chatter
Like gay birds.
Or dancing like the butterflies
Upon the lawn.
While music, song and talk
Sped fast the hours
Until at twilight, lingering still,
Our duties called us home.

Oh, glad and joyous days!
Yet sad, for year by year
Within our hearts each marked a vacant place.
And longed for those whose voice was heard no more.
And now, those days are long gone by.
So much of sadness in these later years has come
'Tis hard to write—
For headstones mark the way.
And in the little cemetery many lie.
Only last January Mother slipped away
To rest so sweetly by our Father there
After the many weary years of pain and loss.
She longed for rest.
And Death was kind to her.
The old house too is gone.
Fire took its toll
And swept away those walls
That shelter gave
Through all the changing years.
So Time's resistless power
Takes of our best,
Only to build a fairer treasury
Within our hearts,
While Faith shall point the way
To brighter lands
Where, joyfully united,
Home again at last
Father, Mother and children,
All shall come.

AUNT FLORA

by Violet

Oleanders in bloom:
Velvety-white and sweet,
Bearing a faint perfume
Through the summer's dazzling heat.

Trumpet-flowers are these:
You may not hear their song,
But delicate melodies
To their golden throats belong

Than oleanders more fair,
Richer in cheer and light,
Thy fragrance of soul more rare
All year thou are our delight.

And thine heart's deep melody
Brings gladness to our dark hours
Joy shines more brightly from thee
Than from golden trumpet flowers.

ONE SABBATH DAY — c. 1908

THE SERMON

The sermon! Have you ever heard
  Of the beasts of the prophets? Wondrous things,
  With heads and horns and feet and wings;
Half a one animal, half a one bird,
Half a one lion, half a one man—
Imagine all combinations you can.
There's a ram which does not touch the ground,
And a dragon never on earth to be found—
Such wonderful creatures in Daniel abound.
They symbolize kingdoms which rise and fall.
  There are stars which fall on a certain night,
  And the moon, tho full, did not give her light.
There are wars, and earthquakes, and plagues last
      of all,
And other signs to tell us when
Messiah will come again.
Then woe to the sinner, wicked and wild,
Who has rejected the love of the Saviour mild!
He will call on the mountains to bury him;
But the eyes of the judges are not dim—
Judgment is meted out to him.
Satan, that wicked one, shall be bound
And cast in a bottomless pit in the ground!
But those who have loved the Saviour good,
And have done to others as they should—
Have succored the orphans, lent to the poor,
And have turned none needy from their door—
Will receive their reward
At the hands of the Lord,
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these," He will say,
"Ye have done it to Me. Let these come this way."
A sheep or a goat—which will you or I be,
When the judgment shall be pronounced finally?
Dear Lord, unto Thee, unto Thee, in all truth,
We would come in the days of our youth,
Ere the dark days come and we know not where
  There is rest for the soul.
Thou art sweet; Thou art fair.
Not out of fear, O, not out of fear
Do we turn to Thee here;
But because we love Thee we come to Thee,
In sincerity;
Because Thou hast loved us, and died to bless,
And bring unto us our happiness.

THE RIDE FROM CHURCH

The long, long ride
By the hay-fields stretching green and wide:
By the winding stream
Where the water's gleam
Is broken by bending, swaying reeds.
Here, where the wide canal leads
Through the bushes,
In clear blue swirls and rushes,
On Sabbath last,
Seven souls through baptism passed.
We gathered upon the shore
To sing when they rose from the water once more:
  "I will follow Thee, Lord Jesus,
    Whereso'er Thy lot may be,
    And tho all men should forsake Thee,
    Yet I still will follow Thee."
Buried in Christ! From sin's dark night
To rise anew and walk in the light
Of Him who in the grave had lain,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
Buried in Christ, but alive in Him!
And my lips breathed prayer and my eyes were dim
For the sake of my cousin. Saviour mild,
Guard the soul of this new-born child.
Teach her to walk the ways she should;
Help her, dear Jesus, to be good.

THE AFTERNOON

How sweet is the midday air!
The waving trees by the road how fair!
Jesus hath come, and with kind control,
Hath rested the soul.
The heart may forget
Its fret.
It is Sabbath day!
The long hours of the afternoon
Pass too soon.
I will go a while apart
And commune with mine own heart.
By the line of poplars, tall and free.
Is the little family cemetery,
Where Grandfather lies,
And the babies who never opened their eyes,
And the gentle one, patient and fair,
With mild blue eyes and snow-white hair.
This is where Aunt Nettie lies,
    "Quietly awaiting the resurrection,
  When our loved one shall come forth
  To receive the crown of glory,
    Awaiting her on that glad morning."
Here is the lamb of stone
Which the children claim their own.
They do not know
Of the lad who lies below.
They pat its back and smooth white head.
They do not remember the others who lie here dead.
What can the living know of death?
To breathe no more the warm, sweet breath
Of the spring day;
No more to say,
  "The light is fair
    And golden where
  "Its gleam rest on the stream."
No more to look above and say,
  "The sky is blue,
    And a bird cleaves its clearness through."
No more to say:
  "The sunbeams slant from the west,
    On the poplars quivering leaf by leaf.
    Know they aught of sorrow and grief?
    Soon will come pleasant night
    With its rest
    And its relief."
Yes, might has come to these,
Lying in their beds under the trees;
Sweet night, where there is no more pain,
No more pain!
And Jesus will come again.
Yes, Jesus will come again.
    After the long, long rest of the night
    There will come the morning light,
And loved ones will know each other again.

EVENING WORSHIP

The Sabbath is almost done,
With the golden rays of the setting sun
Streaming through windows opened wide.
By the organ's side
Let us gather in loving throng,
And sing from our "Christ in Song."
Let us sing about God's Love,
The story we never are weary of.
"I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His Love."

Perhaps, in the city heavenly,
Our Jesus we shall see.
In the holy place.
We shall see His beautiful face,
On a sacred day
That will never pass away.

As Twilight comes down over the fields,
Once more let us kneel and pray,
With a love that yields
Thanks unto God for the rest and peace of the day.

Dear loved ones, with a simple trust and sweet
Kneeling at Jesus' feet!
Steadfast and calm the lives in God's control.
Through the storm's distress,
They may anchor deep the soul
In the One who has power to bless.

When away where the world does not understand,
I know that loved ones pray
That my soul may stay
In the hollow of God's hand.
God bless the dear ones who keep Sabbath day!

KITCHEN WINDOWS

Flora E. Washer—
On Olive Ave.—1925.

From my windows, I can see
In the distance misty mountains;
Sunrise glow 'neath banks of clouds,
Trees and buildings spreading far;
Nearer, orchards and the rows
Of stakes where wealth of vine will spring—
All between the welcome greenness
Of the early springtime grasses.
While, at hand, a slender poplar
Reaches bare arms to the sky.
On the left the farmyard buildings;
On the right, the glistening ribbon
Of the road toward the city—
And a quarter-mile along it
On the south, are large farm buildings,
White and yellow, with their red roofs,
And a water-tower before it.
Thus, about my morning duties—
Cooking, sweeping, washing, cleaning,
I am linked with high creation—
Heart uplifted to the heavens
By the sunrise and the blue sky;
Springtime life in bird and blossom;
Distant peaks and far horizons.

AT AUNT LYDIA'S HOUSE

"At Aunt Lydia's house"—what a wonderful phrase!
We shall not forget it the length of our days:
The good times we've had there, the good times when
We hope to be at Aunt Lydia's again.
The big white house on North Avenue,—
What a thrill goes through us when it comes into view!
The roof of the house shining out through the trees,
Umbrella, olives and palms above these.
As we approach, we see oleanders in bloom
The sunflowers, roses, waft us perfume.

Under the shade by the porch we drive,
Eagerly looking for some-one alive.
How gladly we see Aunt Lydia appear!
How welcome her greeting: "Well, who comes here?"
Uncle Harry comes quickly from somewhere within,
Hospitably urging: "Well, won't you come in?"
We will. It is what we have come for. And so,
Into the big sitting room we all go.

Ralph has been barefooted, reading the news,
Upstairs he hurries, to put on his shoes.
Thence he descends. Is there a child?
He teases, torments it, until it is wild.
The children all know him—I cannot see why
They linger about if they don't want to cry.
Dorothy, afraid at the cellar he might look,
Implores him; "Walf, do inside an 'wead a book."
Once he climbed down and called for her aid;
That he'll get down again she is always afraid.

Says Uncle Harry: "Let's have a game."
The men-folks respond: "We say the same."
So they get the cards out and sit at the table.
Let anyone get them to talk who is able.
Not so with the women-folk; willingly they
Start in to visit, with plenty to say:
A new baby's name, a pattern to lend,
They keep on a-talking without any end.
Until the men, bothered by feminine chatter,
Betake themselves outdoors—what does it matter?
We can talk the more freely, or watch Ethel's baby,
Who can pull himself up by a stool, and maybe
He'll be cutting some teeth in a little while.
Isn't he the darling? See his sweet smile!

Along come more people. Last Sunday there were
Twenty at Aunt Lydia's, not counting her.
How joyously did we assist with the cooking:
Peeling and chopping, and mashing, and looking
To see if the roast in the oven were done.
Many cooks with glad spirits can have lots of fun.

We ate at the table in the big dining-room.
What good things there were for those who had come!
Aunt Lydia's mashed potatoes are best in the land;
With newly-made butter, they are certainly grand.
And her cold-slaw, with lemon and sugar and cream,
And fresh-roasted pork which surely does seem
The juicist, brownest, the richest, the best
That anyone ever could eat—All the rest
I cannot enumerate now—but her cake,
Her pale-golden nut cake—I cannot but take
A moment or two its praises to sing.
Have we a reunion?—the question will ring:
"Did Aunt Lydia bring a nut-cake today?

And when it appears, we holler: "Hooray!"
Its frosting is yellow, with nuts stuck around.
Inside it is yellow—but who ever found
Words fit to describe it? We needs must forsake
Our efforts to tell of Aunt Lydia's cake.

We linger awhile o'er the table and tell
Of trips to the mountains and what there befell.
Or we talk of old times when the home-folks lived near—
How happy old times from a distance appear.

In the midst of our stories, Marie comes in haste:
Dorothy has rubbed on her head Ralph's tooth-paste.
She answers Lalie's maternal despair:
"I wanted to put sumpin' on my hair."

At last we get up and put back the chairs,
And the men trail outside, on the porch, down the stairs—
Uncle Gordy stays on a bench outside smoking.
We can hear the rest of them laughing and joking.
Dog Bruce from the scraps off the table is fed.
Dorothy pats his back and his head.
We womenfolk help with the dishes and then
We sit on the porch and visit again.
Maybe a letter Aunt Lydia will read
Or she'll want her head combed—a strange custom indeed
But it runs in our family. So Aunt Flora E..
Sits and combs Aunt Lydia's hair faithfully.
Or they take turns about and Aunt Flora reads
Letters aloud of the thoughts and the deeds
Of those far away who yet are quite near
In the love and affection of home-folks dear.

Back and forth run the children, playing this thing and that;
Damp as to clothes where in water they sat.
Hilariously wading in ditch or in trough;
Climbing the trees and then climbing off;
Making believe they drive into town,
In the old top-buggy, with age sagging down;
Building mud castles in the umbrella tree's shade;
And shoutingly tumbling the castles they'd made.
Two little Jap children from a neighboring farm
Come over and watch them—what is the harm?
Sonny, Brother and Dorothy find lathes by the shed.
On fine hobby-horses they prance and they tread.

What wonderful times for the children are these
To play with their cousins neath umbrella trees!
What precious times also for those older grown!
How we shall treasure each hour we have known
At Aunt Lydia's house, in the days to come!
She has made of it a beautiful home.
Her lovely spirit has filled it with grace.
A blessing she lays on the whole roomy place,
Without her, what lack, desolation, and woe!
What if we knew that we never could go
To see her dear face, to call her by name!
It would feel as if life could be never the same.

Uncle Harry, meanwhile, has made lemonade
From fresh water that Ralph brings into the shade.
From the cooler a melon Oliver brings out,
You should see the children cluster about:
Bruce eats watermelon from Gordy's hand.
We all are a thirsty and grateful band.
Seymour has come from the homeplace awhile
And is captured by Eugene's lovable smile.

Ruth holds the baby; Seymour holds his hands.
How quickly a baby can weave love-bands!
Myers in the background smiles at the three;
Love for babies is in our family.

The air has grown cooler. Let's look at the flowers.
Madera vines, rose-bushes make shady bowers.
Pale-green are the lilac-leaves, trumpet-flowers are golden.
They remind us of times that are precious and olden.
Dear Grandmother wants to have a bouquet
Of sweet smelling flowers to carry away.
She smells of the roses, the oleanders white,
And the St. Joseph's lily, Aunt Lydia's delight!
How Grandmother loves the fragrance of flowers!
Her sense of smell is keener than ours.
"How pretty Grandmother looks," I say.
She blushes and turns her head away.
"They said I was pretty when I was young."
—Grandmother always is modest in tongue—
She is pretty now all of us think
With her sweet blue eyes and her cheeks of pink.
A flower among the flowers she stands.
Holding her flowers clasped in her hands.

The hours have flown by and sunset has come.
It is time we were started and on our way home.
We must gather the children and wash off their faces
And hunt Dorothy's shoes in out-of-way places.
For how can one play without bare feet?
That is what made the day's joy complete.
"Hurry up!" calls Aunt Flora. Though late is the hour
Edith wants one pink holly-hock flower,
Ruby must put a clean suit on Brother,—
He could not stop in town with the other.
Dear little Sonny's loving heart
Bewails that from Dorothy he must part.
Where the sun through the olive-trees slants with its gold,
His innocent arms her shoulders enfold.
Life goes so swiftly,—would God it could stay,
The heavenly happiness of this glad day.

At last, all are in their cars ready to go.
The sun o'er the vineyards is shining low.
"Goodbye!" "Goodbye! Come to see us, too."
"We will when we can. God be with you!"

TO AUNT FLORA

from Violet, a valentine

Oh, thou dear bringer of gladness and light,
Thou art fair as the sunshine of Spring,
When the rain has passed by, and the flowers come forth,
And the little birds joyously sing.

Thy silvery laughter doth gladden our hearts
As the brooklet murmuring there.
Thine eyes are as sunshine upon the wet earth,
And its loveliness lies in thine hair.

If ever thine heart should grow saddened with woe,
It would be as the darkening rain.
We would pray the dear Father to lighten thy care,
And to give thee thy gladness again.

TO LYDIA, GOOD MEDICINE

by Flora E.

"Indians find out the smell that conjures up their happiest hours, and keep it by them in their medicine bag. It adds the crowns of happy memory to their reveries, and wards away ill fortune."

Ye who love the haunts of nature;
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees—
Listen to these fair traditions
To the song of Pleasant Odors.
Odors Redmen love and treasure,
Memories of happy hours,
As a charm for days of sadness,
And a magic 'gainst all ill.

Hear it as one hears in slumber
Far off murmurs, dreamy whispers
Of the little Pleasant Valley
Where a child once loved to linger,
Wandering by the flowering river,
Gathering flowers in the springtime.
In the Valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest,
Where the wildwood life within it
Gave its mystery and its magic
To her heart, to keep and hold them.
As a charm through all life's shadows.
And the glance and gleams of sunshine
Breaking often through the branches
Lent their power to light her pathway
When the way grew dark before her.

All the wild-flowers of the forest
Filled the air with odors for her
In the blithe and pleasant springtime,
Sending forth the sweetest perfume
And the blue and yellow violets,
All the little Johnny-jump-ups,
All the Blue Flag by the river;
Blossoms of wild plum and apple,
Filling all the air with fragrance
In the thickets by the river.

Round the lodge of the great chieftain,
Of her kind and noble father,
Grew the lily and the lilac,
And the roses, full of sweetness;
Perfumes long to be remembered
Gave her of their gentle essence
That her heart be always gentle
Spreading fragrance on all morrows.

Towered above them stately fir trees,
Trees beloved by her father
Evergreen and pointing upward
To the Land that is Eternal.
As her faith grew ever upward
By his teachings, grand and vernal,
Give her of your balm, O Fir Trees
For the healing of life's sorrows.

In the drowsy, dreamy summer,
In her girlhood's long, sweet summer,
And, still later, when the autumn
Changed the green leaves into yellow,
Red and brown, with Indian Summer,
Came the fruits of field and garden.

Then the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape vine, the Berhmagut,
Trailing o'er the alder branches
Filled the air with sweetest fragrance.
So their memory brings new courage,
Throbbing in her brain and bosom;
Makes new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fiber—
For the Master of Life who sees us
He will give to her the triumph,
Full fruition from life's planting
As his new gift to the nations
Which shall be their food forever.

In the frosty nights of winter
As she listened in the firelight
To the great chief, and the magic
Of his flute, so clear and mellow,
And the legends of his people.
How he left the land of the Oswego's;
How he journeyed ever westward,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the land of gold and sunshine.
Of his home upon the prairie
And his work in field and forest;
Of the mother's patient labor
For the children gathered near.
While their trust in the Great Spirit
And their prayers ascending to Him
Drew a magic circle round them
To protect them from all ill,
And the fragrance of their good deeds
Lives and lingers with us still.

From the regions of morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
Bear a pouch of greatest healing—
Skin of beaver, lynx and otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicines
For a magic spell to give her,
Roots of power and herbs of healing,
'Gainst each mischance that may happen,
And a charm 'gainst every ill.

With apologies to H. W. Longfellow!
Flora E. Myers—Washer.

AT AUNT LYDIA'S HOUSE

Edith, Marie, and Dorothy. Ralph bringing water. Aunt Lydia coming out to greet us. Edith, Marie, Dorothy, Harry and Sonny at the pump. Ruth with Sonny Boy, Seymour, Myers in back. Dorothy and Marie. Ethel, Sonny Boy and Bruce. Marie with Dorothy pick-a-back. Edith and hollyhocks. Dorothy trying to pull Ralph out of cellar.

Under the umbrella tree: Edith, Marie, Japanese children and Dorothy. Sonny Boy. Edith and Lydia with Easter lily. Gordy feeding Bruce watermelon.

Marie, Edith and Dorothy playing in ditch. Men playing cards. Brother, Dorothy, Edith, Marie and Sonny playing in trough.

Sonny and Dorothy. Aunt Lydia's house. Dorothy pulling off shoe.

Violet in Uncle Judah's Orchard.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Zephyrs are blowing
  Pink petals in the air.
Meadow larks are piping,
  "Spring is very fair."

Mocking-birds are nesting
  Along the poplar lane.
Insects and bees buzz
  In the flowering grain.

A young girl comes walking
  Beneath the apple trees
Her dress is like the blossoms—
  She carries sprigs of these.

WELCOME—TO MILDRED

Welcome, stranger,
Harm nor danger
Come not unto thee.

We have waited,
Dear Belated,
Long, long days for thee.

Enter, enter,
Thou the center
Of our care and love,

Sisters, brother,
Father, mother,
Bend thy crib above.

Jesus guide thee,
Angels hide thee
From all grief and woe.

Joy come to thee,
Peace flow through thee
In this life below.

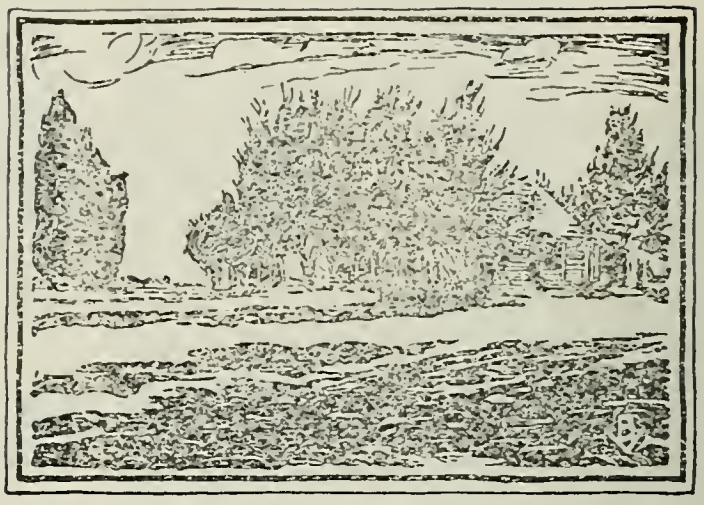
WELCOME—TO LILLIAN

Welcome, tiny baby, welcome to our world,
  All the future fortune in wee fingers curled.
What shall life bring to you? What of weal or woe?
  Trust we in the Father. He shall watch you grow
Till the long night shadows fall across your way.
  Fear you not, the Father watches you alway.

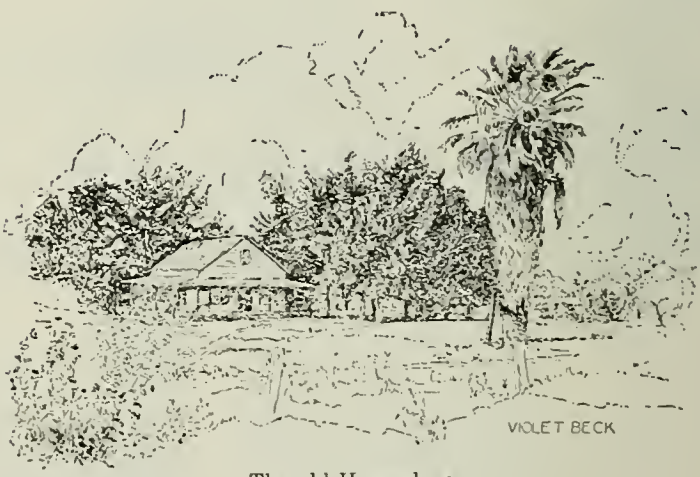
TO HESTER

Bless thee, Hester baby,
    A Queen thou shalt be maybe,
Star by name,
    Blest by fame,
Bless thee, Hester baby.

Shasta Daisies



The Homeplace as it used to look



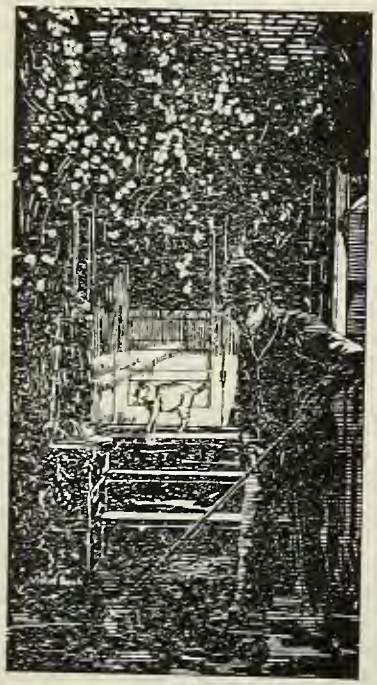
The old Homeplace

Aunt Flora E. and Donald

Violet in her Oak-tree at University

Uncle Judah Praying

Aunt Flora A. at the Organ

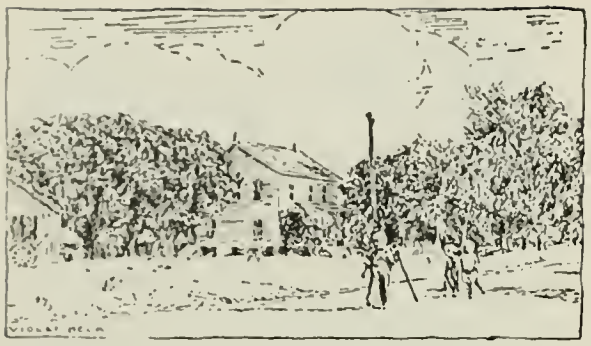


Uncle Phil in the Garden

Ralph with Dorothy and Marie

Hermann Lehrbach

Aunt Lydia's House



Aunt Lydia's House

From Uncle Judah's House looking toward the Cemetery

Junior and the Little Stone Lamb

Sonny and Dorothy

Aunt Flora E.

NAN-NAN'S PRECIOUS BABY

"Nan-nan's precious baby!"—How the dear phrase lingers.
A dozen years ago it was I saw the picture blest.
Lillian was clasping one of my mother's fingers,
She was sitting on her lap, waiting to be dressed.

Clean and dainty underthings for a sweetheart baby,
Pliant shoes for dainty feet waiting on the stand.
When she gets all dressed up nice, she'll go walking maybe
With Grossvater adown the street. He'll hold her little hand.

Oh, the years have flown away, with joys and sorrows laden,
We live no more within the house we used to live in then.
Lillian is now a merry high-school maiden,
But still in memory I hear that dear pet-name again.

"Nan-nan's precious baby!"—In the wicker rocking chair
One arm around the baby,—she was so dear and sweet—.
I can see my mother sitting with the light upon her hair,
It shines upon the baby's cheek, and hands, and little feet.

GRANDMOTHER

Don't you love old faces?
Gentle faces, like Grandmother's
With blue eyes, and slightly hooked nose, and low-drooping mouth,
Her hair is brown on top,
Hardly touched with gray,
Parted in the middle and drawn to a knot in the back.
Over the ears it is snowy white and curly.
She wears side combs, and a high comb in back.

Don't you love old people?
Grandmother's hands are bony.
They are responsive to mine.
Her voice is bird-like with a lilt to it when she sings.
It breaks sometimes on the high notes,
I do not like to hear Grandmother cry.
But she does, sometimes, when she is in pain.

She is patient in suffering.
She has love and patience and long suffering
To her children and grandchildren, and their children.
There is always something good she can say about each one.
Grandmother holds us together.
She is frail,
But a strong link to bind us to each other.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAN DIEGO UNION

THE GHOST OF NECKARSULM

by Violet

Written May 18, 1958

THE BIG HOUSE on the hill, where my father lived as a boy in Germany, almost touched the thick wall of the cemetery that stood above Neckarsulm, so that he could step out of the attic window onto it. Roads ran along the other two sides and joined below the lower wall of the gate, where the native youths lay in wait on Saturday nights for the youths from neighboring towns who came to crash the town-dances.

One night the family was awakened by a louder than usual clamor, and my grandfather jumped out of bed, clad as he was in long nightshirt and sleeping cap and, holding a lantern before him, stepped out the attic window and onto the wall and ran around its top to the gate. Abruptly, all sounds ceased, so he returned by the way he had come.

Next morning there was the horrifying report that the night before, when the fight was at its height, a towering ghost had appeared on top of the wall near the gate, in a trailing white robe, with a long pointed head, and with light streaming from its chest. It had disappeared as quickly as it had come.

After that, for a long time, there was no fighting by the cemetery gate.

AUGUST BECK and the BROTHER OF QUEEN LILUOKALANI

by Violet

Written August 8, 1957

Unbeknown to everyone except his own family, a brother of Queen Liluokalani enlisted in the United States Army, just after the Civil War, and with a group of soldiers, took the long trip by boat and on foot, from New York to San Diego, along with my father, newly enlisted and only three weeks away from the three-months' boat trip from Germany.

Those two and a Scotchman, who could speak only Gaelic, clung to each other throughout the difficult journey down the Atlantic Coast, through the Gulf of Mexico, over the Caribbean Sea, and through the mosquito-infected jungles of Panama until they reached the Pacific Ocean. Each sang the songs of his own land, and somehow they managed to understand each other.

Shortly after reembarkment, yellow fever broke out. The medicine chest was left open on the deck, as there was no doctor. One afternoon the boat stopped at an island and put off the dead and dying, my father among the latter. Under cover of darkness, the Scotchman and the Hawaiian prince rowed a small boat to the island, loaded my father on board the big boat and hid him behind the smoke-stacks. They took care of him so that he was able to walk to the Presidio when they reached San Diego.

Over fifty years later, when the first World War broke out, my father was in Honolulu, sent there by the army at the request of General Miles, a long-time friend, to see if he could regain his failing eyesight.

One day my father came to the rescue of an Hawaiian youth who was being stoned in the street because of a defensive remark about Germany, and stood over him, brandishing his cane, until the police arrived.

Next day, two emissaries arrived with a note which read: "Are you that August Beck who was friend of my brother when he was in the Army of the United States?" It was signed by Queen Liluokalani, who was allowed to retain her semblance of royalty, although the Hawaiian Islands had been taken over by our country. From that day until his death, my father was an honored guest at her social functions, sitting by her side and supplied with refreshment from time to time as was the custom.

As her brother had helped save my father's life so, half a century later, my father had saved the life of one of her people.

WHEN MY FATHER FIRST CAME TO SAN DIEGO, LA PAZ and the INDIAN VILLAGE

by Violet Beck

Written July 16, 1957

As I sat listening to the Serra Cross program, I was thinking of my father's stay at the Presidio the year of 1868, and of his going over the Friar's Road (which the speaker, in the brown garb of a friar, said was the only road the soldiers could use), on the start of the journey to La Paz.

Because Papa was friendly with the Indians there, he took the mail by horse-cart, to connect with the overland mail, and was never attacked.

From experience in Neckarsulm with his father's kiln, and his mother's use of it for baking the villagers' grain when there was too much rain, he had the Indians construct an oven, similar to the one at Ramona's Marriage Place, and around this these Digger Indians sat, amazed at the miracle of baked bread.

They were amazed, also, when Papa swam under water. One time he came up for air and saw the Indians falling in all directions. Submerged in the red waters of the Colorado River, he had not felt an earthquake.

When the soldiers were to go to Utah, Papa was assigned a donkey, but a twelve-year-old boy asked to ride it, and was among those killed by arrows as they issued from the camp.

When Papa and I visited the Indian Village of the 1915 Exposition, in Balboa Park, we came to a teepee where a gray-haired Indian and his squaw were sitting cross-legged on the ground. The old man suddenly recognized Papa, and began talking with his hands and pointing to the buttons on Papa's coat. He was telling how many dead had been left behind at La Paz, and was asking about the journey to Salt Lake. Papa answered with sign language.

Papa was a link between the Indians and the soldiers.

BOY LOST IN THE SNOW IN CHICAGO c. 1893 or AN ANSWERED PRAYER

by Violet

Written Jan. 21, 1963

On a January Chicago twilight, seventy years ago, a man came to our house to tell us that a boy three years old was missing from the next block on Champlain Avenue.

The wooden sidewalks still showed above the snow, but the sky was lowering; so the men hurried to light lanterns, to search down the rutted roads, and over the prairie which fronted our street.

When Eva and I knelt down at our mother's knees, in the warmth of the pot-bellied coal stove to say our prayers before we went to bed, we added, "God bless the little boy, and bring him safely home." When we had climbed between the woolen sheets of the folding bed, with warmed sad-irons at our feet, we added the same wish on the magic rhyme:

"Four angels at my head,
Four angels guard my bed,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed I lie upon.
Matthew, John, Luke and Mark
Bless my wish and keep it dark."

In the middle of the night, I was awakened by the soft

thud of snow flakes on the big plate glass window, and I wondered how the little boy's guardian angel could keep him warm. It was by means of the snow. When the slow-coming dawn brought light, the little boy was found, a long ways from home, in a space under the sidewalk, protected by a cushion of snow on top of the boards. He was sound asleep, and they brought him safely home.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN BENICIA

by Violet Beck

Written March 15, 1958

When our family arrived in Benicia from Chicago, right after the 1894 World's Fair, there were no livable quarters at the Arsenal, so my mother rented the Haunted House from Mr. Cleveland, the shoe-store man, for five dollars a month.

Once a school-house, it had been moved into Arsenal Road, and had been unoccupied for years, except for tramps who could easily climb through the broken windows of the tall basement.

The first heavy thunder-and-lightning storm revealed one ghost, the little dog from next door who had jumped through a broken pane, and was wandering around moaning from fear. My father, with the aid of a lantern, found him under the front stairs, standing on his hind legs, begging for mercy. Afterward, he adopted us, and became our Bubby dog.

The second ghost was the sound of a man's footfalls, in heavy shoes, climbing the nineteen steps of the back stairs, walking through kitchen, living room, parlor, and down the front stairs. The only time I witnessed it, was in the middle of a night, when I heard my sister Eva crying and my father saying, "Don't wake Baby!" I remember seeing him in the doorway of his bedroom in his long night-shirt, his hand showing red in front of the lamp he was holding, with Bubby beside him, the hair along his back standing up in terror, as his eyes followed the passing of the footfalls.

Years later I visited the house, and the South American mother who lived there asked, "Ha oido Usted el Espiritu?", which means, "Have you heard the spirit?" She hastened to add that "It hurt nothing."

The mystery of that ghost will remain unsolved forever because the house is long since gone. It was too hard to get people to live in it.

THE ARSENAL AT BENICIA

by Violet Beck

Written April 28, 1958

The Arsenal at Benicia of over sixty years ago was an uncrowded place.

When my sister Eva or I would take lunch to our father when he stood on guard, it seemed far from our house on Arsenal Road to its gate. On the way to it we crossed two bridges, a short one beside which, in the hollow, lived a tailor and his goat; and a longer one, from underneath which stretched up eucalyptus trees, and in the grove stood the Shade house.

Our Bubby dog would rejoice to greet my father and his companion-guard. After we had rested in the sentry-house, we would wander around.

Behind the sentry-house was a sharp hill which faced Mt. Diablo and Carquinez Straits, with its ferry plying between the wharf and Martinez. The railroad track skirted the bank of the straits, and a flag-station stood at the bend where the trains came swinging around from Sacramento, on their way to the wharf and the ferry. A few years later, my cousin Steve Bryan was flagman, and while he lived in that dwelling under the tower, he read all of Dickens' novels.

To the left of the Arsenal gate, the sidewalk went up past the Thompson's and the Weller's, and turned toward the doctor's office and quarters. One could branch off to the left to climb up to the Barracks, passing by the great Arsenal Storehouse which stood on an isolated eminence with a guard continually marching around it. (Later, it burned down.) We would go that way when we went for commissaries, or when we visited the Kreh's, out at the Point.

Beyond the gate, were fields of grain, grown to feed the mules. My father told us about one mule who grew too old to work, and they turned him loose, and wouldn't let him come back, so he went down to the water when the tide was coming in, and put down his head, and when the tide went out, there his body stood.

Bubby and I played hide and seek in the tall grain or in the wild oats along the road. In Spring I would pick wild flowers.

One Fourth of July my father let us girls watch the firing of the single cannon which stood on a flat hill not far from the mess-hall. Usually it rained on the parade in town, and that firing was blamed for it. A friendly prisoner talked to us through the barred window of the small nearby jail.

Sometimes, when an official would come from the East, there would be special inspection, and to one of these my mother, Eva and I were invited. How proud we were of my father, marching in his blue uniform and pointed helmet, the red lining showing as his cape flapped in the wind, and the scabbard containing his sword clanking at his side!

Along with Sergeant Baker and Sergeant Quade, my father, upon completion of thirty years' service in the Army, was honored in a ceremony at the Arsenal. Then, all three moved to San Diego, a Mecca for retired soldiers.

MY FATHER'S DEMIJOHN

by Violet

The first I remember of my father's demijohn was when it stood on the floor under the kitchen sink of our Benicia home when I was nine years old and my sister Eva was twelve. The big, high, iron sink was fed by rainwater from a ship's keel reservoir, that stood on trestles in our back yard. We scraped the kettles with an iron-link dishrag. Every time we bent down to put away a kettle, we saw the demijohn and smelled its sweet odor.

It contained Muscatel wine which Grandpa Myers had sent from Malaga, where he and some of his sons had muscat-grape vineyards. They dried their grapes into raisins, so Grandpa must have bought the wine; but in our minds it was associated with yellow-green grapes ripening through the hot summer days of our visits to the Homeplace.

We girls never learned to drink wine. Hadn't we taken the Pledge at Mrs. Whitney's Bible School in Chicago? Hadn't our two white-ribbon bows been represented in the Temperance Exhibit at the 1894 World's Fair? Besides, each bow had cost ten cents. All we ever tasted of the golden liquid was when we sopped up the dregs in our father's wine-glass with morsels of our mother's coffee-cake.

At a social of the Methodist Church, held at our house, my father put some wine in with the lemonade to piece out. In the dim light of the kerosene-oil lamp that stood on a shelf above the sink, nobody saw him put it in but me. The young minister said he had never tasted such good lemonade. The guests laughed a lot. They wanted to come again.

We took the demijohn with us to San Diego, then to Fowler, Malaga, Berkeley, and back to San Diego.

It's cloth-wrapped cork tamps a glass bottle filled with pleasant memories and its wicker-work is like a cage enclosing them.

NORTH-SOUTH PAGEANT HIT BY FEVER

by Violet

Written March 15, 1958

The photo of the old state Capitol at Benicia in a recent issue of The San Diego Union brought to mind the Spring of 1895 when our sixth grade class was practicing in that building their part for a patriotic program to be held there for the close of school.

The class was divided into choruses, one to represent the North, the other the South, singing songs of the Civil War, which at that time was less than 30 years in the past. Soldiers of the two armies were supposed to be camping on either side of a river in the twilight singing their songs in turn. I was the nine-year-old girl who described the scene, and announced the titles of the songs.

The Northern soldiers had just finished "Marching Through Georgia," and the Southern soldiers were about to sing, "Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag," when an emissary arrived from the school-house to tell us to practice no further—scarlet fever had broken out and we were to go straight to our homes.

The program was never held, but those songs made a deep impression upon me, lasting for these more than 60 years and giving me sympathy with both sides of that North-South problem which has never been solved completely by our country to this day.

THIRTY YEARS OF WAITING

by Violet

Written August 25, 1957

Thirty years it took my father to get back to San Diego, from the time right after the Civil War when he was stationed at the Presidio, to the time of his retirement from the Army, shortly before the Spanish-American War.

After San Diego, he was stationed in La Paz, Arizona. There were two years in Salt Lake City, where he got married and unmarried to a Morman woman. Brigham Young himself conducted him through the Temple, then being constructed.

General Crook transferred him to Omaha, Nebraska, where he served 8 years as Chief Clerk at the Departmental headquarters in Chicago. His office was next to that of visiting presidents. General Miles and Colonel Babbitt were special friends.

Colonel Babbitt came to our house on Champlain Avenue, at the edge of the prairie, and played checkers with my sister Eva who, from the age of five up, could play on an equality with the men from the office.

Other visitors came also: Tom Munkley from Pleasant Valley; Glen Babson, Grandpa and Grandma, Uncle Judah, Aunt Lydia, Aunt Flora, Aunt Daisy, and others of the homefolks.

At sunset-time Papa used to take Eva and me out to a bench in our back yard where we sang a song about going West. The opportunity came when the office of Chief Clerk became civilian for a short time, and Papa decided to re-enlist at Benicia. So, the winter that witnessed the glare from the burning buildings of the World's Fair, we left the windy city by Lake Champlain, and came to the pleasant hilly town of Benicia, twenty-five miles east of San Francisco, where we lived for three happy years.

Upon retirement, Sergeant Quade, Sergeant Baker and my father, Sergeant Beck, decided to go to San Diego, and the two former started on ahead, while Papa was to accompany his family, stopping over at Fresno to see the homefolks.

We were to leave Benicia in the evening and were at the station when we discovered Bubby, our little dog, was missing. A man took Papa in his buggy back to the house, and Papa found him in his hiding place under the stairs. He did not like to travel.

The train with its black, puffing engine rode onto the long ferry and was taken to Martinez. Most of the night we rode, smoking oil-lamps swinging at either end of the sleeping-cars. We got off at Malaga, five miles beyond Fresno. Over Christmas, we stayed at the Homeplace among the homefolks, whom we were not to see, except for individual visits from them, for five years.

It was hard to get Bubby onto the train again, and the two days' trip to San Diego was a torment for him. We were glad to see the Santa Fe Station in San Diego, a yellow wooden building with a top-structure.

We stayed at what is now Las Palmas Hotel at Tenth and J Streets, while our parents went house-hunting. It was a family hotel, with a big dining room and, in the narrow garden was a parrot in a pear tree.

The house we moved into was on 19th and F Streets, near town, on Golden Hill, where many fine houses were already built. Eva and I attended Sherman Heights School, whose iron bell in its tower clanged loudly.

Bubby accompanied Papa up and down the wooden sidewalks and cobblestone-strewn streets—just let him hear the sound of the cane tapping, and he would come running, his plumed tail waving joyously.

Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Bothell, was to be a friend of my mother for another thirty years. At last, after thirty years, my father was again living in San Diego.

WINTER OF 1900, SAN DIEGO

by Violet

Written Jan. 4, 1953

In a letter dated November 25, 1900, I wrote to my sister Eva in Malaga from 620 Hawthorne Street, San Diego, "The regular mail train is stalled between here and Los Angeles, part of the track being washed away by heavy rains. A part of the streetcar track here in San Diego, down by Cedar Street, sank into the ground, and the streetcar, coming over it, sank also, and we had to walk to high school in the mud." In the same envelope, was a letter from my mother, stating, "The weather is very mild and bright, since the rain that lasted four days and more. It did a wonderful amount of good, and everything looks beautiful."

That was the winter there were many mushrooms on the hills north of our house. With a bailed lard pail, and accompanied by our dog, Bubby, I would roam over the hills sloping down toward the bay. There was a fringe of houses above our house, a farm-house in a hollow with blackberry vines, and then no street or habitation as far as Old Town.

Our Chinese vegetable man, his baskets balancing from the ends of a bending bamboo pole, would warn me against strangers on my walks, but I never met anybody. There were only wild creatures, such as tarantulas, trapdoor spiders, horned toads, lizards, cotton-tails, jack-rabbits and birds. Once I came eye to eye with a hummingbird, sitting on her tiny nest.

On the banks of the streambeds grew silver and goldbacked coffee-bean and maiden-hair ferns. Wild flowers were plentiful—poppies, shooting-stars, yellow violets, Indian paintbrushes, butter-cups, baby-blue-eyes, fiddle-necks, larkspurs, and star-like plants covering the ground in rocky places.

Now, all that area is covered by streets and houses, and our house is gone, over the place a freeway bridge.

SWIMMING IN SAN DIEGO, 1896 THRU 1902

There were several places where we could go in swimming; at Los Baños, across D Street from the Santa Fe Depot; a

bath-house at the foot of Fifth Street; one at Ocean Beach and one near the Hotel Del Coronado; in the bay; and in the ocean at Coronado and La Jolla.

Papa, Mr. Quade, and Eva were natural swimmers, and each one has saved me from drowning.

At Los Baños, we paid 15 cents for the towel and for the bathing suit, which was of black knitted wool, with sleeves to the elbow, and pants and skirts. If we wished, we could have black cotton stockings.

In later years, a pool was built at Mission Beach, and Eva and David liked to go there. Salt water was piped from the bay to all the bath houses.

HISTORICAL ARTICLE STIRS OLD MEMORIES

by Violet

Written August 5, 1957

An article I read recently by Frances Sloane entitled "Early Days In San Diego," had an accompanying picture of Horton House taken in 1899. (The Grant Hotel stands where it used to be.)

Even before that date, our family often walked down there for Sunday dinner from our home on 19th and F Streets. My father, like the soldier he was, walked straight-backed, supporting my mother on his left arm, and swinging his leather-link cane. Eva and I, growing girls, walked decorously in front. Our little brown, black and white dog, Bubby, plumed tail over his back, joyfully led us down unpaved D Street (now Broadway) to the front door of the two-story, long, wooden building which sat near the ground.

We walked into the high-ceilinged room that had its desk for receiving guests on the right-hand side and the door to the dining room on the left. Some old lounging chairs sat against the wall and a door opened from the far corner into the hall. In the northwest corner, lying on its side at an angle, was a big wooden barrel in which a striped mother cat periodically had kittens. Bubby never could resist barking into the barrel before following us to our table at the right of the door, where he sat on his hind legs and begged.

There were several long tables, on which an abundance of food was already placed in tureens and platters, which we passed around. There were more kinds of food, but I remember the sausage and sauerkraut, shortribs and mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, and apple, mince and pumpkin pies.

The price was 25 cents a person. When we left, a paper sack of scraps was given us for Bubby, who made one farewell sortie into the head of the barrel, was scratched at, and then hurried to follow us, his plumed tail almost touching his neck.

PEOPLE REPRESENTED MUCH OF OUR HISTORY

by Violet

Written July, 1954

I looked forward to the Old-Timers' Picnic, a happy gathering of old-time friends from all over the country, bringing news of others unable to attend, such as my sister Eva.

Bandy Canyon is a pleasant place, with tall hills close to the groups of small buildings where we meet. Fruit trees, oleander bushes and flower gardens fill the air with fragrance. The first comers, arriving by bus and car, were met by our gracious hostesses, Justine Fenton and Laura Fenton. Soon hundreds were adding their voices to the hum of conversation. Across the picnic table from me, Maggie (Zvanovitch) Blair and Estella (Fulton) Hamilton had a great visit. They hadn't met since Russ High School days over 50 years ago.

Ramona's Mr. Walker called to the microphone former students of the old Sherman School at 17th and Market, to see a photograph taken in 1888. Eight grades used the four rooms by having morning and afternoon sessions. Alice Fries King had Mr. Walker announce an exhibit of her father's paintings at the La Jolla Art Club. Mr. Fries would have been 100 years old.

Buses took loads of sightseers around the ranch. Early in the afternoon Sophie Jackson began playing her accordion; then Ray Ward joined in with his violin, and volunteers sang old-fashioned songs. Some couples danced.

I was sitting on a bench with the Will Ellis' group when the cavalcade of home-goers began journeying down the avenue. "How much of life is reflected in their faces!" I exclaimed. "Yes," Mrs. Martin added, "these people represent so much of our country's history."

MISSION CLIFF GARDENS

by Violet

Written August 20, 1957

We used to go with our parents to Mission Cliff Gardens, located at the head of Park Boulevard, which was the end of the street-car line.

On the edge of the cliff, overlooking Mission Valley with its ruins of the Mission de Alcala, stood a wooden pavilion used for all sorts of entertainments. In it, Eva's eighth grade graduating class of Middletown School, under the direction of Isabel Frazee, the teacher, presented "The Birds' Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In a pond in front of the pavilion, big gold-fish swam, and frogs sat on broad leaves or dived among the water-lilies.

To the east of the pond, an old man ran a merry-go-round where the riders grabbed for rings fed from a pole, and whoever got the gold-colored one, could have a free ride instead of paying five cents. I liked to turn the crank of the music-box, not only to earn a ride, but because the music sounded so pretty as it rolled out over the lawn and trees and spilled down the brush-covered hillsides.

To the right of the entrance gate, which was set in a brick wall, a low-roofed store sold curios and hand-painted ostrich eggs, and contained the door to the ostrich enclosure.

Several times I climbed along the uneven path on the cliff side of the high wooden fence and found a dollar-sized knot-hole, and each time encountered a big rolling eye on the other side. Evidently the ostriches liked to look at the world outside.

The view was of the valley, mostly checker-boarded farm and dairy land. Sometimes San Diego River would spread out, and I have seen flood waters rushing over the entire valley and along the sides of the hills, tumbling houses, barns, wagons and animals down toward Mission Bay.

TRIP TO CORONADO

by Violet

Written August 1, 1957

Yesterday, Bill, downstairs, took my sister Eva and me in his car to the Amphibious Base at Coronado. It took us only thirty-five minutes to go there by way of Market, the ferry, Orange Avenue, Hotel del Coronado and a portion of the Strand, and to return by the same route. We remarked on the changes that have taken place since we were children.

Our family used to ride a street-car to the Ferry Building, where we bought tickets and walked up a ramp to the upper deck of the ferry. There was room on the lower deck for both passengers and horse-drawn vehicles. We could ride back and forth as many times as we wished for the same five-cent fare. We brought bread to feed the pigeons and seagulls. The other ferry would pass us on its way to the opposite wharf. Some-

times there were parties on board. Our Epworth League had a moonlight picnic, and we watched a school of porpoises leaping and playing in the phosphorescent waves. Rarely did we see a seal.

A street-car plied between the ferry and the hotel, going through that center strip now planted to lawn, and stopping just before the turn of the road that swings to the right in front of the hotel. There were few stores along the way and many spaces of vacant lots. It was always a pretty town, situated on South Island already connected with North Island by a bridge.

Near the terminal stop, where those fine hotels have been built lately, was a long, low, unpainted shack where some Chinese employees of the hotel lived. To the left of it, and a ways back, was the maze, a design of clipped evergreen hedges where we could get lost and finally have to creep through thin spaces underneath low branches in order to get out. To the east of the hotel, across the road, was the bath house. Beyond that, on the bayside, a big boat was tied up to make a floating pavilion.

There was no outdoor swimming pool or barricade of rocks at that time so we could wade in the ocean all along the beach, or go in swimming, changing our clothes behind scrubby bushes.

We were proud of the hotel, and were made to feel welcome to wander among the flower-gardens in the enclosed portion or in the grounds outside. Anyone could play on the croquet field out on the lawn. They started to build the hotel in March of 1887, three months after I was born, so the trees had had time to grow large enough for some mischievous monkeys to climb around in. Once a baby monkey jumped on my shoulder and tore the daisies off my leghorn hat. He would have taken the hat also, but it was held by an elastic band under my chin.

The monkeys were fed regularly, but they would sneak through open windows into the kitchen to steal food. Every once in awhile, a Chinaman in a white cap and apron and with flying pigtail, would run out the door, a long wooden spoon or a frying-pan in his hand, chasing a monkey, and using very rapid Chinese language.

THE DEATH OF BUBBY

by Violet

Written August 30, 1958

For four years we had lived on the corner of Hawthorn and Union Streets when one morning I found the poisoned body of our little dog, Bubby, lying near the kitchen door. Disgusted with our grief, the man next door, whom we suspected, exclaimed, "It was only a dog!" But to us, his adopted family, Bubby was a beloved child, by whom the members of our family were more closely bound together during the seven years of his sojourn with us, and I have never gotten over missing him, and in the words of the old hymn, ask:

"Shall I meet you up there,
Where loved ones are waiting,
Shall I meet you up there?"

Mr. Quade dug a grave for him in the corral, and we put flowers over him, and I asked God to take him in His arms and care for him.

That forenoon at Russ High School we were having fire-drill, standing in the front yard waiting for the signal to go back into the building, when my eyes began filling with tears; and when I returned to our room, Mrs. Woods asked me what was the matter. I answered, "A dear friend has died." She let me go home, and I found my mother stretched across our bed, worn out with crying. I tried to tell her we would see Bubby again, but she was not sure we would even see people again. To me, Bubby was a person, with a soul. Now he was not there to lick away the tears from my eyes with his warm tongue.

Although he was afraid of much water and noise, his trust in us gave him courage to go through such hardships. We stood in the place of Divinity to him. Maybe he knows God by his own experience, now.

Years later a school-teacher who one summer went painting with us in Otto Schneider's Saturday class told me that the only thing that turned her sorrow into hope was a vision in which her son, who had been killed swinging between pine trees in Yosemite Valley, had appeared to her and explained that he and his father and their old cat, Selena, were living together in the Other World in a cottage by a lake.

Jesus said He would prepare a place for us, and I'm hoping Bubby will be there waiting for me. That little fellow never harmed anyone. Maybe he did howl at the moon, and bark, but he'd stop if I hollered out the window at him.

God comfort those who have loved and lost their pets!

OLD TOWN PARADE BROUGHT MEMORIES

by Violet

Written July 30, 1956

During the recent Fiesta del Pacifico parade from Old Town Plaza and the program at the Serra statue, I was imagining the time when my father was stationed at Fort Stockton in the winter of 1868.

Then, also, there were Indians, priests, donkeys, mission-bells, Mexicans in colorful garb. There were only a few dwellings in the settlement and fewer in what became new San Diego.

The Sherman dwelling was the only one on Golden Hill. Papa took long walks over the brush-covered hills, just as I did 30 years later when Papa retired from the Army and returned to the place he loved.

He took me up to where the adobe walls of the fort were partially covered with earth, and we looked out over the ocean and the two bays, so close to each other. I have seen water blown from one bay to the other over the roadway between.

Eva and I used to play within the basement walls which Father Serra had started for a church.

The priest who took his part in the program had a high-bridged nose like that of the statue, and he wore the same kind of brown habit with a high collar in back. The Pala Indians rang a mission bell, sang Franciscan hymns, and five women danced to a merry song, led by a man in a feather head-dress. Their priest was a young man with a hood on his head. Nearby was the Serra cross, the Presidio Museum and an old adobe building which used to be the jail.

I had taken a wonderful trip back into the history of San Diego.

PRESIDIO MUSEUM

by Violet

Written Jan. 24, 1947

Editor, The Union:

Should Old San Diego continue as an historic shrine for the good of our city?

To me it is rich in historic significance. Right after the Civil War my father was stationed at Ft. Stockton when there were only 40 houses in San Diego, most of them in the village below the fort. Through the 30 years of his army service, he sang San Diego's praises, and just before the Spanish-American War brought Mamma, Eva and me here to live, when I was 10 years old.

We rented on Golden Hill, then bought the new Thompson house on Hawthorne street from which we could see Father Horton who used to own the land of the main business section, riding to town with his wife in a buggy, the old horse jogging along. Some of their old-fashioned furniture is on display at Ramona's Marriage Place.

On a Sunday afternoon we would visit Old Town. Papa took us up on the hill to show us the remnants of the old fort and the grand view. At one very high tide we saw the waves sloshing over the dirt road that separated Mission bay from San Diego bay. Eva and I climbed over the falling walls of Ramona's Marriage Place; played within the foundation of "the church that Fr. Ubach started"; or read the painted names and dates on the wooden headstones of the weedy cemetery where we found, on top of a fenced-in grave, a bed made with curtains some tramp had taken from our own playhouse stage.

I picked mushrooms, yellow violets and coffeebean ferns on the hills; watched the Indians; found a hen sitting on a nest in the window box of a deserted adobe house; climbed onto the veranda of the old hotel, and rang the low-hung bells in back of the little adobe church down the road. Some elderly people invited me into the Pedrorena house to look at keepsakes hung on the walls.

Through the years, Old Town never lost its charm and I've been glad for every effort to bring back the days of the beginnings — the restoration of Ramona's Marriage Place and of the old Alcala mission up the valley; the completion of Fr. Ubach's Church of the Immaculate Conception; the building and gift of the Presidio museum; the use of the Machado house as a community church; the work of public-minded citizens and organizations to retain the places of historic interest now that the city again has gone in that direction and there is danger of commercial forgetfulness of their value, which is priceless.

Memories throng of people and places; the pottery-making patio, the six-toed kittens, the antique shop run by a kind daughter and her invalid father; the olive press and the workers; the two tall palms and then but one; the pictures we painted in Mr. Schneider's landscape class; the pageant of Indians at the dedication of the museum; Serra Cross; the rough-surfaced cannon pointing at the fort site; the Tommy Getz bench in a corner of the sunny Plaza, and the Wishing Well which miraculously granted my wish.

Tommy Getz gave me a pass to Ramona's Marriage Place for my friends and me in return for some mementos of Buffalo Bill and I've sent many tourists, mostly during the second exposition and the second World war, who have been thrilled by the aura of early California civilization. I've heard several say "We enjoyed that place more than any other we've seen."

'OLD TIMERS' PICNIC 'SHINING' EVENT

July 3, 1967

Editor, The Union: Peter Brown's article on the Old Timers' Picnic at Felicita Park stressed remembrances of San Diego of 60 years ago, but the larger proportion of those present was from the back country.

There was one long table of people from Olivenhain, originally a German settlement now associated with Encinitas, the Lickert sisters explained.

We missed some beloved faces, but rejoiced to see those who were there, such as Ralph Walker, with his derby hat. Two gray-haired men embraced each other with kisses and tears. There were several former teachers, one 91 years old. Grandparents whom I had taught years ago, told me about their families. Molly Martin of Descanso and I are proud of Gertrude Ellis and her unselfish life.

Sophie Jackson is the one who played the accordion and sang as she walked from table to table, while we were eating. Will King was not there to gather a singing trail behind her, as in years past.

In the afternoon, on the open stage, young boys and girls in colorful costumes danced Mexican dances to gay tunes.

Alice Fries King and I had thought we could not attend this picnic, but my cousin, Beulah Marley, providentially brought us. As we rode home, we thanked our Heavenly Father for giving us this glorious, shining day.

Violet Beck
411 21st St.

GRANT HILL PARK

by Violet Beck

Feb. 4, 1967

Grant Hill Park, located in Mt. Gilead Subdivision of Golden Hill, on the corner of J and 26th Streets, will be enlarged by 2 acres and developed within the next 6 years, according to the provisions of the November elections. It is that "knob of land," as Mayor Curran calls it, which dominates Southeast San Diego and can be seen from every area over which it looks. It has one of the world's finest views, a circular panorama of the environs of San Diego, except a short portion to the north.

Originally, the son of U. S. Grant planned on building his hotel there, and when he chose his downtown site, he willed the place to a Pt. Loma doctor, who was to build "a hospital for the poor" upon it, but instead he let the property become tax-delinquent. The lawyer for the Hospital Foundation contacted me, and through the efforts of the Golden Hill Improvement Association, the Planning Commission and the City Council were persuaded to buy it as a park, just before World War II broke out.

That hill has been a source of inspiration, both to those who lift their eyes to the hills, and those who look out from its brow. It is used as a place to view eclipses, to fly kites, to eat lunches, or just to walk upon and look out from, over city, bay, Pt. Loma, North Island, Coronado, ocean, islands, Mexico and mountains, or to look up at the wonder of the sky.

When the rounding street in front was paved, and the cliffs were trimmed back, cobble-stones were thrown up on it, but the soil is working through again, and last year, long-lost wild flowers reappeared. Green in winter, golden in summer, it is our wild-place, and could be developed as a mountain-place.

Grant Hill has long been thought of for a medical center. The million-dollar At The Terrace Convalescent Hospital is the nucleus, a medical-surgical hospital will be built, and there will be doctor's offices, nurses' dormitories and all such additions in the blocks belonging to Grant Hill.

I plan to donate a bench for the top of the hill, hoping my name will be inscribed on a little plaque attached to it, as "The Lady of the Hill," as the neighborhood children call me. God gave me guidance so that this land was acquired and saved as a park.

NOTE, Feb. 23rd: Sunday, I was up on The Hill, and found the cliffs rounded, my brave bushes covered, and flat places prepared, which Mary Berger says, are for swings and other equipment for a playground. She exclaimed, "Isn't it wonderful, after all these years, I have lived to know this hill will be so grand and important?" Ruthie Gibson tells me the Steers place is being used as a recreational center. She can take Jeanie Violet and Buster to pre-school, and she is joining classes in cooking and sewing. She and Charles are glad they live next to the park. She says, "Chuck calls it 'My Hill'."

Panoramic panels of the view from the monument on Grant Hill.

Frances Sloane and Violet Beck at foot of the observation point on Grant Hill.

Looking toward Point Loma from Grant Hill.

May 28, 1968

Editor of the Union:

Grant Hill Park, located on Mt. Gilead Subdivision in the Golden Hill area, at 26th and J Streets, is to be developed as a park, but the contour of the hill is to remain, and the promontory is to be left as an observation point with its head looking out over one of the most wonderful views in all the world—mountains, Mexico, islands, the Strand, Coronado, North Island, Pt. Loma, ocean, bay, Balboa Park, San Diego and other cities sweeping back to the eastern mountains again.

Lew Scarr, writer for your paper, wrote me, "I'm glad you called my attention to Grant Hill—I'm going out one day to take a look."

Tom Hom, councilman for our district, wrote, "The Golden Hill area is not only unique from the standpoint of geographical location, but historically it is the foundation upon which much of new San Diego was built . . . As a youngster, I attended Sherman School and I knew it then as Golden Hill . . . I know how you feel about the fine view which the mount on Grant Hill provides. It is spectacular."

Mike Schaefer, another councilman, wrote, "Most of our very early civic and business leaders lived in Golden Hill, and today many fine older homes and new apartments make this a very distinctive part of our community."

In our meetings at The Terrace Sanitarium, to plan for a Grant Hill Area organization, Mr. Atkinson, of the Recreation Department, showed us maps for the development of the park, including the added portion on 27th Street. In the promontory portion, paths will lead up to a half-circle, within which will stand a monument, with steps and seats, and a flag on top. In the new part, there will be picnic tables, rest-rooms, play equipment for young children, and a volley-ball court for teenagers. The new portion has been cleared, leaving trees and bushes which were already growing there.

Violet Beck
411 21st St.
San Diego

SHEAVES OF FRIENDSHIP

In the Fields of Memory

by Violet Beck

In the harvest of the years, the sheaves of friendship stretch across the fields of memory—sheaves of Schools, Lawyers, Doctors, My Friends the Burroughs, the Philathea Class, Neighbors and Tenants, Visitors and Palmistry, Golden Hill and the Golden Hill Improvement Association.

These are some of my sheaves. May they prove of value in portraying an era of earnest endeavor and of faith in God. They seek to preserve the memory of friends who have been good to me.

I thank my Heavenly Father for their love, and for His love, which is best of all. As a little child, I climb into His loving arms, and find rest. Surely He will look after me and my loved ones, even after we have left this beautiful world.

SCHOOLS

PRE-SCHOOL, KINDERGARTEN, HYDE PARK SCHOOL and MALAGA SCHOOL

Aunt Lydia and Mamma taught me at home until I was seven years old. Bertie Birch, who wore dresses, and another little boy were my main playmates. In the fall of 1893, Mamma took me to Hyde Park School to the kindergarten building, but it burned down the first week, and Miss Reed put me in the third grade.

When Papa was transferred from Chicago to Benicia, Mamma, Eva and I stayed at Grandpa's, and we children attended Malaga School along with Myers, Bert, Steve, Bessie, Little Lyddy, Bertha, and Uncle Judah when he could be spared from the farm work. In rainy weather, he or Grandpa would take us in a buck-board. I was in Miss Birdie's room, with Rose, Little Lyddy and Bertha, and Eva in the big room with the others. Meta Gibbs was in her room and Hazel Gibbs was my seat-mate. Once Miss Birdie had Hazel and me stand in opposite corners of the room for whispering.

Aunt Rose was in the fourth grade in the row of seats next to ours, and she mothered me and Bertha. Miss Birdie arranged a contest, with herself as foreman and Rose as one of the judges, to decide which one of the students read most like a preacher, and they decided it was Bertha because she read slowly. Miss Birdie would not let us erase a picture Bertha had drawn on the board of a lady's hand holding some flowers. No wonder Aunt Bertha called one of her children Birdie.

We wrote on slates, using slate pencils and sponges. At recess, we played "sticks." We laid sticks on the ground and jumped on one foot between them, first over one, then two, or three, until a stick was touched. We played "Farmer in the Dell" and other games.

There was a platform for programs in Eva's room. Both Meta and Eva recited "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

We could see the snow-covered Sierra Nevada Mountains from the school.

BENICIA GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1894 - 1897

Because I knew my tables up to eight, I was placed in the fourth grade when we went to Benicia. I had broken my right wrist falling from a board fence, and was proud of my prowess in writing with my left hand. In May, I was promoted to the fifth grade. Tillie Durner, our teacher, took us to see the launching of a fishing boat into the waters of Carquinez Straits. Rose Durner, her niece, would choose me on her side in the game of "Run, Sheep, Run!" Rose wore a dark-colored dress with a white apron over it that had ruffles over the shoulders. Dollie Driscoll wrote my name in her Spencerian handwriting on a bamboo ruler I still own. Miss Close was teacher of the sixth grade. She taught us how to make diagrams of sentences. A blue-eyed Emma, with blonde braids, sat in front of me. Edith Johnson, Anita Shade, and Lizzie Kreh were friends. We played leap-frog down a slight incline in the school yard. Tom Wade gave me pictures out of his Chatterbox.

The summer that followed was a difficult one. Mamma took me to the homeplace to help with Bertha, and she helped nurse Grandpa in his last illness. I contracted malaria and could not attend school in the fall. Mrs. Kreh made root-beer to build up my strength. One day, I tried to go back to Anna Durner's seventh and eighth grade room, and Rose Turner tried to help me, but at recess I asked to go home. Mamma bought me a "Heart of Oak" book to read in.

Mt. Diablo dominated our Benicia landscape.

SHERMAN HEIGHTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SAN DIEGO, 1897

When we moved to San Diego after Christmas, Mamma thought best for me to be in the sixth grade until the mid-year term would begin. Our room was in the attic of the two-story wooden building with its tall brick foundation. There were sloping rafters over our heads, and the strong-sounding bell was in the belfrey near us. When our teacher had sick headaches, and lay down on a bench under the eaves, different ones read aloud such books as, "Seven Little Peppers," "Huckleberry Finn," and "Tom Sawyer."

Alice Thorndike and Helen Ward were my special friends. On the first day of school, they had come to where I was standing in a corner by the tall front steps and had asked me to play with them. We formed a Literary Society and read our essays in Alice's shed on "G" Street near 22nd in Saturday meetings. We remained friends until death did us part.

With the Spring Semester, we went downstairs into the south-eastern corner room into Miss Brewer's Seventh Grade. She had braids of blonde hair around her head, and was kind. For Domestic Science, the girls learned mostly how to hemstitch handkerchiefs. There was an exhibit of prints of famous paintings, placed around the base of the blackboards, and we were asked to vote on our favorite. Each print cost a penny. It was that year the Spanish-American War broke out, and I wrote on my Current Events corner blackboard by the cloakroom, "Remember the Maine!"

From in front of the school, we could see Grant Hill and beyond it Mount San Miguel.

MIDDLETOWN GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SAN DIEGO, 1898 - 1900

When we went to Middletown School, I was in the high seventh grade under Miss Wheeler, and Eva was in Isabel Frazee's room. With the spring term, I was in the low eighth grade with Miss Frazee. She had white hair, but she must have been young, for, at the end of that term, she left us to attend college, and went on to teaching high school for many years. John Fletcher stayed behind to be with her, and she gave him advanced work. He died as a young man. About four years ago, at an Old Timers' Picnic, someone invited me to come over to the Middletown Reunion table. Most of the memories were about Miss Frazee. On the corner blackboard, she kept Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional." A favorite song was "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, God Almighty," for which we learned all the parts. I sang alto. She would have us recite in unison, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The second part of that school year, Miss Wheeler was our teacher in that room, but without Miss Frazee, it was as if the main light had gone out. Friday afternoons, we had programs, mostly recitations of poems, but there were speakers who addressed us. Some of the students

in that class were, Ruth Sterne, Theda Burnham, Ezra Fish, Roland Springer, Tom Hamilton and Charles Forward. Some of the girls wore aprons. The boys wore short pants, black cotton stockings and button shoes. When they went up to high school, they wore long pants.

We were near the bay, and could see Point Loma.

RUSS HIGH SCHOOL, SAN DIEGO, January 1900 - June 1902

In January, we climbed the hill to Russ High School, a gray, two-story building with a belfry, plus an annex built on in back, for study-hall, library and assemblies. Joaquin Miller, a white-bearded poet, recited from his poems to us one day. Mr. Quade, our family friend, bought me a bicycle which Eva used more than I did. The route from our home at Hawthorne and Union was to Downtown, up "D" Street to Twelfth, up Twelfth to "A" Street, where the bicycle could be parked by a wall under a pepper-tree. The roads and paths were all dirt. On rainy days, we took the street car on Second Street. I liked to walk up Hawthorne Street, meet Theda Burnham and cut across by the old reservoir near the school grounds. Theda was my seat-mate in study-hall. Sometimes I ate lunch with Alice Thorndike and Helen Ward, out by the looped steel chain fence above the cement wall in front of the school building. Sometimes I ate with Ruth Sterne, Estella Fulton and Florence Cheatham. Or, Maggie Zvanovitch and I would find a quiet corner. Maggie and I, quiet freshman girls, sat across from one another in front rows nearest Mrs. Woods' desk. Mrs. Woods would button the difficult top hook of the coat-with-cape I wore on rainy days. Maggie was nervous over examinations.

One lunch place was on top of the woodpile behind the carriage shed where Alsa Bent, who drove from National City, and others parked their horses and buggies. Sometimes I took walks over the hills where Balboa Park now lies. A eucalyptus grove grew where the Stadium now stands. Eva's favorite teacher was Miss Whipple, who later married one of her pupils, Mr. Garretson. She and Miss Boggs were special friends. The Isis Theatre recruited players from the school for "Midsummer Night's Dream," and I was one of the dancing flower girls. Miss Godfrey took our English class to see "The Merchant of Venice" there.

My eyes were troubling me, and I went to Dr. Cleary, who put bella-donna drops in them, which left lasting results of weakness and sensitivity to light. For months Eula Reasoner read my lessons to me. I tried to take Mediaeval History in the school's first summer school, held by a history teacher in her home on the corner of "A" and Twelfth Street. Eva wrote, asking me to come to Fowler to take care of Mrs. Harris' baby, Avery, so she could go to Yosemite on a camping trip with relatives, and the teacher willingly released me. I left a school of two hundred students to go to one of forty.

From the upstairs window of Russ High School, we could see the city, the bay, the Strand, Coronado, Point Loma, and the ocean beyond with its islands.

FOWLER UNION HIGH SCHOOL, 1902 - 1904

November 4, 1967

The building that housed Fowler High School resembled a residence from outside. Each of us forty students had a desk in the Assembly room. Across the hall were the two classrooms where Miss Cooke, Miss Eleanor V. V. Bennett and Mr. Keran, the principal, taught. There was a little room back of the assembly room where Mr. Keran's office-room contained his desk, a closet, and a couch on which he slept nights. Miss Bennett and I sat on that couch for United States History. In the basement was the Physics room and a place for the boys to dress for football. The girls played basketball and their locker room was upstairs off the hall. Earl Atkinson took Chemistry alone up there. Marion Miner was our janitor. We all studied earnestly.

The first year, I lived at Aunt Elsie's house, and on Mondays I was late, because Rudy and I helped with the washing, on a hand-manipulated machine. The second year, I lived with the Streeter's, the Leslie Giffens and then with Mamma in Laura Porter's house.

There were eleven students in our graduating class. Ord Slater, Irvine Aten, Ernest Barnett, Harry Long, Ben Young, Blanche Bonoeil, Amanda Ekstrom, Clyde Kennedy and myself. Was Dottie Howard or Nellie Ireland the eleventh one? Neither Ord nor Marion answered my letters of enquiry, but I think they are living. Once I wrote Irvine, an attorney in Fresno, and he called my letter, "a voice out of the past." He died on November 5, 1964. Ord, Irvine and Ernest played on string instruments in a little band. They, Harry and I went up to the University of California.

There are varied memories. Some lady gave lessons in etiquette in the Town Hall across from the school and Miss Bennett went with us girls to encourage us.

Blanche and Amanda took me to their homes out in the country. Paul Giffen and I were the only students in one Latin class, and when we finished early, I would go out to a mulberry tree and eat berries. There was a vineyard not far away, with a small rock shed under black walnut trees, and I liked to go out there at noon and crack walnuts, eat Concord grapes and read Omar Khayam. Amanda Ekstrom stayed at our house for night events, and I went to her house out near a tule-pond, where she and Alma would take me rowing in a boat. Blanche took me home with her, also, and her father, mother and sister, Helen, welcomed me. Mrs. Bonoeil plucked down from her geese to make pillows. Miss Bennett went with me one week-end to the Colony, and we stayed at Uncle Judah's. We rode our bicycles. Mornings, as I was riding on my bicycle to school, I could see Ella Harris' daughter, Pauline, riding horseback to school from the Amos Harris' ranch. Ruby Maxey was a freshman when I was a senior. She would look up words in the dictionary which lay on a shelf near my desk. Her hair was braided down her back and tied with a ribbon.

Many years afterward, Ruby and her husband, George Sykes, took me to two reunions of the Fowler schools, held in the park, and I met some of those I had known before. Cousin Renvy was welcomed jubilantly. Mrs. Giffen had been her teacher. A number of my relatives attended Fowler schools—Hugh Hamilton, Rudy, Lalie, Mamie, Arthur, Carl, Gertrude and Johnny Platzek, Herman and Herbert Lehrbach, Helen Daugherty, Beulah, Constance and Raymond Myers, Lillian Earl, Ruth and Edith Washer, Bernie Bibbs, and now his three children, Bernie, Leroy and Gail are in high school there.

Our class graduated in Town Hall. As salutatorian, I read an essay on our class motto from The Idylls of the King—"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Some of the relatives came to my graduation—Aunt Susie, Aunt Salema, Aunt Flora A. and others. They gave me money for a bible, in which Papa wrote our family record, and I still have it.

Blanche and Amanda continued as life-long friends. How many times I have been in their homes! There was never any shadow of turning with either. Not long before Blanche died, she had Amanda and me as house-guests in her lovely home in Fowler.

During my freshman year at the University, Miss Bennett was employed in the Registrar's office, and I would wave to her through Mrs. Cheney's window. She taught in the Oakland schools until she retired. Dear little teacher! When I

visited her in her last days, she told me she had loved me ever since I had timidly knocked at the front door of the cottage-like school, and she had let me in.

INTERIM, SUMMER and FALL of 1904

After high school, my eyes were very tired, and I did not go up to the University of California at Berkeley until the spring term. My father came from Chicago, and we two lived with Uncle Judah and Aunt Selma. We visited among the relatives, and took Sunday dinner at Aunt Lydia's. We talked and sang in German as we took walks around the Colony. Papa helped me with a year's German so that I passed the entrance examination in it.

* * * *

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, 1905 - 1910

We students registered in ivy-covered, red-brick South Hall. There was a nice-looking colored girl, the only one, but she was shy and soon dropped out. Rosa Wampler was my first chum. We entered Mr. Delameter's class in German, to which Mattie Zander and Claire Hayden Bell also belonged. Rosa and I became discouraged, and went to Professor Schilling, head of the department, and he gave us "Ermuthigung." When World War I broke out, Mr. Delameter departed for Germany.

Rosa and I studied our mathematics together. A small group of girls did our work faithfully in a class which was not faithful. We sat right down in the front row of the tiered seats of the Astronomy Building classroom. Our instructor said he would never teach Freshman Math again. In the middle of examination week, the San Francisco 1905 Earthquake filled our campus with refugees, with everybody helping who would. Our Armory boys were sent to keep order in San Francisco. When Irvine Aten was injured by a bullet, I went over by ferry to see him in the Army hospital. All the students were passed without specific grades in their subjects. The mathematics teacher was on the Scholarship Board, and six of us faithful girls received scholarships. I received $12.50 a month with $25 for vacations for the remainder of my college life. That meant I could go to see the homefolks every summer, for a few weeks, anyway. At the Reception for Parents after graduation, that instructor praised me to Papa and Mamma.

When I entered university, my hair was braided and tied in back in a loop with a ribbon. I was young in years and ways. The first house we lived in was on Walnut Street, near the President's Mansion, which I passed on my way to classes. There was a path down the hill from it to some rock steps that led to a bridge over Strawberry Creek, and beyond it was a pond with lilies. The first evening I went exploring and was sitting beyond the pond, when a distinguished looking gentleman in a tall hat came up to me and said, "You should not be here alone." It was President Wheeler.

Professor Senger was my counsellor. The first time I went up to his room on the third floor of North Hall, I had on coat, cap and rubbers, and he exclaimed, "Young lady, you are dressed too warm!" He was always good to me. He gave me a lavender-flowered dress with velvet ribbon threaded around the neck, and other dresses which had belonged to his two girls. I brought him muscat grapes sent from Fresno. Years afterward, Frances Tucker and I visited him in his home, and he played on his grand piano for us.

Professor Howison had blue eyes, white hair, and wore glasses. Sometimes he would be late to class. From the Philosophy Building, we would watch him coming across the campus, the cape on his coat flying, leading his little, fluffy white dog, Aristotle. The library building behind him looked like a hen with her wings spread out over the surrounding study-rooms at the side and back. I had an ivy-curtained niche near its front stairs where I could study outdoors. Mostly the place for study was on the main floor where books were issued. Spiral staircases rose above it to individual book and seminar rooms. In front of the study portion was a room hung with big paintings. Professor Howison's house was east of the campus, not far from the library; so he could walk to his classes, although he was an older man. The younger instructors reverenced him. Before he retired, they asked him to teach them in a class, which I visited. After he died, Mrs. Howison gave me some of his mementos, which I distributed to those who would appreciate them most. I still possess two small walnut desk boxes, which I would give to the University, if there is a place for mementos.

One of those in that class was Dr. Ernest Hocking, my chief philosophy instructor. His wife invited me to a day in their home when they had one little boy. He autographed for me his book, "The Meaning of God in Human Experience," which I used for many years in Morning Worship. Dr. J. B. Frye, minister of the Southern Methodist Church which I attended, used that book one year as a basis for his talks in Sunday evening services. Dr. Frye was a visitor of classes in the Philosophy department. I fed upon the teachings, but it was difficult for me to comprehend Hegel's theory of The State, and reconcile it with God's will and plan for individual lives. "Lo, oh God, I am come to do Thy will," was an important sentence in our philosophy department. Dr. Hocking belonged to the Congregational Church. He explained to me, "Philosophy alone does not satisfy me. I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ."

Prof. Harry Overstreet was an associate professor, a young man with light hair and blue eyes. When he began to smoke I remonstrated, "You have always seemed so clean." He countered with, "Do you eat meat? That is not being clean." He and his wife were among the first to have installed in their home the innovations of electric appliances. He later became interested in Communism, but finally exposed its fallacies in articles for the press. At our time there were only about a dozen students who belonged to the Communist Club. One of them was pointed out to me, and he looked like anybody else.

Grandma was walking with me one day near the statue of an athlete, when some boys in shorts came running from the Armory to the athletic field. "Oh! I am so shocked!" she exclaimed, but she kept on looking at them. Glen was with me one day during Summer School. She would say, "That one is a teacher. That one is not!" "How do you know?" I asked. She answered, "The teacher has a do-or-die look." I wanted to be a teacher.

Professor Lange was our instructor in education. He had a big head with brown hair. He was fatherly. Our Botany teacher, Prof. Setchell, had black hair. He taught from outlines on a blackboard. It was whispered that sometimes he took a "nip." Professor Stephens, history instructor, came walking down the acacia-lined path to California Hall, with a cigar sticking out from the middle of his mouth. He wore a moustache and beard, and carried a cane. A big white dog used to come and lie on the floor at the top of the stairs leading down to his lectern, and look at him. One day he remarked, "I wish all of you would pay as much attention to me as that dog does." Just then, the dog stretched himself and yawned, and all of us laughed.

Professor Rugh tried conversing with us in Latin class, and I could answer him, because Florence Cheatham and I used to write notes in Latin in high school. I asked him, "What is the good of studying Latin?" He answered, "In after years you will understand."

Prof. Paschall used to wheel the buggy containing his baby by our house when we lived on Grant Street.

Mr. Kurtz wore a moustache. He was an iconoclast. I

told Professor Gayley on him. He reassured me, "Mr. Kurtz is a young man; he will learn." Of his own accord, Mr. Kurtz wrote a recommendation for me for a teaching position, "She would make a good disciplinarian." Professor Gayley wrote, "She thinks."

One day I visited Professor Bradley's room high up on the third floor of North Hall. A bunch of Readers, including Mr. Bruce, were taking his class in the study of words, and they would not let him get on with his lectures. He was a gentle, kindly man and reminded me of a fragile vase. He had been one of the two instructors when the college, which turned into the university, had first begun. I was so mad, so mad at those boys! Professor Schilling let me drop Mediaeval German and I joined Professor Bradley's class. I would glare at the young men when they started to act up, and they subsided. I took every class Professor Bradley had to offer. He read aloud to us Tennyson's "In Memoriam." I was his only student in a class on writing Poetry. I was thrilled by "Paradise Lost" in his class on Milton. Mrs. Bradley invited me to their home. There was a Keith painting over their mantelplace in their cedar-siding home near College Avenue. In later years, I went to see him when Mrs. Parker was taking care of him, as she had for Mrs. Howison until she died. He said then, "I have four friends left, all women, and you are one of them." I told Professor Wells, and he promised, "I will go to see him."

Cynthia Burroughs kept house for Professor Wells when she started college, and was with him when he died. He was a beloved instructor. I had him in a course in writing, and he said I saw things truthfully.

Professor Gayley was a favorite. I wanted to take his course on the Bible, but Zoology came at the same time, and I'm glad to have that science course. I did get to take a graduate seminar course in Aesthetics with Professor Gayley upstairs in the library at a long table in a little room. We had great discussions. Professor Gayley went to the Episcopalian Church.

Delia Eldon typed my Master's thesis, "Religious Literature in Relation to Education." She married Bruce Clark, who became an instructor. They used to invite students in groups to their home.

Claire Bell also became an instructor. He married Mattie Zander and they had a little girl now married, with children. Claire is president of our '08 Class. Day after tomorrow, March 22, 1968, there is to be a Reunion, 60 years after graduation. At our 1956 Reunion, I saw Fay Brenneman, Stella Harmon and Vera Simpson. They were also friends in the Young Women's Christian Association.

I used to go back to visit the Y.W.C.A. when Lily Mae Sherman was living and the main person in the organization. When the new building was being planned, I donated the altar table and window for her memorial room. I treasure the memory of Y.W.C.A. friends. One convention in Carmel, I roomed with Patty Chickering. On the programs, Irma Bromley used to play tunes that sounded like a violin, breathing through the upper part of her nose.

The year that Edna Nelson was away teaching, I went around with Elizabeth Kedrolivansky. Leona Merrick lived one year with Papa and me. There were many other friends. Henrietta, Olive and Helen Burroughs were dear friends, all gone now. But the dearest of all of them, Edna Nelson Burroughs, still lives, thank the Good Lord.

From Walnut Street, we moved to an old-fashioned, two-story house on Alston Way. Rosa and I studied together in what used to be the butler's pantry. Aunt Elsie came with Carl the evening before the earthquake, and I had to tell her to take Carl out of the house fast. Bricks and ashes from the fireplace were flying over her bed. Then I went to awaken Papa, and saw his hand-mirror fly from the wall onto his head. The crippled lady upstairs was coming down the stairs backwards on her hands and knees. Out of doors, people were pouring onto the street in their night clothes. That was the end of my Freshman year.

Mamma decided to build a Queen Anne house on 2233 Grant Street, with a smaller cottage in the rear, and there we lived the rest of my university days. She did not sell it until some years after 1911, the year she built this home where I now live. I received first my bachelor's degree, then my master's degree while living there.

Different relatives came to visit us, especially during the San Francisco Exposition. Uncle Max came to see the Fleet in San Francisco Bay. Mr. Kreh, a Benicia friend, was working at the Armory, and he got Papa a job there as attendance officer. Uncle Max and Mr. Kreh told each other proudly about their children. Mamma had to go to San Diego during the winter months, because of bronchial trouble, and Papa and I had to get along together as best we could. He helped me with my German, French and History, reading aloud to rest my eyes. Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora A. were with us when Uncle Phil was working in a furniture store. It was easier when we were alone, but Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora were always so hospitable when we were at their house.

I was always longing to see the homefolks. When Uncle Max went home, I cried. He was at our house in Chicago when I was little, and he loved us, and we him. He met Aunt Elsie at our house in Chicago.

My father was very dear to me. He said a blessing at table, "Komm, Herr Jesus, Sei unser Gast, Und segne wass Du uns besherret hast." He went with me to Epworth Church because he liked Mr. Frye, and he liked to sing the hymns with his beautiful voice. If he got drowsy, I would push my knee against his.

Usually, Grandma came summers, to get away from the Fresno heat. Uncle Darius would bring his family and they lived in houses near us. Aunt Susie's sisters would visit them. It was like a colony. After Mildred died, Uncle Dri came alone.

Eva was married in that house in a lovely home wedding. Myers was James' best man, and I was Eva's bridesmaid. Aunt Flora came with Eunice, and Aunt Salema with three-weeks-old Hester. I see Grandma in the wedding picture. Aunt Lydia came afterwards with little Ralph.

Eva and James, with James' boys, Louis and Charles, lived in that house one year. To that house, Eva brought baby Lillian. Then, baby John. Then, baby David. We would reunite summers in that house.

During the summers of the 1915-1916 San Francisco Exposition, friends and relatives made our house their headquarters. John Myers came from the East, also Glen Babson with her son, Paul. He liked the blackberries which grew by the shed and along the fence. Uncle Gordy, Steve, and others came. I would hurry home from summer school to cook for them.

Finally, reluctantly, Mamma sold that home. When I would come back to take Mechanical Drawing and Art at Mr. Myers' School of Art and at the University, I would get a room in one of the university cottages still standing in the southeast corner of the campus. I would go to see friends and places, and Berkeley remained a part of my life for many years.

One friend I would always visit. On the west side of Strawberry Creek, near the lath-house where I had attended our agriculture class, stood two oak trees which reminded me of a husband and wife. The husband stood straight-trunked, but the wife bent over the creek with spreading branches which made a fine seat for me. There, all through university, I studied, ate my lunch, wrote poems, or looked about at the beauties of Nature, for wild growing-things were more plentiful at that time, and small wild creatures moved about. This was "My Tree," and among the illustrations for this book,

you will find a picture of me sitting in her lap. Both trees have long ago passed away. Sometimes I would invite a friend to eat lunch with me, for there were other seats in the tree, and afterwards we would walk through the pine-tree grove to the botanical gardens, with its plants to be found in literature: acanthus, amaranthus, thyme, angel-trumpet, hollyhocks, yellow violets, even a tobacco plant. In a secluded corner within a hedge, grew a calicanthus tree with fragrant, glossy blossoms. The kindly gardener was pleased when I brought him plants from my garden.

From the campus we had a nice view of the town, the bay, Mt. Tamalpais and San Francisco.

MINISTERS

The university years gave me the friendship of three men of God. Father Mitchell was the young priest who married Blanche and Clayton Draper, and I met him at their wedding in Fowler. The following summer, I went with a Catholic group on a mission to a logging camp up Shaver Lake and on the boat was handed a bundle to hold. When I started to investigate it, Father Mitchell rushed over and told me it contained the Host which I must not touch. In our ensuing conversation, he explained why he believed that Jesus was the Son of God. He sent me to Dr. Felix Zavier Morrison, the first priest of the new Catholic church near our home on Grant Street. Dr. Morrison let me come with problems, and talked with me at a long table in his parish study. After he had been transferred to St. Mary's Cathedral in Oakland, he told me, "As we grow older, we do not make so many close friends." He gave me the rosary the Pope had given him when he was ordained in Rome. When he was dying, he said to me, "Death is to be accepted. It is not the end. If you need me, I will come to you." I keep the mother-of-pearl rosary in a little basket on a shelf near my bed. Dr. J. A. B. Frye, of the Southern Methodist Church, baptized me, and came to visit me twice in San Diego.

SCHOOLS WHERE I TAUGHT
(all in California)

The years of my teaching gave me many friends—principals and their wives, students, people at whose houses I lived, people in the community. There were 13 years of regular teaching and 29 of substitute work.

ESPARTO HIGH SCHOOL, 1912 - 1913
(in Yolo County)

Dr. Charles Gideon Davis was principal of Esparto High School, the first school where Ethel Davis and I taught. I taught English and Latin. Miss Secrest was the Commercial teacher.

We women boarded at the three-story hotel run by Mr. and Mrs. Fredson, except that toward the last, Ethel went to eat at Dr. Davis' home, where his mother and his sister, Miss Viola, lived. There were huge black walnut trees near the hotel and railroad station, and in the yard of the two-story wooden school house.

My classroom downstairs was heated by a pot-bellied iron stove. We had programs, spell-downs, debates and a mock-trial, and I remember Dr. Davis' hearty laugh at something Harry Thompson said in the trial. Harry has remained my life-long friend, and so have Harry Holmes, a red-head, and Maurine Lucas and Charles Craig, who were married and lived in Piedmont, 106 Pacific Avenue. Beulah used to take me to visit them when I was at her home in Alameda. Harry and Charles are now retired dentists, and Harry Holmes is a retired teacher. Harry's father was minister of the little church in Esparto and his mother was a dear friend. Harry came to visit me last year, bringing Winifred, his wife.

Dr. Davis and Ethel married. I taught with them again at Covelo. They adopted first a baby girl, then a baby boy, Ernest. They helped raise two grandchildren, girls. He was ninety-three when he died, and in his obituary in the Berkeley paper, he was called "beloved father" and "beloved grandfather." Ethel died some years before. She was pretty, a good teacher, and a loyal friend.

KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL, 1913 - 1914
(in Fresno County)

Mr. Duval was principal of Kingsburg High School. His wife, Adaline Duval, was a life-long friend of mine, and of Blanche Bonoeil Draper, living in Kingsburg at that time with Clayton and curly-haired baby Pauline. Dorothy Hewitt, the Science teacher, and I boarded with a Swedish lady, whose father lived with her. My father came and lived with us and helped me with my class records after school in the small classroom in the rear building. We called it the Art Room, but I taught History, English, and Mechanical Drawing, also.

I helped Mrs. Duval with the little children in the Sunday School of the Methodist Church. It was held in the parsonage. The minister's wife died, and one Sunday he proposed to me on the porch of the parsonage between services.

The nearby Kings River overflowed in a flood one day in the spring, and Mr. Duval let us go down to see it. The boys and girls climbed onto the tottering bridge and I was afraid they would fall in. When I lived at Aunt Elsie's, Rudy and I used to ride on our bicycles to that river.

Toward the end of the school year, I gave a party in my classroom, and Cousins Mina, Glen and Ralph came from Malaga to meet my students. Paul Erickson thanked me for the ice-cream. I think he became a minister.

Peter Alfving was good to me then, and as long as he lived. He and Lily would bring their daughter and son to see me when I would visit Blanche in Fowler. Mildred Denham Goodman writes to me from Friendswood, Texas about her son and daughter and grandchildren. I visit Ingeborg Lindberg Lofgren in Berkeley.

When Mr. Duval died, Mrs. Duval sold their place and raised Keith, Artie and Mary Louise in her home in Ventura, which I visited many times. My Cousin, Doris, and her husband, Wayne Harlan, bought the Kingsburg place, and John and Melinda were raised there. Doris worked for years as secretary in the new high school.

My thoughts have often been in Kingsburg. I used to phone Hazel Anderson from Blanche's house. There was one teacher, Lulu B. Fiske, whom I visited in Beaumont, where she taught until retirement. There, in connection with her church, she helped with the soldier boys, and was beloved. She visited me during the San Diego Exposition of 1935-1936. She was not big, but she had a deep voice. Her right hand had been crippled by polio.

Katharine Paladini was in my room five periods a day. There was a kind janitor and his wife, who wore an apron. Among the students were Paul Petersen, Leonard Bishop, Henry Bishop, Charles Rosendahl, and an Arthur who made believe he was a missionary lady when I had the art class sew and stencil monkscloth runners for their mothers for Christmas.

The graduation exercises were held outdoors between my building and the main one. A platform was built in front of my door, covering my garden, into which one of the boys had sprinkled lettuce-seed, which was growing. Those children liked to tease. I could hear them out on the play-ground, "You big Swede!" "You big Dane!"

BANNING HIGH SCHOOL, 1914 - 1915
(in Riverside County)

Mr. Blee was principal of Banning High School. There was a third teacher, but I forget her name. The schoolhouse consisted of two rooms on the grammar school campus, but a new high school was being built. I took my Art class there so we could draw landscapes through the unfinished windows. Julia Jennings, Paul Randall and William Mackey were student friends. I taught Art, Latin, and English.

The mountains were nearby, and I enjoyed walking "the desert hills into." Once, the school had a moonlight picnic up near a stream-bed.

I lived in a downstairs apartment in a two-story house owned by a kind woman who was taking care of her three-months' old grandson. I had him on the bed in my room one day, and he crawled off it.

The Marango Indian Reservation was nearby, and baskets woven by the Indians were sold in the stores.

BLYTHE HIGH SCHOOL, 1915 - 1916
(in Riverside County)

Mr. Newman was principal of Blythe High School, a tall man with a loving wife and two little girls. I would take Ruthie and her sister walking when I came home from school, for I lived in their house. The other teacher, a man, lived in a tent back of our house. Dr. Chapman and his doctor wife lived with their son, Arno, next to us. Arno's hound dog, Queenie, would come to school with him. I taught Spanish, Penmanship, Art and English.

To get to Blythe, we traveled by train to Blythe Junction, then took the stage-coach, bouncing along over wooden ties nailed together to form a road over the sand. I got sea-sick and laid my head on the shoulder of a fat man who sat next to me.

Tumble-weed, blown across the desert, piled up on the sides of the low, wooden schoolhouse, which had awnings instead of windows. The Indians living in the sand-dunes got their water from our pump. I liked to go out with Aurora Lugo, an Indian girl from Palo Verde, who boarded with the Hodson's on a hog-ranch, to eat our lunch, sitting on a granite rock among the starry desert flowers. Aurora and I attended evangelistic services held in a tent and when Mr. Burgess, the minister, baptized the others in the red waters of a branch of the Colorado River, I went into the water with Aurora and was re-baptized, because Uncle Judah and Grandma had never accepted my former sprinkling as sufficient. Mr. Burgess used the English method: "I baptize you in the name of the Father," (dip), "in the name of the Son," (dip), "and in the name of the Holy Ghost," (dip). Aurora hadn't been swimming since the summer before, and wanted to stay in the water, and didn't see why she couldn't. Wasn't she already wet?

In the Spring, a party of us made an excursion to La Paz, now called Ehrenburg, where my father was stationed one hundred years ago, in 1867, in an army encampment during the Indian Wars. We crossed over the Colorado by a ferry, which had been operated for years by a capable Indian woman. One Sunday, she appeared at the window of the church nearest to where I was sitting, with a bead bag she had made for me. These were Indians not belonging to the Colorado Indian Reservation further north, and were very poor.

I loved the desert. The stars shone bright in the clear air. The mornings were sweet-smelling. At sunset, the mountains looked like piles of purple lilacs.

Virgie Fitz was a freshman friend. In later years, she married Harry Oberg and lived in San Diego, where she visited me. They had a daughter, Esther Inez, whose daughter, Denise Inez, is an accomplished horsewoman. Virgie worked for years in Fresno as a secretary in lawyers' offices. When I am in Fresno, she takes me around in her car to visit relatives and friends. She calls me "Dear one."

PATTERSON HIGH SCHOOL, 1916 - 1918
(in Stanislaus County)

Our principal was Alden H. Abbott, who afterwards taught at Pacific Union College in Stockton. My room was to the right of the colonnaded front porch, with my art room over it. I taught Art, English, Penmanship and Spanish.

Mr. and Mrs. Blue built for me in the rear of their home a cottage, where my Camp-Fire Girls met, and where Selma Swenson slept on choir-practice nights. Across the street, in Mrs. Walls' rear cottage, lived Frances Tucker, the Commercial teacher, with whom I had so much fun then and in the long years afterwards. Mrs. Walls and her daughter, Ruth, let me stay with them when I would visit Patterson.

One day, Judge Kerr came rushing across the fields to the schoolhouse, gray hair flying, and cried out to us in Assembly, "The United States has declared war against Germany!" That World War I was terribly hard on me. I had cousins in the armed forces on this side, and cousins on the other side. My father took his own life partly because of it. He had sent me a message, "Come, baby," but I thought I could not leave my school. Mr. Abbott, Mrs. Abbott and Mr. Tannyhill, the janitor, tried to comfort me. When I visit Mrs. Abbott in her home in Stockton, she calls me "Old Friend." I had a letter from her last week.

These are some of the students with whom I have kept in touch: Agnes Thorkelson (Hurtig), her sister, Emma (Vike), Arthur Olson, Thorwald Sorenson, Hilma Gustavson (Agadoni), her sister Agnes, Marjorie Benson (Sorenson), Genevieve Nicholson (Reukama), Rita Scull (Jons), Eunice Kreps, Selma Swenson (Larsen), Pearl Bryon (Gibson), all still living, Cordelia Allen, who has died, and Leah Fulton who writes on her Christmas card, "To my favorite Teacher."

In the summer between the two years, some of us teachers and students took a long and adventurous trip mostly on horseback, and with a guide, to Yosemite Valley. We went by way of the Kings River Valley where we had to swim our horses across the river. A few years later, my brother-in-law, James Earl, with his two sons, cleared out the trees in preparation for the reservoir-lake now in that valley.

Our first night in Yosemite, the river rose near where we were sleeping on the ground. I had been to Yosemite before, and did not take the trips on the trails. We returned by a shorter route.

The second spring, Joe Nicholson, Joyce Malinowsky, Marjorie Benson, Reynold Carlson and Arthur Olson and I went in a car to our Myers Family Reunion in Fresno. There was a flood between Modesto and Fresno and it is a miracle that our car stayed on the pavement. These students are in the reunion picture of 1918.

RAMONA HIGH SCHOOL, 1918 - 1919
(in San Diego County)

Mr. Wilson was our principal. He taught there until he retired. He died recently. A former student, a businessman, said, "Everybody loved Prof. Wilson."

I taught Spanish, French, English and Art. Miss McHenry, the Domestic Science teacher, Miss Palmetier and I boarded at Kenilworth Inn, run by Mrs. Kearney with the help of her son, George Roach and his wife. Natrina Blanchard was the waitress in the big dining room. Miss Palmetier taught elementary classes in a brick building separate from the grammar school building. She would take me sometimes to San Diego in her car. Part of the time, I had a class of high school girls in the Congregational Church Sunday School.

After the evening meal at the inn, I liked to walk up the hill to Judge Kelly's place to visit Mrs. Kelly, her mother, and her little daughter. Mr. Wilson invited the bee man to talk to us. Gladys Dufur came for lessons in French, and I had an adult class in French and Art, with Mrs. Gibbs a special friend.

The war ended that year, and I wept with relief as I walked to school, the bells of the Congregational and Friends' Churches pealing out.

There is an Indian Reservation near Ramona and the larger ones of Mesa Grande, and of San Ysabel, which is further north toward Julian. San Vicente Lake lies across the road we used to travel between Ramona and San Diego.

COVELO HIGH SCHOOL, 1919 - 1920
(in Mendocino County)

Some years after Dr. Davis and Ethel were married, I taught again with them at Covelo High School. I taught Latin, English and History. About six years ago, Laura Sherburn Begley came with her daughter to visit me, and then went on to Berkeley to see Dr. Davis, then over ninety years old. We spoke of the fourth teacher, Alice Bradshaw, who encouraged everyone to learn about music, and taught on the piano. "She was inspirational," I remarked. Laura said, "You four teachers were the only teachers who ever really cared for us."

Dr. Davis had evening gatherings of students in their home, where he taught the names of the constellations, and Ethel would serve cookies she and Miss Viola had baked.

I lived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hogshead, whose sandy-colored, hound-like dog, Ching, accompanied me on walks to the near-by mountains. Nighttimes, afar off, we could hear the bells on the horses that were drawing loads of logs to the lumber mills. There were bees in the walls of our old school-building. The stoves were fed by wood. Huge black-walnut trees towered above the houses. It was an old community, with old customs. One 81-year-old woman had never been outside the valley.

At our community Christmas tree in the Unified Church, family presents were given out. They objected to a Santa Claus. While we teachers were away at Teachers Institute in the spring, the church split into its smaller units again over the problem of dancing.

To get to the railroad junction, we traveled by stagecoach with four horses. We warmed some rocks in a roadside fire before boarding, to keep our feet warm. The newspapers around my rock caught fire, and I threw the whole bundle out, ablaze.

During the winter, Katie Potter swam her horse across the stream that flowed through the town, in order to get to school. In the fall I had given her mother two pullets Mrs. Hogshead had threatened to serve up to me for dinner, and in the spring when I could walk across the stream-bed, they had become big Brown Leghorns, who ran flying across the field, climbed into my lap, and showed in every way they could that they remembered I had cared for them when they were little.

The first airplane the valley had ever seen came to town, and Rafael, Manuel's brother, paid ten dollars to go up in it and circle over the valley. He was quite a hero.

LAKESIDE UNION HIGH SCHOOL, 1920 - 1921
(in San Diego County)

Mr. Vance, a tall, southern-type man, was principal of Lakeside Unified High School when I taught there. Students came from Spring Valley, El Cajon, La Mesa, Bostonia, Lakeside. I taught Spanish, French, Art, and had several study periods.

I lodged at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Scidmore, with their son, not far from the school, and walked in for supper to the Inn, run by another Mrs. Kearney, where Mr. Roach and two women teachers lived. After supper, I would climb the hill to Mr. and Mrs. Oaks' home, overlooking the lake, and their son, Winston, would bring me home in their car.

Winston and Alice Simmons, who were in my Art class, remained friends. I visited Alice, who married Mr. Biane, a druggist in Visalia, and who had a daughter, as long as she lived. Winston was postmaster in Lakeside for years. He now works in San Diego.

Most week-ends, I took the local train home to San Diego and returned on it Monday morning along with students from La Mesa and El Cajon. The train would stop across from the school and we would walk across the field to it. We had a kindly conductor. My place to get on and off in San Diego was at 25th and Imperial Avenue.

Through the glass doors of my classroom, I could see what we called "Elephant Mountain," but it really was El Capitan Mountain. Beyond lay the Capitan Grande Indian Reservation.

LOMPOC HIGH SCHOOL, 1921 - 1923
(in Santa Barbara County)

Lillian Williams was principal of Lompoc High School. I taught Art and Mechanical Drawing in my one-room Art Building, built especially for me. I had all the Junior High and many of the Senior High School students in my classes, and felt like a mother with many children.

The first year, I boarded with Mrs. Tolbert in her gabled house, along with Miss Bowen, the English teacher. The second year, I boarded with Alberta Stillman, along with Elsie Scolari. Each morning, I would curl Elsie's golden hair around my fingers before we went to school. Mrs. Stillman had two small sons, Kenneth and Clinton, both of whom would climb into my lap at the same time. Mr. Stillman's parents, with their daughter, Beatrice, lived in the house next door, where Alberta lives now. We were right near the school, and on Saturdays I would go over to my Art Building and some of the boys who were taking University of California Extension courses in Freehand and Mechanical Drawing would come and work also, as Donald Cherry, Harold Risor, Edward and Toby Negus. Some of those students went on to responsible positions. Edward became a building contractor. Forrest Hibbitts became an artist.

Susie Coats, Helen McCollum and Lena Spanne's daughter, Helen, write to me at Christmas, and Carmen Negus (McIntosh) sends greeting cards for each holiday. I used to take walks up the valley into the hills, and would return by way of the wooden cross, which marks the site of the first mission, before the earthquake and the transferral of the mission to a safer place up the valley. Or I would go to visit Donald Cherry's mother; or Harold Risor's mother and father; or Mrs. Marshall, mother of Fred and Frank; or Mrs. Palmer, whose son, Lee, was in my Sunday School class; or Mrs. Spanne, mother of George and of Lena—dear Lena, who died hunting for a lost boy in a forest in Oregon.

Mr. Winebrenner, of the Methodist Church, was my minister and father of Kenneth and Vera, who attended our high school. How I would like to know what has become of them, and all of my students!

About four years ago, Cousin Lydia and her husband, Alex, took me to Lompoc on their way to Ellen's at Grover City. Mrs. Stillman and her daughter, Patricia, were away at Santa Barbara, so we visited around until their return. Patricia's son, Michael, let us eat lunch at his house. We saw Edward Negus' college daughter in his home. Carmen's mother and sister were at her house. Mrs. Negus told me, "You encouraged Edward. He stayed in school because of the drawing courses he took with you." Mrs. Van Zandt's garden was filled with flowers. I told her, "I still mourn for Warren. I loved him. Did he love me?" "Yes," she answered, "he used to sit on the drainboard of the sink and tell me about things."

"Maybe his death brought you nearer to God," I suggested. We happened in on a family gathering at Mrs. Spanne's big old-fashioned house. Toward evening, Mrs. Stillman had returned. She phoned Kenneth and Norma, Clinton and Barbara, and they came and welcomed me.

Lompoc is much built up, as it is near Vandenberg Field, but there are still fields of flowers, grown for seed. Surf and the ocean are about ten miles away. A main industry while I was there was the mining of a powdery, white rock we could see up in the hills. The San Diego Library tells me that diatomite was mined at Lompoc in the early 1900's. It is used for insulation.

Our big event, the second year, was the erection of the new high school building. More buildings have been erected since then, and my art-room was incorporated in one of them.

I wrote to Mrs. Stillman, asking her if the Lompoc Historical Society, to which she belongs, would like a copy of my book, and this is a part of her letter, and the names of her children, which I asked for, because she is the most important person in Lompoc, as far as I am concerned.

October 8, 1967

Dear Violet:

Was so glad to hear from you . . . I am leaving in the morning to drive to Los Angeles for a few days with Lois and family at San Gabriel. Will be looking forward to seeing your book and will pass it on to the Historical Society.

With love, Alberta

Names of my children: Kenneth Robert m. Norma Bonazzola. Had George Erwin. Clinton Edward m. Barbara Hall. Patricia Jean m. Oscar L. Cook. Had Michael Leon, David Graham. Lois Catherine m. William Reed. Had Mark Carroll, Grant William, Catherine Dianne.

SWEETWATER UNION HIGH SCHOOL, 1927 - 1928 (in San Diego County)

While I was substituting in San Diego, I was also substituting in Sweetwater High School, under Mr. Hudgins as principal. One year he asked me to teach classes in Spanish and substitute at the same time.

Elizabeth Myers, from Chula Vista, and Wanda Adams from National City were in one class, and were especially helpful. They both became teachers. Mary Leasure helped me with the Girls Athletics. Her home was nearby, and sometimes I would go over at noon-time. These three remained personal friends.

The teachers also, were friendly. Miss Hunt persuaded me to have my long hair bobbed, and it has remained so. Mr. Calkins often brought me home on his way to other work in San Diego. Stella Gammon, Florence Myers and Miss McKnight remain as friends.

That year occurred the big flood in the valley beyond the school. That year, also, a picture was taken of the whole school, and I was in it.

MOUNTAIN EMPIRE HIGH SCHOOL, 1930 - 1931 (in San Diego County)

Mr. Martin was principal of Mt. Empire High School, and Mr. Fitzgerald and Lenore Pollen were the other teachers beside me. I taught English, Mechanical Drawing and Art.

The low, sprawling building was situated across the road from Jackie Coogan's ranch, now owned by George Sawday. It was located in the Cottonwood Valley above Buckman Springs and Laguna Junction, with steep hills behind it, through whose gorge Kitchen Creek tumbled down to Marina Lake, on the way to Campo. The school took a trip up that gorge to the waterfall one day in the spring.

The school buses came from Campo, Jacumba and Descanso. Billie Runk drove our Descanso bus with me sitting up in front beside him, and the students sitting on the two long seats facing each other: John Brunnick, Monroe Jacobs, Mary Wilbourne, Raymond Dovell, Dorothy and Mildred Schmucker, Mabel, Glen and Robert Garbani and Gertrude Ellis. Billie would start a song and they would all join in. One song ended, "When I get to the end of the road." Billie got to the end of the road years ago, but he left a son. I wonder if the ones who were in our bus remember the bag of cookies I handed back each day for Mabel to distribute as we started the journey home to Descanso.

Billie, John Brunnick and I boarded at Descanso Inn with Max and Edith Berkey. The workers on the new highway boarded there that year also. My sister, Eva, and her son, David, visited me and we played snowball out under the oak trees. Emma Jane Vanderheyden, a cousin from Illinois, visited me also.

There was much snow that winter, and sometimes we had difficulty getting through with our bus. I brought grain for the quail and for an old squirrel that lived under my classroom and the porch off of it.

Miss Pollen played the piano for assembly singing. She was a tall, capable teacher, most kind to me, and interested in each student. She coached the plays, and steered us through debates and a mock trial. She had the students speak Spanish on her Campo bus. She was cheerful, even through the epidemic of mumps, which almost everybody had.

There was a reunion of alumni in June of 1966 at the home of June Miller O'Farrell. Edith Kemp took a picture of me with Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Ferguson, a teacher for many years at Campo. Dorothy Schmucker explained that she and Robert Miller had combined their families, she with a girl and two boys, he with three girls and one boy, and it had all worked out fine. Three of the boys graduated from college that June. Mrs. Henry Miller, my special parent friend, was still living on the home ranch in Miller Valley, post-office address, Pine Valley.

Dorothy tells me they plan on holding another reunion, and I surely want to attend. I did so enjoy teaching in the mountains.

SUBSTITUTE TEACHING, 1922 - 1951 (In San Diego, National City and Coronado)

Substitute teaching was a pleasure. My mother needed me to be at home with her in San Diego. I could attend Mr. Devol's Art School in the Park, or the South Western Institute of Art downtown; go out painting landscapes with Mr. Otto Schneider's class Saturdays, and still could substitute. I substituted in every junior and senior high school in the city, in Vocational High and City College, and in Coronado High School. I counted up seventeen different subjects I had taught, mostly English, Art, Mechanical Drawing and the languages: Latin, Spanish, German and French.

Every morning, I had to be ready by seven o'clock for calls. Mostly I went by street-car, later by bus. On quick calls, Mrs. Ladusaw, next door, would take me in her car. Betty Blackburn, another neighbor, would take me to Sweetwater High.

At the beginning of a new class, I would draw the profiles of one boy and one girl on the blackboard. At the end of a call, I would leave a small present for the regular teacher to find.

Often, I was called to Memorial Junior High School, first by Mr. Tilton, then Mr. Aseltine, then by Mr. Oakes, all three kind and appreciative. After Mr. Aseltine was transferred to San Diego High, he had me teach a class in Social Science for a term, but my eyes got too tired, and I preferred substitute teaching. I often taught at San Diego High.

Meave Sharmon's language room was next to my Social Science room. I substituted for her in Latin and Spanish. When we attended Home Coming reunions, we would visit

her room which bordered an inside garden. After her funeral, two girls identified themselves as students in her classes. They knew my name after all these years.

When I was 65 years old, I retired, and Mr. Tait, of the Board of Education, sent me a letter of appreciation.

LAWYERS

When my mother died in 1933, I was left with business problems, which increased over the years. Solon Kipp, her lawyer, was like a guardian angel to me and Eva until he moved to Guaymas, Mexico. Then "Bill" Starke, who had been his partner, was our attorney. Louise Ellis, their secretary, was unfailingly patient.

Now that Mr. Starke has died, his former associate, Graham Kelly, is my lawyer. His secretary, Olga Mervynne, is wise and understanding.

George Malette and Mr. Hewicker, now a judge, were also helpful lawyers and friends.

October 29, 1967

Since I wrote the above, Mr. Kipp has died. Friday I attended his funeral at Bonham's Mortuary, and rode out to Mt. Hope Cemetery with Mrs. Frank Marks and her daughter, Jo. Rev. Barnett conducted Episcopal services at both places. I spoke to Mr. Kipp's sister, to his daughter and her husband. to his grandson, Solon, and to Mrs. Kipp. Mrs. Marks told me, "Mr. and Mrs. Kipp thought the world of each other."

Last Spring, when Mr. Kipp came to San Diego to vote, he phoned me. "This is an old friend of your mother, your sister and you." Then he told me of his inheritance to me. "I am leaving a package with your name on it. It contains a stone which I polished myself for you."

Jo Marks noticed the Greek names on the family headstones of his father, Sylvester, and his brothers, Homer and Virgil.

Frank Marks reassured me that Mr. Solon Kipp knew I cared for him. I cared for Mr. Starke, also, and I wish I had told him so. Mr. Riley and I went to his funeral and to his burial at Ft. Rosecrans Cemetery. We rode with Miss Ellis. There must have been 400 people there, some of the men crying. Graham Kelly is also understanding, and Olga is never too busy to advise me. After Mr. Riley's death, I don't know what I would have done without them.

DOCTORS

God has channeled blessing and healing to me through Christian doctors.

Dr. Hugh Penland, of Berkeley, both osteopathic and medical doctor, was one of these. After my year of teaching at Covelo, I went with him to that mountain town, and he performed tonsil and adenoid operations on more than a dozen children who could not easily be brought out of the isolated valley.

Dr. J. C. Christie

Dr. Sanderson, of El Reposo Sanitarium in Berkeley, who operated on me, revealed the compassion of God. When I kneel by my bed at night, I imagine that Jesus' hands feel like those of my beloved doctor.

For many years, Dr. J. C. Christie, chiropractor, was faithful to Eva and me and kept us from much suffering. Eva is gone, but Dr. Christie comes every Friday at one o'clock to my home and fixes my back, and does other things to help my body and mind. Last week, I followed him downstairs and said, "You must be a blessing to many patients, not only in their illnesses, but in their sorrows." He stood at the foot of the stairs, touched my shoulder, and said, "Jesus healed with a touch."

MY FRIENDS, THE BURROUGHS

by Violet

August 22, 1967

When Edna Nelson, my college friend, married Ben Burroughs, brother of Henrietta, Olive and Helen, other college friends, she went to live with him in the farmhouse of the Burroughs Brothers Ranch in Knightsen, located in the Delta region of the Sacramento River. To this house I first started going "to see Edna." In the intervening years, as the ranch has grown in acreage, houses and descendants of Edna and Ben, a large part of my life has belonged to this colony, second only to the Myers Colony. Those of my relatives who have taken me to the Ranch, can understand why this book would seem incomplete in the story of my life without the inclusion of this account and the two pages of pictures.

While Ben and Edna lived in the first house, Rendall, Cynthia, Phil and Oscar were born. While they lived in the new colonial-style two-story house, Ernest was born, and there the children grew up, went to school and University, and married, all but Phil, who was killed in an auto accident when he was seventeen.

Edna's father and mother dwelt in a house nearby in which, after their passing, Oscar and Genie lived when Phil, Laura and Bennie were little, and which is now Edna's summer home. Edna's Aunt Lucy used to stay with her summers, and her sister, Minnie, and others have known the quiet dignity of that house.

When the adjoining Golden State Creamery land was bought, Oscar and Genie fixed over the big, one-story dwelling, and Debbie, Robin and Teddy have been born there. Leola, Edna's sister, built her home across the road, when she retired from teaching, and after her death, Genie's mother lived there awhile. Phil is now married, has a little boy, and is living at Redlands, where Debbie will enter college next month. Oscar is moving his family to Orland, to his new ranch, which is to be supplementary to the one at Knightsen, raising more horses and heifers. He and Ernest remain partners. Bennie is in the service in Georgia, and Laura is in college in Santa Barbara. Last year she was a student in England. Only Robin and Teddy are children at home.

Cynthia and Vaughn have a cherry-colored house near the road which goes between the places of Ernest and Oscar. There little Judy died. There Lloyd, Jennifer and Sally grew up. Jennifer is married, has three children, and lives in San Bruno. Sally is in the University at Santa Barbara. Jennifer plays the piano, Lloyd plays the drums and Sally dances.

Rendall and Mary live in Stockton. Their son, Michael, is married and has a son. Rendall takes me over to the ranch when I come by way of Stockton.

In June of this year, Beulah took me "to see Edna." On the gatepost to the ranch, we found that the name of "Cloverleaf Dairy" had been changed to "Crystal Dairy." But the dear, loving people were the same, and everybody was so very kind to us!

September 13, 1967

I feel so honored, Vi, that you should do this. The children have not all realized this inclusion of the Burroughs Clan in what is really your life-work in this book; but they do love the stanch, unfailing, sweet friend, and they will be pleased.

MY FRIENDS, THE BURROUGHS, PICTURES BY VIOLET

First Row: Bennie and Robin. Laura, Robin and Debbie. Bruce, Laura and Debbie. Rendall, Mary and Michael.
Second Row: Laura kissing Robin's hand, Bennie, Oscar, Genie, Phil and Debbie looking up. Laura, Genie, Debbie, Phil, Bennie, Oscar and Robin. Vaughn and Sally.
Third Row: Helen. Ernie and Loo's house, the homeplace. Phil and Edna with cat. Mary, Ward and Bruce.
Fourth Row: Genie with Robin. Phil, Debbie and Bennie. Edna with Bruce. Laura, Bennie and Jennifer.

CLOVERLEAF DAIRY RANCH, THE BURROUGHS, FRIENDS OF VIOLET

First Row: Fishing in the Slough. Violet and Robert, with horses. Oak tree, Violet in red sweater.
Second Row: Henrietta and Robert in back of Ernie and Loo's house. Bruce and Mary, starting for school.
Third Row: Oscar and Genie's house. Bennie's girl, Genie, Oscar, Violet, Robin and Debbie. Robert and Etta.
Fourth Row: Looking out Genie's kitchen window. Robin, Bruce, Loo, Ernie with Katie, Ward and Mary. At Jennifer's wedding. Edna in her garden. Sally and Cynthia.

You must let me know when the book is out, as I want to buy one.

Love, and thanks—Edna

Michael's son: Philip.

Jennifer's children: Surname Johnsen: Gregory, 4 years, Stanley, 2 years. Cynthia Ann, 6 months.

Philip's boy: David.

PHILATHEA CLASS OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF SAN DIEGO, 1900 - 1968

October 24, 1967

As to the Philathea Sunday School Class, "love flows like a river." It has meant so much to me all these years.

About the year 1900, as a high-school girl, I belonged to the class of Kathrine Phillips, when she was newly-married to an adoring young husband and wore a soft blue foulard dress. Maggie Zvanovich, now Margaret Blair, was one of that class that met in the rear of the old church under the choir-loft. Deacon McLaren, a fringe of curly hair behind and under his ears, would pull the rope that hung down in the corner near us, and the bell would peal out for church. Dr. Hinson was the minister. Later Mabel Gloyd was a member when the class became Philathea. For thirty-six years, Mrs. Phillips was our teacher.

There have been other good teachers since then, among them Mrs. Starnes, Helen Zeller, Sarah Neal, Marie Snyder, Mrs. Bishop. Once, we had a membership of 63, and our southeastern corner room on the second story was filled under Mrs. Geistweit and Mrs. Gardner. Now our number is dwindling, but, as Everal Bell, our president explains, "We cannot help growing old." We used to have picnics, mostly in Balboa Park, or Presidio Park in the Franciscan Gardens. We went to the Zoo several summers, and to homes of members of the class. I used to take group pictures and these remind us of how many have gone on ahead, so many lovely ladies whom we do not forget, whose presence lingers in the room, along with that of Kathrine Phillips whose plaque hangs on the wall above the mantel-place, "Love one another as I have loved you."

Love has been given me there: Vera Young used to kiss me before class as I was arranging flowers in vases or putting birthday names and a sentence about the lesson on the blackboard. Lily Kerchley sometimes brings flowers, and admires my paintings on the walls. Zella McCormick and Ruby Reed have taken me to and from Sunday School and to funerals in their cars. Once, Beryl Munkelt put her arms around my neck and said, "Thank you, dear Violet, for decorating our room all these years, especially at Christmas." Mabel Weeber and others send me cards. Mary O'Neil Pocklington brings me zapotas and persimmons from her and Ivan's trees. Florence Wetzell plays on the grand piano Martha Lange bequeathed to us. Rosa Westergaard brings florist flowers her husband raises. As I sit on my davenport in the far corner of the room, between stained-glass windows, Ava Grant comes and greets me, as Betty Lucas used to do, and as Irma Myers and others sometimes do. Phena Anderson gives me plump hugs. The ladies do not object when I lie down if my back cramps. Last Sunday, after our teacher, Anne Bishop's closing prayer, Frankie Cralle walked over, kissed me, and said, "Goodbye, Loving Heart."

Michael Flynn, my college boy, has been taking me in his car to Sunday School, and then comes for me. Today, he picked me up where I waited by the church entrance, and took me to the nursing home to visit Mary Davenport. For five or six years, she was a member of our class, and was the center of the joyous group we called "the Rocking Chair Brigade," to which Grace Cox, Jessie Beck, Ethel Aspinwall, Elsie Jones and others belonged. Sometimes Julia Beers and Edith Hendrix would come over and laugh with us until the president called the class to order with her gavel. Now, Mary is being sustained by her faith. As Michael and I rode home through autumn-colored Balboa Park and along the lower part of Golden Hill, with its tall palm and eucalyptus trees, I said, "It is well that God provides a way out of suffering." Mary is a large part of my memory of the class. She helped the last time when there was a monthly class-meeting in my home.

NEIGHBORS AND TENANTS

April 1, 1968

The neighbors are almost like relatives, we have lived close to each other for so many years.

Across the street, at 428 21st Street, live Pat and Sallye Garrett, who have given me flowers for Sunday School, rides to hospitals and into the country, dishes of food, and sympathy in times of death. Pat is a bus driver.

On their north, live the Tom Bing Koon Chinese people, and beyond them, the Daniels family. Pat took up collections for flowers when the father Koon died, and "Mamma" Koon and daughter, Lily, went up to the hospital to visit Larry Lopes, whose house is south of Pat's at 422 21st. Larry is in the At The Terrace Sanitarium at 446 26th Street right now. He has been our neighborhood detective, sitting on his front porch, on the settee I bought of him after his wife, Thelma died, but which I never took away, because he needed it. Men liked to sit on Larry's steps and talk with him.

Around the corner, at 2040 "J" Street, live Jesse L. and Betty Blackburn, who have been faithful to attend funerals and who take me when they decorate graves on Memorial Day. Mr. Blackburn is retired as a barber, but he cuts the hair of Don and Mr. Ladusaw. Betty taught school for fifteen years at Imperial Beach, Brown's Academy and as a substitute in city schools. She is pretty and flowery and has curly blonde hair.

Across the street from them, at 2015 "J", live Edwin and Muriel Kessel, who used to take Mary to church, and would let me go along as far as my Sunday School. The other day, from in front of their home, I took a colored picture of my group of houses, with the eucalyptus tree that grows beside Sherman School showing up behind. There were the pink houses on the corner, where Alice Lowell lives at 405 21st, with the palm trees in front, and where Don Hoffman lives in the front duplex at 2122 "J", and Cindy and Richard, a navy couple, at 2122½ "J". Next on 21st Street was my gray house with a green roof. All my houses have green roofs. Next to it, at 431 21st, was the two-story house of Mack and Sadie Ladusaw. The big avocado tree in their side yard stands in front of the rear house, where Don Moore lives with his black cat, Bonnie, and his fluffy gray cat, Fancy. Fancy comes over the cement wall to visit Maude Fleming in my Rear House. She used to live there 36 years ago, and is now 88 years of age. Pets are a part of our neighborhood, also.

On my way to the mail box at 22nd and Market, late in the afternoon, I take scraps of food for Petunia, the black, white and brown dog belonging to Helen Johnson, who lives at 533 22nd Street, but I count her as part of my neighborhood, and she is a friend to most of us.

Sometimes tenants remain for years and become life-long friends to me and to each other. Mary was a friend to them all. She would talk out of her window with Coretta Mahoney in the Rear Duplex. When Mary was so ill, Lorin and Frances Brown took her to the hospital.

Tenants like to return to this good neighborhood. Bill Black has returned to the Side Cottage after six years. Katherine Miller and her brother, Austin, have been returning winters for nine years. They stay in whatever place I have available, which is now Mary's Corner Cottage. Katherine is helpful by taking people places in her car. In April, she returns to Minot, North Dakota, to plant her wheat farm.

When I go through the gate in the green paling fence of my back yard, I enter another neighborhood. Max and Sadie Sick lived for 52 years in the house I am buying at 422 22nd Street, the other side of the gate. Leroy Roderick, my tenant there, died a month ago, but Dora, his wife, and Leroy, Junior are staying on. Yesterday Dora had a party for Junior's third birthday, and I took pictures of the group. Mexican people live all along that block, facing Sherman School, until the last house where the Chinese children are growing up. From south to north, these are the families of: Concepcion Hernandez, Dora Roderick, Felicíta Fernandez, Fausto Casillas, Benjamin Nuñez and Hay Tam. When Juan Hernandez died, I went with Dora to his funeral at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. Leroy's funeral was at Our Lady of Angels Church, and Katherine took me to Fort Rosecrans Cemetery where Leroy was buried.

Across from the school, Pancho reigns supreme in his corner grocery store. He is patient with the school children and their pennies. In winter, he sometimes wears a knit fisherman's cap. He and two other men used to come and play cards with Leroy on his side of the garage on Saturday evenings. The table on which they played was mine, and Dora borrowed it yesterday for the birthday party.

My tenants up on the hill on Island Avenue, are mostly families with children and pets. Rose and Joe had three little children when they rented "the cobble stone" house at 2670 Island Avenue, and now they have seven, with the youngest, the twins, starting school in September. Ronnie, their oldest, is living with his wife and baby in the rear house next door. I went to his wedding. Mr. Oehmen, my manager, reports that all is peaceful in all six houses.

Concha Espinosa and her husband live at 2220 Imperial Avenue. Every month, when she pays her rent, I give her back a dollar bill, and say, "This is for you, yourself." She goes out working, doing housekeeping, and is so faithful.

At 1809 Mission Avenue, Bertha Pavel, also faithful, lives in "Lester's house." That is the last of my houses in San Diego. Michael Flynn, who goes to State College, has lived in the front bedroom and kitchen upstairs of my home for almost two years now. He works for Clairemont Drug Store, and helps me, also. Another boy, lately out of the Navy, Eugene, lives downstairs. Robert Davis, another college boy, has the Back Bedroom Downstairs. So I am not alone. I feel like a mother or teacher. These young men are kind and respectful.

I am happy in my home and neighborhood. I can get to the Downtown Business District, a mile away, in eight minutes by city bus. Once a month, Carmen, in the Bank of America Building, trims my hair. Dr. Pleasants tends to my glasses. Dr. Wessels tends to my teeth. My bank is the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank at 6th and Broadway. I shop in the downtown stores. When I return, I thank my Heavenly Father for my home, the kind friends about it, and for this good neighborhood on Golden Hill.

VISITORS AND PALMISTRY

March 24, 1968

Since returning from Uncle Gene's funeral in January, I have had four sets of visitors who were relatives: Lola Pearce, her sister Harriet Eubanks and Harriet's husband; Dorothy Angell and Paul, with Mark and Marilee; Lydia Siefert and Alex; and Beulah and Elden.

Lola and Harriet belong to the family of Surviva, one of Grandpa's sisters. Lola had gone from St. Ignace in Michigan to Illinois, then the three of them had traveled to Florida and from there took the southern route to California. They were on their way to visit Harriet's grandchildren in a town near Los Angeles. Harry Pearce died two years ago.

Dorothy and family came on a Saturday afternoon. They had to be back by a certain time at the Adventist Academy in Escondido where the children are students. Dorothy has an art class she teaches in her own home.

Lydia and Alex arrived last Tuesday evening. Wednesday morning they took me to visit Beulah, and I wanted them to see the house I call "Maude Jones' house," because they may live there some day. Before leaving San Diego Thursday morning, Alex was expounding some belief about "the Kingdom," holding his Bible in his left hand and gesturing with his right. He looked like a minister with his gray hair, gray suit and glasses. I noticed his long life-line and took his hand. Lydia jumped up and grabbed it. "We don't believe in Palmistry," she said. But when Alex was alone, I looked at his hand, and it does have a long life-line, extending almost to the bracelets. Aunt Flora and I have long life-lines, and so did Uncle Gene.

The Christmas before I graduated from Fowler High School, Aunt Flora gave me a slender book on Palmistry, and I made a chart of Grace Nibloch's hand. Since then, my practice of Palmistry has been a source of meaningful contact with others and of service. On one of the evenings of graduation week of our '08 University of California class, we had a carnival, where I told fortunes and drew profiles of faces at the same booth. I did the same at a benefit carnival for the Neighborhood House here in San Diego, in the garden of the Marston residence up near Balboa Park, when Mr. Marston was still alive. Mrs. Marston and Mary helped me put on a gypsy costume.

On Thursday, Beulah came with her tall son Elden, and with Siro Di Franco, manager of my little colony of Ramona houses. Elden said he wanted to buy the property, as Beulah likes it up there. I answered, "I do not want to sell. It belonged to Cousin George, and I have associations I treasure. When I get old, I want to go up every once in awhile. I breathe better up there. It is the only mountain home I will ever own. Someday there will be a beautiful building on that hill. It is the best site in town. But now, I want to keep it, so friends and relatives can stay there awhile, just as Beulah is doing."

GOLDEN HILL

Golden Hill extends from 16th to 28th Streets, and from Balboa Park on the north to Commercial Avenue on the south. Judge Turrentine suggested that the area got its name from the golden glow on the hills the fishermen saw as they came in for landing.

The part where I live used to be called Sherman Heights. It got its name from Captain Sherman, whose three-story house at the corner of 22nd and Market was the only house for a long time. The grocery store across from it used to be a trading post. In later years, when Mr. and Mrs. Murphy used to run that store, there was a wooden Indian on the porch in front. In a picture Frances Sloane showed me, the house to my north, at 431 21st Street, was the only house in this block, with a path running across the field to the front of the old Sherman School. Captain Sloane donated the land for that school, which I attended 71 years ago.

I used to come by the Sherman residence on my way to

school. Frances has pictures and stories of the life within that stately house, where her mother and she also were born, and where first her mother and then her grandfather died. Her father, Mr. Sloane, a real-estate man and Board of Education member, built the houses facing Market in the block to the south, which Frances inherited and which she keeps up so nicely. The family was living in the old Sherman home when her mother died.

That afternoon, I had gotten off the streetcar and greeted Mrs. Sloane, who was watering the garden, with four-year-old Frances, a doll in her arms, standing beside her. Fannie told me she had had a tooth pulled that day. Next morning, Mrs. Keno Wilson came over from her house at 2103 Island, on the corner of our block, to tell my mother that Mrs. Sloane had died. Through the intervening years, I have known and loved golden-haired Frances. Now, she is the only one left of her family, as I am. We are among the last leaves on the tree of our part of Golden Hill, that is, of the personality of the Golden Hill that used to be.

Sherman School, a half-block away, has been an integral part of my life. For 42 years, I went the last two days of each school year to draw profiles of faces of children on the blackboard. Mr. Boucher and Mr. Ross, each a principal for many years, expected me and teachers welcomed me. They had their classes sing for me, and it was reward enough to look into their grateful faces.

My roots are down deep, as the great eucalyptus tree beside the schoolhouse, which nourished its roots, when but a young tree, in the ground below the north faucets of my mother's newly-built home in 1911. She chose this site 57 years ago, because of its good climate, and to be among friends. I have been in many of the homes and gardens, have loved people and pets, and have attended many funerals, to give honor and comfort.

I seek to preserve the value and memory of our era of Golden Hill.

THE GOLDEN HILL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

March 27, 1968

Through the Golden Hill Improvement Association, I met many owners of property in their homes, and became acquainted with lawyers, bankers, title insurance company officials, real-estate men, ministers, civic leaders—all sorts of people. We were trying to save the life of Golden Hill of the pioneers and of our period.

The association met in different places—in halls, churches, once in Sherman School, and in private homes. Eva Sylvester and Margaret Kirwan let us meet in their gracious home at 2418 "J" Street. We met at the home of George and Ruby Sykes, on 27th Street near "L." Many times, William and Carrie Walker entertained us in their three-story home, at 265 22nd Street, and after they moved, in their lovely home at 2460 Presidio Drive.

Mrs. Walker was our president for years, and had influence with councilmen, mayors and supervisors who attended our meetings. Frances Sloane followed her as president, and together with Ruby Sykes, those three belonged to the Five C's, which stands for "Council of Chambers of Commerce and Civic Clubs," and were representatives of our association.

Now, the Freeway has divided Upper and Lower Golden Hill, but incoming tides of other people had already swept over our neighborhoods. The Presbyterian Church on 22nd and Market, and the Friends Church on 19th and Market have passed into other hands. Years ago, the Whitney, Carnes, Whelan, Smith, Kuerbis, McKenzie, Heilman, Estes, Jones, Wilson, Turner, Myers, Sick, Dievendorf, Pettit, Campdoras, Cunningham, and, oh, so many other families have moved away or died out, and now there are only islands of us left. My present neighborhood is a small bridge to the history of the past of Golden Hill.

Another lone bridge is Mary Berger, who has lived at 2687 Market Street for 62 years and is now 84 years old. She helped with problems of her neighborhood. She phones me, "God love you, Baby Heart! I just had to talk to you!" Recently, I attended the funeral of her 68-year-old son, Fred. She welcomes the friends and relatives I take to see her.

Hazel Chastain Mathews is another bridge. Father, mother, sister are all gone, only her husband, William, is left. I rest in their mountain-like front yard, beneath the pine tree and the Queensland nut-tree, at 2540 "J" Street, before I cross over the street to visit Lula V. Sharpless at 2565 "J" Street. Hazel used to be a student of mine at Memorial Junior High. Cousin Hester was a friend of Hazel's sister, Clare. Silver intermingles with the gold in the braids Hazel still wears around her head. Mrs. Sharpless is like a bright, sparkling jewel. When I take friends to see her, before we leave, she has us hold hands in a circle, and leads us in the Lord's Prayer.

I climb the ladder on my sunporch, look out over the houses where friends used to live, and realize that even the houses may vanish, if Urban Renewal sweeps them away. These people love their homes, also, and want to stay here. The personalities of those who have departed may still linger about the habitations. I hope loving people will live in my home when I am gone. I do not want it to vanish. These are sad thoughts.

I try to console myself with our high school motto: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

RAMONA

by Violet

December, 1963

Cousin George Annable chose Ramona to live in because of its clear air and good type of people. At the end of World War II he sold his "ranch" on the hills to the west, and bought half of Maude Jones' land, at 724 F Street, which stands at the highest place on the block, and looks toward town, the hills, and Mt. Palomar. It is 3 blocks from Main Street, and half a block from Collier Park.

Cousin George built 3 small buildings on his 50 x 160 ft. lot—his bedroom, tool-shed and kitchen, now changed into my cabin, the rear cottage and the front cottage. Oliver Hittle added the Flat Top, with its sunporch on the roof, and Howard Gandy built the patio. Last year I bought Maude Jones' place, now rented to a New England type of lady, Edith Bailey. The front cottage is rented to Siro Di Franco, who is a prize to take care of the yard, and the rear cottage to Lillian Forrest. Lately her husband, Jack, died, and I attended his funeral at Nuevo Memory Gardens Cemetery, above the town where Maude and Frank Jones, and other friends, lie buried.

Edith (Kuntz) Myers and Timothy Brownhill are buried there. They were special friends at whose houses Cousin George would stop on his way to the post office. Now, Joe and Francis Roberson live in Edith's house, and Myrtle Bishop and her husband live in Uncle Tim's house.

The last year of World War I, I taught at Ramona High School and boarded at Kenilworth Inn, run by Mrs. Kearney. Her son, George Roach, was the cook, his wife, a helper, and Natrina Blanchard, the waitress. One morning as I was walking to school, the bells of the Congregational and Friends' churches rang out, proclaiming the end of the war, and I wept with relief, the war had been so hard on me and mine.

Friends are left over from those days, and more have been added, such as Mr. and Mrs. Cannon, Tommy and Kathy Bandy, Martin Ulberg, Frank Daugherty, Aunt Jennie and Janene, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mary and Elmer Johnson, Will and Allie Hamrick, Mr. and Mrs. Ellers, Dr. and Mrs. Horner, Mr. Hackett, Bob Ransom, Vera Bird, and others.

Ramona is only 37 miles from where I live in San Diego, but it is like traveling back into a happy past to go there. Above Lakeside, the road climbs through rocky mountains, then swings down into the Santa Maria Valley. One could turn to the right to go to San Vicente Lake, but we turn to the left to go up Main Street. At Seventh Street, we turn to the right, and also on F Street, and into the driveway where the trailer stands.

There is my fir tree with a double trunk because Mr. Cannon's calf nipped the top off the newly-planted tree, maybe 50 years ago. There are my cabins painted Sierra Red. There is Maude's house, white with green trimmings, a white paling fence in front, gnarled pepper trees about it. There are the umbrella, acacia, orange and lemon trees, and the pomegranate bushes, and Siro's flower and vegetable gardens. My one-room cabin welcomes me.

On my walks, I climb the hill above the park to a special granite rock, and remember the Easter Sunrise Services in 1919, when I went up there with the Friends' Church people, and it rained so hard the minister didn't even say a prayer, but sent us home Sunrises and sunsets, bright stars and storms over the valleys and mountains have I witnessed from "my rock" above the quiet, pleasant town of Ramona.

NOTE: Leon Bothell phoned me that he saw my name in the paper when Maude Jones' property was recorded in my name. It was a land-grant to her father, big and on heavy parchment paper. They kept it in a special place at the Recorder's Office.

HONORS AND DEGREES, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY

by Violet Beck

April 16, 1968

Although I belonged to the class of 1908, because I had entered the university in January, I had to wait until May of 1909 to receive my Bachelor of Letters degree. I graduated "cum laude," with Honors in English, under Professor Wells.

For a year and a half I worked to obtain my Master of Letters degree, in the field of English, Philosophy and Education. The title of my thesis, which Delia Eldon typed for me, was "Religious Literature in Relation to Education."

During that time, on Friday, which was Assembly Day, I wore my four-cornered black mortar cap with the tassel on the right hand side. When I received my parchment scroll from President Wheeler at the Greek Theatre, in May of 1910, the silk lining of the cape to my black gown was blue and gold. My mother had made me a white linen dress with a full long skirt and a waist trimmed with eyelet embroidery ruffles over the shoulders.

I had completed almost all the requirements for a Doctor of Letters degree, but my eyes were too tired to go on. I wanted to write a family record for my thesis, and in my mind this book is a substitute for it.

OUR FAMILY TREE

by Violet

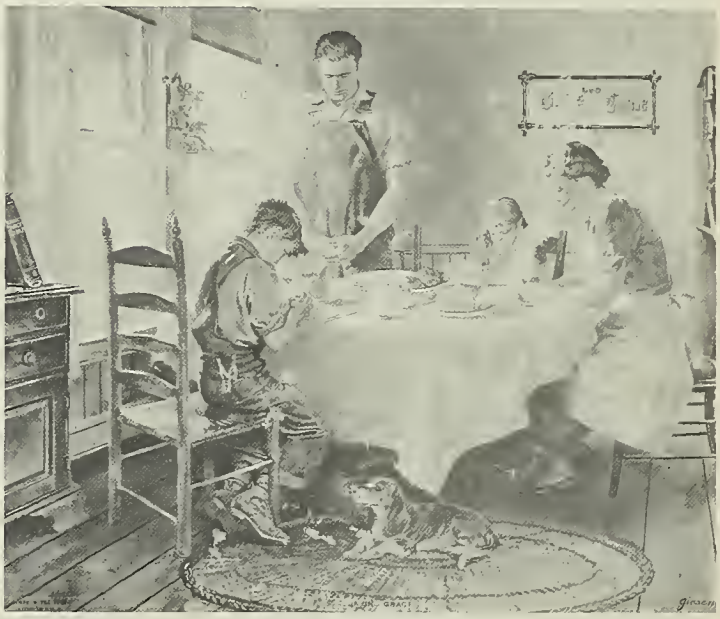
April 18, 1968

When I was choosing a title for the thesis of my master's degree, I really wanted to compose a family book. At that time, on the side of both Grandpa and Grandma, there would have been access to older relatives who were not living in 1926, when the first homefolks book was published.

In the 42 years since 1926, our family tree has grown and this is a much more complete book. It incorporates portions of the first book, of which few copies remain.

Our Myers family tree was planted in America by my great-great-great-great-great grandfather Hendrik Myers when he arrived in America in 1710. By the time the states united to become a nation, 66 years later, it was a sturdy young tree. Now, in 1968, 258 years after 1710, it is a mighty tree, healthy and beautiful, putting out new branches. Its roots are established in Christian faith, and the source of its life is God's Spirit. Every member of it is a good and loving person.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither,
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."



Family Worship.

MOSTLY THE BECK COLONY AT RAMONA

Row 1: Funeral of Jack Forrest at Nuevo Cemetery, pictures 1 and 2. Sarah and Will Hamrick. Frank Dougherty and Mr. Miller, in front of Mr. Miller's house. Beulah Marley and Siro DiFranco. Jack and Lillian Forrest, 718 F. Street.

Row 2: Frances and Joseph Roberson. Herbert Riley, Edith Bailey, Bob Dirk with cat. Mary Johnson and Mr. Johnson, 720 F Street.

Row 3: Jim Aspinwall, Howard Gandy, Violet Beck. Olive Cannon's grandchildren, in front of 718 F Street. Siro DiFranco, with tomatoes, 720 F Street.

Row 4: Home of Joe and Frances Roberson, corner 7th and F Street across from Collier Park. Ice-cream party, Lillian Forrest, Edna Felker, Jack Forrest, Frank Dougherty, Helen Johnson, Edith Bailey, Mr. Flanagan. Maude Jones' house, 724 F Street.

FROM SCHOOLS MOSTLY IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY

First Row: Ramona High School, 1919. Athletic monument and Le Conte Oaks, University of California at Berkeley, 1906. Eighth grade party of Middleton Grammar School at the home of Eva Beck, Hawthorne and Union Streets in 1899.
Second Row: Kenilworth Inn, Ramona, in 1919. Lakeside High School, 1920-1921. Garbani cattle, Descanso, time of snow.
Third Row: Freshman Class, Lakeside H.S. Violet Beck, class teacher, at right. Teachers at Lakeside: Mr. Roach, Mr. Quicksall, (?), Mr. Finch, teacher who became Mrs. Roach, Miss Bowman, Ethel Prizer, Miss Ball, Mr. Vance, principal. Violet Beck, domestic science teacher. Girls playing basket-ball, Lakeside.
Fourth Row: Violet and David Earl, snowballs in his hands, Descanso Tavern. Students who rode on Descanso bus to Mt. Empire High School: Mildred Schmucker, Billie.Runk (driver), Dorothy Schmucker, Gertrude Ellis, Edward ("Eddie") Kerns, Raymond Bielke, Mable Garbani, Robert Garbani, Mary Wilbourne, Glen Garbani. View toward El Capitan Mountain (Elephant Head Mountain).
Fifth Row: Mt. Empire High School, 1930-1931. Sweetwater High School, c. 1932. On front steps of Memorial Junior High School, San Diego, c. 1933.

SCHOOLS OUTSIDE OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY

First Row: Outdoor art class, Banning High School, 1914. Blythe High School, 1916. Violet at her desk.

Second Row: Boys of Freshman Class, Kingsburg High School, 1913-1914, Byron Creason, Peter Alfving, Leonard Bishop, Rupert Bromark, Paul Erickson, Henry Cederquist, Arthur Danielson, Paul Olson, Paul Peterson, Fred Danielson, George Satterburg, Leonard Anderson and Walter Palladini. Girls of Freshman Class: Irene Johnson, Ellen Bonander, Reeta Powell, Mildred Denham, Mabel Carlson, Mildred Wilen, Pearl Fahlgren, Ruth Lundborg and Mildred Johnson. Violet Beck in her classroom.

Third Row: An upper class of Kingsburg High School, 1918. Patterson High School, some of their names: Gladys Hauser, Edward Thompson, Lillian Gravestock, Verna Bales, Louis Solomon, Alice Benson, Edwin Swall, Margaret Duncan, Annie Frizvold, Verna Smith, Vera Larson, Marguerite Benson, Marion St. John, Hilma Gustafson, Emma Thorkelson, Thelma Moriarty, Solomon Meisner, Arthur Ellis, Bernice Coats, Erma Leedy, Wagar Carey, Jr., Joe Nicholson, J. R. Tannyhill (janitor), Selma Swensen, Selma Peterson, Clara Engblom, Mary Le Hane, Thorwald Sorenson, Mary De Vilbiss, Preston Coats, Arthur Olson, Fred Meisner, Juanita Kirk, Eunice Kreps, Leah Fulton, Pearl Bryon, Yettive Gaiety, Joyce Malinowsky, Emma Thorkelson, Genevive Nicholson, Mr. Abbott, principal, Violet Beck and Frances Tucker. Ruth Ball and her mother

Fourth Row: Patterson High School, 1916-1918. Our group who took the trip by way of King's River to Yosemite by horseback summer of 1917. Alice Bradshaw on main street of Covelo, 1919.

Fifth Row: In Lompoc: La Purisima Concepcion Mission, 1787. Violet Beck and Alice Bradshaw, teachers, with basketball girls. Laura Begley with other basketball girls, Covelo. Covelo High School building in the distance, snow on ground. Dr. Hogshead's house, where Violet boarded.

LOMPOC NO. 1

First Row: The hills of Lompoc, 1921-1923.
Second Row: Kenneth Stillman starting for school, behind him the Stillman house, and a portion of the old schoolhouse. Elsie Scolari standing by the cross on the hill above the site of the first mission.
Third Row: Looking down from the canyon toward the town. Violet Shanklin reading in a book at the front of the corridor of the new high-school building.

LOMPOC NO. 2

First Row: The hills of Lompoc (continued in panorama).

Second Row: Mrs. Bert Everett, with baby. Four seventh graders. My Drawing Room, Lois Fratis, Elsie Van Clief, George Spanne, Annie Scolari, Elsie Glidden, Allan Westcott, Roy McHenry, Cecil Starr, Randall Daniels, Theodore Hawkins, Jack Lundberg, Donald Cherry, Forrest Hibbitts, Charlie Hibbitts, Violet Beck, teacher. The photographer, Mr. Baechler, who took the panoramic pictures of the hills of Lompoc.

Third Row: The trees near the home of Mr. and Mrs. Risor. Looking down from the hills. Maxine and Maida Tolman, with Edward Everett. The river in flood. Row of teachers on bench eating lunch.

Fourth Row : Lompoc, 1923. Elnathan Kimball, holding onto the fingers of Mrs. Tolbert, my landlady.

PHILATHEA CLASS, NO. 1

First Row: Nora Johnson, Edith Hendrix and Anne Riley. Ethel Aspinwall, Mary O'Neil Pocklington and Helen Zeller. Mary O'Neil, Frankie Cralle and Rosa Westergaard.

Second Row: Margaret Blair. At Mary O'Neil and Ivan Pocklington's house, 10715 Anaheim Dr., La Mesa. At home of John and Jo Myers, 2542 Mobley Dr., San Diego.

Third Row: At home of Beryl Munkelt, 3319 Ingelow St., S. D. Standing: Zella McCormick, Edna Forward, Dora Whitcomb, Ethel Blair, Mabel Weeber, Huddie Heller, Phena Anderson, Edith Hendrix, Katherine Strock, Ona Feigley, Bessie LaShelle, Hazel Newman, (?), Olive Peterson, Vera Young, Osa Walker, Della Prewitt, Ethel Aspinwall, Violet Beck, Helen Zeller, Susan Baughman, (?), Nolia Pettit, Summer Hays, Mary O'Neil, Melvina Watson, Frankie Cralle and (?). In front: Mattie Walker, Julia Beers, Florence Wetzell, Beryl Munkelt, Elsie Jones, Garnet Hill, Eleanor Mitchell and Everal Bell.

Fourth Row: At home of Carl and Marie Snyder, 4719 Norma Drive. Julia Beers, (?) and (?). (?), Everal Bell and Helen Zeller.

PHILATHEA CLASS, NO. 2

First Row: Picnic in the Grotto, Presidio Park, S. D., 1952 Standing: (?), Mary Pocklington, Zella McCormick, Ona Feigley Rosa Westergaard, Della Prewitt, (?), (?), (?), Grace Cox, Hazel Newman, Olive Peterson, Helen Zeller, Everal Bell, Ruby Turner, Mabel Weeber, Nolia Pettit, Edith Clark and Vera Young. Kneeling: Mildred Ainger, Edith Hendrix, Julia Beers, Ethel Aspinwall, Katherine Strock, Irma Myers and Violet Beck. Kathrine Phillips (our teacher for 36 years).
Second Row: Picnic at the Zoo, Balboa Park. Kathrine Phillips. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips.
Third Row: Picnic at Balboa Park, 1951. Sitting on bench: Edith Clark, Anne Riley, Marian Myers, Irma Myers, Katharine Strock, Rosa Westergaard. Violet Beck (with flowers to decorate the Philathea room).
Fourth Row: Picnic at the Grotto. Bringing the refreshments to the tables. Picnic in Grotto, 1957.

SOME SPECIAL FRIENDS

First Row: Violet and Maurine Craig. Orpha Harbaugh. Uta and Jochen Elsner, of Austria. Shirley and John Nobbs, with Jeffry.

Second Row: Blanche and Pauline Draper. Cadiente Family: Anita holding David, Stella, Barbara, Mary, Gerardo, Vicente, Violet Eva, Vincent and Charlotte Cadiente. Otto Schneider, painting teacher of our class and Miss Morrison, art supervisor of County Schools.

Third Row: Violet with two little friends of Alta. Blanche and Teddy, her first grandchild. Blanche with dog in front of blossoming cherry tree.

Fourth Row: Hilde Gaede Stoessel, Eva's treatment nurse. Indian mother with baby, at 1915 Exposition in Balboa Park. Mr. and Mrs. Kreh, Helen and daughter (Benicia friends). Addie Tucker and Frances Colburn. Sylvia Arden, who wrote the book review for this book.

NEIGHBORHOOD FRIENDS IN SAN DIEGO

First Row: Teresa DeLeon and her mother. Martin Johnson, of 22nd St. with grandchildren. Violet, Alice Fries King and Will King, of 2876 F St., with their daughter Alice Psaute and Carol Ann (old timer's picnic). Mrs. Bruce, 2681 Island Ave. *Second Row:* Henry Mack and Sadie Ladwsaw, with niece, of 431 21st St. Pat and Sallye Garrett, of 428 21st St. and Henry Jaballero. Woodrow and Eunice Ramsey, with John and Walter, when they were living at 411 21st. Maude Fleming. *Third Row:* Ruthie Gibson, with Violet Jean, "Sissy," and Buster, of 2683 Island. The house at 411 21st St., c. 1912, with two eucalyptus trees on the lot next door. 411 21st St., showing the old Sherman School in background. Frieda Dehling and her sister, Mayme Nelson, in front of Ladusaw's house. Mayme lived in the Rear Cottage of 411 21st St. for years. Larry Lopez, of 422 21st St. Howard Gandy, Violet's carpenter. J. L. and Betty Blackburn, of 2040 J St. on their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Organ Grinder's monkey and neighborhood children. Children of Violet's tenants, sitting on wall in front of 2670 Island Ave. Ronnie, Larry, Adaline Trujillo, Ira Adkin's daughter, Glenda and Ronnie Long and Debby Andrews.

AT THE FAMILY REUNION, APRIL 12, 1913

Aunt Flora A. and Aunt Salema are holding their heads against each other. They were always close. Below them, is Aunt Flora E., with Ruthie in a white embroidered dress in her lap. She is laughing at Grandma who is about to sneeze, judging by the handkerchief she holds to her nose and by her left hand balanced in front of her. Grandma is wearing her lavender satin dress with a fancy apron over it. Behind her, Aunt Lydia and Aunt Daisy look amused. Aunt Rose is looking down at Aunt Susie, who is laughing. Bertha is holding Ellen, dressed in fluffy white clothes. They are partly hidden by trumpet flower vine tendrils.

The picture was taken on the front porch portion of the veranda of the homeplace, just above the front steps. The front door is behind Aunt Lydia. The window to its right belonged to the parlor, and the window to its left to the front bedroom.

Aunt Lydia had brought the Easter lily which stood in its pot beside Aunt Flora E.

REUNIONS AND HOMEPLACE

Top Row: Homeplace. Children in car. Homeplace with Bessie, Violet, Little Lyddy and Eva.
Second Row: Reunion, 1914. Reunion, 1913. Reunion, 1902.
Third Row: Paul, Herbert, Herman, Earl, Arthur and Ralph. Grandchildren, two groups. Front porch: Miriam, Flora with Ruthie, Lydia, Grandma with Hester, Donald, Seymour, Ethel, Daisy, August, Gladys. Hester, Lillian, Ruthie. Backs of children on lawn.
Fourth Row: Melissa Myers. Groups of grandchildren and young people. Note: Uncle Phil took the postcard size pictures.

REUNIONS AND GATHERINGS

Top Row: Grandma and grandchildren, 1921. Ice-cream party, 1901. Mrs. Hughes with son, Steve, Bessie, Flora, Lydia. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, with Clifford and Clinton. Reunion, 1917.
Second Row: Earl, Georgie, Paul and Ralph. Reunion, 1918. Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Reception of Eugene and Flora Washer.
Third Row: Gordon, Dari, George, Bert, Judah, Bertha, Flora, Lydia, Grandma, Phil and Louise, 1923. Children of Grandma, 1914. Grandchildren of Grandma Myers, 1914. (Pictures taken by Uncle Phil.)
Fourth Row: Violet, Gordon, Flora, Florabel, Gertrude, Alta. Reunion, 1917. On front porch of Homeplace: Flora A., Salema, Lydia, Daisy, Rose, Matie, Flora E. with Ruthie, Grandma, Susie, Bertha with Ellen. Bob, Gordon and Flora. Violet, Renvy, Beverly, Sharon, Nina, Story.

REUNIONS AND GATHERINGS

REUNION APRIL 12, 1913

by Violet Beck

(Condensed from an article in the Fowler Ensign)

The reunion on Grandma's birthday has become an established institution in our portion of the Myers' family. It began with quiltings, to which a pretty big number would come, even a dozen years ago.

We meet at the old homeplace near Malaga, because the house is roomy, and the wide porches and lawns are convenient for the children to play on. There is the great lawn bordered by elm trees; the tank-house, barn, dryer, carriage-house; the pasture, fields, orchards and vineyards, and the homes of the uncles and aunts. The homeplace is the heart of the colony.

The dining room is so large, tables can be joined, so that everybody can eat inside, with the overflow in the kitchen for the children.

This year, Grandma lives at Uncle Judah's; and Aunt Daisy, who lives with her family at the homeplace, is away at Sacramento, but Gladys is keeping house for her father and brothers.

The afternoon before, Glen, Gertrude and I went over to help Gladys fix up the house. We made the big, high-ceilinged rooms bright with flowers and festoons of pink-and-white crepe paper . . . Little Seymour was everywhere, trying to help us.

Tuesday dawned bright and clear . . . Aunt Salema and I had Grandmother arrayed early, and sent her across the vineyard, carrying in her hand stalks of Easter lilies . . .

. . . Glen was our bride this year. She and Alfred were married at Christmas, and live in a neat little house near Aunt Lydia's. Last year, Lalie was our bride. We girls wore dark dresses, with white aprons. I had on my red dress.

Grandma sat by the fireplace in the front room. She wore her shining gray silk dress that has a tinge of lavender to it. Her hair was waved and coiled low at the back, such soft brown hair, with hardly any gray to it. And over her shoulders was a long white silk scarf with a wide fringe that fell almost to the edge of her dress. Glen said she never saw Grandma look lovelier.

. . . At first, I didn't recognize two people who came driving in by the carriage-house in a buggy. They were old neighbors who had moved away, Mr. and Mrs. Jensen. Pretty soon, Aunt Elsie came with Aunt Lydia. Johnny and Gertrude came running in, their cheeks rosy with their long ride from Fowler . . . Soon, here came the buggy with Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene, Donald, Chester, and the baby. Aunt Flora had on her dove-colored second-day dress, and was so gentle and serene . . . Soon after that, came the truck, bearing upon it Aunt Salema, Uncle Judah, Uncle Dri, and Uncle Gordy, in company with chairs, a table, boxes, a bean-bag board, and a rope for a swing. About the same time, came Aunt Susie, Gertrude and Mildred. Dear little quiet Mildred! Hester and Mildred were our little girls. We missed the children who were in school.

. . . Dinner was spread in the dining room, on tables joined and placed diagonally across the room . . . Just before we left the table, I brought a wreath of primroses and lilies of the valley and crowned Grandma our queen . . .

After the dinner dishes were washed, Aunt Salema took some of the company to the piano, and they sang songs and hymns.

Each family took home some flowers. Before we separated, three of us took pictures out on the porch and lawn . . .

. . . There are memories which will grow and unfold until time turns toward our Reunion next Spring, when Grandma will be 77 years old.

REUNION, 1913

(From a letter to Louise)

. . . I fancy I saw you all again seated as you were then—and again Violet had the little wreath for Mother's head and she recited a pretty poem to go with it.

It was all so nice. Mr. and Mrs. Jensen came and we enjoyed having them so much. It was like old times to see them. We placed them one on each side of Mother at the table. Mrs. Jensen looked so nice all dressed in a pretty cream wool. She said, "Jensen didn't think it appropriate for a windy and coldish day as it was, but *she* thought it was all right as it was wool, and warm!" Violet and the girls, Glen, Gertrude, and Gladys, had made place-cards in Easter-like designs and each one had the fun of hunting his or her place at the table.

There were so many cakes that after we had finished with our chicken and salads, &c., &c. we could not do them justice. But I enjoyed Susie's angel-food cake with pink frosting.

The Easter lilies in the center of the table were beautiful. I had a big bouquet of peach blossoms with a branch of dark oak leaves to bring home with me and I have enjoyed them ever since on the bureau in the dining room.

Elsie came by and took me down to the homeplace with her. She gave me a pretty blue dish. I was so glad she came and seemed so brisk and bright and cheery. And so did Flora E. It seemed to me as if we kept moving around and didn't visit much . . . Salema got the young folks to sing at the piano . . . The little children were all good. Mildred wandered around with her little wistful look. Chester had on his new suit . . .

Lydia

HESTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

by Violet Miriam Beck

(Printed in "Fowler Ensign")

April 28, 1913

Monday was Hester's birthday. "One, two, three, four," counted Mamma, doubling Hester's thumb under. Four years old this morning. Four years since the little black-haired baby came into the world. And wasn't Mamma proud? And Papa thought she "was the beautifullest baby in the world!" What a wonderful thing it is that a new personality can come into the world, and grow and be our Hester, with her blue eyes, and her rounded nose, and her sweet, thin red lips—our little mischief girl!

Hester was to have a "birthday party." Minnie was to come, and Seymour, and Donald, and Chester, and Ruthie, and their Mammas, and Aunt Louise and Aunt Lydia. And there was to be ice-cream. And Mamma this very minute was frosting the cake, and putting candies all over the top—pink, blue and lavender.

Hester must be a good girl all day. And Hester was, and took her nap before noon. So that when the children came, she was fresh and bright and happy; and was all eagerness to have on her red shoes, and red bow, and dark-blue woolen dress. "Because, see, Mimmie has on her pink and white dress. Doesn't she look like a strawberry peach?" Baby Ruth's dress is all white. Chester has a pretty dress, too. See, it is linen just the color of his yellow hair, and has blue embroidery all around the collar. Yes, Seymour's has blue on it, too. And Donald's is all blue, with feather-stitching around the top. What pretty dresses all the little children are wearing today! Violet must go upstairs and put on her pale-blue dress. Because it is Hester's "Birthday party!"

The grown-up folks sat at the big table—Aunt Daisy, Aunt Flora, Aunt Susie, Aunt Louise, Grandma, Uncle August, Papa and Mamma with Mildred and Ruthie.

The little boys and Hester will sit at the table in the kitchen. That will be lots more fun anyway, and we can make all the noise we want to. Only we must be careful not to spill things on our clothes. Berries make spots. And Hester must not eat out of Seymour's dish. And each little child may have only one piece of cake. But all the ice-cream that can be held. And if Donald will hold Ruthie a moment, Violet will get second helpings. And the boys must not jump so on the bench, even if it does help settle food. Chester rubs his stomach: "My victuals is cold!" he announces. "I'm not hungry any more," says Simmy. "I'm about froo," "I'm froo!" And then comes the descent, and the washing of hands and faces.

Dishes get over somehow. How Mammas do visit! They just talk and talk for hours and hours. Hester and Mimmie play awhile with shells. "See, Hester div baby some shells," says Mimmie.

Hester must see her presents; one package after the other, opened on Mamma's lap. Such pretty things. But the crown of all is the doll. "Oh!" says Hester, and clasps the china head to her bosom. "Now kiss the little cousins," says Aunt Salema, "for the presents." Seymour alone is shy and buries his head in Aunt Daisy's lap. Ruthie, from Aunt Flora's lap, receives many kisses. Everyone is happy, the givers and the little Birthday girl.

"Let's take a walk," says Violet, "down by the headgate and along by the canal, where the water is." So off we all go, all hand in hand, excepting Mildred, who is asleep. What fun a waterfall is! One can take a stick and fish; or one can splash water with it. Or one can let the water run through one's fingers. What interesting things grow all along the stream! Little children fall down many times wading through alfalfa. But there is a blossoming berry-bush! And see, there is the bridge pretty soon. Oh, no; green apricots make people sick. "I want to play baseball with them," says Chester. Over the bridge we go, and through the grain-field where many whistles are to be made; down the road, all locking arms; and down the path where the sand is. There we stop and build houses out of sand, and fences; and we write. Hester's name, and her age. Oh, how nice it is under the trees of the orchard! Here is an empty meadow-lark's nest on the ground. Let us all sit down and make believe we are birds. "I can dance and sing," says Donald; and does so. Oh, that little boys might always be unsophisticated! We all dance and sing.

Cotton from the cottonwood
Is lying all around
on the ground.
Little birdies in the tree
Sing merrily.
Little children dance and sing
In the Spring.
Everything is glad today
Upon someone's birthday.

Now, let's all go back home. We'll have to go over the wobbly logs across the stream. The little boys crawl on their stomachs. Hester giggles so, we hardly get across safely. Now, around by Paul, Ralph and Earl's teepee. And then by the cemetery, where the little stone lamb is. Those are monuments. Little Wardie is buried there. And those are Aunt Susie's babies. And Grandpa is by the big stone. And the other graves belong to our relatives. I think we better go now, because Aunt Flora is calling.

So across the plowed vineyard we all go a-tumbling. And then by the rose-bush where the four little green eggs are in a nest.

The grown folks are in the parlor singing songs around the organ. "Shall we gather at the River?" Those are solemn kinds of songs.

Now it is time for people to go home. There are happy farewells though farewells are always sad. Hester looks reluctantly after the departing buggies. What a nice party we have had!

Hester went to bed early that night. She played awhile down stairs in her little white nightie. How glad we are for Hester. She was a Caesarean baby. Aunt Salema held her close. "Do you love me, Hettie?" "Yes," says Hester. I take her up-stairs to bed and she cuddles down in her bed, "like a birdie in its nest." "God bless her," I say, and kneel by her bed. I could hear her singing to herself long after I was in my room across the hall.

God bless our Hester!

A REUNION ON MOTHER'S 79th BIRTHDAY—APRIL 1915

Lydia wrote to Violet:

We were all happy over the flowers for your Grandma's birthday. I waited for them yesterday morning before going down there, and they came so fresh and lovely. I put them in their box, just as they were, on top of my clothes-basket of things. The girls, Gladys and Ruth Graham and Gertrude, pounced on them first thing and had a great time over arranging them in vases, after I got there.

Well, we had a great old time, as always, at the Reunion. Such a gathering of big and little, and in-betweens, and everybody always looks so nice and happy and joyous. Mr. and Mrs. Jensen came and I am sure enjoyed every minute. Mrs. Jensen came to me and thanked me over and over for inviting them; while we were having the pleasure on our side of having them. If your Mamma had been with us, Mother's circle of daughters and sons would have been complete; she was the only absent one. We missed you and her both; many spoke of you and wished you might have been there.

Mother looked nice as always, in her silvery grey silk; she had a great many gifts to undo and look at, and besides there were so many pretty cards from everybody with unusually lovely sentiments on them. So I thought it would be nice to include them in our program, each one reading his or hers aloud to Mother when we had all gathered in the parlor; and someone reading from the cards of those absent.

Gladys and Gertrude had taken pains to make a dainty wreath for Grandma's crown, of pansies and smilax. They were so delicate and lovely they seemed almost still covered with dew. Well, Violet, I must tell you that each birthday, especially when we gather at the old homeplace, seems almost exactly like the others. One's mind plays one queer tricks; I felt as if you and your Mamma must be there, somewhere; as if I could put my hand out next minute and touch you.

In and out and round about were all the groups and gatherings, and kind faces and happy voices, and brightly dressed children, and hurrying feet of them. Miriam had her hair hanging in a bright brown wave about her shoulders. I saw her quite often close in to the piano with the group about it singing while Ruth Graham played. Your Mamma would have enjoyed the old-time songs. We sang so many this year, "Annie Laurie," "Marching Through Georgia," "My Old Kentucky Home," and besides of course, many hymns. I tried a new plan; I thought it would be nice to have Mother tell us things about her girlhood days. And it was just fine, Violet, we all enjoyed it, and it was interesting.

First, she stood up for a minute or two, and told us how happy she was to see us all together, and thanked us for all our presents, and said it was too much. Then she sat down and told us about when she was little and lived near Lake Ontario and would go to visit her Grandma Annable, and Grandma Birch, and then of the later time when she went to

school to your Grandpa, before they were married, and all along.

And as she talked you know how she would of a sudden think of something to tell entirely unexpected to you. Such as, "There was Darius (your Grandpa) walking the floor, so worried because he had gone off and left his pocket book hanging up in his pants pocket, with a large sum of money in it. And he couldn't eat nor enjoy visiting so they hurried home and there was his father and mother and Uncle Nicholas, who had come from New York State." This was in early Illinois days.

Phil grew interested and began to ask questions, and Elsie did, too. So one thing led to another until it was very interesting. The young folks all laughed over the horse-back ride and semi-elopement to Wisconsin to get married. Then they went to housekeeping in a blacksmith's shop, at first. "Darius had houses, but they were all rented. He lined the rooms with white cloth, so it was real nice."

Phil said he thought he was the only one who remembered the first frame house "down on the bottoms," as Mother said, where they lived next after the blacksmith's shop. He said he didn't think Louise would remember it. Elsie remarked that she and Janie and I were born in the Rock House. Then we located Darius' birthplace up at Stockton Center, and Judah's in the old log house, and all the rest in the last Pleasant Valley home. I wish I could tell you everything, but I can't; it would take too long.

Matie came with her Mrs. Cooper who is helping her now with the work, and caring for her while she is weak. She wore a pink dress, all loose, and it looked pretty on her. Flora E. looked nice, as always; she had such a pretty dove-colored chiffon waist with a white collar and front. Gordy's children looked especially nice and so pleased to be there, and so grateful to be noticed, and "loved up" a little.

Bertha was so happy. The baby is little yet, and white; she has a pretty complexion. Melissa didn't seem hardly natural because her hair was tied up, I think. She has grown more than Ellen has. Ellen is still pretty and rosy-cheeked. Tell your Mamma I will tell her more about everybody when I write.

Lydia

MYERS' REUNION, MARCH 20, 1918

(Printed in Fresno Bee)

Mrs. Melissa J. Myers celebrated her 82nd birthday Wednesday at the home of her son, George E. Myers, in the Myers colony when a company of nearly sixty gathered to pay her their compliments, bringing her many presents and to wish her many happy returns of the day.

For the last twenty years the Myers family have met at this particular home to celebrate their mother's birthday. Mrs. Myers is the mother of fourteen children, ten of whom are living, six being privileged to be present on the last reunion and twenty-five of the forty-eight grandchildren with two of the fifteen great grandchildren. Some came from a distance thus to honor the much beloved mother and grandmother.

Mrs. Eva Earl (grand-daughter) from San Francisco, and Miss Violet Beck, school teacher from Patterson, with five of her pupils. From the account of their trip, they could have made better time with a boat, as there was so much water running over the roads near Merced that it took them three hours to cover a distance of three miles in the auto.

Her son, Judah, with his wife and their son Paul and daughter Hester came from Kerman. Mr. Gill Childers (son-in-law) and two daughters Miss Edna and Mrs. Alta Bratton from Auberry. Two of the sons, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Myers, and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Myers and children, Misses Ruby, Ruth, Nellie and son Jesse, and Mrs. Lenore Hittle (grand-daughter) and husband and infant daughter, Elsie Marie with John and Gertrude Platzek (grand-children) were there from Fresno. A grand-daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Rhodes and husband and daughter, Dorris Ellen, came up from Kingsburg.

Those present from the Myers colony were two daughters, Mrs. Lydia Wilder and son Ralph and Mrs. Eugene Washer and husband and children, Misses Eunice, Ethel, Ruth, Edith and two sons Donald and Chester and the son, George Myers, at whose home the reunion took place, with his wife and children, Miss Gladys and three sons, Lawrence, George and Seymour, besides some of the near neighbors. Some special friends were also present from Fresno, Frank Graham, an employee in the postoffice, with his wife and mother and Pastor E. H. Adams, wife and son, Master Everett Homer.

After the dinner was served there was an informal program rendered. Several solos being sung and eulogistic selection to parents was read by Mrs. Wilder and some very interesting reminiscences were given by the members, of the family life, during which a crown of violets was placed upon the brow of the mother and grandmother.

Pastor Adams made a few remarks in which he called attention to the One by whose life we are privileged to enjoy the flowers here and that if we were faithful to our task allotted to us as Mrs. Myers had striven to be in her life's work, some day, we would be privileged to wear a crown that will never fade away.

Very pleasant memories are cherished by all who enjoyed this family reunion.

FAMILY REUNION—JUNE 17, 1957

by Flora E. Washer

Yesterday we held a reunion picnic in Roeding Park, the first in four years. Alta, Violet and I had been planning it for some time, sending word to absent members, and making arrangements, though Alta took the main burden of the preparations.

Some way, I feel not many were interested, so it was an agreeable surprise when Don, Jessie and I arrived to find a large gathering, about a hundred I believe.

They welcomed us saying they had feared we would not be in time for the picture-taking, already grouped for the photographer and Herman Lehrbach. Herman took several smaller groups later. He and Herbert, with his wife had come from San Francisco, Violet from San Diego, Ruthie Casper from Santa Cruz, though her home is in Oregon. Carl and Esther Platzek were there from Taft, Gertrude and Fred Rhodes from Santa Cruz, Lawrence Myers from Oakland, and his son, Buddy, with his bride from China Lake on the Mojave Desert where he works on the aircraft proving ground. Lawrence brought George and Susie from Visalia. We had especially wanted them as George is so near blind it may be the last time he can see the family. He is now 84, and I am 82, so we were the oldest there, and the last of our own Myers' family now living. Judah's widow, Salema, is 86, but she and Hester are in Nebraska.

It pleased me that so many (62) came and spoke to me, and when I ate, someone came to bring me a piece of Jessie's delicious angel-food cake. She said Jessie told her to.

I wanted to get around to talk to more but Herman asked me and Violet to go aside to talk over the new Family Book Violet wants compiled. He has been interested in our genealogy for some time.

Just as he finished, Donald mentioned to me that Dr. Couey and wife and Betty were there. They saw us as they were driving around, and stopped to talk. The doctor looks much as he used to, but Mrs. Couey is so changed I would hardly have known her—so much older and thinner. Dr. Couey and I are near the same age. He was our doctor from

the time we married until he retired a few years ago. (Later —Mrs. Couey died this summer.) He and Dr. Barr and Gene were great pals. Dr. Barr died a year or so ago.

By the time the Coueys were gone, most of the picnic groups had left, so I went home with Ruth, Andrew and Suzanne, as Gene had left for Kentucky July 10th.

Violet expected to go to Alameda with Beulah. Don and Jessie went to Virginia's, but came to Ruth's later and we had barbecued hot dogs in their shady backyard. It was a pleasant way to finish off our gala day.

A reunion is a heart-warming event, drawing together many whom we seldom see and reviving old memories, as well as our present interest in each other.

So many of the young people have changed and grown, and several who had seemed young to me are now grey-haired, like Ellen Newton and Beulah Marley. Alta, too, is greyer than I am, though much younger. Tillman did not come as he is in the Vet's Hospital having had a nasal operation. Ralph Wilder is in a hospital.

Three of the original Myers family were not represented at all, Phil, Rebecca and Lydia. None of the Bryans came, though Bessie lives at North Fork and Renvy at Rolinda.

REUNION, 1963

by Flora (Myers) Washer

May 20, 1963

Yesterday was our great day for the Family Gathering at Roeding Park, in the Umbrella Grove, warm and sunny and all turned out in summer attire.

Peggy and John took Gene and me, as Martin's car was full. They had come to Fresno the day before, and so had Douglas and Billie, Violet and Lillian, and other families. There were 152 there, from Oroville, Oregon, San Diego, and even Connie from Ohio though she had been visiting Beulah in Concord. They came from many places in California. Ione had sent from Bonita, for me to wear, a bouquet of orchids which she had grown. Folding chairs were provided for us elders, to which George, Gene and I were escorted, and many came to speak to us. So many of the younger ones had to tell me who they were. Renvy sat near me and we had a good visit. Ralph Platzek's wife came several times to talk to me. Most of Elsie's children are dead, but Mamie was present, and so was Carl with his wife, Esther, from Taft.

Both Beulah and Connie looked younger than when I had seen them last, though Beulah's hair is white. Bessie Wright's son, Leroy, stayed near us, joshing and teasing us. He said Bessie is with Beth in Woodland. She wanted to attend, but was too ill. Bert's Nellie came from Oregon. She is much like Rose, while Ruthie is like the Myerses. Ruth could not come but had been with Chester when George and Gene came back from Santa Cruz last week. Edith and Lester are moving into a house in Walnut Creek. Herman Lehrbach wrote he and Fara were going on a trip. Chester and Helen are starting on a trip around the world. We missed all who could not come.

Alta, Lela and others had planned the Reunion, and Tillman helped with the coffee and in other ways. Alta and Violet were good to introduce relatives to each other. Lillian went around saying, "I am Lillian, Who are you?" The children wanted to see the Storyland area of the park.

Seymour distributed the ice-cream portions and took down addresses for future reunions. I hope the reunions do continue, for they keep the family together.

POST REUNION

by Violet

A few days later, Alta phoned and asked me if I would like to go with her and Ethel (Oroville) Platzek to show her where the Myers' Colony used to be. It was toward dusk, and there was a golden light over the orchards and houses, and I could imagine the old-times, as we told Ethel where each family had lived.

Ethel said that Bob and Ellen, with Bobby and Danny, had come to the Umbrella Grove at the park after most of us had left, and she had had a good visit with them. They had shut up the grocery store at Alder Springs where they live, early, hoping to arrive in time but people had started for their homes about three o'clock. We'll count them in, anyway, and that makes 152 present at the reunion.

SIXTY-FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Feb. 8, 1964

Dear Violet,

. . . February the 2nd we had an open house for Uncle Gene's birthday and his and Aunt Flora's 61st anniversary of their wedding.

Ethel brought a decorated cake, Ruth made one, and Paul and Lela brought the punch.

Paul, Lela and granddaughter came, also Annabelle and family. It was mostly Aunt Flora E.'s children.

It was got up on short notice . . .

Uncle George is getting around again after his stroke.

We've had such a cold winter, but now the days are more sunny. I always feel better when I can work in the yard. Tillman has worked outdoors most all winter. Oh, I am thankful we still have our health! The Lord has been good to us. We seem to be so busy all the time.

. . . What a blessing it is to know we have a loving Father who cares!

Bless you,
Love from Alta

GATHERING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1965

to honor Uncle George's 93rd Birthday
at Palms Point, Roeding Park, Fresno
by Violet Beck

Last evening, the Gathering was held in lieu of a Reunion.

When Tillman and Alta arrived, with Ethel Platzek and me, the women were already getting a long table arranged for the pot-luck supper, where we were to file around and help ourselves. Alta had baked a big white frosted cake with "Happy Birthday" and candles on it.

Martin brought Uncle George, Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene, and we seated them in comfortable camp-chairs. Different ones came and greeted them. Before the sun went down in a red sky behind the tall trees, Bill, Buddy and I took pictures of the three of them.

In all, Steven Collins counted 55 present, as they sat at the long tables under the protecting roof. Seven of Grandpa's children were represented. *Louise* was represented by me. *Elsie,* by Ethel. *Darius* by Gertrude and Fred; Mabel, Jake, Marta, Winnie, Wilma. *Judah,* by Paul, Lela, Hester. *George,* by Buddy (George E.), Eileen, Karin, Robert, Shirley Ann, Bob, Steven, Jim; Erna, Seymour, Lawrence. *Flora E.,* by Ethel, Martin; Mori, Marjorie; Dorothy, Steven, Paul, Mike, Patty, Amy; Ruth, Andrew, Suzanne, Richard, Lance. *Bertha,* by Alta, Tillman; Geraldine, Ed, Jeffrey; Jackson, Patricia, Douglas, Eric; Bill, Luella; Clarence, Birdie. Visitor: young man, friend of Dorothy.

I had brought a few pictures to give away, and they started remembrances. There were introductions, visiting and laughter.

Uncle George, Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene wanted to go home early. Ethel said, "Come on, Papa, get in the car." He is like a child.

We went home about nine o'clock, leaving some to continue visiting. None of the babies had cried. The air was pleasant. Everything had gone off fine.

REUNION PICTURES BY PHOTOGRAPHERS

REUNION, 1902, AT HOMEPLACE, MALAGA

Back Row, standing: Bert, holding Wardie Lee, Myers, Gil, George.

Second Row, standing: Darius, Mrs. Miller, Daisy, Rose, Bessie, Tom Hughes, Gordon.

Sitting on Chairs: Louise, Grandma holding Alta, Susie, Eva, Elsie holding Gertrude, Max, Judah holding Paul, Rudy standing.

Sitting on the Porch: Gene holding Ralph, Bertha holding Edna, Mamie, Lydia, Jimmie Lalie, Carl, Gertrude, Glen, Lawrence, Gladys.

REUNION, MARCH 20, 1917, HOMEPLACE, MALAGA

Standing: Mrs. Graham, Rose, Matie, Jimmie, Earl, Daisy, Salema, George, Paul, — Babbitt, Lawrence, Susie, Frank Graham, Flora A., Ruth Graham, Gertrude, Fred, Ralph, Rudy, Gladys, Gene, Bernice Graham.

Seated on Chairs: Bert, George, Judah, Darius, Phil, Grandma, Lydia with Lydia May, Flora with Edith, Ruth, Bertha with Mina.

Sitting on Porch and Upper Stair: Herman, Herbert, Raymond, Connie, Beulah, Nellie, Ethel, Ruby, Violet, Jesse, Johnny, Donald, Chester, Eva.

Sitting on Lower Stair: Helen Dougherty, Eunice, Hester, Mildred, Lillian, Ruthie Myers, Billie Graham, Seymour, Eddie Graham.

REUNION, MARCH 20, 1918, HOMEPLACE

Standing on Porch: Gladys, Rose, Lawrence, Bert, Fred, Mrs. Graham, Oliver, Flora A., Frank and Ruth Graham, Kate Adams, Gil, Ralph, Reynold Carlson, Gene, Eddie Hughes, Arthur Olson, Marjorie Benson, Joyce Malinewski (pupils of Violet from Patterson).

Standing by Porch, and Seated, Lower Row: Paul, Georgie. Minister and wife. Gertrude with Doris, Lalie with Marie, Phil, Grandma, Lydia, Flora with Edith, Judah, Salema, George.

Seated on Steps, Top: Ruby, Ethel, Edna, Gertrude, Alta, Eva, Chester.

Seated on Lower Step: Eunice, Seymour, Violet, Nellie, Minister's son. Ruth Graham, Ruth Washer, Hester, Donald, Chester, Jesse.

REUNION, MARCH 20, 1919, HOMEPLACE

Standing: Mrs. Graham, Lalie, Mrs. Hittle, Tante Elmira, Jimmie with Doris, Rose, Renvy, Gertrude with Marie, Flora A., Kate Adams(?), Flora E., Bertha, Susie, Mrs. Naylor, Bernice Graham, Salema, Matie.

Seated in Chairs: (?), Gertrude, Mrs. Jensen, Bert with LeeRoy, George, Phil, Grandma, Darius, Judah, Mr. Dougherty.

Seated on Porch: (?), Gladys, Ruby, Ione, Ethel, Eva, Lillian, Johnny, Eddie Graham, Seymour, Jesse.

Seated on Lower Step: Connie, Edith, Eunice, Beulah, Hester, Ruthie Washer, David, Nellie, Ruth, Mildred, Helen, Billie.

REUNION, MARCH 20, 1922, HOMEPLACE

Standing: (?), Tillman, (?), Bernie, Gladys, Bert, Rose, Earl, Ralph, Gil, Rudy, (?), Johnny, Eddie Hughes, Myers, Ella Hughes, Jim Hughes, Mrs. Hughes, Jesse McCarthy, Gertrude Oliver, Lawrence with Little Lawrence, Ruby, Jesse, Dave, Ruby McClelland, Rudy, Mr. Dougherty, Esther.

Seated in Chairs: Alta with Edith, Gordon with Billie, Susie, George, Bertha with Gene, Flora A., Grandma, Phil, Lydia, Flora, Judah, Susie.

Seated on Porch: Connie, (?), Bessie Lucas, Edna, Eunice, Edith, Doris, Gertrude with Mabel, Lalie with Dorothy.

Seated on Steps: Melissa, Ellen with Ruth behind her, Helen with Wilma, Winnie, Beulah with Marie, Ethel with Hazel, Wilma, Raymond, Billie and Eddie Graham, Chester, Seymour.

REUNION, MARCH 20, 1923, ROEDING PARK

Standing: Steve, Anna, Renvy, Ione, Judah, Phil, Ralph, Connie, Florabelle, Edna, Violet, Martin, Ethel, Beulah, Alton, (?), Gladys, (?), Nellie, Gertrude, Alta with Edith, Myers, Arthur, (?).

Seated in Chairs: Gil with Gene, Bertha, Salema, Flora A., Lydia, Grandma, Louise, Flora, Gordon, Gene, Darius, Susie, George, Rose with Leroy, Eva.

Seated on Ground: Hester, Stephen, Matilda, Edith, Doris, Hazel, Mabel, David, Billie, Lillian.

REUNION, MARCH 20, 1924, ROEDING PARK

Standing, Upper Row: (?), Edna, Ruth, Nellie, Anna, Steve with Flossie, — Hughes, Fred, Alton, Beulah, (above) Lawrence, (?).

Standing: Arthur with Robert, Delphia, Ethel, Bernie, Tillman with Edith, Ralph, Alta with Philmore, Lawrence with Sonny, Ruby, Gladys, (?), Mrs. Hughes, Myers, Ella Hughes, Gertrude, Violet, Eva, Alton, Beulah, Connie, Ethel, Paul, Martin, Hester, (?), Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, (?).

Seated in Chairs: Flora, Gene, Gil with Gene, Bertha, Bert with LeeRoy, Rose with Buddy, George with Larry, Susie with Hazel, Darius, Louise, Grandma, Phil, Flora A., Lydia, Gordon, Judah, Salema.

Seated on the Ground: Raymond, Chester, Stephen, Hazel, Doris, Matilda, Lillian, Billie, Ruthie, Edith, Lillian, David, Edna.

REUNION, ROEDING PARK, MOTHER'S DAY, 1947

Standing: Martin, Lester, Gordon, Ralph P., George, Oliver Dalbotten, Chester, Jerry, John, Gene, Ethel P., Bob, Richard, Paula Mae, (?), Lela, Salema, (?), Paul, Virginia, Flora, Harvey, Beulah, Alton, Mary, Ruth C., Ethel, Rose, Bert, Witte, Violet, Eva.

Kneeling: Peggy, Viola, Florabelle, Hester, (?), Ruth, Jesse, Mamie Dalbotten, Edith.

In Front: (?), Tommy, Lydia, Joey, Ellen, Dennis, Donna, (?), Edith, (?), (?), Dorothy with Dale, (?), Joyce, Nancy, Marjorie with Tamara, Suzanne, Mary Ellen, Boyd with Milo.

REUNION, 1954

Standing: Donald, Violet, Ruth, Fred, Jerry, Gertrude, Mary, Alta, Tillman, Ellen, Bob, Gene, Martin, Susie, Ethel, George, Georgie, Flora, Lawrence, Irma, Sim, Robert, Shirley Ann, John, Peggy, Oliver, Mamie, Alton, Connie, Beulah, Lue, Bill, Renvy, Bud, Bessie, John, Florabelle, Clarence, Eugene.

Kneeling and Sitting: Jack, Isabelle, Florabelle, Lela, Paul, John, Joyce, Dorothy, Mary Ellen, Marjorie, (?), (?), (?), Bernadine, Stanley with S. T., Mabel with Marta, Tommy, Jake, Richard with Debra Ann, Sheila, Freddie, Mary, Doris, Winnie, Wilma, Hazel, Birdie, Jackie.

Down in Front: Steve, James, Kathleen, Mickey, Daniel, Suzanne with Stephen, (?), Norma, Jeanne, Geraldine, Lee (head bent), Clifford, Jackie, Charles, Milo, Tamara.

REUNION, 1957

Standing: Donald, Jackie, Jake with Marta, Douglas, Mabel, Freddie, Doris, (?), Buddy, Ilene, Charles A., Lawrence, Wilma, Ruth C., Shirley Ann, Robert with baby, Lcla, Herbert and wife, Hazel, Nancy, Herman, Fara, Ethel P., Carl, Esther, John, Florabelle, Clarence, Dorothy, Birdie, Verna with Davene, Joey, Lydia.

Seated: Seymour, Erna, Jessie, Violet, Fred, Gertrude, Flora, George, Susie, Alta, Ellen, Beulah, Autumn with Nina, Ethel with baby, Martin with Michael.

In Front: Bob, Kathleen, Cathy, Danny, Geraldine, Laurie Ann, Tamara, Bobbie, Chris, Milo, Dennis with Kent, Clifford, Peaches, Paul, Suzanne with Stephen.

REUNION, 1963

First Row (standing): Tillman, Edward Graham, Joyce and John Crowder, Birdie Newton, Alex Seifert, Clarence Newton, Paul and Lela Myers, Dorothy Collins. Not sure of some, Ruth Saucier, Hester Myers, Jessie and Donald Washer, Seymour Myers, Peggy and John Conley, Alta Bratton, Martin and Ethel Churchill, Erna Myers, Florabell and John Bosquet, Esther, Marnie and Carl Platzek, Annabelle Knutsen. Not sure of some, Betty Graham and son, Rudy and Ethel Platzek, Wilma Treseler, Diane with Pamela and Freddie Treseler, Barbara, Lillian Sutton. Not sure, Elden, Ellen, Chris, Brent, Myrtle, Laurie Anne, Boyd and Betty Marley, Tamara and Sam Sansoni, Bob Montgomery, Bill and Lue Bratton, Tom Newton with Dwayne and Gloria, Mary Ellen with baby and Donald Donwell, Sheila with Dorothy and Richard Churchill.

Second Row (sitting): Mary with Sharon and Fred Rhodes, Dennis, Hazel and Don Neufeld, Verna and Joe Dustin, with Diana, Davene, Darlene and David, Mrs. Collins, Lydia Seifert, Lawrence and George Myers, Flora and Gene Washer, Renvy Vought, Berniece Graham, Jack Knutsen, Gertrude and Fred Rhodes, Nellie Sproule, Beulah Marley, Connie Lacy, Violet Beck, Emil Rebashus, Milo Marley, Shirley with Stephen and Robert Montgomery, Gerry, Patricia and Jackie Bratton.

Third Row (sitting on grass): Robin and Terry Lyn Donwell, Debra Churchill. Not sure, Stephen Collins, Betty Graham's three boys, Danny and Bobbie Newton, Stephen, Marion, James and Julie Crowder, Paul and Patty Collins. Not sure, Robinette and Nicolette Wessler. Not sure of four children, Rickie Rhodes, Kent Neufeld, Denise Churchill.

NOTE: Alta and Violet identified all they could.

TRIPS

TRIP TO YOSEMITE

by Violet Beck

1903

ON JUNE of 1903, a party of us went by horses and wagon from Fresno to Yosemite, a journey of several days. Those I remember in the party were Uncle Gene and Aunt Flora, Ada Washer, Jonathan Washer, and Gordon Washer.

On the dirt roads, the farm-wagon was heavy, and the horses had to rest often. On steep grades, everyone walked except the driver. As she walked, Aunt Flora counted two hundred kinds of wild-flowers.

Camping sites were chosen near streams and meadows, so the men could fish and the horses feed. It was a great event when we reached Inspiration Point and descended into the Valley. We camped in tents for three weeks by the side of the river below El Capitan.

Inexperienced and without flashlights, all but Uncle Gene climbed one day to Glacier Point, walked around the upper edge of the valley in the twilight, and descended the dangerous trail beside Vernal and Nevada Falls through the early hours of the night. Word had gone out, and when we reached the floor of the valley at midnight, Uncle Gene was waiting with the wagon.

Aunt Flora saw John Muir when he visited the store in the village one day.

We took the three-day trip to visit the Big Trees, camping nights. On the way down to the San Joaquin Valley, in a narrow place, the men had to stand below the road and hold one side of our wagon up so that the other wagon could pass. The English people of that wagon looked at us womenfolk as if they had never seen bloomers before.

Now, sixty years later, how much more easily the trip is made!

TRIP

by Violet

Fresno
Oct. 27, 1942

Alta and Tillman have come over to this house on Christmas Tree Lane to work on it in preparation for their moving into it. It is to be Phil's house.

Alta says she never gets lonesome. "I always find plenty to do," she says. She's been busy with the Observation Post at the other house. Her rest at night is disturbed by her reporting of planes flying. It has been hard to get Observers. The Post room is built up on tall posts, with good steps, a platform all around, and glass windows on all sides . . . It is pleasant to look off over the autumn landscape and observe the trees changing color, and the pumpkins in Alta's yard.

Yesterday morning I washed my hair and went out on the platform to dry it. The warm sunshine was like God's love shining upon me. I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and here appeared Alex and Lydia! Alex had passed his physical examination for the draft and had come to Fresno to get his uniform and be sent to Monterey for his immunization. There was so much to do on the two citrus ranches at Orange Cove, and the old man who owns them had been unable to get anyone to work them. He had been back East to get his nephew, and Alex had been distracted trying to attend to the owner's business, and work the ranch, and get Lydia and Joey settled for the duration of the war.

They are to stay in the dwelling at one end of the storage barn which has three rooms and is quite cozy . . . The only real friends she has out there are some Jehovah's Witnesses' ladies who come out once a week to give her lessons . . . Lydia gives the ladies fruit . . . I pray that nothing happens to Alex. He is a good man, neither smokes nor drinks, fears God, is good to Joey and kind to Lydia.

We have many good men in our family, and so many good women. Not a woman of the blood of Grandpa and Grandma smokes, excepting one; and many of the men do not smoke. Philmore Bratton does not smoke. He is in basic training at Marana near Tucson. Of the two hundred men there, he and Jack Hedrick are the only two who neither smoke nor drink. Gene Childers, at Robb Field, Corpus Christi, does not smoke or drink, he told me, and Alta says he tells the truth. Tillman set a good example when he quit smoking and drinking. It made our trip more pleasant not to have him smoking.

Alta and Tillman came to San Diego on their way to visit Phil and Gene, and I asked to go with them, in Gene's one-seated Ford car. We were gone seventeen nights and eighteen days. We went along the southern route near the Mexican border, through California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, clear to Corpus Christi. Phil had been notified of the visit, but Gene was taken by surprise when he landed his airplane and saw us waiting there.

We went on to Arkansas where Tillman visited his sister whom he had not seen for 34 years . . . We took six days returning, stopping toward dark to find rooms or cabins . . . After we left Conway, Arkansas, we continued on Highway 65 and found ourselves in the Ozark Mountains. It was pretty crossing the Red River Valley . . .

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AFTER THIS TRIP

3335 Madison Ave.
Fresno, Calif.
June 21, 1966

It has been 23 years since I took this trip with Alta and Tillman. This notebook was put away in a box of presents which Alta put into the attic of their house at 7806 Belmont Avenue, the two-story house which Emil helped build, which for years has been a center of hospitality and of church and community service.

Now the place, with its two houses, has been rented to two related families, and Alta and Tillman have moved to Sierra Trailer Park at Bass Lake. In the moving process, Alta brought the box with the notebook in it to Aunt Flora's where I am now.

Many things have happened since those days of World War II. Phil's airplane was shot down over Sicily in the invasion of Italy. I think Phil's death helped to turn Alta and Tillman toward God.

Gene met Jackie at Martha's Vineyard. She helped him through his medical training by working. Gene is a family physician at Metuchen, New Jersey. Every Christmas they send us a photo of their children, Eugene, John, Roy and Anne . . . I wanted Gene to be a doctor but, oh, I wanted it to be in California!

Alex was very unhappy in the service. He was needed on the ranches; moths were eating the wings of his bees; his buddy took his own life; he could not bear to hear men swear; Lydia needed him, and he was released. He and Lydia became ardent Jehovah's Witnesses, did years of pioneer missionary work and go to many Conventions. Joey and family follow the same belief.

TWO LONG TRIPS

June 15, 1968

Two long trips I had which began their journey along the Southern Route of the United States.

The first trip started from San Diego with Alta and Tillman

in their one-seated car, to visit Philmore and Eugene in their training camps in the early days of World War II, and also to visit Tillman's relatives in Arkansas. We saw considerable of Indians along the desert lands of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and visited one Navajo tribe, in a reservation where I took some pictures, which one bright Indian boy challenged, asking pay for them.

Philmore's training camp was up in the hills above the town where we slept in a hotel, and Tillman wanted only himself and Alta to go there, so I went to Sunday School instead, in a friendly church.

At Corpus Christi, we waited at the military landing field for Eugene to bring in his plane. How surprised he was! Both he and Phil were pilots in the Airforce. Not long after our visit, Phil's plane was shot down in the Sicily invasion.

Alta and Tillman visited his sister and other relatives near a town in Arkansas that had a cemetery projecting right down into the town.

We returned by way of the Red River Valley, got lost in the Ozarks, and almost went to see the Painted Desert, but Tillman was anxious to get back to Fresno. From there, he took me to Bakersfield, where I went by bus to see Carl and Esther Platzek in Taft before returning to San Diego.

The second trip came a few years later. I went with the Newberry's, tenants, in their car as far as Louisiana, and then traveled by bus northward, along the general route of the Mississippi River, until I came to Stockton, Illinois. Cousin Angie had told me about the bridal room in the hotel there, so I asked for it each time I came—a nice big room that looked out on the main street. From it I could walk to visit different ones, or go with Ed Vanderheyden, George Palmer and Grace Schubert in their cars to see where my homefolks used to live, or to visit new relatives.

Ed and Rosella always had a family dinner for me, and Pearl and Camilla Wright were hospitable. Libby took me to see the cheese factory. Ed took us out to George and Mae's house at Stockton Center to spend the day. Shirley and Glenn Williams, with their baby, Patsy, were there.

Glenn and Shirley took me to the farm where Grandpa's father, John Nathan Myers, used to live. An old man living there remembered him. They took me by the Amos Eaton place, on our way to the old stone school-house. We went inside, where a community meeting was just over, and Shirley introduced me to some people who remembered the Myers family.

I slept that night at Glenn and Shirley's pretty house out in the country.

VISIT TO SAN MATEO

by Violet

Feb. 21, 1952

Yesterday I came by bus from San Jose to San Mateo, passing through a number of El Camino towns, with green hills showing to East and West, and intermittent cloudiness and sunshine, with big white clouds behind trees. The blossoming peach is in bloom, and white cherry blossoms are out on isolated trees. The orchards along the way, prune, cherry, almond, are showing swelling buds.

When my taxi reached here, Anna was not at home so I went over to Stephen's house, and his wife showed me her new canary, orange color, with green along the ends of its wings, and a black spot in back of its neck. Steve thinks it must have been produced by crossing canary and parakeet.

The friendly black dog wanted to go with us when we went to look at the camelias and other small plants in Steve's nursery. Many had buds about to bloom. He is a gardener, or landscapist. The evening before, Matilda and her husband had been over to discuss the planting of their yard in the new home at Palo Alto.

About the first question I asked was, "How are Naomi and her husband getting along?" Everybody seemed surprised and pleased to answer, "They seem to be doing nicely. He has a new job he likes and Naomi seems happy." Anna said, "He comes of a good family and his folks think the world of Naomi." "She is a superior person," I commented; and Anna said emphatically, "Yes, she is."

Steve took me over to Anna's, who had discovered my travel bags on the back porch; and she welcomed me graciously, as always. She looks well and happy and takes pleasure in having her children come home to visit, which they do frequently. Kenneth and Alice with their seven-and-a-half-month-old baby, Marilyn, stayed with her until a month ago, when they rented an apartment of their own. They came over early, and Alice and the baby were to stay until Kennet would return from high school where he is studying tool-and die-making. They all three looked so well and happy. Marilyn is a plump, blonde, sturdy little one, trying all sorts of humps and stretches and kicks as she played on the floor between her mother and Anna, who talked eagerly of many matters.

Steve came in and I mistook him for Kenneth and said, "You have a darling baby girl." "Oh," he exclaimed, "How glad I am to learn that!" Anna said they want children so much. When Kenneth came home he said of Steve, "It must be lonely for them. Anyone who has been surrounded by a large family would be lonesome without children in the house." Steve has read a great deal, the more serious type of books, and has traveled; has been in World War II, with the merchant marine as a seaman, ending up as second mate. "He could have been captain," Anna explains, "but he didn't want the responsibility."

He is tall and lean with an outdoor look about him, and an aspect of strength and maturity. When we two discussed political matters, he had a depth of perception and a knowledge of other peoples in other lands which contributed to a tolerant attitude in his explanation of current events, especially in the trend toward the Rise of the East as against the established order of the West. He explained, "In our country, we have a higher standard of living than in many others, and it has been brought about partly through exploiting other races, such as in South America, where our investors have paid low wages to natives, as in mines, yet have had large profits."

"We live like rich men, only on smaller scales," he continued, "as in my home, we have appliances which would be beyond the common lot of gardeners in other lands, as in China. A gardener in that land would be very low in his living standard. So many in the eastern countries could have no lower scale of life and are ripe for the promises of anyone who would give them hope of a better life. The conflict will surely come, and how it will end I do not know. But the communists are not communists in reality; their theory of equality does not work out because always there will be initiative. And the political group headed by Stalin is not communistic, but a dictatorship."

Later in the evening Matilda, and Hans Muhleman, her husband, came; and then Steve returned; and Kenneth afterwards; and they had a great discussion about the presidential candidates. I noticed they turned to Stephen for ultimate judgment. I was too sleepy to hear everything and fell asleep during the discussion on Eisenhower, and asked Anna if I could go to bed. None of them wanted Truman as president.

In the morning, Anna went to work; then Selma Larsen came to the house; and Pearl Gibson; and we went to Cordelia Allen's Work Basket Shop and then all three to "Bob's Place," where Selma treated us to big plates of chicken salad. We had a good visit, talking about the school-days in Patter-

son and other days between, about marriages, and children, and grandchildren of their own and of others.

Then Cordelia took us to her comfortable home and brought her mother into the living room and showed us pictures. I took some snap-shots of them out in front. Pearl brought me home and stayed awhile and looked young and pink-cheeked and happy. All three said I didn't look "a day older;" but I am sixty-five years old and "I'm getting my teacher's pension now," I say proudly. It is wonderful to see these dear friends again.

Anna thinks Naomi and George Weber, her husband, will be going to Carmel tomorrow, to come home Sunday. Hans and George are both working as machinists and get good wages. Kenneth makes more than two dollars an hour; he will be through his four years' apprenticeship by June and will be a journeyman.

Now Alice has brought Marilyn, and Anna is feeding her strained squash and apricot; and I am to give her her bottle. She has on a pink dress.

Anna says, "Now, then, Aunt Violet can give you your milk. Let me wipe off your little fingers first, you darling little baby girl!"

Feb. 22

So I did give Marilyn her bottle, with her smooth tow-head resting against my arm and her pink fingers patting first the bottle, then me, her blue eyes looking unafraid into mine. Such little, short shoes, such plump knees, such a sweet baby . . . Bud and Alice came.

I had a good night's rest, and Anna and I have been visiting; this evening Stephen will take me to Beulah's in Alameda, going by way of the San Francisco Bridge. Anna is ironing and I want to put down more memories. Oh, yes, Naomi and George came to see me last evening.

EARLY SUMMER TRIP, 1952

Ramona, Loma Linda, Taft, Bakersfield, Fresno, Fowler, Cantua Creek, Auberry, Los Angeles, May 6, 1952.

by Violet Beck

Here I am at Alta's house, with her husband getting breakfast and the smell of bacon rising.

Unexpectedly, I arrived in Fresno Saturday afternoon, having taken the train from Bakersfield after Carl and Esther had brought me down from Taft in their new, twenty-four hundred dollar Plymouth.

Oliver had brought me to Taft from Ramona, by way of Dorothy's at Loma Linda, where we had dinner in their beautiful, Colonial-type house that Oliver had built for them.

Oliver, Mr. Riley and I were at Ramona where Oliver was fixing a shower for Cabin III. He wanted to see a party at Redlands about building for them and said, "Thursday morning, we leave, come Hell or high-water!"

So off we started in the early morning, over the green hills that lie between Ramona and Escondido, and thence on to Loma Linda.

I sat between Oliver and Mr. Riley, on the wide seat of his coupe; and, oh, how clear and sweet the air was! And how high the wild oats and planted fields were after our glorious winter rains, with irises within white paling-fences, and splashes of blue lupen on the hills, or dashes of yellow poppies beside the way. Oliver is a good driver and his car ran smoothly along, making the green lights at the intersections in town. Oliver made a point of it. "Will we make it?" Yes, we would. If we didn't, that was a blow.

Dorothy's house is a ways from the hospital section of Loma Linda, among a group of other new houses, with little children in some yards among the new flower patches. It is very lovely, and furnished with new, fine furniture.

Markie, the little adopted boy who will be three in June, was asleep. Dorothy showed him to me in his little bed next theirs in the end bedroom. She pulled one arm into a more comfortable position and turned his body, so I saw a blond child's face. When he did awaken later, I exclaimed, "What a happy face!" It is full of joy, sparkling blue eyes below a broad forehead, wavy tow hair, even teeth in a friendly smile, such a bright, loving boy; and it's no wonder "he's the center of all our lives," as Dorothy explained.

After our good vegetable dinner, Oliver lingered awhile to play train with Markie on the green carpet of the big living room. On his knees, he hooked and unhooked tin trains and sped them around a track with Markie backing off every time the train started. Markie looks something like Dorothy who is blue-eyed and blonde, and he'll be tall like Glenn. They have their name in for another baby. As we drove away, we had the picture of Dorothy standing, holding Markie, with his arms around her neck, and his cheek pressed against hers.

Over the hills we sped away and were soon on the desert, among the Joshua trees, now sending up stalks of buds which will be bursting into creamy blooms. The golden California poppies lined one long stretch of highway, big and brilliant; and when we came to the Mojave Desert this side of Bakersfield, there were acres of blue lupen. We took the cut-off to Taft and reached there in a little over four hours, quite a while before dark.

Carl was out throwing horse-shoes in his side yard, and came to the car and brought me into the house. Esther was surprised to see me; she welcomed me in and gave me Carla's room. Billy, Eugene's youngest, was staying with them because he had broken out with the measles while his father and mother and Tommy and he were visiting there; they had to go home to Whittier and Esther volunteered to keep him awhile. For a three-year-old, he behaves nicely. Such a dear, loving, little, brown-eyed child. We took a long walk together, up by an oily stream.

Carla lives in Bakersfield with a kind geologist husband and a two-year-old, red-headed baby, who looks like her father. We had a lunch of meat sandwiches, apple-sauce, and peaches. Then Carl took me to the depot; I didn't have much time before the train pulled out for Fresno.

I keep remembering things Esther told me. Eugene had said of his father, "He is the best ever. He is the best father there could be." "All of the children think so much of their father," Esther explained. "And over at high-school he is so well thought of. The teachers say, "Wealthier parents have not done so well with their boys. All three sons of Mr. Platzek have gone through college and have done so well."

The three boys all live in the vicinity of Whittier. Richard is an engineer; Harold, a research chemist; and Eugene is in the Navy. Each has two children, and Carla has the girl—the first grandchild on the father's side.

Esther showed me pictures of the children when they were little, in her photograph albums. "If the house were to catch on fire," she said, "It is these baby pictures that must be saved above all else."

"When Richard was Billy's age, three, there were two younger children," Esther said. "I think of all that child's responsibilities; and here Billy is such a baby."

The children grew older, and other pictures than mine were added from time to time; when the boys had their dark-blue shirts and pants, how handsome they looked! There was the San Diego group with the kind grandmother. There were pictures with Sally and her children. Then Richard began taking those good pictures for his high-school course. Photographer's eight-by-ten photos of each of the four children are pinned on the wall of the parlor; and on the sideboard are photos of Harold in his cap and gown; of Richard, older-grown, with a moustache; a family group while the

children were still at home and in high school. Oh, how precious are these pictures to Esther!

Because she cannot hear she is cut off from much, such as radio, and church; but her home is her castle, and she has made of it a haven of happiness.

Ralph Abston, Sally's boy, told me, "When I was growing up, I looked forward all year to staying awhile in the summer with Uncle Carl and Aunt Esther. Then I was with them six months going to college. They meant so much to me. Aunt Esther encouraged me to go on with my education."

Now Ralph is at Guam and he writes, "There is not much I can do here but study, and I'm making use of my time." He has done well in the service. Every year Carl has taken the family to Bass Lake, where they fished, and swam, and rode, and had wonderful three-weeks' vacation. He has a boat in two sections which he takes up and puts together. In wartime, when the boys were in the service, he continued going there so that the boys could think of them as being there at the Lake. Later years he took Rosalee, or one of the other grandchildren.

This year he plans to visit around in August and see the homefolks; I invited him to visit us in San Diego.

When I went to see Ethel Platzek in her room at the back of the Sequoia Hotel, she told me, "Carl has a philosophy of life. He said to me, 'Ethel, take your happiness as you go along. Don't wait until later, for it may never come.' That is what Carl has done in those vacations at Bass Lake; he has given his family happiness."

Esther said, "Carl believes in God. Yes, I am a peacemaker. We have been happy in each other, in our children, and in our grandchildren. Sometimes the children bother Carl, but I am a peacemaker."

Once we heard Billy crying loudly and suddenly, and Esther rushed to him as he came in the door. "He pulled the long shoots from my orange tree," Carl explained, following behind him.

"Oh, you should not do that!" Esther exclaimed, as she put her arms around Billy. "That is Grandpa's tree; and those branches will have oranges on them. Now tell Grandpa you are sorry, and you will not do that *no more*. Go ahead, and say, "Grandpa, I'm sorry; and I will not do that *no more*."

Billy sobbed, "I'm sorry, and I won't do that *no more*."

No answer from Carl from the other room. (We three were in the kitchen.)

Esther limped over to the open door and bent around to look determinedly at Carl. She said, "Accept his little apology."

No answer.

Esther repeated, "Carl, accept his little apology!"

"All right," I heard Carl's voice. Then he rushed out the back door. "But if I ever catch him doing that again, I'll wallup his little seater good!"

At noon, Billy insisted upon having his plate placed at Carl's right-hand side, and when half-through his meal, asked, "Grandpa, help me." So Carl fed him the remainder with a spoon.

Carl told me, as we sat on the front porch in the cool of the evening, "It is in Esther to love children, and she keeps them sometimes, when we should be alone. We've raised our own children, and we like to have them come back and visit us. I feel we're going visiting this summer. We owe it to get in touch with relatives."

Tillman has just come home from his work as night watchman for some company. He sleeps in a trailer daytimes. He and Alta talk about going camping along the Columbia River, and other places. That is why they want to know when Gene and Jackie will be coming with Lee.

Aunt Salema had written they had had Hester's birthday party, and she got to see ladies she hadn't seen for a year, and enjoyed the party very much.

Paul was Assistant Secretary of the Sunland Refinery and had to travel more than ever. Lela is teaching from twelve to five, but has to be at school by ten to make her lesson plans.

Fred Rhodes' sister and brother, Etta and Charlie, are visiting from Santa Cruz. The first morning they all came over here and Gertrude invited me to ride back to their house. It is just a little way up Belmont, cross over to the right, and turn in to the right to their place. Everything is in apple-pie order—you can't see a weed in all of Fred's new green alfalfa patch, stretching to vines, which make the border of his place. The chickens are so big, healthy and friendly. They sing loudly in chorus when you come near the pen; Rhode Island Reds. I picked some alfalfa and went into the coop and held it for them to pick at the leaves. They came right close and talked to me. Fred's den is neat as a pin with a clean carpet on the floor and chairs around. He showed me where he had fixed the cement floor, having moved the engine further over. His "Poochey" dog uses that den, and Fred says *he* has a place to go when "Wife" kicks him out. He and Gertrude have always gotten along well together, from the time they got married in Del Rey.

They lived many years on the big walnut ranch near Parlier, where he was manager until it was sold a couple of years ago, and they bought this ten acre ranch across from Alta and Tillman's. It has someone else's acreage in between, but there is a feel of having relatives close by. And Freddie and Mary rent Alta and Tillman's house East of their home, so that makes a colony.

Everybody likes Mary. Fred and Gertrude were telling me how industrious and saving she was, and what a home-body. Gertrude told me, "She says she won't have a baby until Freddie grows up. She says he's been petted and favored. "Which probably is true," I commented; Gertrude laughed.

I told Mary I had a trade-last for her, but she didn't know what that meant; so I explained, "You tell me a compliment you have heard about me, and I'll tell you some nice things I've heard about you." She remembered that Gertrude had told her about the Homefolks Book. So I told her that her father- and mother-in-law thought she was "a prize." "What do you think of my little daughter," Fred asked me, and both were full of her praise. Freddie was lying stretched out on the davenport, reading the newspaper. As I went out the door he called, "Don't you think Mary got a Prize, too?" "Why, yes, she did," I called back. "I'd say so. You are a good man."

He works for the Post Office department, delivering mail to a portion of the business section of Fresno. He must have to walk a lot and carry a load. He's pleasant to meet, and nice-looking, so I imagine he makes many friends among his customers. They have a good car, which Mary drives. Fred likes to go fishing. John Harlan, Doris' boy, went with him Sunday. They didn't catch anything, but John said, "We had a good time, I'll say we did!" Sunday, Doris and Melinda were at Freddie's house, waiting for folks to come from Santa Cruz. I went over and visited with Doris awhile. Melinda and I took a walk down by the creek, which is running full of water. We sat on the top of a sloping ramp and sang praises to God for the trees with their mocking-birds that flew from one clump to the other; for Fancher Creek, bordered with blossoming blackberry vines; for the pinkish-colored foot-hills; the tall mountains covered with snow; and the blue sky with its white clouds.

"My blue-bellies are just the color of over there," Melinda said, pointing to the sky. "I have pink and blue blue-bellies."

Melinda is five, and quite a good talker. She is very expressive with her hands and face. She has glossy braids. She is large-built, with brown eyes. Doris' eyes are brown. It was a lovely walk back, along the cotton-planted field. We went in to see the kitties in the basement and Melinda held them close. Jerry had her birthday supper.

Then I asked Doris if I might ride back with her as far as Pauline Nix's house in Fowler, corner of Clovis and Sumner Avenues. Pauline is the daughter of my dear friend, Blanche (Bonoeil) Draper. I called Pauline and she wanted me to come over. I would have a place to sleep and she wanted me to see how they had fixed up the old home; Ted would bring me back in the morning. So I did go. They have put twelve thousand dollars into fixing up that big house. "I hope you won't mind the changes," Pauline said. Ted said, "Mother never wanted changes, though we talked about it before she died."

I said, "I speak for Blanche. We older people do not like changes, because of associations. But if Blanche knows about it, she would be glad you were more comfortable. Once a change is made we make the best of it, and are glad of it." Ted explained, as we drove back to Tillman's, why he was glad to have the children in a locality where their mother, grandmother, and great-grandparents had lived, and worked, and saved, and had built up property. "It gives them a sense of continuity and security," he said. "I hope my children will work, and save, and also build up their community." Alta took me over to Ellen's. Bobby and Danny are the little boys, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, broad-shouldered little fellows, growing so fast. Ellen held Danny, who has been sick; and he rested his head against her bosom. Bobby had on a big brown helmet, with a piece of print cloth next his head, to keep it from rubbing.

"I have three shy children," Ellen said, "Joyce, Tommy and Danny. The other three aren't shy, Jerry, Bernadine and Bobby."

She let us read some of Jerry's letters, well-written, well-spelled. He had been to visit Gene, who had his shingle out —"Gene Childers, M.D.", and who had a good office in conjunction with his home. He had a good practice in New Jersey. Gene was equipping his office, and did not know if he could afford to come home in June. Lee looked more like Jackie, with brown eyes and hair, but big feet and hands like Gene's—"huge" Jerry called them.

"The nice thing about Jerry," Ellen told us proudly, "is that Jerry likes us, and wants to be with us. He longs to be with his family." In his letter, he wrote, "I miss you all, but that is nothing new."

Tommy has quit high school and is working.

Joyce isn't working at Kress' any more. She stays with Bernadine part of the time, to help with the children, when their mother goes to work in the bakery. Bernadine's baby, Stanley, is six months old now, and a fine big boy. They wanted a boy to go with the two girls, Kathleen and Mickey Linn.

Alta played with Danny on the davenport, pulling the toes of his stockings. He laughed with soft gurgles. Bobby played with the photos Ellen brought out.

We stopped at Bill's house and found Lue there. Bill was asleep. They will be married the end of the year. On Jerry's birthday, Lue brought a pink-frosted gelatine cake she had made. It had a little bouquet of gold-and-purple violets mixed with Cecil-Brummer roses on the top, and nine tiny candles which Jerry blew out. There was pink-and-white ice cream.

After the birthday treat, Lue led Jerry to the big upholstered chair and seated her in it. "There is a reason," she said. Then she brought her a bundle of packages and piled them on her lap.

"She is Queen for the day," I said.

Jackie looked lugubrious. "On your birthday, *you* will be *King* for the day," Luella said. Jerry, nine years old, is a tall slender girl with curls, her blonde hair turning light-brown; it is in the pulled-taffy stage. She looks considerably like her grandmother Bratton, Tillman said. Her Grandmother Curtiss brought her some peanuts. Mrs. Curtiss is a large, fine-looking woman, with short curly hair showing below her farm-hat; she wore brown slacks and jacket.

She had her arms around Jack and Jerry. "People say I and Jackie resemble each other," she said. And indeed they do; the eyes placed far apart, the large face, the thin lips with an angled uplift when they smile. There is going to be a Curtiss gathering. Helen has four children by her second husband: Linda, Judy, Eddie and a new baby Jerry had never heard of before. "It must have been born since I was there," Jerry said. "Helen used to be my mother, but she isn't any more." But Alta and Tillman have loved her and taken good care of her, and have really stood in the place of parents to her. "They'll miss Jerry if Bill marries again," Gertrude says. "I bet they'll have her with them a lot of the time."

May 11, 1952

Since Wednesday afternoon I have been at Aunt Flora's, and here it is Sunday, Mother's Day. Tillman brought me in the afternoon. Aunt Flora had been in town. She has been a few days at Edith's house. Edith had bought her a set of gold creamer and pitcher, with design of tiny flowers and leaves, which she'll put with her golden wedding presents when that anniversary comes next year.

Aunt Flora doesn't look old at all. Her skin is smooth, her hair brown, her eyes clear, and she is "pleasingly plump." She sees well, hears well, and looks about sixty. Uncle Gene is thin, but he doesn't look as if he were in his seventies, either. He hasn't been feeling well lately. His stomach bothers him. Both are good-looking people. Aunt Flora told how Nellie Sproul greeted Uncle Gene affectionately and said to her, "I don't see how you got such a good looking husband!"—as if Aunt Flora weren't good-looking, too!

I've always thought of her as being more than pretty. It is a beauty-type not often seen, unless among the Scotch—the "wapper jaw," where the under jaw projects a little, but the teeth meet. Donna has that kind of a jaw; so did Lalie and one of Gertrude McCarty's girls. Her eyes are the Myers' eyes, large blue and clear. Her hair is like Grandma's, fine, soft, showing little gray. She is tall-built, of the Scottish type of tallness, where the waist is not long or heavy. She is really nice-looking.

Uncle Gene is more the Irish type, with a long upper lip. His eyes are dark brown; his hair is gray, almost white. He is lame in one knee.

Just then Don came, bringing a pink azalea plant in a pot wrapped with pink-and-green tin foil, and tied with red ribbon—"A Mother's Day gift," he said, as he kissed his mother.

Uncle Gene says, "He is manager of the big Anderson-Clayton Vista Delano Ranch, the biggest irrigated farms in the world . . . On the ranch where Donald is there are about 12,000 acres. He pays $12 a day income tax—more than many men make. His income tax last year was $6,000.

Donnie is married to Katharine, and is up from Camp Roberts on leave today, visiting his wife at Mendota—they'll go to church, then come to Don's for dinner. He went two years to college and was faithful in his studies. Aunt Flora says, "I think Donald has done pretty well, and he didn't even go through high school. Gene took him out of high school at Caruthers to help with the work, and Donald was so anxious to have his own children go on to college and finish.

Virginia went one year then married Harvey, a college boy, a good, young business man, likeable in his personality. They were married almost two years before Davey came; he will be three in July. They carried on Donald's store for over a year and did real well, must have been two years for, when he got through, he had a car, an airplane, and a good sum of money. He worked in Fresno, and finally bought a new good house that was being built, in a new development. His brother with his wife were killed by lightning under a tree near Hot Springs.

Dorothy took Story's death pretty hard. He liked to come over and be with Ethel's children. He had invited Dorothy to dinner at his house, and she couldn't go; she felt bad afterwards she had disappointed him. He was a grade ahead of her in school. He was tall, quiet. He and Sharon were at Mr. Story's so much more than they were at our place. Donnie and Story moved Ruth's furniture down to Ventura, and Ruth said she talked with Story and asked him what he wanted to be, and he didn't have any plans.

Chester took his death so hard. He had periods of depression. Nina was so worried about him for awhile. It would have been good for him if he could have gotten away, but it's pretty hard to leave the store.

Violet: Ethel says he has to go by that place on the White's Bridge road where Story was killed, and it hurts him.

Flora: He told me he had talked with Story; I suppose it was in a dream; and he had asked, "Do you want me to come to you?" and Story had answered, "No, I am happy here, and you are needed there."

Violet: Nina has shown surprising strength. Perhaps it is her religion. Ethel says she has to be strong to hold Chester up.

Flora: Sharon must have felt pretty bad—brother and sister together.

Violet: She wrote me she felt Story near to her, and her faith comforted her.

Flora: Mr. Story cried and cried—took it so hard.

Lester and Edith came, bringing Uncle George who is now playing cards with Uncle Gene while they go to see Lester's sister. Lester said, "Don't you want to stay here two or three days?"

"I dassent," Uncle George answered, "I gotto take care of the madame."

"What is the matter with Aunt Susie?" I inquired, "Is it her eyes? Her stomach?

"No," he answered, "she's just plumb wore out. Old age, I guess."

"You look well," I observe.

"Gotta go to the doctor two-three times a week."

But he doesn't. Shirley said, over the phone, he was real well.

I brought out the group picture of the reunion, taken that year of the flood between Madera and Fresno, when the car I and the boys and girls from Patterson High School were riding in, had to go through rain and flood that made a lake of the highway; and Arthur Olsen drove, while Joe Nicholson and Marjorie Benson sat on the hood of the car and felt of the edges of the pavement with an umbrella and a stick. And so we made our way through flowing water and through the hours of that night. Providence was looking after us. We could not turn back; we must go on, once embarked.

There my school group stands, at the right of the family, with Elmer Hughes in their midst. Aunt Rose told Aunt Flora that Ethel and Ruby and the other young girls had wanted Elmer to be photographed standing near them. There had been heart-aches over the miles and over the years. Praise to God, also, for His watch-care that perilous night. The flood would have carried us away had the car stood still.

Arthur Olsen, one of the school group, is now a chiropractic doctor, a dear friend through the long years.

Marjorie had five children, all grown and married now. So many who were in that picture have died.

Will there be a Reunion in Heaven? We can be in our measure of Heaven right now. And it is like being in Heaven to be among my homefolks.

How grateful I was to Sonny to take me out to the ranch! He came in with his little nine-months' old boy, Clifford Leroy Churchill, whom he takes around with him in his car, a handsome brown-eyed boy, placid and loving toward his tall father. Going back to the Ranch he slept in his father's arms. At an intersection, he began to sit up, and Sonny poked him down, "Hey! Lie still! If you show your head, you'll get a traffic slip sure for sleeping in my lap this way!" It was a long ride, forty miles out to the settlement of houses where Ethel and Sonny live, about three houses apart.

Autumn and Peaches had been sleeping. Peaches is a large-built child, with blonde hair and brown eyes, quite silent as to speech, and Sonny says she'll be like Autumn, not talking till she is four years old. She loves her baby brother, but not Viola's little Jan, whom Marjorie brought over.

Jan is a blue-eyed doll, with silky fair hair, walking around —about a year and a half old, "a roaring Russian," Martin calls her, "when her temper is roused." They say she looks like her father, from whom Viola will get a divorce. They all want her to. Viola is tall and pretty, strikingly so. Marjorie's legs are lengthening—she is so long and slim. Her voice and general appearance remind me of Edith at her age.

"Dorothy is the beauty of the bunch," Viola had told me. Ethel had gone to bring her from the band-doings at a nearby town. She plays the clarinet well; went to Long Beach to the finals of some big band competition. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, and a plump, well-formed body.

I wiped the dishes while she washed them.

Ethel showed me her roses and geraniums and fig tree, with branches trimmed high so the children could not break off lower branches. They had supper on a long board table. I sat with Margie on the long seat against the wall, and drank buttermilk. Afterwards, she and Viola practiced walking with books on their heads, "like a lady," and Peaches and Jan tried to do likewise. I took pictures out on the green Bermuda grass, where Viola had Jan on a blanket in the sun. Marjie climbed a poplar tree—I did not know she was there until her voice came from the green branches.

Since Viola had come home, there was no place for me to sleep; so Martin and Ethel dressed up, and brought me back to Aunt Flora's. We came by Don's store, where I saw Chester, in his store-apron. Over at the Cafe', I saw Peggy, immaculate and beaming, waiting efficiently on customers. Tomorrow, she goes to work for a dentist at San Joaquin to be trained to be his office nurse. She has black hair, a clear complexion, and friendly ways. Over at Don's house, I saw him, Nina, Jessie, Davey; and Virginia. Davey is tall for being almost three. Martin drove around by San Joaquin; and by Kearney Drive, where we saw Janice at Winnie's house—the others had left a few minutes before.

I asked Martin about his stay with a Four-Square family in Los Angeles, when he took welding years ago. He said, "We used to take hands, and sing together, in worship."

San Diego
June 1, 1952

I've been home about two weeks, now; but have been remembering about the trip, especially when I look at the pictures I took, of which there were a hundred and thirty-two.

When Uncle George played cards with Uncle Gene and Lester, his pipe was jerking in his mouth — he said it was "a nervous pipe." He is eighty, now.

It was on Monday morning, June 23rd, that I was planning on coming home, by the Southern Pacific. But Walt Bunne came, and I asked him to take me to Auberry, where Aunt Rose was keeping house for Wes Qualls while Lu was in the hospital at Clovis.

So, he took me, and Uncle Gene came along. We stopped at Clovis, and bought some bowls and cups to take Lu as presents.

We went up the Toll House grade; and stopped at Old Auberry post office and oil-station; then turned back and went quite a ways, and then by the High School; and into an unpaved road, and so to the comfortable house, with its fireplace; big porch, side and front; and its half-story above.

Aunt Rose came out; and at first thought I was Aunt Flora. She does not see well. Wes came later, and talked quite awhile, standing out by the car before the men started back.

Three nights I was there. It was a wonderful stay in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, near Auberry; the place where Aunt Daisy had lived forty-seven years ago; and where Aunt Bertha's children grew up.

Solomon Casanova was the caretaker, a seventy-five year old Spanish-French man, with a drooping white moustache. He and Gracie, his wife, lived in a two-roomed cabin at the end of the garden-path; a comfortable bat-and board house.

"Casey is a kindly old man," Wes said. "He is kind to every animal, and to everyone." He takes care of the yard, the chickens, the cats, the dogs, milks the cow, feeds the calf, watches out over the turkeys — he's busy all the time.

Four cats come, night and morning to the back porch for new milk, which Cass pours out into a big pan.

My! But the milk tasted good! I drank milk, warm from the cow; and ate good rich cream. Aunt Rose stirred some cream with an egg-beater, and put it on strawberry shortcake and bread-pudding and lemon pie. She baked home-cured pork; and made beef-and-vegetable stew. . . . Wednesday afternoon, I walked up to Otis' house.

Otis' wife, Eva, took me back; and stayed to dinner. Otis, who had been plowing with his tractor, came in at noon to eat. Little Wes was in school.

Two walks I took over the creek, one up over the hill, by the sheep, who were resting under a huge oak-tree, and who jumped up and watched me until I went over the hill. Next day, I went around down the creek where I met the same sheep; but, this time, they kept on feeding. I climbed a big granite rock and thought of David and the Twenty-Third Psalm; and thanked God for letting me be there with the quiet and peace. I thanked Him for the small stream with its monkey-flowers border; for the trees lining it; and for the soft song it sang when there was a slight fall; for the hills, blue and pink; for the dry air — for the kindness of friends.

I sang Uncle Bert's song, "I've reached the land of corn and wine." I thought of Uncle Bert so often.

I said to Aunt Rose, "Maybe, some good, kind man is wanting such a wife as you are; and I will pray our Heavenly Father to send you a loving husband."

"One that can sit up and eat," Aunt Rose said, "and praise my cooking. Bert would eat; but, when some man told him he ought to praise my cooking, he said, 'It's all right, or I would say so.' "

"He called you Rosey-Posey," I remembered. "You were a good wife and a good mother. You have good cheer, and you'll make some man happy yet."

Gracie took me to Fresno in her steady little car, travelling along the drying hills, where plump cattle were grazing. She pointed out the house where several of her children were born; and named the inhabitants of others. In an hour and a half we traversed what used to take us over a day to cover, by horses and wagon; and reached Gracie's daughter's house on the outskirts of Fresno.

The Southern Pacific was late and crowded. Many people were taking that route because the bus-drivers of the Santa Fe were on strike, and there was no connection between Bakersfield and Los Angeles. It was a long, long ride, from noon until night, over the Tehachapis, and around by the Mojave Desert, where the yucca was in full bloom, standing up like huge yellow-white candles.

There was a mother with three small boys in the seat opposite mine; and I helped them from the train down the ramp to the station, the Union Central of Los Angeles. In doing so, I missed connections with the Santa Fe train to San Diego.

I telephoned out to Teeny Myers, and she said come along, so I walked three blocks up through Chinatown and the Mexican section, and took a bus out to 6013 Piedmont Ave.

The light was on, and Frances and Teeny and the younger girl, Betty, and the boy, Bud, welcomed me, and so did Bill, who had grown broader-shouldered and happier-looking than when I had seen him six years before. Frances said that the radio program, "Father Knows Best," might have been written about their family. In it, Edith and her brother and sister talk just like her own children. Sometimes she calls Betty "Kathy."

While Bill and Teeny made up my bed in the den in the yard, I enjoyed hearing Bud and Betty talking about shells, of which Bud is making a collection.

"Bud has my shell that I found," Betty complained.

"Well, it is a good shell," Bud explained. "I'll return it to her when I get as good a one."

Edith and her red-haired young man came in late. He had a crew-cut Tina says he has a job and is very reliable.

I went to bed and was glad to be with relatives.

It seemed good to be eating breakfast again in the pleasant breakfast-nook with Bud and Betty present. After the children were off to school, they showed me pictures of their dancing programs; Frances and Bill, Edith and her young man dance in a Folk-Dance Society. Frances brought out some of the gorgeous costumes to show me. It is a happy family.

Teeny said, "The children know I am their friend, and come to me to intervene for them."

"You are a friend in court?" I suggested.

"Indeed I am," Teeny exclaimed.

"Sometimes she sides with them when she doesn't know all the facts," Frances said.

"All things work together for good to them that love the Lord," and I was so grateful I had gotten to be with this dear family.

It was a good trip in the train to San Diego, down the coast with water in the streams running down to the ocean, and green over all the hills; the trees glad, having had their feet wet from all the winter's rain; and white clouds in the sky.

It had been a very wonderful trip; I had seen many of my loved ones; and been in many places; and I was thankful to my Heavenly Father for His care and guidance. He had kept me in all my ways during my trip.

TRIP

January 25, 1953

Dear Aunt Salema,

It was a wonderful ten days trip I've had. Oliver came to San Diego and took me back with him to Taft, Fresno and

Marysville. We saw so many of the relatives, and Oliver seemed to enjoy seeing them also.

Oliver's sister Irene is giving up her boarding place at Taft by April first. She says she is going to sit in a rocking chair and rest, and read her Bible for a whole year.

NOTE: She died a few years later, sitting in her rocking chair.

At Visalia we saw Susie and Shirley and her family, and Uncle George at the hospital, where he had an infected leg.

Uncle Gene and Aunt Flora are planning on their Golden Wedding Anniversary the 3rd of February.

Billy Bratton is finishing up his house so he can marry Lu on February 14th.

Oliver took me to Maybelle's at Marysville. She has a pleasant, smiling husband, a teacher. Delphia and Ruth came and took me to Oroville over rain-puddled roads. Oliver had gone on to Reno.

Delphia took me to Ralph's. Nadine is just married. Ethel said she was "expecting" three grand-children.

Delphia wanted me to visit Jimmie, so I took the bus to Napa. The grounds of the state institution are beautiful, with great trees, wide lawns, and distant mountains.

From Napa I went to Berkeley and visited Emma and Burnside Adams, and went up on Cambridge Avenue to see Etta, Olive and Helen Burroughs. Beulah came and took me to Alameda.

Boyd is in his last year of high school. Alton's barber shop has been fixed up with plate-glass windows. Elden may marry. The four little children are so dear—Beulah's Milo and Tamara and Brent's Laurie Ann and Christopher whom Beulah takes care of while Myrtle works at a telephone office.

Beulah took me to Fruitvale to Dr. Arthur Olson's office, where he gave me a chiropractic adjustment. He has always been dear to me since he was my pupil at Patterson, where I went next day and saw others who went to school to me, almost forty years ago—Alice Gustafson and her sister Hilma Agadoni; Emma Vike and her sister Agnes Hurtig; and Marguerite Sorenson. Alice took me to see Ruth Wall, Blythe Malinowsky and Dr. Allen and his wife. Alice would say, "This is our teacher!"

Davey, three years old, was staying at Aunt Flora's. Donnie was to go by plane to Washington, D.C. next morning. Don, Jessie and Virginia went with him to the port. Davey had wanted to go and disappeared for about twenty minutes, then came rushing in, out of breath, announcing to his father, "I ran away!" "You did?" Harvey asked. "Yes, I ran far, far away!" "But you came back," Harvey said, buttoning Davey's jacket.

Douglas' wife is expecting a second baby. Sharon is expecting also.

Next morning I went over the Ridge Route in the juicy green of spring, with buds swelling on trees, and white clouds in the sky. About eight o'clock I reached home, and Eva kissed me, and said she was glad I was home again.

Lovingly,
Violet

2335 Madison Ave.
Fresno, June 21, 1966

I asked every grown relative I saw to see if the genealogical records were correct, and I hope there will be few mistakes.

I got to see quite a number of people and places. Erna took me out to her house and I met her mother, who has since died. She was about the age of Uncle George.

Virgie Oberg, a former student of mine, took me twice to see relatives. The first time was out to Jake and Mable's house where there was a gathering—Gertrude and Fred; Freddie and Mary, with Richard and Sharon; Hazel and Donald, with Kent and with Dennis, who had come up from San Diego where he is stationed. Mable showed us some of Marta's art work. The second time, Virgie took Uncle Gene, Aunt Flora, Nina and me out to Hester's and Junior's. Uncle Gene sat by the table under the shade of a tree in the park-like place by the water of the ditch and said, "I will rest awhile."

Seymour and Jesse came to Aunt Flora's house the day before Uncle George's funeral. Ruth took us over to Richard and Suzanne's house for a home-made ice cream party. Jesse took me twice out to her and Donald's three-acre ranch where I saw Davey. She took me to Donnie and Catherine's place, where Donnie showed us on a screen colored pictures of a recent Washer family gathering at Richard's. Donnie told us that Marlene, Norma and Vickie have all been "saved."

Birdie took me out to Verna and Joey's house where the children were thrilled over the birth of their three-weeks-old incubator baby brother, Daniel Joseph Gilmore, named after both of his grandfathers. We visited Mary and her eight children, and Gloria, with Dwayne. At Birdie's house, I saw Janice and her baby girl. Emil is pleased with his new home with Birdie, and loves the little dog.

Aunt Flora and Uncle Gene were glad to have different ones come to visit. Winnie came, with Janice and Kriste Lee. Martin dropped in frequently. He has been appointed guardian to help Uncle Gene and Aunt Flora. He took them to the doctor's office for their monthly checkup. Then there were Ethel, Margie, Mori; and Dorothy with her five children who live in a big 19 room, Gold Rush Days house near Sacramento. Paul and Lela came. Annabelle brought Florabelle. As we were walking out to her car, Annabelle stretched out her hand to me and said, "When you and Alta are gone, who will there be to keep the family together?"

Aunt Flora said, "You have seen more relatives and homes than I have seen in years." Uncle Gene would brighten up and sometimes tell anecdotes. Nina Pickerell, the kind neighbor who comes in every day to help them, especially noticed Hester, who called Nina "my new friend."

Along about sunset, on some days, Aunt Flora and I would go out in the yard and she would sit in the big chair by the grape-arbor, and I would sit on the box at her feet, and we would remember bygone days in Pleasant Valley, Nora, the Colony, the mountains. There is only twelve years' difference in our ages, so we remember the same loved ones. We would wonder what it would be like to be in Heaven with them. "This is like Heaven right now," I said. "Wouldn't Aunt Lydia love that vista over Donahue's lawn?" Aunt Flora said. "The Bible says we have guardian angels."

When Birdie came to take me to the airport for my return to San Diego I said to Aunt Flora, "This has been a precious time to me." She responded, "To me also."

San Diego
Oct. 16, 1966

Almost a month I stayed at Aunt Flora's house, sleeping in the Guest House, until June 28th.

The day after Uncle George's funeral, Tillman and Alta took me to their home at Bass Lake. Tillman took us to Mammoth Pool in the High Sierras and, on the way back, to Alice and Erwin Well's home near North Fork. On Sunday we attended "The Little Church Among the Pines," and in the afternoon visited Paul and Lela in their mobile home, ten miles from North Fork. They were preparing for a three-month trip to Alaska in their new trailer, taking Jeffry, their oldest grandson, with them. From their front porch they see a panorama of mountains with one big rock over which a water-fall flows in storms.

After the return to Aunt Flora's, Alta came and took me to see Bessie Wright at Hillcrest Convalescent Hospital, Hester at Mrs. Wyatt's Rest Home at Calwa, and Junior's family in their home on the only remaining property of our Darius Myers Colony. All three children, Bernie, Leroy and Gail will be in Fowler High School next semester. Three beautiful children! I exclaimed, "And a beautiful mother!" I added, "I saw Junior when he was a baby and he was beautiful." "He still is," Betty said, "the most beautiful person in all the world to me!"

Bessie wanted a six-generation picture of Aunt Flora, herself, Beth, Laverne, Ginger and her baby. She told us about a three-inch china doll she still owned, which had been dressed by Aunt Flora A. as a Christmas present, which was lost for twelve years. It had fallen through a crack in the boards of the staircase leading down from the bedrooms and had lodged in the pocket of a coat of Uncle Phil's, hanging on a nail below, and was found when Uncle Phil moved. Bessie has died since we visited her.

On the ninth of June I attended a meeting of the directors of the Darius Myers Company, which is dissolving after the sale of the last property, the West Side lands. My distribution will be used toward the publication of this book.

TRIP WITH BEULAH

by Violet

Sunday, July 9, 1967

Four weeks ago this morning, I was at Aunt Flora's house in Fresno, with everybody getting ready to attend the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Alta and Tillman. Ruth Casper, Edith Reed and Ethel Platzek arrived. Martin dressed Uncle Gene in his light blue suit. Nina curled Aunt Flora's hair. Ethel and I put on her a soft grey dress.

Joey Dustin came and took me to his house, where Verna and the children showed how they could play on their newly-acquired piano. When we arrived at the church, the big downstairs room was filled with relatives and friends, with Alta and Tillman just within the door to greet us. Birdie guessed about 300 came in all.

Boyd and Betty took me back to San Jose with them. Heidi, sitting between me and Beulah, was solicitous. Beulah had left her car at Boyd's house, and we went in it to Elden's and Brent's.

Next morning, we went across the bridge over the bay to Anna Bryan's where we stayed two nights. From there, we set out for Oroville, stopping over at Herman Lehrbach's, in San Francisco, going over the Golden Gate Bridge, and traveling up Napa Valley. When we got near Philo, in the redwood country, where Alton had barbered for 4 years, both of us wanted to go there. Elsie and Fred Skrbek let us sleep in their front bedroom. Next morning, we went to Ukiah, and to Lakeport on Clear Lake, and found Marie Provencher and her newly-adopted baby daughter at home. Maurice had gone to Dorothy's. We made Oroville before night. Ethel Platzek showed us the way to the home of Max and Delphia Platzek. Next day, Delphia took us to Paradise, to visit Mary Leasure, and the following morning to Oroville Dam, in the process of being built.

Then we took the River Road to Knightsen, stopping over at Clarksburg to visit Dorothy Collins in her 20 room Gold Rush days house. The three boys were at a Boy Scout doings, but Pat and Amy were home and Mrs. Collins, and we saw the three-months old baby girl.

Cloverdale Dairy had been renamed Crystal Dairy, but we found Oscar Burroughs' house just in time to see Phil and his wife and little boy about to start for the mountains, taking Teddy with them. I slept in Bennie's bed, and Beulah in Phil's. Of the children, only Debbie and Robin were at home, but Bennie's girl was there. He is in the service. Genie and Oscar were packing to move to Orland to the new ranch. Next day, we had dinner at Ernie's, and supper at Edna's. We slipped over to Cynthia's while Edna was resting. Sally was about to return to Santa Barbara, where she is attending College. I think Laura attends there also, after a year in an English college. Vaughn was enthusiastic about Jennifer's three little children.

On our way to Hayward, to get Beulah's Schnauzer puppy Hildegarde, we stopped at Milpitas, and saw Nadine, with Vickie Ann, Allen, Dennis and Janet. We slept at Boyd's. Betty and Gabi showed us pictures of their home in Germany. On the way to Fresno, we hunted up Sonny's house in Los Banos and saw Autumn and seven of the children, Peaches, Nina, Teresa, Pat, Mary, Martin and baby Paulette with her golden ringlets. Sonny is a janitor of a school. Clifford had gone to Ethel and Martin's.

When we reached Aunt Flora's, she told about urgent phone-calls from San Diego. My manager had died, and Mary Davenport was in the hospital with a stroke. We hurried home next day, I by plane, Beulah by car. Beulah is still with me, and is a big help. We are glad we had our trip.

When I left San Diego on June 8th, Egypt and the Arab States were threatening to "push Israel into the Mediterranean Sea." On my return, two weeks later, I learned that Israel had "won the war."

VISIT OF BEATRICE HEWITT

by Violet Beck

October 10, 1967

It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the Santa Fe train from San Diego with Beatrice aboard, would just now be stopping at the Union Station in Los Angeles. She will take the eleven o'clock train for Las Vegas, where she will see some shows and Hoover Dam, then take the plane to Buffalo, and go from there to Niagara Falls.

Beatrice is the only relative on my father's side I have ever seen. Papa's sister, Christina, was her great-grandmother, so she would be my third cousin. Ever since 1964 when she returned from Switzerland after helping her mother, Elsa, nurse her 97-year-old grandmother, she has been working and saving to come to California. She is about my height, five feet two inches, has grey eyes and brown hair, and is eager to go and see. She claimed my cousins as her "cousins-in-law."

In San Francisco, Herman Lehrbach took her about in his car. She saw his wife, Fara, a mission, and other places. In both San Francisco and Los Angeles, she ate in Chinatown restaurants.

For six days she stayed at the home of Charles Sutton. While Charles and Joyce went to Alameda to attend the funeral of Claude Sutton, she kept house for Tony and Darrell. Charles and Joyce took her to a fancy restaurant and to Disneyland; and then brought her to my house in San Diego.

Beulah came down from Ramona with Hilde, her little dog, and Beatrice ate with her in the Side Cottage. On Saturday we visited David and Claire Sutton in their home at 605 Catalina Street. They have a big dog, Sabrina, a little dog, Bonnie, and a green parrot that waddled out from behind the davenport to look at us. Claire's son, Bert, was helping David build a cement wall in front of their yard. He was to return to the University of California at Los Angeles on Monday. We went on to Cabrillo Light House, from whose height we saw 40 boats racing from around the Point to Shelter Island, where the Portuguese celebration of the landing of Cabrillo was taking place. We returned by way of Harbor Drive and went on board the aircraft carrier Ticonderoga.

On Sunday, we went to my Philathea Class, and to visit Mary Davenport at the nursing home. On Monday, Beulah and Beatrice went on a boat-excursion around the Bay. They

saw four big Japanese war-boats in the harbor. On following days, they went to the Zoo, Balboa Park and its museums, to stores, and to other places.

Cousin Ione Maloney took us in her car to her other home in San Miguel Village, seven miles this side of Ensenada, in Baja California, Mexico, a ninety-mile drive with glimpses of ocean, cliffs and towns. When we had passed through the third toll-gate of the new highway, there lay San Miguel Village below us with its trailers, houses and flower-gardens on the slope above the curve of the ocean. Ione and her friend, Lee, had designed and built the cement block house, "so it could last hundreds of years." It took five men a month to line the bathroom walls with pieces of abalone shells. There were two paintings by Ione's brother, Francis, one of an old Indian, one of a fisherman with a catfish. On the wall of the living room was a large painting of a moonlight scene showing a beach with boats, surf, and cliffs and clouds that looked almost like the scene we were beholding through the windows. Ione took us to see palatial homes on the hills opposite the valley. Americans may lease the land, but not buy it.

She took us to Ensenada, where Beatrice and Beulah bought embroidered sweaters and we had a fish dinner. I went with Ione when she bought fish from the carts which stood side by side on the shore of the boat-filled bay. She greeted the fishermen by name and in Spanish. Everywhere we went, the people greeted her. The Mexican sheriff of the village came to her home to invite her to the wedding of his daughter. Neighbors came in and out. On the return trip, Ione took us to see her house and garden in Bonita. There is a fountain with cherubs and a lath-house with irises. Topper, the mina bird would holler, "Come here!" and then laugh.

Beulah took Beatrice to Ramona for six days where they lived in the trailer. Siro, my manager there, ate with them and went with them to Palomar to see the world's largest telescope, and to Julian for Apple Days. The girls went with a fifty-woman excursion to Los Angeles and Hollywood. They brought me a box of Delicious apples from Julian.

October 14, 1967

This morning Beatrice will be at home in Niagara Falls: I took this from her Thank-You letter to Ione—"I don't get any chance to see ocean waters or put my feet in it as I did on this trip to California and Mexico. This trip has been so wonderful, and also to have a few relatives out here in the western country. It was my wish to come west for so long."

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

by Beatrice Hewitt

October 10, 1967

I have been looking forward for a long time to coming to California and it has been a wonderful trip. First coming from Niagara Falls by bus, through the middle part of the country, the Mississippi River, the Rocky Mountains, the desert, the Salt Flats, Salt Lake City, the beautiful Mormon Church, the countryside so much like Switzerland, where I was born. The city of San Francisco I enjoyed very much, its beautiful view, the Golden Gate Bridge, Twin Peaks and the cable cars. Los Angeles was built up with freeways, Hollywood too with its studios and always the nice mountains all around. San Diego, the harbor, the ocean and the freeways too, and the scenery always so nice and the warm weather. I have enjoyed myself so much, and then to meet my relatives on my grandfather's side, was indeed a great joy; my cousin Violet Beck, Charles and Joyce Sutton, Dave Sutton and family, Ione Maloney, Beulah Marley.

I will remember this trip for as long as I live and may someday come back to California.

TWO LONG TRIPS

June 10, 1968

In 1942, some tenant friends took me in their car by way of Hoover Dam, Bryce Canyon and Salt Lake City to the edge of Idaho, where I took a bus to Nellie and Gilbert Sproul's dairy ranch in Payette. From there, I went by train to Aunt Salema's in Lincoln, Nebraska. Then to Gladys Boomer's in Lincoln, Nebraska. Then to Stockton Center in Illinois where Ed and George Vanderheyden took me to see places and people in Pleasant Valley and Nora. I stayed overnight with friends in Ohio and must have gone by train to Washington, D.C. for I remember the Union Station.

A cab-driver owned a lodging house, where I slept. A railroad strike was pending, so I hurried around, to see all the important places I could in one day. Early next morning, I wandered over Arlington Cemetery, where I was the only living person except for the sentinel guarding the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

It was late that night I arrived in Orange, but Jackie's parents had reserved a room for me in a friend's house. Gene was taking examinations that week in a medical school, but on Sunday he and Jackie took me to Mass in a cathedral, to a family dinner, and then to New York and on across the Memorial Bridge to the Palisades along the Hudson River and then back through New Jersey farmlands.

Monday morning they saw me off on the train that took me through Philadelphia on the way to Beckley in West Virginia. There I stayed at Mrs. Tolbert's house until her son-in-law could take me out to Connie's place at Harper. Richard and Alma with baby Mack were living with Connie. Violet was about three years old. Frances could walk but not talk yet. We all went up on the hill to see the family cemetery with the graves of Bill and Geraldine.

The year Gertrude was living with Mrs. Tolbert, I came again, and went with her to a church on a hill. Gertrude brought to her mother's home a radio and they all listened to a religious program from Lincoln, Nebraska. Mrs. Tolbert encouraged all that family of nine children to become Christians. They were three or four years older now, and all of them worked to raise food on the place. Richard worked in the mines and on the place, also. He was building a house for his own family on the hill above the stream that flows below Connie's big house.

I must have taken the bus back to San Diego, for I remember the horses browsing under the trees on the sweetgrass in Kentucky. Generally, at night-time, I would stop and sleep at hotels, or private places, for it was still war-time. But coming across New Mexico and Arizona, I rode the bus through the night and saw the stars go overhead faster, and the sun come up sooner, for we were riding toward the east.

MOUNTAIN TRIPS. MOSTLY TIMES OF THE DARIUS MYERS' COLONY

Top Row: Edith, Washer, Billie, Philmore and Edith Bratton, Hester Myers drawing landscapes at Ducey Creek Camp. Flora Washer and Dorothy Hittle. Aunt Flora and child. On way to see Big Trees: Violet, Clarence Finney, Lydia, Harry with Ralph on horse. Gene Washer on horse.

Middle Row: Violet and Alta beside stream high above Ducey Camp (Gene took picture). Big Tree near Yosemite. Standing on tree: Ada Washer, Jonathan Washer, Mr. Gordon, Violet Beck. Edith standing against tree, Huntington Lake. Flora with Virginia and Donnie Washer.

Bottom Row: Ducey Camp: Flora and Salema talking; Judah and Edith examining something. Witte Bunn's camp in High Sierras. Big trees above Fresno: Harry, Lydia and Ralph Wilder; Clarence Finney, Violet, standing on tree with brake-ferns, Gene leaning against tree. Donnie looking for bird, so he can put salt on its tail and catch it. Campers on Yosemite trip, 1902; standing, Louise, August, Emmett, Judah, Harry; seated: Ralph, Lydia, Salema, Grandma Myers with Paul. Breakfast on overnight camp.

MOSTLY INDIVIDUAL PHOTOS, GATHERED IN JUNE, 1967

First Row: Milo Marley, Chris Marley. Laurie Anne Marley. Laurence Mora. Kathy, Ellen with Kimberly. Elden and Karen Marley.

Second Row: Davene, David, Darlene, Diane Violet Seifert, Kathy, Karen, Kimberly Marley.

Third Row: Heidi Marley. Beulah Marley and Violet Treadway. Milo Marley in Vietnam. Alton's barbershop in Philo.

Fourth Row: Maurice Provencher. Beulah Marley. Sharon Treadway. Daryl Lacy. Marki Lacy. Bill Lacy (Connie's husband).

Fifth Row: Cheryl Lacy, Cheryl and Eddie Treadway. Frances Lacy and Emma Treadway. Daryl and Eddie. Eddie.

MOSTLY AROUND 1966

First Row: Oliver and Paul looking at cotton on Westside land. Darrel, Lillian, Charles, Joyce, Linda and Tony Sutton. Home of Alice and Erwin Wells at North Fork. Seven of Jerry and Mary Newton's children: Edward, John, Michael, Alan, Ronald, Jeri and Laura. Douglas, Valla, Billie, Holly, Lawrence, Kevin and Shawn Bunn, with Alta.

Second Row: Alta and Violet. Alta, Tillman, Violet, Gertrude and Fred. Violet's cottages and trailer at Ramona. Violet among the hollyhocks of her house next door to her home.

Third Row: Tillman reading his Bible. Alta taking a picture of Mammoth Pool. Violet and Hester. Philathea Class Gathering at Violet's home. Jessie, with her heifer and dog.

Mostly 1965 and 1966

Top Row: Joey's Family, Nov. 1966. At Lawrence's North Fork house: Gene, Flora and Lawrence. Tillman and Alta looking at Mammoth Pool.

Second Row: At Donald's Ranch: Donald and Jessie, Martin and Ethel, Gene and Flora. At Uncle George's 93rd Birthday Gathering: George, Flora and Gene. Aunt Flora's front door: Flora and Gene, Florabelle and Annabelle. Dorothy, Stephen, Marjorie, Paul, Patricia, Michael, Mori and Amy.

Third Row: Hester, Gene and Flora. Nina Pickerell and Flora. Dave's houseboat with Mary Davenport and Violet. Lillian Sutton. Ethel.

Mostly 1965 and 1966

Top Row: Alta, Flora and Tillman. Birdie and Emil. Donnie, Catherine, Vicki, Norma and Marlene Washer.
Second Row: Tillman and Alta's Trailer at Bass Lake. Thanksgiving Day at Clarence and Birdie's house, 1966.
Third Row: Uncle George's casket, Cemetery at Visalia. Gene and Flora. Charles Sutton and Family, with Lillian.
Fourth Row: At Suzanne's house, 1965. At John and Florabelle's house, 1965.
Fifth Row: Celebrating Aunt Flora's 92nd Birthday: Ethel, Hester, Gene, Flora, Beulah, Debra Ann and Violet. Mark, Glenn and Dorothy Angell, Mary, Violet and Claire Sutton. After Dave and Claire's wedding.

TRIP OF BEULAH AND VIOLET JUNE 11 - 20, 1967

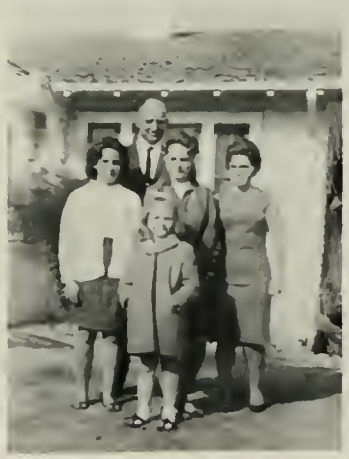
First Row: Marie with Marisa. Verna with Danny, Joey, Davene, Darlene, Diana Violet and David Dustin. Anna Bryan with dog. Max and Delphia Platzek with dog.

Second Row: Ethel Martin and Ruth Casper. Flora, Gene and Ethel. Anna Bryan watering in her yard. Patty, Amy, Mrs. Collins and Dorothy with Kathleen.

Third Row: Beulah with dog, Boyd and Betty Marley. Sandy, Chris, Laurie Anne and Beulah. Delphia and Beulah at Oroville Dam. Martin, Peaches with Paulette, Nina and Autumn Churchill with dog. Vickie, Nadine, Dennis, Allen and Janet Kofler.

MOSTLY DECEMBER, 1967

First Row: Gene, Seymour, Flora. Edith, Gene, Flora, Don, Lester. Violet and Gail Myers. Gene, Seymour, Flora, Erma. Darlene with Danny, David, Diane, Darlene.
Second Row: Gene, Martin. Gene, Flora. Gene, Flora, Violet. Verna, Betty Bibb, Hester, Florabel.
Third Row: Flora, Edith, Ruth, Ethel. Country View Convalescent Hospital. Michael, Jeri Marie, Mary, Edward, Alan, Ronnie. Darlene, Birdie, Diane, Davene, David, Verna with Danny. David, Diane, Darlene, Davene, Danny.



TIME OF UNCLE GENE'S FUNERAL, January 11, 1968

First Row: Sonny. Michael, Rudy, Douglas, Sonny, Chester, Davey. Martin, Davey, Sonny, Stephen, Donnie. Uncle Gene's funeral, Belmont Memorial Cemetery. Richard, Ethel, Martin, Dorothy, Viola, Marjorie, Sonny.
Second Row: Robert, Gail, Marvin, Jerold, Jeffory, Edward, Viola. Aunt Flora. Lester, Edith, Dale, Donna, Dennis. Donnie, Norma, Vicki, Catherine, Marlene.
Third Row: Ethel, Flora, Ruth. Dorothy, Michael, Steven, Rudy, Paul, Richard, Denise, Debra, Anne, Dorothy. Douglas, Billie.

CHRISTIAN MYERS (12) and **TUNIS MYERS** were signers of the Articles of Association. **TUNIS MYERS,** b. 1755 served in the Ulster Co. Militia.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

MICHAEL MYERS (132), Major General. He was with the American forces at the Battle of Johnstown in 1781, where he was severely wounded.

PETER MYERS (13), Lieutenant. (Father of Michael Myers.)

FREDERICK HENDRICK MYERS (1125). Has a D.A.R. marker on his grave. Private in Captain Henry Trebouts Co. 1st Battalion of New York forces, commanded by Goose VanSchack. Also with 3 other regiments.

JOHANN NICHOLAS MYERS (1129), Private in the Army.

WAR OF 1812

JOHN NATHAN MYERS (11291).

CORNELIUS ANNABLE, taken prisoner.

CIVIL WAR

LEONARD APPLEBY and **EMERSON APPLEBY,** (two brothers of Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers).

JOHN PINNEO, (father of Luella Bratton w m James Bratton (112917111).

INDIAN WARS, SPANISH AMERICAN WAR

AUGUST BECK, who m. Louise Myers (1129174). Enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1867. Served under Generals Crook, William, Brooks, Huggins, Sheridan, and Miles, 20 years as Chief Clerk, at Omaha and Chicago, 3 years at Benicia. Retired in 1897 as Sergeant Major, after 30 years service. Commissary Dept. Inspector in Spanish-American War. Clerk in Military Dept. under Capt. Nance, Univ. of Calif. at Berkeley.

WORLD WAR I

ARTHUR JAMES PLATZEK (11291765). 5 yrs. in Navy. U.S.N. Coxswain. Recruiting in Fresno. Served on Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

CARL PLATZEK (11291766), U.S. Navy, July 5, 1917 to Aug. 23, 1919. Seaman. Pacific and Atlantic Coasts. Panama Canal Zone, Quantanimo, Cuba, and on transport, returning troops from France.

LAWRENCE DARIUS MYERS (112917J1), Army, 1918 to 1919. States.

GEORGE WILLIAM MYERS (112917J3), Navy, 1918 to 1921.

JAMES TILLMAN BRATTON, husband of Alta (Childers) Bratton, (112917N). Army, 1917. Overseas to Brest, France, 319th Engineers.

WILLIAM EARL LACY, husb. of Genevieve Constance (Myers) Lacy (112917K2). Oct. 4, 1917 to Jan. 23, 1918. Private, Company G. of the 364th Infi. Regiment of National Army. Fourth Indiana S.C.D. Hq. 91st Division.

LEON R. BASYE, husb. of Ethel Platzek, who m. Ralph Platzek (11291762), Aug. 3, 1917 to Mar. 1919. Trained at Camp Kearney. (Mary Pickford was guardian of 144 Field Artillery. This battalion was all tall men.)

LESTER CARLTON JOHNSON (11292241), (great grandson of Nicholas Myers (11292). Army, 1915-1917 Private. American Lake, Wash.

HERBERT LEON LEHRBACH, Navy, 1919-1921. Pharmacist Corps.

WORLD WAR II, KOREAN CONFLICT, MILITARY SERVICE, VIETNAM

FAMILY OF REBECCA

STEPHEN TRUESDALE BRYAN (112917232).

FRANCES HENRY GLASS (112917241), captured by Japs at Pearl Harbor. Interned. Officer in Merchant Marine. Caribbean, China, Atlantic, Pacific.

LAWRENCE VOUGHT (112917243), Army, Korea.

FAMILY OF LOUISE

DAVID CLAUDE SUTTON (1129174111), National Guard, Army. Aug. 15, 1950-July, 1952. National Guard. Camp Cooke, Camp Erwin, Japan, Korea. Communications Corporal.

CLAUDE SUTTON, husb. of Lillian (Earl) Sutton. Aviation Chief, 20 years service.

CHARLES MATTHEW SUTTON (1129174112), Army, 1958 to Apr. 1960. Specialist 4th Class. Electric transmission of heavy equipment. Fort Ord, Aberdeen, Maryland, Fort Richardson, Alaska.

FAMILY OF ELSIE

MAX WESLEY PLATZEK (112917651). Army, 12 yrs. Coast Artillery, Signal Corps. Canal Zone, Japan. 513th Regt. 17th Airbourne Div.

RICHARD CARL PLATZEK (112917661), U.S. Army, Dec. 1942-Dec. 1945. T. Sgt. Served with Combat Engineers, Africa, Sicily, France, Germany. Capt. in Army Reserves.

HAROLD MAX PLATZEK (112917662), Navy, Dec. 1942-Dec. 1945. Medical Corps. South Pacific Islands, Australia, Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, Philippines.

EUGENE HAKON PLATZEK (112917663), Navy. July 1943. Commissioned officer, U.S. N. Reserves. Pacific Area, W. W. II, Korean Conflict, Lieutenant Commander as of Oct. 1963, is serving in Japan. Navy, his career. Kwajalein, Hawaiian Islands, Washington, D.C. Naval Post-graduate School in Monterey.

DAVID OTTO PLATZEK (11291768), Army, N. Africa.

GLEN ANGELL, husb. of Dorothy (Hittle) (112917633).

JACK A. MOSELY, husb. of Ruth (Platzek) (119217654). Killed in conflict, Korean.

RUDOLPH PLATZEK (112917621), 1954-1959.

FAMILY OF LYDIA

RALPH WILDER (11291772), Army. Hospital Orderly, W. W. II.

FAMILY OF DARIUS

FREDERICK RICHARD RHODES (112917834), Navy, South Pacific, W. W. II.

EDWARD EARL MYERS (112917841), Medical School, Iowa. W. W. II.

DENNIS NEUFELD (112917821), Navy. San Diego, Bremerton, Vietnam.

FAMILY OF GORDON

BRENT FARRELL MARLEY (112917J11), Marines, Germany.

ELDEN J. MARLEY (112917J12), Cook, Germany.

BOYD A. MARLEY (112917J13), Tank Division, Germany.

MILO ODELL MARLEY (112917J14), U.S. 6600D 836 Co. 2 RDB.N 4th B.E. Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

WILLIAM EARL LACY, husb. of Constance (Myers) (112917K2). Oct. 4, 1940 to Mar. 4, 1941. Pfc. Company K, Eleventh Infantry, Fort Custer, Mich.

RICHARD M. LACY, son of William Lacy, June 3, 1960-June 1, 1963 Fort Jackson S.C. S.P.-4(T)E-4 Thule, Greenland. Redricktown, N.J.

ROBERT FLOYD LACY (112917K25), Army. Jan. 7, 1958-Dec. 19, 1959. Fort Knox, Ky. Fort Lee, W. Va. Cook School. Pvt. E2 Armored Cavalry 1st Bn of the 7th Army, Germany. Fort Dix, N. J.

FAMILY OF GEORGE

LAWRENCE ST. CLAIR MYERS (112917J11), Navy, 1940—Commander.

GEORGE EDWARD MYERS (112917J12), Navy. Scientist. China Lake.

BERNIE MORRIS BIBB (112917J21), Texas.

FAMILY OF FLORA

RICHARD ELLSWORTH CHURCHILL (112917L12). Marines, Camp Pendleton. Pearl Harbor, drove a car for officers.

EUGENE HENRY CHURCHILL (112917L11), Army. Fort Lewis, Hawaiian Islands.

WITTE BUNNE, husb. of Eunice (Washer) (119217L2). New Guinea, South Pacific.

MARJORY ANN CHURCHILL (112917L18), W.A.C.'s, Maryland.

DONALD LEE WASHER (112917L32), East.

DOUGLAS IVAN BUNN (112917L21), Navy Ordnance, 1948-1952. San Diego, Phoenix, aboard U.S.S. Bon Homme Richard, A.O.A.N. Korean War.

FAMILY OF BERT

LEE-ROY DELBERT MYERS (112917N6), South Pacific. Purser on a boat.

ROBERT SPROUL (112917M43), Marines, Staff Sergeant, 1964, Bremerton, Wash.; d. June 13, 1968. Funeral, Marine Corps Recruit Depot. Bur. Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery. Viet Nam War.

FAMILY OF BERTHA

EUGENE LEE CHILDERS (112917N.L.), Air Pilot, Navy. S. Pacific, Australia.

JAMES WILMER BRATTON (112917N1), South Seas. Master Sergt. Army Reserve.

PHILMORE BRATTON (112917N13), Air Pilot. Killed in action in Tunisia. U.S. Army Air-Corps. Purple Heart.

JACKSON LEE BRATTON (112917N111), Army. Chemical Warfare

DENNIS WAYNE SCHMIDT (112917N122), Navy. San Diego. Vietnam.

WALTER G. RINGLER, husb. of Patricia (Schmidt) (112917N123). Pilot of Helicopter, A.P.O. San Francisco, Vietnam.

ROBERT STEPHEN NEWTON, Navy, F.A.E.R. Division, U.S.S. Bon Homme Richard, C.V.A. 31, F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif. (June 21, 1968). Stationed at San Diego. Vietnam.

David Sutton, Corporal in the 40th Division of the Army, Korean conflict. When he was in the Army in Japan at Jamagata.

MOSTLY SUPPLIED BY HERMAN

First Row: Alta with Billie (at Auberry). Eunice, Nellie, Connie, Mildred, Ruthie Washer, Helen, Lillian, Ruthie Myers, Hester, Beulah (at Reunion, Homeplace). Kate Adams (eating ice-cream, dogs watching).
Second Row: Girl staying with Aunt Salema, Helen, Beulah, Gertrude, Connie. Gertrude, Susie with Doris, Lalie with Marie. Kate Adams, Aunt Nancy Gorman, Ruthie, Flora.
Third Row: Lalie with Marie. Bertha, Alta. Grandma. Doris, Susie holding her hands.
Fourth Row: Sharon, Kenneth. Beulah, Claire, Violet, David. Paul, Gray (not Connie's), Joyce, Howard. Juanita's children.
Fifth Row: Flora with Ruthie, Eva, Lydia, Matie, Helen, Eunice. Lee Roy, Rose, Ruth Casper with William, Barbara, Nellie with Robert, Edith, Flora, Violet (at Battleground, Wash.). Ruthie Washer, with dog.

PICTURES CLARENCE KING TOOK (Upper Part of Page)

MUSIC IN THE MYERS' FAMILY

by Violet Beck

Although we don't think of our family as being especially musical, there has been a lot of music in its history.

Grandpa played the flute, and had a strong, clear voice for singing. In the daily devotions Aunt Lydia "raised the tune" and everybody sang.

At the Sabbath gatherings, Saturday afternoons, Aunt Flora A. played the organ to accompany the singing. There were the old hymns like "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Shall We Gather At the River," and one that had a stanza beginning, "Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer."

Aunt Flora A.'s voice was organ-like. Grandpa paid for her organ lessons when she was a young bride in Illinois, and got her an organ, which went wherever she and Uncle Phil lived. It was the center of their home, with its high back, and shelves for vases and photographs. She would show children how to play "Chop-sticks." She showed me how to sing alto. Aunt Flora E. has that organ now. She used to pick out tunes on it, and sing in her lilting voice the old songs.

Uncle George could stand with his back to Grandpa's organ, one foot on the bellows, and play a tune with his hands reaching behind him.

Uncle D'ri' played the accordion; Aunt Susie played on her piano; Glen and I used to sing "Star of the East" to it. Gertrude took lessons on it and played nicely. Earl had an early era radio set. Several of the uncles played the mouth-organ or the Jew's harp.

Uncle Judah's first wife, Nettie, had an organ. At her funeral, "Pass Me Not, Oh, Gentle Savior," was played on it, as she had requested. Aunt Salema got so much good out of that organ. She had a special piece we'd ask her to play. She'd encourage people to gather around and sing. She showed Uncle Gordy how to follow the tenor notes. Paul felt bad when the organ was traded for a piano, much later.

Hester took piano lessons, and could get the general tune. When Hester was too young to read at all, she could find the place for songs in the old Adventist hymnal right away—she'd dive right through those wide, short pages, and find the place just by hearing the title. Each song must have presented its own picture to her. She has a pleasant singing voice.

All of Rebecca's children had good voices. When Renvy lived with us in Benicia, she'd sing "My Home is by the Mountain Side," and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Steve had a big early cabinet radio.

My father had a hand-organ that played, "My Queen Waltz." He used to play Eva to sleep with it when she was a restless baby. He gave it to Aunt Lydia, and she took it to California.

In Chicago, Papa took Mamma and Aunt Lydia to the Opera. He used to sing portions of operas, both German and English.

Mamma sang folk-songs. When my broken arm was knitting, she sat in a rocking-chair and held me on her lap, and sang "Away up Yonder on the Mountain." How many nights when I would be ill, has she sung me to sleep! How many mornings did she awaken me with "Lazy Mary, will you get up?" and I would respond with "What'll you give me if I get up?" And so on to the end of that delightful dialogue, when I was promised, "A nice young man with rosy cheeks."

Both David and Charles, her great-grandsons, played in their high school bands, and both have good singing voices. David plays the Recorder. He loves Opera. Charles plays a horn.

Dorothy Churchill played on the clarinet in her high-school band. Her grandfather, Uncle Gene, has given much pleasure to others with his beautiful singing—around camp-fires, at home-sings, in putting babies to sleep. Aunt Flora says she loves to hear him sing their great-grandchildren to sleep. Their daughter Eunice used to play her violin for us.

Uncle Bert had Nellie take piano lessons, and she has her piano for the two girls to learn on. Aunt Rose had a good voice.

Melinda Harlan plays the piano and the electric organ.

Birdie and Eugene Childers used to play in the Clovis High School band. Gene played the horn, and Birdie played the bells and the flute.

My father played the mouth-organ and the guitar. He had a beautiful singing voice. We sang German and French songs together. Papa was also an expert whistler.

All the boys and men used to whistle. I finally managed to learn, although Aunt Flora A. quoted:

"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends."

Beulah could play the piano, and Brent took lessons on the violin. Uncle Gordy's voice was a natural tenor, and he used to sing about his work. He was like Grandma in his ways. They both liked to tell about their memories and to sing songs. Grandma sang while she was piecing blocks or quilting.

People sang around their homes more than they do nowadays. They created their own entertainment. When we cut fruit, out in the orchards, or went on hay-rides, or rode by wagon to the mountains, or sat around camp-fires, we'd sing.

The Christmas I had just turned eight, we came from Chicago and stopped at Grandpa's, and all the young people were singing "Jingle Bells"—Bertha, Myers, Mina, Renvy, Bessie, Lydia J., Steve. When Grandpa took us to school to Malaga, we sang as we rode in the open-backed rig, behind Nellie or Potsy, jogging along down the road, then across the fields to Malaga.

A favorite song all along the years has been "Blest be the Tie that Binds." Music is surely a tie that binds in our Myers' family.

SCOTTISH SONGS

Lydia—

We used to sing a song Father taught us about Bonnie Prince Charley of Scotland and he would play the music of it on the flute. This is the first verse:

"Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie.
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

Chorus:
It's over the water and over the sea,
It's over the water to Charlie.
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go
And live and die for Charlie."

We liked to sing and it seemed a gallant song with its swing and dash, and I thought Prince Charlie must be a wonderful person.

Afterward I learned at school another song about him:

"Bonnie Charlie's gang awa',
Far beyond the friendly main.
Mony a heart will break in twa
Gi'en he ne'er comes back again.

Chorus:
"Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lov'd ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

Scottish songs and anything about Scotland has always appealed to me, and Flora Ethel says it is the same with her. Perhaps it is because Father taught us these songs, and then they have such a swing and lilt to them. And perhaps because he told us his mother was part Scotch. I like to think that she may have taught some of them to him. She is said to have had a high, clear, singing voice.

Bonnie Charlie, about whom we sang, seemed very interesting and as if moving through history is a high-hearted way with people following him in greatest devotion. But what he represented and the Stuart cause seemed many generations away—as far away as Robert Bruce or William Wallace did.

HISTORY CONTEMPORARY WITH THE HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY

by Lydia

Now it seems odd to think that he was still living when Grandfather Myers was a small boy—so that his lifetime, before it ended, touched hands, as one might say, with Grandpa and Grandma Myers.

There lived then, too, Napoleon Bonaparte. As we read history we can feel his greatness in those times. It gives one the feel that he was ever marching at the head of battalions and fighting and conquering as he went. He did great things for France. He crossed the Alps. There was the advance into Russia about which Bonaparte's March was written, and then came the terrible Retreat.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought in the year 1815—twelve years after our grandparents' marriage. Great things of history were in the making at that time, the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Our Revolutionary War was just ended and the terrible French Revolution begun.

In September, 1783, the independence of the thirteen United States was acknowledged by Great Britain and we were then admitted to a place among the independent nations of the earth. At this date Grandfather John Myers was just one year old, so we can think of him as beginning life at the same time our own country as a nation did.

When he was nearly seven years old, George Washington was made President of the new Republic and was at the head of it for eight years, two terms of office. Grandfather was seventeen years old when Washington died. Many great men were living at that time—Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton. When he and grandma were married in 1803, these men were at the head of affairs and learning to run the new government. The great mass of the country was still unsettled—a wilderness. The Union was only a small strip along the Atlantic seaboard. New York State was settled mostly by the Dutch and that only along the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers and Lake Champlain country. Near Oswego was a heavily wooded wilderness, although Oswego city had been settled long before, a trading post had been established there as early as the year 1722; and there had been an old Indian fort on Lake Ontario, near Oswego. Afterward the English built a fort there, at the mouth of the Oswego River. This was captured by the French before the Revolutionary War, and then retaken by the British. It was called Fort Oswego.

After Jefferson purchased from France, in 1803, the great country west of the Mississippi River, adventurous men began to make up parties to explore that unknown territory. Lewis and Clark were at the head of those who went toward the Northwest, and Zebulon Pike to the southwest. After that the people began to realize more what a great country we had.

What marvelous things have been accomplished in the hundred years since then. In 1803, Robert Fulton built a boat to be propelled by steam. It was first tried out on the River Seine in Paris. This was improved upon and the first successful steamboat navigated the Hudson River in New York State, in 1807. The London Monthly Magazine had an article about this steam passage of boats in America, saying that they considered the invention as worth more to mankind than a hundred battles gained or towns taken. Another writer says the history of the steamboat would be a history of civilization, almost.

Progress in the new country was somewhat retarded by war being forced on us again by Great Britain. It is called the War of 1812. Detroit was taken by the British and the capitol at Washington was burned. They were unable, however, to take Fort McHenry, which guarded Baltimore. This was the inspiration for the writing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key.

A small number of warships on Lake Erie defeated and captured the British fleet stationed there. The American boats were commanded by Oliver Hazard Perry, who was a cousin of Mrs. Bedford. At this time Uncle John and Uncle Nicholas, Aunt Lavina, Uncle Tunis and Aunt Phebe were little children. Uncle John would have been about ten years old, and Uncle Nicholas eight. That was the way when our frigate, Old Ironsides, won its name and many laurels in running sea fights. In every battle American sailors showed skill and courage. At last the war was ended, in December, 1814, and the Treaty of Ghent signed and peace declared.

Now began the period of the settlement of the West. There was vastness beyond the dreams of the little dreams of the little nations of old, "regions so far spread that the kingdoms of Europe were like mere gardens in comparison," the Louisiana Purchase alone being large enough to contain England, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Norway and Sweden, with land to spare.

At first the cry was, "Westward to the Mississippi!" To the beautiful country of Illinois and Indiana came farmers and their families from New England, New York and Ohio. "There the tall grass on the prairies waved like the sea, and the forests awaited the axe." There the wild rose bloomed. Our father, Darius Myers, was one of those who caught the spirit to go West, and he made his way to Michigan, where he took up land and cleared it, and taught school for a term, at a place called Hillsdale. I think later he went to Northern Illinois and saw that country where he afterward decided to settle and make his home.

Then came the great excitement of gold discovered in California. It was found first on the 24th of January, 1848, on the American River, where the town of Colma now stands. San Francisco itself did not take any interest in it until about the middle of March, when it was written up in the newspaper. They hardly believed it then, until in May a dramatic thing happened—a man bolted into the streets from the diggings and hatless rushed through the old Plaza, crying out: "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!" And as he shouted he waved in the sunlight above his big, shaggy head a flask flashing with gold dust. He was one of the business men and they had such faith in his judgment the whole "city" followed his lead, and the two hundred inhabitants went back with Sam up the Sacramento River and out its American fork "as if he had been the Pied Piper."

Only seven men were left in town! Sherman and Colonel Mason dispatched a special carrier to Washington by way of the Isthmus with samples of the treasure, including a tea-caddy containing 230 ounces of gold. "The East" was so far away then it was not until August 19th that the news appeared in any Eastern paper.

On the last day of February, 1849, the first steamship that ever sailed the Pacific Ocean arrived, loaded with gold-seekers. By this time San Francisco had become a tent city of two thousand inhabitants. Almost all the city's new "houses" were

made at this time by tacking canvas round scantlings of redwood. Looked at from the bay at night, when they were lit up, they gave a fantastic effect—hung like Chinese lanterns all up and down the steep hillsides.

Our father took the gold fever too, and came to California overland some time that year. This is how the city looked to him. I think that Henry and Amos Eaton, our cousins, came later, also Cousin Daniel Eaton. When they wrote letters to the folks back in York State they were sent by steamship around Cape Horn or across the Isthmus of Panama or by returning travelers. The pony express across the continent was not established until a little later.

After Father's return from California he and Mother were married and settled in Pleasant Valley, Illinois.

Grandfather and Grandmother Myers joined them in the new country where they lived until the year 1863. Both of them died that year—Grandpa in May and Grandma in December.

Phil at this time was nine years old, Rebecca seven, Louise was three and Ida Jane, the baby, one year old.

Grandpa and Grandma had had a wedded life of nearly sixty years, they had seen great changes since the beginning of the century, and now they saw the beginning of that terrible conflict, the Civil War, in April, 1861, when it seemed the country was to be rent in twain.

Two of mothers' brothers served in this war, Uncle Silas Appleby and Uncle Leonard. Our great Abraham Lincoln had been made President in March of 1861. He hoped to avert warfare, but was firm in his resolve to maintain the Union.

In April Fort Sumter was fired upon by the Confederates, and on April 15th, three days later, Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to fight for the Union.

It was a terrible war and lasted four long years. It ceased with the surrender of Lee to General Grant at Appomatox Court House, Virginia, April 9th, 1865.

There were many war songs. The soldiers marched and sang, and for many years afterward those songs were dear to people's hearts and sung by everybody. There was "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave. But his soul goes marching on," and

> "Tramp, tramp, tramp
> The boys are marching,
> Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
> And beneath the starry flag
> We shall breathe the air again
> Of the free land in our beloved home."

"The Battle Cry of Freedom" I always liked best. It was very stirring:

"Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We will rally from the hillside,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Chorus:

The Union forever! Hurrah! boys hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars!

While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

Then there was "Marching Through Georgia." Father liked it and played it on the flute. There was "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground." This the Grand Army would sing at their encampments—and do yet, I suppose—the few that are left. Uncle Leonard Appleby used to attend the encampments of the old soldiers. There was one called "The Last Charge at Fredericksburg" that Louise learned when she was teaching in Nebraska and taught us when she came home. She was always great for singing and had a higher range of voice than any of us.

Now our country is still going on, but there seems to be no more glorious feeling of patriotism about it. Great songs are not sung so much as they once were by the mass of the people. Now we listen to individual singers on the phonograph records, or over the wonderful radio.

Beginning in August, 1914, the great war was starting, the greatest and most awful of all wars that were ever fought. Our country had to go into it eventually and our boys be sent across the seas to fight in the European affray. It became a world war. People scarcely knew why they were fighting, yet they fought on. It seemed as though all the men of fighting age in the European world were to be exterminated.

Elsie's boys, Arthur and Carl Platzek, enlisted in the navy for service and crossed the Atlantic many times during the war. Tillman Bratton, Alta's husband, was one who enlisted early and was sent to France, where he stayed until the fighting was done.

Dear Alta was our war-time bride. She and Tillman were married June 16, 1917, and just a few months afterward he enlisted and left her to enter the training camp at Palo Alto. I used to feel sorry for Alta, but never heard her bemoan her lot, and she was always brave and cheerful, no matter what came. Her little boy, Wilmer, was born while his father was far away in France. Lawrence also enlisted, but was not across the water. Alfred Wickliffe's brother, Jerry, and Johnny Arnst, a neighbor boy, went to France and served as aviators.

Carl met his Esther while he was in Brooklyn, New York. After the war was over she came to California and they were married here. Georgie Myers ran away and joined the navy after his mother died. He sailed the seas and saw foreign lands. For awhile he served in cold Siberia. At last they all came safely home.

INVENTIONS

by Lydia

We all know what wonderful inventions there have been since those early days. After the steamship came the railway trains, the steam cars. The first in the year 1830. This was such an improvement over the slow way of traveling with horses that it seemed truly marvelous to the people who lived then. When they could travel thirty miles an hour they called it "flying speed," and one writer says: "This improvement, when fully consummated, will confer upon man nearly as much new power and new enjoyment as if he were actually endowed with wings."

How little they thought then that an invention would be made so that people could actually fly in the air by machinery. Then Franklin began to experiment with electricity and then came telegraphy. Some one wrote: "Franklin drew the lightning from the skies and Morse made it speak." Then came the laying of the Atlantic cable, "Europe and America are united by telegraph, glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will toward men," were the words that flashed under the ocean August 17, 1858. The telephone came, electric lights, the conversion of electricity into mechanical power,

wireless telegraphy invented by Marconi. How strange that seemed at first. Signals received across the Atlantic in 1901. Soon after came the marvel of the wireless telephone.

How wonderful we thought the phonograph, when we could hear the human voice exactly reproduced in song and story by winding up machinery for the purpose with a key and putting on a disk. And oh, the marvel of the moving pictures! And then came automobiles. People would hardly know how to live without them now. "They can go with speed swiftly."

A week ago we rode in ours over to see Renvy and Lawrence in Rolinda. And while we were there we listened to singing in San Francisco on their radio. We heard a pipe organ and several soloists. Renvy says she hears good sermons preached, and all kinds of wonderful music from far-away places—sometimes even from Mexico City. Francis made this radio, assembled the parts and installed it. George and Susie have one in their home and so has Gordy where he now lives, in his home at Laton. Earl has had one for some time. Once when he came to visit us from Santa Cruz he brought it along with him and we were able to hear a woman singing in Los Angeles.

HISTORY CONTEMPORARY WITH THE HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY SINCE 1926

by Violet Beck

June 1, 1968

Aunt Lydia wrote the preceding articles on history and inventions in 1926, 42 years ago. Much has happened since then. The Great Depression began in 1929 and continued several years. We entered World War II in 1941, to help England, France and Russia against Germany, Italy and Japan, and our side won in 1945. The Korean conflict began in 1950 and ended in 1953. Peace talks are being held right now in an attempt to settle the undeclared war in Vietnam. We entered to resist the spread of communism in Asia.

This spread has been likened to the falling of a row of dominoes. We have witnessed the taking over by communism of much of Europe and some of Asia. Cuba, only 90 miles from Florida's southeastern shores, has fallen, under Castro, and is trying to influence South America and Mexico. We may never know if forces in Cuba had something to do with the assassination of President John Kennedy in November of 1963.

These years have seen the organization and growth of the United Nations, the rise in legislative power of the Supreme Court of the United States, the movement toward One World and One Church.

Our nation will soon have a presidential election. President Johnson says he does not want to serve another term. Who among the condidates is wise enough to lead us through the coming time of trouble? Right now, there is the "March on Washington," where minority groups, chiefly Negro, are camped between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial Building.

In 1948, the Jews began returning to the Holy Land, and now call their nation "Israel." In June of 1967, they took the old part of Jerusalem from the Arabs. One wonders if the Battle of Armageddon will really be fought in the Valley of Megiddo. Some religious commentators over the radio believe that the prophecies in the Bible are almost all fulfilled, and that Jesus will come soon.

Grandpa Darius Myers drew this "Chart of the Ages," when he calculated that Jesus would come in 1843. He made the numbers and the figures by cutting stencils and painting through them. Uncle Phil gave me the big linen cloth, whose colors are fading. Later, Grandpa thought Jesus would come in 1898. We are supposedly to be now living in the time of the iron and clay feet of the image of the man, told about in the book of Daniel.

It is a worrisome time, but, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and, as James Russell Lowell wrote,

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own."

Our country was founded upon faith in God. God is not dead. He can yet save us, if we call upon Him for help, and "try His will to do."

INVENTIONS

In these 42 years, there have been great discoveries and inventions, such as radar, the nuclear bomb, Salk vaccine to eradicate polio, colored television, and improvements in machinery. Atomic energy conversion plants are still in the developmental stages. There have been flights into space with plans to reach the moon. There are satellites which television uses to broadcast to foreign lands.

CHART OF THE AGES

Darius Myers planned and made this chart, doing all the drawing, lettering and painting. He believed that Jesus was coming soon, according to the prophecies in the Bible.

AT OLD TIMERS PICNIC, JUNE 23, 1968
Violet Beck, Mollie Martin, Ralph C. Walker.

OLD TIMERS' PICNIC, JUNE 23, 1968

Written June 29, 1968

This is a picture of me, Mollie Martin and Ralph Walker at the Old Timers Picnic in Felicita Park last Sunday. I was pointing out to them some notes I had taken about the early days.

Peter H. Brown, the reporter from the San Diego Union, wrote an article for the Monday paper, so I didn't have to send in any "Letter to the Editor" this year. My heart was heavy, anyway, because of the death of my cousin, Robert Sproul, in Vietnam, and I didn't feel like going around and talking with people. Besides, Alice Fries King came with us, and I was trying to keep track of her. I hunted her up to come and talk with Mr. Brown. She and her husband, Will, used to take Eva and me to the picnics, first out to the Fenton Ranch, then to Flynn Springs and of late years out to this oak-grown park near Escondido.

From Ramona, Beulah had brought Siro Di Franco, Mrs. Whigham and Hildegarde, her schnauzer dog. Siro made trips up to the car to look after Hilde, and took her a piece of the chicken Beulah had broiled. While we were eating, Sophie Jackson, accompanied by her accordion, began to serenade certain tables with old-fashioned songs, in a clear, strong voice, and she walked over to our table and sang directly to Alice. Will used to be a main singer in her train.

It was such a nice picnic! The weather was just perfect. There was a sweet spirit over the entire assemblage. Mr. Voeltzel, our secretary, wearing a straw hat with a feather in it, went about, talking to different ones. Mr. Wollgast had 320 members sign a petition to allow the voters to decide the name of the bridge that is being built between San Diego and Coronado, over the Bay.

In the Escondido newspaper, there was a sentence, "Violet Beck, semi-official hostess, flitted from table to table, greeting one and all, charming in her wide-brimmed hat." I did go up and down between the rows of tables where the people were sitting on benches, with kind, friendly faces turned toward me, but I really was looking for Alice King, in her pink dress and sweater, and straw hat.

Alice met many friends. They were protective of her, for, three months ago, while she was in the hospital, Will died and his funeral was over before she knew it.

A day or so ago, she phoned me and told me how much she had enjoyed the day, and recounted names. "I want Heaven to be something like that," I suggested, "where we will greet loved ones of long ago."

"Yes," Alice said, "It will be so nice to be with them, and to be with Jesus."

FEAR NOT

July 4, 1968

On June 13th, in the vicinity of Quang Nam, Vietnam, Uncle Bert's grandson, Robert Lee Sproul, gave his life for his country on the field of combat, and now lies buried in Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery.

His father and mother, brothers and sisters, wife and six young children came down from the north. I beheld their grief and realized that this was a land of grieving, and wished that the war could be brought to a victorious end.

Last Sunday, I heard a minister advocate the replacement of fear and hesitation by the spirit of faith, urging our nation to go forth with courage for triumphant victory. He gave as an example David's fight with Goliath and his shout, "For the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands."

Robert's mother, my cousin, Nellie, cried out, "It seems so needless!" May our Heavenly Father give assurance that these deaths are not in vain. The God of all comfort sent His son to be a comfort for a mourning world. The name of the Lord is a strong tower into which we may move, taking with us those we love.

Our family and our nation have had a heritage of faith. In this grief over the deaths of our servicemen, may we sustain one another with that faith and pass it on to the children. If our nation will put on the shield of faith and work according to His purpose, "God shall help her and that right early."

God is our Father. He cares for us, for our loved ones who have died and for our country. We need not fear.

DEATH OF ROBERT FRANCIS KENNEDY

June 10, 1968

Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy was shot on June 5th in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, and died during the morning hours of June 6th.

THE JOURNEY OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN

June 8, 1968

Today, I have been watching on television the funeral of Robert Francis Kennedy in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, the eight-hour journey of the 21 coach funeral train through New Jersey and Maryland to Washington, D.C., and the procession out to Arlington Cemetery where the graveside services have just now been completed near eight o'clock, our time.

June 10, 1968

In 1942, I took a long trip by car, bus and train as far as Washington, D.C., up to Orange, New Jersey, to New York, and by train to Beckley, West Virginia, going through towns and cities the funeral train passed through, so it was almost as if I were seeing in person those throngs of people all along the way.

Walter Cronkheit, Howard Reasoner and Eric Severeid kept us posted. The conductor of the train had an Irish name, "Flanagan." One passenger reported, "It was like an Irish wake. Kennedy children were playing in the cars as if they were in a home. The oldest son of Senator Kennedy, Joseph, shook hands with everyone, saying quietly, 'I am Joe.' What presence! Mrs. Ethel Kennedy went about, not speaking of the death, but asking friends about themselves or their children. What strength!"

Sean Lynch, Premier of Ireland, read Irish poems at intervals over the T.V. In referring to Rose Kennedy, Robert's mother, he quoted two lines that read something like this, "God, you are hard on mothers in the beginning and ending of their children's lives." Somebody asked Mrs. Kennedy, "Why did you not have your husband's body flown from New York to the cemetery?" She answered, "Because he liked to take train-rides."

THE WORLD IS IN GOD'S HANDS

June 21, 1968

These trips have made me feel closer to the people all over the United States. They, also, were watching the television portrayal of the journey of Robert Kennedy's funeral train. As it was passing through the station at a town in Maryland, the crowd sang, "Glory, glory, Hallelujah!" Lately, I have heard over the radio that this song is being sung all over our nation.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if there would be a revival of faith in God? Then, out of this sorrow, would spring redeeming hope that there is an open end out of this present confusion. Our land will be saved if we turn to God and do His will. It may not look like it, but the world is in God's hands and

"His truth is marching on."

TWO REVELATIONS

July 30, 1968

Yesterday, as I sat in a wicker chair by the side-steps of my house, looking out toward the shed in front of the Rear Cottage where Maude Fleming, 88 years old, died two weeks ago, I saw her spirit in a cloud move up over the ferns, red geraniums and canary-colored trumpet-flowers, smiling down at me, her blue eyes filled with overwhelming love and blessing.

Just a few days before she died, Maude told me, "I feel as if Mary were here with me, just as plain!" Mary came to my mother's home 53 years ago. Maude came to my Rear Cottage when it was new, 38 years ago, and she said she wished she had never left it. About a month ago, I told Maude, "You are a comfort to me, because you know my relatives and friends away back." I told her, "I love you," and kissed her on the forehead.

I knew her mother, and she knew mine. The last evening before she died, we were sitting out by her back steps, she in the rocking-chair and I on the porch in front of her. She was telling me again about her mother. "We both had good mothers," she said. Fancy, Don's kitty from next door, climbed into my lap and wanted to be petted. Maude reached over and drew her into her own arms.

The next morning, when I went down to bring Maude the newspaper, I found her. I put my head to her chest to see if her heart were beating. That night, I had a reaction of a feeling of unreality.

The Christian Science funeral in the Old World Chapel of Cypress View Mortuary, was beautiful. Beulah and Siro had come down from Ramona, and there were five others of us who sat together facing Jessica Steinbach, who gave the reading. When she had finished, she sat down in a throne-like chair, and we told her good things about Maude. Then I prayed God to take care of Maude and to take her in His arms because she loved Him. Maude, lying there so peaceful in her blue dress, would have been pleased.

Maude told me a year ago I could have everything in the room when she died, but she did not make out a will, and the money from her valuable collections of stamps and coins will go to a distant cousin whom Maude did not want to have anything. I felt I had failed Maude, and depression settled upon me.

In the middle of one night, I called on God to take me in His arms. "God! God! God!" I cried, trying to get up to Him. It seemed as if He were withdrawing further and further up a slanting, four-sided channel, which narrowed toward the top, so that I could scarcely squeeze through the opening. I emerged into billowing light, soft and warm. The God of all Comfort was there, and I thought, "This must be Heaven."

These two revelations have lifted my heaviness and sorrow of heart. They have brought good news from the Beyond. The eternal world is more real in the midst of my time on earth. I feel God's compassion and love.

Maude used to raise her right arm and exclaim, "Life is eternal!" She did not want to acknowledge death—that is why she made no will. She would say, "You love death and funerals."

"It is not that," I explained, "I want to do honor to those who have died. I have had too many funerals these past three years. Mr. Riley, Eva, Mary, Uncle Gene and Cousin Lester were old and tired. But, oh, Maude, I can hardly bear Lillian's death at all!" (Just as Nellie cannot bear Robert's death.)

Now, I have had Maude's funeral to attend to. In the obituary, the newspaper had the words, "Dear friend of Violet Beck". I told Dr. Christie, "Now who is left for me to tell things to?" He put his hand over mine.

MISCELLANEOUS

First Row: Delphia and Jimmy Platzek, Violet and Ethel David standing by old stage-coach, Presidio Museum, S.D. Babe and Nonie Rumboldt watching scissors-grinder. Delia Clark and son Eldon, in Berkeley.
Second Row: Charles Sutton with doll. David Sutton on Shetland pony. Mae Palmer, Violet and Rosella Vanderheyden, Stockton, Illinois. Alma and Richard Lacy, with Mack, Barbara and Peggy.
Third Row: Ethel Mamie Platzek. Mrs. Ethel Platzek, with Bernice, Bettie, Leon and Mildred Basye, in front of the house by the Feather River. Tamara and Milo Marley. Shirley, Patsy and Glenn Williams, Stockton, Ill.
Fourth Row: Hester and Lillian. Howard Smith, with first grand-child, Marian (he wrote on the back: "Marian with her horse and sled.") Bobby and Danny at Alder Springs. Violet, Nettie Frey and Judah Myers, Ocean Beach.

OLD TIMERS' PICNICS

First Row: Fenton Ranch, San Pasqual Valley, 1953. Avenue and picnic tables. Margaret Zvanovitch Blair, third from left, Katie, her sister, third from right. Sophie Jackson with her accordion on far right of group; some in group: Alice Fries King, Violet Beck, Charlie Cooper, Kittie Jensen. "The Sisters," Eva and Violet Beck. Matilda, "Tillie" Overshiner. Dave Henderson, his friend and Frank Dougherty, of Ramona.

Second Row: Picnic at Flinn Springs, June, 1960. Those who ordered pictures: Arthur Dray, Edna Keever, James Gray, Lillian Poggi, Isadora Gage. Edna and I put together and gave a picture to Louis Voeltzel, our secretary, who works hardest of anybody for our picnics.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

CERTIFICATE NO. 60

NUMBER OF SHARES 65 40/88

Darius Meyers Estate Co.

1320 SHARES NON-PAR VALUE

This is to certify that Lillian Sutton is the record holder of 65 40/88 shares of non-par value shares of DARIUS MYERS ESTATE CO. a wasting assets corporation, having an authorized capital of 1320 shares of non-par stock, transferrable on the register of the corporation upon surrender of this certificate properly endorsed; that these shares are subject to a lien in favor of the Company for any debt of the holder for any advances made by the Company or the Estate of Darius Myers, Deceased, and the amount of said lien is indicated on the reverse side hereof. As a wasting assets corporation dividends may be paid out of the capital assets.

Witness the seal of the Corporation and the signatures of its duly authorized officers.

Dated 193

Secretary. President.

DARIUS MYERS ESTATE CO.

P.O. Box 712
North Fork, Cal.
Feb. 6, 1967

1. Darius Myers, our grandfather, died Sept. 15, 1897.
2. His will provided his sons, E. P. and Judah Myers were to be co-executors. It also stipulated that the Estate was to be kept intact until the death of Melissa J. Myers his widow and our grandmother. She lived until Jan. 5, 1925.
3. The Estate consisted of considerable stock in various Banks and other businesses as well as many pieces of real property. Much of this property was sold by the executors and the proceeds distributed to the heirs. As the years went by it was felt by the executors that because of illness and old age the estate could best be handled by a disinterested party. Arrangements were therefore made to place it in the trust department of the Security First National Bank of Fresno.

   The death of Judah Myers on May 2, 1933 and the death of E. P. Myers not long after left the estate under the sole control of the Bank. Many of the surviving heirs felt that the cost of this handling was too much so in 1935 efforts were started to transfer control to a corporation to be administered by the heirs. This was completed in 1937 with J. O. Hittle as President and Flora E. Washer as Secretary. The Stock was issued Sept. 17, 1937 to each heir in accordance with their pro-rata share.
4. The Directors, who have been changed from time to time, over a long period of time sold all the property except one piece on the west side of Fresno county consisting of 320 acres. Some income was secured from oil royalties and from an agricultural lease. Many dividends were made to the stockholders from these sources. The directors felt that the property should be sold and the corporation dissolved but many of the stockholders would not approve because they felt there was a possibility of securing oil production.

   A good offer for purchase was received by the directors in January 1966 and approval of all stockholders was secured. The sale was completed in April 1966 and provides for final payment in 1971. On receipt of the final payment and the making of the final liquidating dividend to the stockholders the affairs of the corporation may be wound up and dissolved thus closing the Darius Myers Estate after 74 years.

Paul M. Myers

CONCLUSION

by Violet

Thanksgiving Day
Nov. 26, 1964

As I made out the Table of Contents for this book, there came to me a feeling of pride in, and gratitude for, my homefolks. We are good people, who have made valuable contributions to our country in every period of its history, from Colonial days to the present time.

Grandpa Darius Myers is the central figure of this book, the origin and growth of his family the central theme.

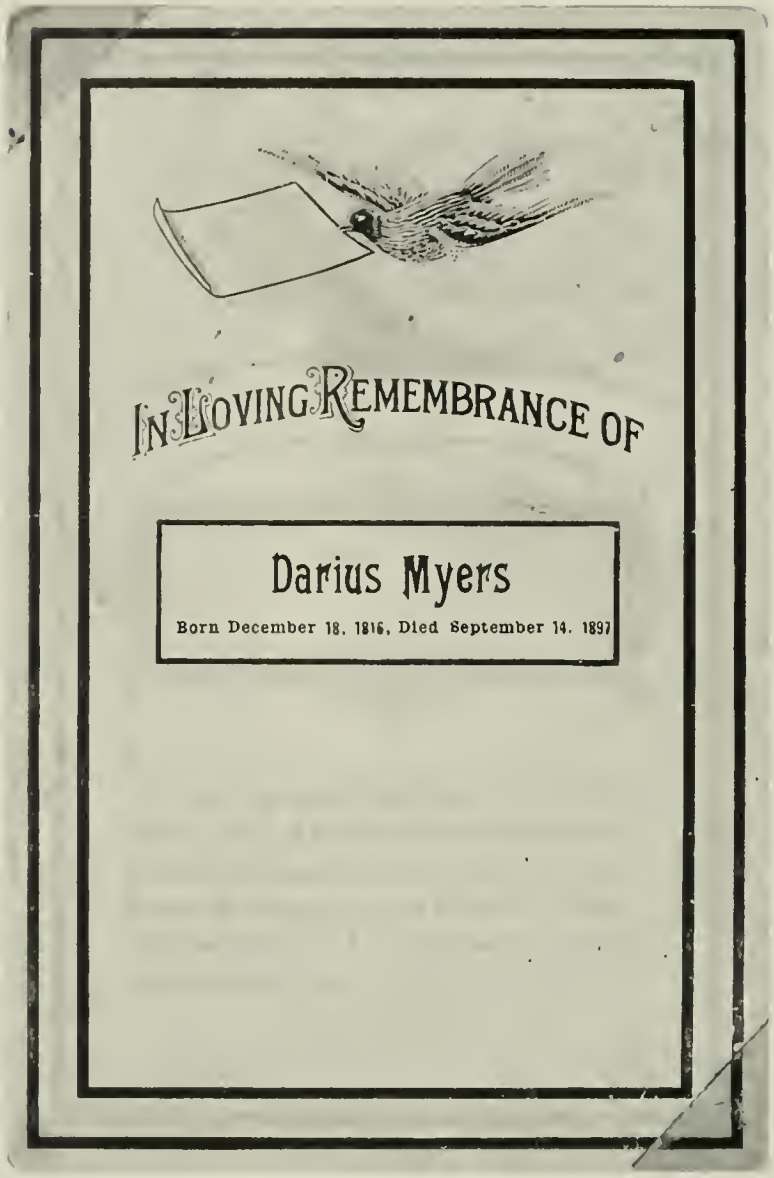
"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Our family tree has good rootage and good fruitage. It has been so in the past, it is so in the present, it will be so in the future.

We can have peace of mind as we look beyond this life. God has our loved ones in His keeping, those who have gone before, those who are living, those who will live. Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were a Reunion?

I close this book with the prayer our mother taught Eva and me:

"God Bless All The Homefolks!"



MEMORIAL CARD

This card was given to my mother one year after Grandpa's death. It is embellished by silver decorations and inscriptions, still bright and shining.

The card which the bird holds in his beak contains this poem:

"LET US BE PATIENT: THESE
SEVERE AFFLICTIONS
NOT FROM THE GROUND ARISE,
BUT OFTEN TIMES CELESTIAL
BENEDICTIONS
ASSUME THIS DARK DISGUISE."

On the lower part of the card is this quotation from the Bible:

> And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away * * * And behold I make all things new.
> Rev. 21: 4. 5.

GENERAL INDEX, PART I

Page

1. Introductory Material ... 7
   1. Historians of this Book ... 7
   2. Contributions of the Five Historians ... 7
   3. References, by Herman J. Lehrbach ... 7
   4. Foreword, by Herman J. Lehrbach ... 8
   5. References used by Clarence King ... 8
   6. Historical Background, by Clarence King ... 9
   7. Franklin Bowman's Accounts ... 10
   8. Our Family, by Franklin Bowman ... 10
   9. Early Getman History ... 11
   10. Two Letters from Franklin Bowman to Violet ... 12
   11. Genealogy of the Myers Family—by Alice Myers Barnes ... 12

2. Computations and Surmises ... 13
   1. The Myers Line, by Violet Beck ... 13
   2. The Rachel Smith Line ... 13
   3. Generations ... 14

3. Explanatory Material ... 14
   1. Abbreviations ... 14
   2. Numbering System ... 14
   3. Names of Places ... 14
   4. Notes ... 14
   5. Chronological Order ... 14
   6. Spelling of Names and Choice of Genealogical Material ... 14
   7. Upper and Lower Case Printing for Names ... 14
   8. Older Relatives ... 14

4. Genealogies of Our Line of the Myers Family ... 16
   1. Joyanas Mayer (1), Three of his Sons, and Some Members of Their Families ... 16
   2. Family of Hendrik Meyer (11) ... 16
   3. Family of Johann Henrich Meyer (112) ... 16
   4. Family of Anna Maria Gettman ... 17
   5. Family of Maria Bierman who m. Frederick Gettman ... 17
   6. Family of Johann Nicholas Myers (1129) ... 17
   7. Family of John Nathan Myers (11291) ... 17
   8. Family of Rachel Smith ... 18
   9. Family of Nicholas Myers (112912) ... 18
   10. Family of Lavina Myers Eaton (112913) ... 18
   11. Family of Daniel M. Eaton (1129131), by Laura (Eaton) Cohn ... 18
   12. Family of Daniel M. Eaton, by Grace (Eaton) Schubert ... 19
   13. Family of Amos Eaton (1129135) ... 20
   14. Family of Phoebe Myers (112915) ... 20
   15. Family of Surviva Myers (112916) ... 25
   16. Family of Darius Myers (112917) ... 25
   17. Family of Solomon Myers (112919) ... 26
   18. Family of Frank Wilmer Myers (11291921) ... 26
   19. Family of Cecelia Myers (11291J) ... 26
   20. Nicolas Myers by Emma Arnold ... 27

Page

21. Family of Surviva Myers by Lola Pearce 27
22. Genealogy on the side of Benjamin Guild, who m. Surviva Myers 27
23. Family of Lavina, Three Letters, from Violet, Laura (Eaton) Cohn and Libbie 28
24. Added to Genealogy of Amos Eaton, by Elizabeth Crouse 28
25. Family of Solomon 28

5. Genealogies of Appleby Families 29
   1. Family of Phinney (1) 29
   2. Family of Michael John Appleby (11) 29
   3. Family of John Appleby (113) 29
   4. Family of Isaac Appleby (11J) 29
   5. Family of Clarinda Appleby (11J3) 30
   6. Family of Elmina Vanderheyden (11J31) 30
   7. Clarinda and Edward Vanderheyden's 11 Children, by Camilla (Wright) Tiffany 30
   8. Characteristics of the Myerses, the Annables and the Applebys 32

6. Genealogies of Annable Families 33
   1. Family Related to Louisa Annable who m. John Appleby, Family of Howland (1) 33
   2. Family of Isaac Annable (or Hannible) (French) (1) 33
   3. Family of Prince Annable (18) 33
   4. Family of Isaac Annable (184) and Obituary 33
   5. Family of Guy Young who m. Louisa Annable (1844), compiled by Gladys (Young) Boomer (18441) 34
   6. Three Letters from Gladys Boomer 34

7. Stories and Letters on Darius Myers Side 35
   1. Herkimer, by Randolph Sidney 35
   2. Nicholas and Cornelia Leich, by Flora Washer 35
   3. From Family of Nicholas Myers (112912) 35
      1. Stories of Sarah Myers Carlton (112922) 35
      2. Stories of Angie Carlton Huber (1129223) 36
   4. From Family of Lavina (Myers) Eaton (112913) 38
      1. Account of Emma Jane (Eaton) Vanderheyden (11291331) 38
      2. Letter from Laura Eaton Cohn (112913233) 38
      3. Letter from Grace Eaton Schubert (11291322) 38
      4. Letter from Elizabeth Eaton Crouse (1129135J) 39
   5. From Family of Phoebe Myers Sears (112915) 39
      1. Cousin Alice Lewis (1129152), by Ethel Platzek (11291764) 39
      2. Cousin Alice, by Lydia Myers Wilder (1129177) 39
   6. From Family of Surviva 39
      1. Letter from Lola Pearce to Herman Lehrbach 39
   7. From Family of Darius Myers (1129178) 39
      1. From a Book on the Northwest Territory, Pleasant Valley Township. Book owned by Ed Parker 39
      2. Dari's (1129178) Story of Father's First Trip to California 39
      3. Father, by Louise (1129174) 40
      4. Darius' Remembrance of Grandpa and Grandma Appleby 40
      5. Naming the Children, by Mother 40
      6. Cousin Melissa Clark Said (1129191) 41

Page

8. From Family of Solomon Myers (112919) ... 41
   1. Letter from Solomon Myers (112919) ... 41
   2. Savanna, Illinois, October 22, 1897 ... 41
   3. Family of Solomon Myers, by Melissa Clark (1129191) ... 41
   4. About Older Relatives, by Melissa Clark ... 42
   5. Solomon, by Cousin Emma Myers ... 42
   6. Letter from Christina Teeny Myers ... 42
   7. Mark Myers (112914), by Violet Beck ... 42
   8. Frank Myers (1129192) ... 43
   9. Angie (11291223), Frank (1129192) and Louise (1129174) Talk ... 43

9. From Family of Cecelia Hilliard (11291J) ... 43
   1. Aunt Cecelia Hilliard to Louise ... 43

8. Stories and Letters on Melissa Jane Appleby Myers' Side ... 48

1. On the Appleby Side ... 48
   1. Letters from Silas Appleby and Louise Annable Appleby ... 48
   2. Letter from Melissa J. Myers ... 48
   3. Elmer Appleby's Song ... 48
   4. Mother's Brothers, the Appleby's, by Cousin Lou ... 48
   5. At Edith Parker's House, by Violet ... 48
   6. Trip to Harley, by Violet ... 49
   7. The Flood, by Ed Vanderheyden ... 49
   8. Visit to Stockton, Illinois, by Violet Beck ... 49
   9. Libby (Elizabeth) Vanderheyden, Talking to Violet ... 50
   10. Camilla Wright, Talking to Violet ... 50
   11. The Old Stone Schoolhouse, by Bridget Cahill Clancey, Talking to Violet ... 50
   12. Bridget Cahill Clancey and John Cahill, Talking to Violet ... 51
   13. May Stock's Account ... 52
   14. Stories of Rosella and Ed Vanderheyden ... 52
   15. Swimming School, Tobacco and Dried Fruit ... 53
   16. Vanderheyden Reunion ... 53
   17. Howard Smith's Paintings, by Violet Beck ... 53
   18. Three Letters from Pearl Wright ... 54
   19. Letter from Carrie Hanson ... 54
   20. Letter from Hattie Flickinger ... 54

2. On the Annable Side ... 55
   1. Grandma Myers and Grandma Appleby, by Louise ... 55
   2. Louise Beck and George Annable Talking ... 55
   3. Louise Talks with Cousin Lou ... 56
   4. Great Aunt Anna and Uncle Isaac Annable ... 56
   5. Account by George Annable ... 57
   6. George Annable's Stories ... 57
   7. Cousin Lou's Stories, 1 and 2 ... 58
   8. Cousin Lou and Mamma Talking ... 59
   9. Cousin Lou and Mamma Looking over the Photograph Album ... 59
   10. At the Home of Gladys Boomer ... 60
   11. Accounts, by Edna Young ... 60

9. Our Pleasant Valley Home, by Lydia B. ... 67

Page

1. GENEALOGICAL CHARTS 98-99
    1. Our Branch of the Myers Family 81
    2. Children of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers 81
    3. Family of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers 82
        1. Family of Phil Myers (1129171) 82
        2. Family of Rebecca Jane Myers (1129172) 82
            1. Family Related to Edythe M. Bennett who m. John Henry Bryan 83
            2. Related: Family of Henry Bryan, who m. Rebecca 83
            3. Mina Bryan Tells 83
        3. Euclid Hannible Myers (1129173) 83
        4. Family of Louise Edith Myers (1129174) 84
            1. Related: Family of August Beck, who m. Louisa Edith Myers 84
            2. Sources of Material 84
            3. Family of Claire Spencer, who m. David Sutton 85
            4. Family of Joyce Meador, who m. Charles Sutton 85
            5. James Freeman Clark Earl, who m. Evalinda Estella Beck, Historical Background by James Louis Earl 85
            6. Family of James Clark Earl 85
        5. Ida Jane Myers (1129175) 86
        6. Family of Marietta Elsie Myers (1129176) 86
            1. Related: Children of Ethel and Leon Basye 87
            2. Related: Family of Ernest Glenn Angell, who m. Dorothy Ellen Hittle 87
        7. Family of Lydia Belvedere Myers (1129177) 87
        8. Family of Darius Elihu Myers (1129178) 87
        9. Family of Judah Myers (1129179) 88
            1. Related: Family of Salema B. Babbitt, who m. Judah Myers 89
        10. Family of Gordon Elisha Myers (112917J) 89
            1. Alton Marley m. Beulah Myers. Alton's Genealogy 89
            2. Family of Carl Shorter, who m. Mary Ellen Lacy 90
            3. Family of Ann Rose, who m. Robert Flood Lacy 90
            4. Family of Mary Alice Faye, who m. Leonard Lacy, by Mary Alice 90
            5. Family of Carol Sue Riffe, who m. Charles Ray Lacy 91
            6. The Roberts Family 91
            7. Family of Thora Kenneth Treadway, who m. Violet Eva Lacy 91
            8. Family of Gertrude Robinson 91
        11. Family of George Elijah Myers (112917K) 91
        12. Family of Flora Ethel Myers (112917L) 92
            1. Family of Martin Churchill, who m. Ethel Eugenia Washer 93
            2. Family of Nina Story, who m. Chester Washer 93
            3. Family Related to James Story Sampson, who m. Sharon Anne Washer 93
            4. Family Related to Samuel Lester Reed, who m. Edith Elinor Washer 93
            5. Ancestry of Eugene Patrick Washer, by Flora (Myers) Washer 93
            6. Family of Eugene Patrick Washer, by Eugene Patrick Washer 94
            7. Family of Richard Berryman, who m. Suzanne Langley 94
        13. Family of Albertus Theodore Myers (112917M) 95

Page

14. Family of Bertha Serena Myers (112917N) 96
    1. Verna Mae (Phillips) Dustin's Ancestry, supplied by Vernon and Chester Phillips 97
    2. Eugene Lee Childers by Jacquelyn (Martine) Childers 97
    3. Family of Levi Gilmore Childers, who m. Bertha Myers 97
4. Computations 100
    1. Number of Descendants of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers, as of February 14, 1965 100
    2. Combined Ages of Darius and Melissa Myers and their Children as of December 1, 1964 100
5. Added Data 100

2. DARIUS MYERS, LETTERS AND MEMORIES 107
    1. Five Letters from Darius Myers 107
    2. Louise (Myers) Beck writes in her journal about her father, Darius Myers 108
    3. Our Father: Darius Myers by Flora Ethel 108
    4. Father's Dreams by Lydia 108
    5. Aunt Flora's and Uncle Bert's Memories of Pleasant Valley 108
    6. Letter from Flora to Louise 109

3. MELISSA JANE (APPLEBY) MYERS, STORIES AND LETTERS 116
    1. Excerpts from Home Folks Book I 116
    Mother (Melissa Jane Appleby Myers) is talking to Violet 116
    Our Father, Interpolation by Flora 117
    2. Two Letters from Melissa Myers, 1910 and 1920 119
    3. Grandmother's Pledge 119
    4. Explanation of Appellations in Stories by Grandmother 119
    5. Twenty-one Pages from First Home Folks Book 120-140

4. FOREWORD, by Flora Ethel (Myers) Washer 143
    The Children of Darius and Melissa Jane Appleby Myers 143
    1. Remembered Eyes 143
    2. Pictures 143
    3. An Account of Each Brother and Sister and of Herself, by Flora 144-147
        1. Epaminondas Philo Myers, 1854-1929 144
        2. Rebecca Jane 144
        3. Ida Jane 145
        4. Euclid 145
        5. Louise Edith 145
        6. Marietta Elsie 146
        7. Lydia Belvidere 146
        8. Darius Elihu 146
        9. Judah 146
        10. Gordon 146
        11. George Elijah 147
        12. Albertus Theodore Myers 147
        13. Bertha Serena Myers 147
        14. Flora Writes to Violet 147
        15. Family Doctors 147
        16. Father's Will, 1956 147
        17. Memories, January 31, 1962 149
        18. California Days and Years 149
        19. 3335 Madison Avenue, March 22, 1963 150

Page

5. TWELVE SECTIONS, one for each of the Twelve Children (Those who lived to grow up) 152

FIRST SECTION — PHIL 1129171

1. A Tribute to Phil Myers, by Louise (Myers) Beck, (written about 1926) 152
2. Uncle Phil (E. P. Myers), by Clarence King 152
3. Stories of Uncle Phil Myers, excerpts from the First Home Folks Book 152
4. Letter from Aunt Flora A. 155
5. Uncle Phil's Blessing at Table 155
6. A Letter to Violet, from Your Uncle, E. P. Myers 155
7. Letter to Louise, from Ella 155
8. Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora A., by Violet 156
9. From Aunt Flora E.'s Diary 157
10. Talking about Uncle Phil and Aunt Flora A., Alta and Lillian 157

SECOND SECTION — REBECCA 1129172

1. Mina Bryan's Accounts 160
2. Story of Anna Truesdale, who m. Stephen Bryan 161
3. Tribute to Mina Bryan, by Violet 164
4. Two Letters from Mina Bryan to Eva 164-165
5. Story of John Henry Bryan, "Jack" (as told to Edith, his wife) 165
6. Bessie and Bud Wright, by Eugene Washer 165
7. Story of Renvy Vought 166
8. Mother, by Ione Maloney 166
9. Cousin Bessie's Death, by Violet 166

THIRD SECTION — LOUISE 1129174

1. Seven Letters—from Lydia B. Myers, Louise, A. Beck, Mamma, August Beck, David (Earl), Bessie MacMillan 170-171
2. Three Tributes to David Earl, 1914-1930, from Editor of the Herald, James Louis Earl and Edward C. Northridge 171
3. Six Letters—from Your Aunt Flora E., Violet, Eva E. Earl, Lillian, Violet, Eva 171-172
4. James Clark Earl (talking to Violet) 172
5. Letter about James Earl, to Aunt Salema, from Violet 172
6. Louise Edith (Myers) Beck and Her Family, by Violet 173
7. Our Lives, Since 1933 175
8. Story of Eva (Beck) Earl, by Violet 176
9. History of August Beck, Sergeant of Ordnance, U.S. Army, Retired (written by himself) 176
10. Story of August Beck, who m. Louise Myers, by Violet 177
11. August's Account, from Home Folks Book I 177
12. My Father, by Violet 177
13. Eva's Death, by Violet 177
14. Three Letters from Lillian 178
15. Lillian's Death and Funeral 178

FOURTH SECTION — ELSIE 1129176

1. Seven Letters—from Dryius, Elsie, Elsie, Lenora, Esther, Lalie, Violet 189-190

Page

2. At Dorothy and Glen Angell's House, by Violet 190
3. Letter to Delphia, from Violet 190
4. Story of Ralph Platzek, by Ralph 190
5. Story of Oliver Hittle, who m. Leonora Platzek, by Oliver 191
6. Story of Mamie Ethel Platzek, by Ethel 191
7. Letter and Story of Ralph Platzek, by Ethel Platzek (Oroville) 192
8. Carl and Esther (Astrid) Platzek, by Esther 192
9. Seven Letters—from Marie, Delphia, Ethel Platzek (Oroville), Jim Platzek, Delphia, Carl and Esther, Delphia 193-194
10. Delphia Clark Platzek, by Delphia 194

FIFTH SECTION — LYDIA 1129177

1. Aunt Lydia and the Colony, by Violet 198
2. Lydia Belvedere Myers, by Rose Myers 198
3. Thirty-six Wonderful Letters, written by Lydia 198-209
4. Death of Aunt Lydia, by Violet 209
5. Lydia (copied from Aunt Flora's notes) 209
6. To Flora Ethel, from Lydia B. 209
7. Two Poems to Flora, from Lydia B. 209

SIXTH SECTION — DARIUS 1129178

1. Remembrances, by Darius Elihu Myers 213
2. Glen's First Baby, Letter from Lydia 213
3. Letter to Eva, from Glen 213
4. Letter About Glen's Death, from Lydia 213
5. Letter to Eva, from Grandma Myers 213
6. Letter to Evalinda, from Aunt Lydia 214
7. Scraps from Letters, from Flora E. 214
8. Trip to Mono Hot Springs, by Gertrude (Myers) Rhodes 214
9. Aunt Susie at Santa Cruz 214
10. Darius and His Grandchildren 214
11. Letter, from Gertrude and Fred 215
12. Our Golden Wedding Anniversary, by Gertrude and Fred 215

SEVENTH SECTION — JUDAH 1129179

1. On a Picture Post-Card, from Judah 218
2. Letter from Salema to Dear Girls 218
3. The Flood in Cambridge, Nebraska, on June 22, 1948, by Hester Myers 218
4. Birthday Party for Hester Myers (clipping from the Clarion) 218
5. Dear Birthday People in Cambridge, Nebraska, by Violet 218
6. Seven Letters—from Violet Beck, Violet, Violet, Salema, Cousin Hester, Salema and Hester 218-220
7. Aunt Salema and Hester in Cambridge, Nebraska, by Violet 220
8. Cambridge Friends, Grandma Palmerton, Mary Chehey, Nellie Carter, by Violet 220
9. Grandma and Grandpa John 221
10. At Kate and Ella's 221
11. Hester's Birthday Parties 221
12. Ladies Attending Hester's Birthday Party, in Picture of 1949 221

Page

13. Letters—from Aunt Salema, Violet, Cousin Hester....221
14. I. A. H., by Violet....222
15. Aunt Flora Joins the Adventist Church....222

EIGHTH SECTION — GORDON 112917J

1. Connie's Family, by Violet....226
2. At Beulah's House, account by Violet....226
3. Two Letters from Connie....228
4. Beulah and Alton's History, by Beulah Marley....228
5. Story of Constance Genevieve Myers Lacy, by Connie....229
6. Six Letters—from Beulah, Tamara, Connie, Gertrude, Leatha, Margaret....230

NINTH SECTION — GEORGE 112917K

1. George Myers' Accounts, by George....236
2. Susie Gorman Myers, by Susie....236
3. Conversation between Susie, Alta and George, June 24, 1958....237
4. Letter About Aunt Susie's Funeral, by Violet....238
5. Uncle George's Funeral, Letter to Nellie from Flora....238
6. Letter to Violet from Shirley....238

TENTH SECTION — FLORA 112917L

1. Three Letters—from Flora E. Washer, Flora Ethel, Flora E. 242
2. Two Poems—Ruthie's Quilt and The San Diego Star Quilt, by Flora E. Washer....242-243
3. Nine Letters—from Flora Ethel, Edith, Edith, Edith, Aunt Flora E., Flora E., Flora Ethel, Billie Bunn and Violet....243-244
4. Aunt Flora's Morning Prayer and Night Prayer....244
5. Letter to Eva and Violet, from Flora....245
6. Dorothy Collins (talking to Violet)....245
7. Five Letters—from Dorothy and family, Violet, Viola Miller, Flora, Vi....245-246
8. The Reed Family, by Donna Reed....246
9. Four Letters—from Sharon, Viola, Donna, Edith....247
10. Story of Martin Churchill, who m. Ethel Washer....247
11. Story of Eugene Patrick Washer (talking to Violet)....248
12. My Children, by Eugene Henry Churchill....249
13. Sonny Churchill and Family, by Violet....249
14. Story of Don Washer....249
15. Story of Jessie Gertrude (Smith) Washer....249
16. Story of Catherine Mulligan, who m. Donald Lee Washer....249
17. Nine Letters—from Flora Ethel, Flora E., Your Aunt Flora Ethel, Aunt Flora, Flora Ethel, Vicki and Norma Washer, Ruth, Violet and Violet....249-251
18. Trip to Hayward and Fresno, by Violet....251
19. Aunt Flora's Blessings at Table....252
20. Letter to Violet, from Aunt Flora....252
21. Time of Uncle Gene's Funeral, by Violet....252
22. Obituary in Fresno Bee....253
23. Two Letters—from Ruth and Dorothy....253
24. From Aunt Flora's Record Book, August 15, 1939....254

Page

25. The River Road, written by Chester (added) 254
26. We Are All United in Our Love for Aunt Flora 254

ELEVENTH SECTION — BERT 112917M

1. Remarks, by Bert Myers, October 14, 1950 260
2. Uncle Bert's Funeral, by Violet 260
3. Aunt Rose Remembers, to Violet Beck 261
4. Three Letters—from Nellie, Nellie and Ruth Casper 264
5. Letter from Nellie about Judy's Engagement 264
6. Two Letters—from Alta, Violet Myers 265
7. Newspaper Clipping of Cutting of Wedding Cake of Judy Sproul and Larry White 265
8. Trip to See Uncle Bert, 1950, by Violet 265
9. Marine Dies in Vietnam, Clipping from Oregon Paper 266
10. Letter from Nellie 266
11. Time of the Funeral of Robert Sproul, by Violet 266

TWELFTH SECTION — BERTHA 112917N

1. Two Letters—from Your Aunt Bertha Childers, Flora Ethel 269
2. Poem to Alta Beth, from Flora Ethel 269
3. Five Letters—from Bertha Childers, Pop L. G. Childers, Alta, Violet, Violet 269-270
4. As I Think Back, by Alta (Childers) Bratton 270
5. Ellen Newton's Story 272
6. Lucy Newton's Story 273
7. A Happy Childhood, by Lydia May (Childers) Seifert 273
8. Later Reminiscences, by Lydia 274
9. From a Letter to Violet, by Lydia 275
10. Missionary Experience, by Lydia 275
11. Story of William James Bratton 112917N111 275
12. Letter to Alta, from Your Aunt Flora E. 275
13. Story of Bertha (Birdie) Newton 275
14. Alta, by Violet 275
15. Story of Florabel (Childers) Bosquet 276
16. This Is Out of My Scrap Book, by Mrs. Foster, copied by Bertha 276
17. Martha Emaline Root, by Violet Beck 276
18. Louise Childers, "Grandma Childers," by Violet Beck 276
19. Made of Gold, by Lydia Mae 276
20. Two Letters—from Alta Bratton, Birdie 276-277
21. Two Lovely Dreams, by Violet 277
22. Tillman Bratton's Story of His Life, as dictated to Alta 277
23. Two Letters—from Alta and Tillman, Gene 277-278
24. Wedding Announcement of Marriage of Barbara Kay to Charles Edward Newton 278
25. Letter to Cousin Violet, from Alta and Tillman 278
26. The Golden Wedding Anniversary of Alta and Tillman, with Picture and Clipping from the Fresno Bee 278
27. Five Letters—from Alta and Tillman, Verna, Alta and Tillman, Bob and Ellen and Dan, Alta and Tillman 278-279

Page

6. MEMORIES OF THE DARIUS MYERS COLONY....288
   1. And So We Came Finally to California, Mother's First Impressions....288
   2. The Home in California, Grandmother's Story....288
   3. Old-Time Neighbors, by Hans and Annette Jensen....289
   4. Early Morning at the Homeplace, by Violet....290
   5. Grandfather's Family Worship, by Violet....290
   6. The Homefolks as I Remember Them as a Child, by Evalinda Estella Earl....290
   7. Christmas at the Homeplace, by Violet....291
   8. The Family Cemetery, by Violet Beck....292
   9. The Darius Myers Colony, by Violet Beck....292
   10. Grandma's Blessing at Table....293
   11. Grandfather Hits the Devil, by Cousin Myers....293
   12. Memories of Old Times, by Myers Bryan....293
   13. An Unexpected Eavesdropper, by Cousin Myers....293
   14. Skunk Meat and the Tramp, by Uncle Dr'i....293
   15. The Generous Tramp, by Uncle Dr'i....294
   16. Games, Lydia Writes....294
   17. Rebecca, by Steve....294
   18. Account, by Darius Elihu Myers....294
   19. Rebecca's Home in Florida, by Myers Sidney Bryan....294
   20. Lalie's Memories....295
   21. The Homeplace near Malaga in 1890, by Judah Myers....295
   22. Grandfather's Bees, Violet Writing....296
   23. Grandma and Judah Talk Together....296
   24. Memories of The Homeplace, by Susie Bedford Myers....296
   25. Note About Excerpts from the First Home Folks Book....296

7. POETRY SECTION....306
   1. To Lydia, Writer of Charming Letters, by Flora....306
   2. Two Poems About the Old Home Place, by Flora E. Washer....306
   3. Aunt Flora, by Violet....307
   4. One Sabbath Day, c. 1908, by Violet....308
   5. Kitchen Windows, by Flora....309
   6. At Aunt Lydia's House, by Violet....309
   7. To Aunt Flora, from Violet (a Valentine)....310
   8. Lydia, Good Medicine....311
   9. Five Pages from First Home Folks Book....313-317

8. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....318
   of the San Diego *Union* and *Tribune*, by Violet Beck
   1. The Ghost of Neckarsulm....318
   2. August Beck and the Brother of Queen Liluokalani....318
   3. When My Father First Came to San Diego, La Paz and the Indian Village....318
   4. Boy Lost in the Snow in Chicago, c. 1893, or An Answered Prayer....318
   5. The Haunted House in Benicia....319
   6. The Arsenal at Benicia....319
   7. My Father's Demijohn....319

Page

8. North-South Pageant Hit by Fever....320
9. Thirty Years of Waiting....320
10. Winter of 1900, San Diego....320
11. Swimming in San Diego, 1896 thru 1902....320
12. Historical Article Stirs Old Memories....321
13. People Represented Much of Our History....321
14. Mission Cliff Gardens....321
15. Trip to Coronado....321
16. The Death of Bubby....322
17. Old Town Parade Brought Memories....322
18. Presidio Museum....322
19. Old Timers Picnic Shining Event....323
20. Grant Hill Park, February 4, 1967, May 28, 1968....323

9. SHEAVES OF FRIENDSHIP....325
in the Fields of Memory

1. Sheaves of Friendship in the Fields of Memory, by Violet Beck....325
2. Schools—Pre-school, Kindergarten, Hyde Park School and Malaga School....325
3. Sherman Heights Grammar School, San Diego, 1897....325
4. Middletown Grammar School, San Diego, 1898-1900....325
5. Russ High School, San Diego, January 1900-June 1902....326
6. Fowler Union High School, 1902-1904....326
7. Interim, Summer and Fall of 1904....327
8. University of California at Berkeley, 1905-1910....327
9. Ministers....329
10. Schools Where I Taught (all in California)....329
11. Esparto High School, 1912-1913 (in Yolo County)....329
12. Kingsburg High School, 1913-1914 (in Fresno County)....329
13. Banning High School, 1914-1915 (in Riverside County)....330
14. Blythe High School, 1915-1916 (in Riverside County)....330
15. Ramona High School, 1918-1919 (in San Diego County)....330
16. Covelo High School, 1919-1920 (in Mendocino County)....331
17. Lakeside Union High School, 1920-1921 (in San Diego County)....331
18. Lompoc High School, 1921-1923 (in Santa Barbara County)....331
19. Sweetwater Union High School, 1927-1928 (in San Diego County)....332
20. Mountain Empire High School, 1930-1931 (in San Diego County)....332
21. Substitute Teaching, 1922-1951 (in San Diego, National City and Coronado)....332
22. Lawyers....333
23. Doctors....333
24. My Friends, the Burroughs....333
25. Philathea Class of the First Baptist Church of San Diego, 1900-1968....336
26. Neighbors and Tenants....336
27. Visitors and Palmistry....337
28. Golden Hill....337
29. The Golden Hill Improvement Association....338
30. Ramona....338

Page

31. Honors and Degrees, University of California at Berkeley....339
32. Our Family Tree....339

10. REUNIONS AND GATHERINGS....352
1. Reunion, 1913, by Lydia....352
2. Reunion, 1913, by Violet....352
3. Hester's Birthday Party, April 28, 1913, by Violet Miriam Beck (Printed in Fowler Ensign)....352
4. A Reunion on Mother's 79th Birthday, April 1915, Lydia Wrote to Violet....353
5. Myers Reunion, March 20, 1918 (Printed in Fresno Bee)....354
6. Family Reunion, June 17, 1957, by Flora E. Washer....354
7. Reunion, 1963, by Flora (Myers) Washer....355
8. Post Reunion, by Violet....355
9. Sixty-first Wedding Anniversary of Uncle Gene and Aunt Flora, February 1, 1964, Letter from Alta....355
10. Gathering, September 25, 1965 to Honor Uncle George's 93rd Birthday, by Violet Beck....355

11. TRIPS....367
1. Trip to Yosemite, by Violet Beck....367
2. Trip, by Violet....367
3. Twenty-four Years After This Trip....367
4. Two Long Trips....367
5. Visit to San Mateo, by Violet....368
6. Early Summer Trip, 1952....369
7. Trip, January 25, 1953....373
8. 2335 Madison Avenue, Fresno, June 21, 1966....374
9. October 16, 1966....374
10. Trip with Beulah, by Violet....375
11. Visit of Beatrice Hewitt....375
12. Trip to California, by Beatrice Hewitt....376
13. Two Long Trips....376

12. OUR MEN IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY FORCES....381
1. Colonial Period....381
2. Revolutionary War....381
3. War of 1812....381
4. Civil War....381
5. Indian Wars, Spanish American War....381
6. World War I....381
7. World War II, Korean Conflict, Military Service, Vietnam War, arranged under the names of the children of Darius Myers....382

13. MISCELLANEOUS....389
1. Music in the Myers Family, by Violet Beck....389
2. Scottish Songs, by Lydia....389
3. History Contemporary with the History of Our Family, and Inventions, by Lydia....390
4. History Contemporary with the History of Our Family Since 1926 and Inventions, by Violet....391

Page

5. Chart of the Ages, by Darius Myers....392
6. Old Timers' Picnic, June 23, 1968....393
7. Fear Not....393
8. Death of Robert Francis Kennedy and the Journey of the Funeral Train....393-394
9. The World is in God's Hands....394
10. Two Revelations....394

14. CONCLUSION....397
Darius Myers Estate Co., by Paul M. Myers....397
Conclusion....397

15. MEMORIAL CARD....398

INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS, PART I

Page

1. INTRODUCTORY 1-14
   1. Painting, Darius Myers reading the Bible 3
   2. Page, Three Historians, Violet Beck, Compiler of this Book, Clarence King 6
      3. Deed of Frederick Gettman 9
      4. Photo of Franklin Bowman 10
      5. Page, Cemeteries 15

2. GENEALOGIES 16-43
   1. Descendants of Phoebe Myers 20
      1. Pages 20-25
   2. Paintings by Howard Smith 28
      1. Going to Market 32
      2. Azam 34

3. STORIES AND LETTERS FROM THE FAMILY OF DARIUS MYERS 35
   1. Painting, Colts Playing 43
   2. Pages of Pictures 44-48
      1. Older Photographs, Myers and Eaton (mostly) 44
      2. Older Photographs on Myers' Side 45
      3. Older Photographs on Both Sides 46
      4. Old Photographs 47

4. STORIES AND LETTERS ON MELISSA JANE (APPLEBY) MYERS' SIDE 48
   1. Painting, Wild Horses 54
   2. Painting, Darius Myers Saves Ed Vanderheyden 61
   3. Pages of Pictures 62-63
      1. Older Photographs on Grandma's Side 62
      2. More Distant Relatives 63

5. OUR PLEASANT VALLEY HOME 64
   1. Charts 64-66
      1. Yankee Hollow. Stockton Center, Pleasant Valley 64
      2. Old Time Pleasant Valley and Other Places 65
      3. The Home in Pleasant Valley 66
   2. Paintings by Howard Smith 75
      1. Our Pleasant Valley Home 75
      2. Pages of Pictures 76-79
         1. Photo, Howard Smith. Plum River. The Home in Pleasant Valley 76
         2. In the Barn at The Home Place. House in the Orchard, Family Worship 77
         3. Grandpa's Little Orange Tree. Christmas at the Homeplace 78
         4. His First Ride. Reunion at the Home Place 79
   3. Paintings by Violet Beck 80
      1. Page 80
         1. Looking Toward the Carriage House, Barn and Dryer from The Home Place. Howard Smith near his Chicken House, Vancouver, B.C. in 1933 80

INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS, PART II

Page

1. GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF DARIUS AND MELISSA MYERS, c. 1883 ... 81
   1. Photo of Family of Darius and Melissa Jane (Appleby) Myers ... 81
   2. Painting, The Ploughman and his Companion ... 100
   3. Signatures, Four Pages ... 101-104
   4. Pages of Pictures ... 105-106
      1. Older Photographs on Grandpa's Side ... 105
      2. Old Photographs ... 106

2. DARIUS MYERS, LETTERS AND MEMORIES ... 107
   1. Six Pages of Pictures from Aunt Flora's Collection ... 110-115

3. MELISSA JANE MYERS, STORIES AND LETTERS ... 116
   1. Photos of 21 Pages from the First Home Folks Book ... 120-140

4. FOREWORD ... 143
   1. Pages of Pictures ... 141
      1. Family of Darius and Melissa Myers, Taken 1889 ... 141
         First Photo of Family, Taken 1866 ... 141
      2. Three Groups of Uncles and Aunts, with Grandma ... 142
      3. Georgie Myers' Fourth Birthday Party. Edith Washer's Birthday Party ... 151

5. TWELVE SECTIONS ... 152
   1. PHIL ... 152
      1. Pages of Pictures ... 158-159
         1. Phil ... 158
         2. Phil and Darius ... 159
   2. REBECCA ... 160
      1. Rebecca, No. 1 ... 167
      2. Rebecca, No. 2 ... 168
      3. Rebecca, No. 3 ... 169
   5. LOUISE ... 170
      1. Wedding Picture of James Earl and Eva Beck ... 178
      2. Pages of Pictures ... 179-184
         1. Louise, No. 1 ... 179
         2. Louise, No. 2 ... 180
         3. Louise, No. 3 ... 181
         4. Louise, No. 4 ... 182
         5. Louise, No. 5 ... 183
         6. Collection of Louise ... 184
   4. ELSIE ... 189
      1. Pages of Pictures ... 195-197
         1. Elsie ... 195
         2. Elsie, Bertha and Others ... 196
         3. Elsie, Lydia ... 197
   5. LYDIA ... 198
      1. Pages of Pictures ... 210-212
         1. Lydia ... 210
         2. Colony Times, No. 2 ... 211
         3. Mostly Times of the Darius Myers Colony ... 212

Page

6. DARIUS....213
   1. Pages of Pictures....216-217
      1. Darius, No. 1....216
      2. Darius, No. 2....217

7. JUDAH....218
   1. Pages of Pictures....223-225
      1. Judah....223
      2. Mostly Times of the Darius Myers Colony....224-225

8. GORDON....226
   1. Pages of Pictures....231-235
      1. Gordon, No. 1....231
      2. Gordon, No. 2....232
      3. Gordon, No. 3....233
      4. Gordon, No. 4....234
      5. Gordon, No. 5....235

9. GEORGE....236
   1. Pages of Pictures....239-241
      1. George....239
      2. Darius, Judah, George, Bert....240
      3. Homefolks, Different Periods....241

10. FLORA....242
   1. Pages of Pictures....255-259
      1. Flora, No. 1....255
      2. Flora, No. 2....256
      3. Flora and Bertha....257
      4. Flora and Louise....258
      5. Homefolks, Different Periods....259

11. BERT....260
   1. Photos....264-266
      1. Judy....264
      2. Judy and Larry, with their Wedding Cake....265
      3. Robert Sproul....266
   2. Pages of Pictures....267-268
      1. Bert....267
      2. Odds and Ends....268

12. BERTHA....269
   1. Photo of Alta and Tillman, for their Golden Wedding Anniversary....278
   2. Pages of Pictures....280
      1. Bertha, No. 1....280
      2. Bertha, No. 2....281
      3. Bertha, No. 3....282
      4. Bertha, No. 4....283
      5. Bertha, No. 5....284

6. MEMORIES OF THE DARIUS MYERS COLONY....288

   1. Charts....285-286
      1. Resurvey of Darius Myers Colony, February 10, 1938....285
      2. Darius Myers Colony....286
      3. Map of Darius Myers Colony....287

   2. Painting, Getting in the Hay....287

   3. Pages of Pictures from First Home Folks Book....297-305
      1. Older Pictures....297
      2. The Home Place....298

Page

3. I Hear the Voices of Children, The Lullabies of Mothers....299
4. There are Orchards and Meadows, Old-fashioned Houses and Lovers' Lanes....300
5. There are Joyous People, There are Those Whose Steps are Slow....301
6. We Talk of Old Times when Loved Ones Lived Near....302
7. All are Dear to Me, They are my Home Folks!....303
8. How Happy Old Times from a Distance Appear!....304
9. Taken in April, 1927....305

7. POETRY....306

1. Pages from the First Home Folks Book....313-317
   1. At Aunt Lydia's House....312
   2. Violet in Uncle Judah's Orchard....312
   3. Page 3....314
   4. Page 4....315
   5. Page 5....316
   6. Nan-Nan's Precious Baby. Grandmother....317

8. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....318

1. Photos of Grant Hill Park....324

9. SHEAVES OF FRIENDSHIP....325

1. Pages of Pictures....334-335
   1. My Friends the Burroughs....334
   2. Cloverleaf Dairy Ranch....335
   3. Mostly the Beck Colony at Ramona....340
   4. From Schools, Mostly in San Diego County....341
   5. From Schools, Not in San Diego County....342
   6. Lompoc, No. 1....343
   7. Lompoc, No. 2....344
   8. Philathea Class, No. 1....345
   9. Philathea Class, No. 2....346
   10. Some Special Friends....347
   11. Neighborhood Friends in San Diego....348

10. REUNIONS AND GATHERINGS....352

1. At the Family Reunion, April 12, 1913....352
2. Pages of Pictures....356
   1. Reunions and Home Place....352
   2. Reunions and Gatherings....352-355
3. Photographers' Pictures....356-366
   1. Reunion, 1902, at Home Place, Malaga....356
   2. Reunion, March 20, 1917, Home Place, Malaga....357
   3. Reunion, March 20, 1918, Home Place....358
   4. Reunion, March 20, 1919, Home Place....359
   5. Reunion, March 20, 1922, Home Place....360
   6. Reunion, March 20, 1923, Roeding Park....361
   7. Reunion, March 20, 1924, Roeding Park....362
   8. Reunion, Roeding Park, Mother's Day, 1947....363

Page

9. Reunion, 1954....364
10. Reunion, 1957....365
11. Reunion, 1963....366

11. TRIPS....367

1. Pages of Pictures....377
   1. Mostly Times of the Darius Myers Colony....377
   2. Mostly Individual Photos, Gathered in June, 1967....378
   3. Mostly around 1966....185
   4. Mostly 1965 and 1966 (colored)....186
   5. Mostly 1965 and 1966 (colored)....187
   6. Trip of Beulah and Violet, June 11-20, 1967 (colored)....188
   7. Mostly December, 1967....379
   8. Time of Uncle Gene's Funeral, January 11, 1968....380

12. OUR MEN IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY FORCES....381

1. Pages of Pictures....383-388
   1. Mostly Supplied by Herman....383
   2. Pictures Clarence King Took (upper part of page)....384
   3. Happy Memories, No. 1....385
   4. Happy Memories, No. 2....386
   5. Precious Memories....387
   6. Precious Pictures and Prayers....388

13. MISCELLANEOUS....389

1. Chart of The Ages....392
2. At Old Timers' Picnic....393
3. Pages of Pictures....395
   1. Miscellaneous....395-396
   2. Old Timers' Picnics....396

14. DARIUS MYERS ESTATE AND CONCLUSION....397

1. Share of Darius Myers' Estate....397

15. MEMORIAL CARD....398

ADDENDA

	Page
Genealogical Data	1
Audrey Sproul's Page	2
Billie Bunn's Page	3
Illustrations, Mostly Trip, Nov. 19 to Dec. 3, 1968	4
Epilogue Trip, 1968	5, 6
My Eighty-Second Birthday and the Last Christmas of My Book, by Violet	7
Letters from Nellie, Ruth, Gilbert Sproul, Jr., Violet and Rose Wessler. Account of Nellie's Funeral	8
Excerpts from Beulah's Letters. Wedding Invitation. Wedding of Milo and Nina	9
Letter from Dr. Eugene Childers	10
Just Good, Plain People	11
Trip to Alpine and Descanso. And to Chula Vista	11
One of Grandpa's Sisters (?). Herman Writes about the Picture	11
Visit of Jeffrey Lawrence Swanson	12
Mystical Experiences	12
Cornelia Leich Myers	12
Illustration, Trip, March 27 to April 14, 1969	13
Trip, March 27 to April 14, 1969	14, 15
Letters from Alta, Beulah and Violet, with Plans for a Reunion	16
Two Poems	16
Family Pictures	17
Berkeley Days	18
Kingsburg and San Diego	19
Malaga, Fowler and Kingsburg, 1913-1915	20
Malaga, Auberry and Fowler, 1914	21
Happy Home Folks	22
Alta's Letter, Violet's Reply	23

ADDENDA

Genealogical Data

FAMILY OF LOUISE 1129174

Linda Meador, m. Steve Harwood.

1. Traci Rene Harwood, b. Feb. 14, 1968.

FAMILY OF GORDON 112917J

Chris Lambert Marley, m. Sandy ——.

Wendy Marie Marley (112917J1121), b. Aug. 6, 1968.

Milo Odell Marley (112917J114), m. Mar. 2, 1969 Nina Rita Calcagno, dau. of James Joseph Calcagno and Gladys Mary Lagossi, whose mother was Anne ——. Nina's grandfather was Nunzio Calcagno, who came from Italy. Her grandmother was Nellie, also Italian. Born Feb. 24, 1951, Nina is sister of Joseph and Anthony Calcagno.

Tamara Sansoni (112917J15), m. June 1969 Jack Jones.

FAMILY OF ELSIE 1129176

Ethel Platzek (11291762), m. (3) Robert Myers, of New York, a theatre producer.

Family of Basye: Leon Basye's oldest girl, Laura Carla Basye, m. —— Tatus at Fairfax, Virginia. They had Robin, b. Sept. 13, 1967. Bernice's oldest daughter has Melody Burlingame, b. July 7, 1968.

FAMILY OF FLORA

Dale Alan Reed, 112917L62, m. Nov. 23, 1968 Lauren Dee Mark, dau. of Mr. and Mrs. James Mark. Lauren has a half-brother and sister.

Autumn Elizabeth Churchill, 112917L111, m. Jan. 22, 1969 at Las Vegas, Nevada, Cleo "Sonny" McGinnis. He m. (1) Hazel Sheffield, dau. of Jim and Lucile Sheffield. She died in an auto accident Oct. 1962. They had (1) Cleo "Shorty" Edward McGinnis, b. July 21, 1955; (2) Helen Lucille, b. July 14, 1956; (3) Jimmy, b. Oct. 30, 1957, and (4) John William, b. Jan. 25, 1959.

Valla Marie Bunn, 1129117121, m. June 28, 1969 at Fontana Ross Alstin Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, of Harrison, Ark. He has four brothers, one sister. He had four years in the Air Force.

FAMILY OF BERT 112917M

Gilbert Sproul, who m. Nellie Myers, d. Nov. 4, 1968 at Ontario, Oregon.

Nellie Esther Myers (112917M4) d. Jan. 4, 1969.

FAMILY OF BERTHA 112917N

Penny Joe Schmidt (112917N124), m. (1) 1966 Earl Barr.

1. Robin Loraine Barr (112917N1241), b. July 31, 1967. m. (2) Dick Garcia.
2. Joseph Garcia (112917N1242), b. Oct. 19, 1968.

FAMILY OF PHOEBE MYERS SEARS 11291

Herbert Lehrbach (11291), d. Jan. 30, 1969; bur. Feb. 2, 1969.

HERBERT LEHRBACH

from the *Fowler Ensign* issue of February 12, 1969
Fowler, California

Herbert Leon Lehrbach, 65, died January 30, in Santa Clara County.

Lehrbach spent his early years in Fowler. He attended grade school in Fowler from 1908 to 1917. After one year in high school, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy and served two years.

The remainder of his life was spent in San Francisco and San Jose where he was engaged in the automobile business and operation of an oil company. He was conducting operations with the oil company in San Jose at the time of his death.

He is survived by his widow, Mary R. Lehrbach, of Santa Clara, two daughters, Mrs. Harry P. (Ruth) Winslow of Los Gatos and Mrs. Dick (Carolyn) Lafferty, of San Jose; a brother, Herman J. Lehrbach of San Francisco and seven grandchildren.

He was a past Master and member of the Burlingame Lodge No. 400, F & A M, Scottish Rite Bodies and the San Jose Body of Sciots.

Funeral services were held Monday, February 3, at Darling-Fischer Gardens in San Jose under the auspices of Burlingame Lodge No. 400, F & A M.

Jim, Bob, Nancy, Jeff, and Randy Sproul, summer, 1968.

Audrey, Nancy and Jeff, 1968.

FAMILY OF BERT — AUDREY SPROUL'S PAGE
STORY OF AUDREY D. SPROUL who m. ROBERT L. SPROUL, 112917M43

by Audrey

I met my husband, Robert Lee Sproul (Buck) in Santa Monica and we were married Feb. 21, 1955 in Pacific Palisades, Calif. I had been married previously and from that marriage had my son, James, whom Buck legally adopted shortly after we were married. Buck was in the Marine Corps and stationed at Point Mugu, Calif. On Dec. 14, 1955, our son, Robert, was born in Pt. Hueneme, Calif. Randall was born in Oxnard, Calif. on July 9, 1957. We were transferred to Parris Island, South Carolina early in 1959 and our third son, Jeffery, was born there in the town of Beaufort on April 7, 1960. We were sent back to Calif. shortly after this and resided in Encinitas until 1964. During this time David was born in Escondido, June 30, 1961. He was born completely retarded and apparently, during the early weeks of pregnancy, part of his brain was never formed. He remained at home until age of four and due to extreme convulsions was placed in Fairview State Hospital where he remains today.

Buck spent over a year in Okinawa and also went to Cuba when the crisis arose over there. Upon his return we were sent to Bremerton, Wash. It was there our 6th child, and only girl, Nancy, was born on June 3, 1964. In 1966, we were once again transferred to California to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego where Buck was a Drill Instructor until November of 1967. At this time he received orders for Vietnam. Before he left he moved the children and me to Santa Monica so I could be near my parents. He left the United States from Norton Air Force Base Dec. 18, 1967. We were informed on June 13, 1968 he lost his life in Quang Nam province. He was attached to H & S Company, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines, 1st Marine Division at the time of his death. We had liked San Diego so well that I chose this city to settle in with my children and bought a house here. Shortly after, my parents also moved here to be near us. Buck's father, Gilbert Sproul, died of a heart attack in Nov. 1968 and his mother, Nellie (Myers) Sproul passed away in Jan. 1969.

In going back in my family, my paternal grandfather, Herbert Marshall, married Mary Dickens; they had four children, John, Herbert, Roy and Mary. My father was Herbert Marshall and he married my mother, Doris May Fernay in St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada in 1932. I was born Audrey Doris Marshall in April 1933 in the same town. I have one sister, Carol Margaret (Marshall) Brown, born in St. Catherines in Oct. 1936; she presently resides in Van Nuys, Calif. with her husband, Lewis, and eight-month-old son, Stephen.

My maternal grandparents were Henry Thomas Fernay and Margaret (Holland) Fernay, both born and married in Lancashire, England. My grandfather's real name was originally Fernayhough but when he married my grandmother he was shunned by his family because she was from a poorer class of people and he shortened his name to Fernay himself. He was an engineer in England and at one time was sent to the United States to work on the building of the Brooklyn Bridge. He died in England when my mother was 12 years old. In 1925, my grandmother brought my mother, Doris, and her sister, Martha (Pat) to Canada to live. Her other children were all married and settled in England. Only my uncle Henry (Harry) Thomas Fernay followed them out later and they all settled in St. Catherines. My grandmother passed away in 1946 at the age of 86. My aunt Pat married James McEvoy and they have one daughter, Bernice. My Uncle Harry and his wife, Dorothy, had two children, Beryl and Harry, Jr., who are now both married and all families reside in St. Catherines. My Uncle Harry retired as general manager of General Motors in Sao Paulo, Brazil a few years ago and moved back to St. Catherines to be close to his family.

Audrey D. Sproul

FAMILY OF FLORA — BILLIE BUNN'S PAGE

Billie Louise Builteman (Bunn)

1913 Mary Mae Agnes Inman — 1913 Guy Cuyler Builteman

(Deceased) Virgie Taylor — Charles Elmer Inman

Mary Brazeltar — Hiram E. Inman

Ollie Bockridge — Samuel Taylor

(Black Dutch) Penn. Lena M. Truesdale — German (Missouri) Robert Louis Builteman

Family from Germany - no record

Dec. 1964 (Picture taken)
Clockwise -
Douglas
Shawn
Valla
Kevin
Billie
Mike
Helly

Note: Chart, letter and picture sent by Billie, who m. Douglas Bunn

March 22, 1969
Box 445 Rt. 1, Alpine, California 92001

Dear Violet,

Sorry I didn't get this out Monday —

The first Inmans (my mothers maiden name) came to Jamestown Va. in 1619 on a boat called "The Falcon". They were origionally from Chester, England. For 5 generations were rectors in the old churches. They were artists, authors principals of schools, Captains & Clergymen. The whole Black River county was owned by them. Charles is a family name carried down through the generations. George Washington is my uncle, six times removed.

From French, English, Scottish, Welch, Castilian, Swedish, Spanish Irish and German royalty.

I can't remember my grandmother's given name on my father's side. I found it!!

Ever,
Billie

MOSTLY TRIP, NOVEMBER 19 - DECEMBER 3, 1968

Top Row: Edna, Genie and Teddy Burroughs. Elden, Karen with Kimberly, Kathy and Ellen Marley, Beulah, Tamara and Jack Jones. Beulah, Frances Brehm and Teeny Myers. Carl and Esther Platzek.
Center: Dr. Eugene Childers.
Left of Center: Katherine Miller. Dwayne Craig Newton, April 17, 1962. Kelly Myers.
Right of Center: Richard, Dorothy, Anne, Denise and Deborah Churchill. Penny, Carol, Eldon, Robert, Carol, Dennis, Jenny Lynn, Alta with Karen, Sandra Lyn, Tillman, Aron Broyles.
Bottom Row: Joe, David and Verna Dustin, Clester and Vernon Phillips, Davene, John with Johnny and Pam Phillips, Vernon and Clester Phillips, Billy and Kathy Phillips, Morris and Helen Gadberry, Helene and Jerry Spitzer, Martha and Harlie Gadberry, Danny, Diana, David and Davene Dustin, Timmy, Tammy, Anthony and Mark holding dog Tiny, Gadberry, Jimmy, Wayne and Frankie Wilson, with Robin. Jenny Lynn with Joseph, Aron, Amy and Robbie.

EPILOGUE TRIP, 1968

by Violet

December 3, 1968

All year long, I had been trying to get the book done, so I could take it up for Aunt Flora to hold in her hand, and to look at, while she could. Especially, I wanted her to see the big, original sheets of pictures from which the illustrations were made. At last, Mr. Schreiber brought the first three folders of the "brown print" (about one-fourth of the book), and promised to send the remaining folders in a week. Arthur O'Sullivan would look after the houses on the hill, and Katherine Miller, who comes winters with her brother, Austin Dwyer, from Minot, North Dakota, would look after the places around my home. So, on Friday, November 19th, "in the spring of the morning," Beulah and I started out in her car, with a drizzle of rain on the windshield.

We stopped in Long Beach at Clarence King's house, and Beulah talked with Jennie and little, blind Annie, while Clarence looked over the folders and pictures. He explained that "Johannes" was a kind of a surname, and meant "John Henry." He had been editing his own genealogical books. Jennie said she would pray for us on our journey.

In Highland Park, a part of Los Angeles, we stayed all night at the home of Teeny Myers and Frances Brehm, who belong to the family of Solomon, Grandpa's brother. They were preparing for the 100th anniversary gathering commemorating the crossing of the plains in a covered wagon by Teeny's grandfather, and expected 123 members of her family to attend. Frances showed us her collection of dolls, and antique furnishings in their house, and we slept in an antique bed. They enjoyed Beulah, who looked pretty in a pink-swirled dress and a white, flower-embroidered sweater she had bought in Ensenada, Mexico. I heard her say, "Violet brought me along to do the talking. She is a good traveler." Beulah is a good driver. She would find places some way or other. She said, "God has his arms around us."

On our way to Taft, over the Ridge Route, we ran into a dense cloud of fog over the Grapevine portion of the Tehachapi Freeway. We were surely glad to receive Carl and Esther's warm welcome and to stay all night. Carl told me, "One day about ten years ago, I looked at a cigarette I was holding in my fingers, and I said, 'You dirty little thing! What have I to do with you!' And I haven't smoked since!" Now that he has retired from driving a school bus for 30 years, he has joined a golf club.

Sunday forenoon, when we arrived in Delano, we went to the Kingdom Hall and an usher called Alec out of the meeting, and he called Lydia out. She went with us to their trailer, and Alec came later. When Alec's winery job is finished for the season, they intend to move to Ramona.

We reached Aunt Flora's house late in the afternoon. Edith, Lester and Ruth had departed an hour earlier, but Jessie and Don were still there. They had all helped paint the front room a light yellow. Aunt Flora had wanted to be in the midst of things. Beulah went to the Ragsdale's to sleep. Next morning, Beulah took me to see Hester, who showed us her bedroom in Mrs. Wyatt's home, and took me on a tour of the Rest Home, telling me the name of each guest. I gave her a copy of the First Home Folks Book, and the tears popped out of her eyes, and she kissed it. She had wanted one to make up for the one lost when her mother had died.

Then Beulah took me to Joey and Verna's house, with its new addition. Lydia had sent a box of presents and Davene, David, Darlene, Diana and Danny played happily with them. Davene played three pieces on the piano. Beulah talked with Verna as she prepared supper. Joey sat down to the table, and Verna called out, "Children!" They all bowed their heads, while Joey said a nice, long blessing.

On Tuesday, we made Oroville, stopping over at Stockton to see Ralph Wilder. He was in Cottage 3 of the State Institution, lying on a settee with Bishop Sheen's "Way to Happiness" beside him. Beulah put her arms around his neck, and said, "Guess who's here!" He responded, "Alta and Tillman!" Then he turned his face and exclaimed, "Beulah and Violet!" He was plump and talked intelligently. He could not bear to look at Aunt Lydia and Uncle Harry's wedding picture in the book. He cried out, "My father!"

In Oroville, Ethel Platzek took us to Delphia's house. They had a great time visiting over the pictures and the book. When Max came home from the cannery, he looked at them also, sitting in a big chair, smoking his pipe.

We started early next morning for Orland. Edna Burroughs, my college and life-long friend, had written explicit directions for finding Windswept Ranch out of Hamilton, where Oscar has bought 6,000 acres for raising Morgan horses, and heifers to supply the dairy ranch at Knightsen. After we had entered the ranch, we saw two men in cowboy clothes mounted on big brown horses, herding cows into a corral. "There is Oscar!" I cried. "And there is Phil!" They directed us to the Big House, where we slept in Edna's apartment and ate at the long table in Oscar's part of the house. Genie cooks for all, the hired men included. She takes Teddy to kindergarten and Robin to the eighth grade. Ben was married in August to Bonnie Todd, before he went overseas to Vietnam. Genie spoke proudly of "my sons' wives." She asked, "I'd say they were 100 per cent, wouldn't you, Mother?" "Yes," Edna replied. Next morning, we stopped at Phil's house, and saw Lynn and the baby, but David was in kindergarten.

We went around the eastern side of Clear Lake to find Marie Provencher at Lakeport, but she and Les had gone to San Francisco for the day, we learned from Gloria Lucius at the Lakeside Hospital, where she is secretary to Leslie, the manager. They have bought a big house that used to be a hotel, where Maurice and Marisa can have room for growing up, she told us. She ordered two plates of vegetarian dinner which we ate sitting at the desk in Leslie's office.

At Ukiah, we visited Fred Skrbek in a hospital, then traveled after dark the mountain road to Philo, where Elsie, his wife, let us sleep in a big bed warmed by an electric blanket. After I had gone to bed, I could hear Beulah telling about her children as she showed Elsie the five pages of "the Gordon Family" illustrations.

Thursday, we turned off at Asti and took the tour of the Italian Swiss Colony Winery, along with some German-speaking people.

It wasn't difficult to find Rudolph Platzek's house in San Rafael. Rudy and Mark were home, but Hope, who teaches kindergarten, and Zanda had not yet come home. When Rudy was working for our government in Iraq, Hope, with her baby, had left the country one week before the Revolution, and Rudy had fled at the last moment. He gives lectures at the University of California at Berkeley on recreational landscape architecture. The city of Los Angeles has bought his plan for the development of the land around Lake Isabella.

Tamara welcomed us to her apartment in Fremont, and we stayed there until Monday morning. Beulah took me to Milpitas to visit Nadine Kofler and her family. The children came in from out of doors with rosy cheeks. Vickie, Johnny, Allen, Dennis and Janet. Nadine and Carl were planning a Thanksgiving reunion dinner for 32 people. When we returned home, we found Milo and his girl friend, Nina Calcagno. Milo has quit smoking, as have Elden, Boyd and Brent, whom we saw in their homes next afternoon and evening. At Elden's house, Kathy and Karen were good to their golden-haired little sister, Kimberly, and all three look forward to the new baby to come around New Year's. Boyd

and Betty had just returned from a trip to Lake Tahoe. Heidi loves Gabi's baby, Linda, "like a sister," Gabi said. Gabi is Betty's daughter who came from Germany over a year ago. Linda stood still on the carpet, then toddled into Boyd's waiting arms. At Brent and Myrtle's house, Shelley Anne sat beside Brent in his big chair, and he looked down lovingly on her brown, curly hair. I held Windy Marie, daughter of Chris and Sandy. She was born on August 6th. It was Ellen who took us around and brought us back to Tamara's. Tamara is planning on marrying Jack Jones in June. Beulah plans to stay with her until after New Year's.

Monday, Tamara took Beulah and me to Fresno in her $5000 new sports car. We went out first to Don and Jessie's, then to Martin and Ethel's house, where I slept that night. Ethel told me about a vision she had had before Uncle Gene's funeral. "Papa and Eunice were holding hands, as if taking care of each other," she said. "That helped me, because I knew it was not Papa himself lying there." Three days before she joined the Mormon Church, she had a vision of two angels blessing her.

Next morning, Martin took me over to see Aunt Flora, who was wearing the pink-and-red swirled dress I had brought her. She was lying on the davenport, and I held her warm, frail hand and said, "I love you, Aunt Flora." "I love you, too," she responded. We did not stay long, for I was expecting Tillman to come and get me at Martin's. Toward night, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox came and took me to Alta and Tillman's mobile house at Bass Lake, where I remained until Saturday morning.

Wednesday, Tillman took Alta and me to visit Alice Wells at Northfork. Erwin was away, getting wood. Marjorie was away from her home also.

On Thanksgiving Day, we walked over the mountain to the home of Ruth Luhm and her big son, Tucker, manager of the lumber company at Oakhurst. We had such a good turkey dinner! Then Tillman walked home, but Alta and I stayed to help with the dishes. Afterwards, we went into the big living room and I told Tucker's fortune by his hand. "You would make a good husband and father," I said. (Tucker is 31.) He brought Alta and me home in his car. When I put my hand in his to thank him, he bent over and kissed me.

Friday, I took a walk up the mountain behind the mobile home, and saw some deer-tracks and a patch of snow. I sang Papa's song, "Ubers Bergel bin i' gange, Ubers Bergel im Wald," which means "Over the mountains am I gone, Over the mountains into the forest," and I wondered if I would see him and the other loved ones again, and if they could know about us now. How can the liveness of life end in this world or in another? Anyway, God knows about us. Had He not sent me the vision of Maude? I was grateful to Him for letting me be in the mountains with loved ones, who loved the Lord. I sat on a tree-stump and thought of Tillman reading portions of the Bible to Alta as she prepared breakfast. The evergreen trees were washed clean by the rain and snow, and the deciduous trees were bright with yellow leaves. Everywhere Beulah and I had gone, we had noticed the autumn colors.

On Saturday morning, Tillman brought us down to Fresno, stopping first at Florabelle and Johnny's house before going to Aunt Flora's, whose 94th birthday it was. Alta had made an evergreen decoration for her, and we had ice-cream "for a party." After their church services, Mrs. Wyatt came with Hester, who sang, "Happy Birthday, Aunt Flora, Happy Birthday to you." After Aunt Flora had slept, Richard arrived, with Anne, Deborah, Denise and Dorothy. They looked at the big sheets of pictures, and Anne discovered a resemblance between Richard and Uncle George in his young-man photograph. Richard explained that Deborah was especially interested in remembrances, and she may be the one to compile the next family book.

Before phoning for Martin to take me home, I sat beside Aunt Flora, holding her left hand. "Both of us have Myers' hands," I remarked. "See the long fingers that balance equally the palm, the big capable nails, the joints, the well-developed mounts, the hollow in the center of the palms, which means we hold onto what is precious to us. Let me see if you are going to have a long life. Yes, there is a double life-line, one line helping the other. Your Line of providential luck goes zig-zagging clear across the palm to the middle finger, just like mine does. God has helped us all along the way. Both your head and heart lines are strong and deep. Your little finger comes up above the joint of the next finger, much better than mine does, showing that you are a leader and can talk and write well. See what a long art-finger you have! Your palm is longer and narrower than mine. You shouldn't have had to work so hard. Your hands are limber, but see what a strong will you have, for your thumb sticks out, straight and firm!"

Martin came just then, and I was grateful for a warm bed in his house, for it was cold and rainy outside.

Sunday, Ethel and I had a good visit before Martin took me to see Mori, living now with her mother and new father in Suzanne's house. She sang, "My country, 'tis of thee," in a clear, true voice. Shortly after we arrived at Aunt Flora's, Joey came and took me by his new transmission shop at 6th and Belmont on the way to the home of Verna's parents, where were gathered 32 members of her family. I took pictures of them, although the light was dull. Davene and Diane accompanied us on our visits around among the Newton's.

We were surprised to see how big Clarence and Birdie's mobile house is, containing all the furniture from the house they sold. Birdie had arranged for both of her boys' families, and for Clarence's mother to come there, and we waited for them. Chuck's baby, Charles, has blue eyes like his, but with Barbara's expression. Shelly and Karen, the little daughters of Clifford and Janice, resemble each other. Mrs. Newton, in a pink dress and white sweater, looked happier than I have ever seen her.

It was dark when we reached Tommy and Gloria's house, and Douglas and Dwayne were in their pajamas. So were Terry, Robin and Patricia at Mary Ellen and Don's house. They live only a few doors apart.

Jerry and Mary have eight happy, healthy boys and girls who fill up their enlarged house: Richard, Jeri, Lori, Jackie, Michael, Edward, Alan and Ronnie. Jerry plans to buy a piano for Michael. He sees to it that Mary gets to visit her relatives in Boston. He takes the whole family in his airplane to see people and places. We wished Eugene could come to visit us once in awhile. When he was a boy, Eugene stayed at Ellen's, before he went to Alta's, and he looked after little Jerry when he was a run-around. Now, Jerry has his own electrical business, and has Clifford and Tommy working for him. When Bobby visited me from Camp Pendleton, he said he wanted to work for Jerry after he got out of the service.

Alta had shown me a photograph of Dr. Eugene Childers taken for a gallery exhibit of physicians in New Jersey, his hands posed as if for a portrait. "A doctor is what he wants to be," Alta explained. "We went to a hospital and we could see the faces of his patients brighten when he would speak to them or pat them. Now he has it arranged for patients to come to him at hospitals instead of making house-calls."

Gloria remarked, "We could sure make use of him here." We are proud of all our relatives, both men and women, who are in business. As Richard looked over the brown-print pages of the book, he complained, "There isn't a horse-thief among them all, for me to tell my children about." "No," I

told him, "In all my investigations, I couldn't find one bad one." Grandpa would have been proud of his descendants.

It was late when Joey brought me home to Martin's. Seven-year-old Diane Violet had her head on my shoulder, and as the light turned on inside the car, I saw her sweet face, with the blue eyes and the dark wavy hair above, turned upward toward mine. "I don't want you to die," she said softly. Verna apologized, "You never can tell what a child will say." But I said, "Thank you, darling."

Next morning, Monday, Martin took me to the Greyhound bus station, and I boarded the special bus which brought me back to San Diego in seven hours. Katherine welcomed me, and Dick, from the Rear Cottage, and Hank, from the Corner Cottage, went down and brought back my suitcases.

I had been gone 18 days and 17 nights, had visited 16 towns or cities; had seen many relatives and friends; and had procured 34 orders for the book, with $726 offered in payment, plus five names with question marks. At Aunt Flora's I had found the bill from Arts & Crafts Press, with the final sections of the brown print. It was for $8,208.60. The pages of colored pictures cost $744.00. My price of $40 a book should have been nearer $60, for there were many additional expenses through the years I have been preparing for this book, especially the last dozen years. It has been a labor of love. I knew that few would be willing to pay the actual cost, so I explained, "I am setting the price at $40, but I want all who wish to have a book to have one, so put down what you will, and I will count the difference as my inheritance to you. Choose which color of binding you prefer, blue or red. If you keep the books in the open air, Mr. Schreiber said they could last more than a hundred years. They may become very valuable."

On this trip, I contacted relatives who represented one brother and ten children of Grandpa Darius Myers. Frances Brehm represented Solomon. As nephew of Flora A., Clarence King represented Phil, and as nephew of Susie, Darius. Alice Wells represented Rebecca; I, Louise; the Platzeks, Elsie; Ralph, Lydia; Beulah, Gordon; Hester, Judah; and a number of others represented Flora and Bertha.

Aunt Flora did get to see the illustrations. I held the big, original sheets up before her eyes, one by one. And she did look through the brown-print sections, reading the headings during the days I was in the mountains. I pointed out to her the Foreword, which she had written. God grant she lives to see and hold the finished book!

Christmas will soon be here. Last evening, over the radio, I heard Rev. Fifield, of the Voice of Freedom, close his talk with the ending, "In the words of Tiny Tim, 'God bless us all.' Goodbye and God bless you."

That is what I pray for you, oh, my beloved homefolks!

MY EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY

December 16, 1968

Yesterday, on my 82nd birthday, Katherine Miller took me to Sunday School, and the Philathea Class sang, "Happy Birthday, God bless you," when I put my dollar in the birthday box. They clapped their hands in appreciation of the Christmas decorations Dick and Hank had put up the day before. Anne Bishop was the teacher. She gave each of us a tall vase with a rosebud in it.

Katherine had bought ice-cream and cake which we shared with those who were at home. Along in the afternoon, she took me to visit old friends, Mary Berger, Larry Lopez, Lulu Sharpless, who is 96 years old, and Hazel Chastain Williams, who used to be my pupil at Memorial. We went up on top of Grant Hill Park and saw the huge approaches to the San Diego-Coronado bridge, now being erected.

When we reached home, there was a birthday telegram stuck inside the door from Arthur O'Sullivan, my new manager for the houses on the hill.

I wrote to Aunt Flora whom I love so much. She is like a golden thread that runs through this book.

After I had gone early to bed, I listened to Christmas songs and messages about God's love and the precious gift of Christ, about the resurrection and life after death, and the reunion with loved ones. There was even our farewell mountain song we used to sing by the campfire, "God be with you till we meet again."

THE LAST CHRISTMAS OF MY BOOK

by Violet

December 25, 1968

The Three Wise Men of the Apollo have circled the moon, have read about the creation from the book of Genesis, and are now on their way back to earth. The crewmen of the Pueblo have returned to San Diego and are now eating dinner with their loved ones, at Balboa Naval Hospital, for it is twelve o'clock. The poinsettia tree under my office window is gay with hundreds of bright red blooms. The radio reports a white Christmas across the northern portion of the United States clear down into Illinois.

This forenoon, I went around our neighborhood giving jars of home-made guava jelly. This afternoon, Katherine will take me up on the hill to distribute presents. My grandnephew, Charles, is working today, Joyce phoned from Ontario, so they will come Saturday, bringing Steve, Linda and their little girl Traci, and David will join us for a postponed Christmas dinner.

Many Christmas greetings have arrived, and I have been imagining the homes from which they came, and the celebrations in honor of Christ's birthday.

In genealogy, the birth of a person is the most important event. Because of the birth of the Christ Child, we have a glorious heritage. God gave us the greatest gift, His Son. His birth made all the difference in the world, for in Him we have hope of reunion with loved ones.

Heaven must be something like Christmas.

December 10, 1968

Dearest Violet:

. . . I just can't hardly stand the thot that Gilbert isn't here he was so good and we were so close and it was such a shock. You know he died in the doctor's office and he did all he could but his heart just quit.

I wish you'd let Alta know as it's so hard to write yet.

All my love

Nellie

December 28, 1968

Dearest Violet:

I'm sending a check for one of the books as I do enjoy reading of our families. . . . The children are so good to me.

I went up to Battle Ground, Washington to help Mother Sproul celebrate her 100th birthday. Judy, Susan & Barbara were all there & all of Mother's 7 children that are still living. It was a hard day for me as we had planned on celebrating our 41 wedding anniversary that day & I missed Gilbert so & of course Mother did also as he was the youngest son, but she did so want to see me as she hadn't been able to come to the funeral. She did help me by saying whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

Ruthie got over her gall-bladder operation real good and is back in her trailer home in Santa Cruz.

I'm having a farm sale Jan. 13 & surely hope it does well. . . . I'm hoping I can lease the place & reserve the house so

I'll have somewhere to live without living with the children as I think they need lives of their own. . . .

Love, Nellie

January 7, 1969

Dear Violet:

I'm sorry I haven't let you know sooner but I haven't been well and couldn't think of anything. You know Gilbert passed away Nov. 4. Then Jan. 4 Nellie passed away.

I went over to Gilbert's funeral it was such a shock to me that I came back and was very sick. Nellie came and spent a few days with me then I had to have a gall operation Nov. 27. The doctor and my children wouldn't let me go to Nellie's funeral.

I must get on my feet have to go back to work the first of Feb.

Jess and Vera were here yesterday. He is tired but well. Hope you are well, dear.

Lovingly, Ruth

ACCOUNT OF NELLIE'S FUNERAL

by Audrey Sproul (phoning to Violet)

January 11, 1969

Ever since Buck and Father Sproul died, Mother Sproul wasn't the same. She cried all the time. She couldn't bear their deaths, and she kind of gave up. Maybe she wanted to die.

I flew up. Kenneth and Trina, Jess, Aunt Ada from Denver—everybody was there. The funeral was in the United Methodist Church, a new church. It was full. Both services were alike for her and him, same songs, same minister. It's been a hard year, three deaths.

She had made out a will after he died, leaving everything equal to the children—Gilbert, Jr., Barbara, Rose, Susan, Judy, and Buck's share for his children.

She had planned on coming to visit us. She was going to stay with Judy next month when she had her baby. Judy's husband is attending the University at La Grand, Oregon. Susan is in college there, studying to be a teacher.

That's the end of things up there at the ranch. Barbara is the only one lives close. Gilbert will take over. They'll go ahead with the auction, and sell the place through real-estate. Gilbert's address is P.O. Box 104 Juliaetta, Idaho.

I've been on the go. I'll graduate from Clairemont High School this year. My father and mother bought their home down here. They help me, always have. Kenneth and Lee Roy live in Riverside. I haven't met all the family. When Beulah comes back, we'll get together down here. I could bring the children over.

Box 104
Juliaetta, Idaho 83535
January 26, 1969

Dear Cousin Violet:

Received your letter and received courage from your words of wisdom.

We as a family will surely miss both father and mother. You do not realize how much you rely on their advice until they are no longer there to give it. Although I have been away from home over 20 years it still leaves a great vacuum to know they are gone and no longer there to listen to your problems and give advice if asked for it.

I have often thought in years past how fortunate our family had been in not having any deaths in the immediate family, and now it seems it comes all at once.

It is fortunate that Susan and Judy are as old as they are and able to be on their own.

We are trying to sell the place and it will be strange not having a "home" to visit as before.

I would appreciate very much if you would send the book to me, as I have most of the family pictures and am going to try to arrange them in an album and I may be able to identify some of the older pictures from the book. I will also see that the girls get to see it.

Sincerely,
Gilbert Sproul

January 31, 1969

Dear Gilbert:

Yes, I will send you the Home Folks Book which Nellie wanted so much to read. She cared for the homefolks and kept in touch with us through letters and reunions. Several of her family came down with her to the last reunion. She looked young, with her hair done up pretty.

Nellie was born when I was twenty-two years old. She resembled her mother, in looks and ways, and had the same love for children that Aunt Rose had. She was like a second mother to her little brother, Lee Roy. Her children were to her the best and nicest children in the world. Her husband was the best and nicest husband. Gilbert and Nellie had so much love, they added Susan and Judy to their family circle. You were all one loving family. No matter how far away any of you lived, you would come "home" to loving welcome.

Three deaths in a row—that is the legendary way it has been in the Myers family.

Now you are the eldest member of your family. You still have your sisters, your wife and children who need you to be strong. God understands your sorrow. Surely He will provide a way to satisfy the need to see your loved ones again.

When the Christmas astronauts looked down on the blue orb of earth, they prayed, "God bless all the people on the good earth." I pray, "God bless all my homefolks still living on the good earth."

Lovingly, Violet

7461 Peacock Way
Sacramento, California
February 5, 1969

Dear Violet:

. . . We lost our Mother two months to the day after we lost our father. The doctor said it was her heart but I know what she truly died from was a broken heart. It was just too hard on her to lose a son and a short time later to lose her husband. My Mother and Father had such a wonderful relationship. In all the years I was home I do not ever remember hearing my Father raise his voice at her. Oh, I loved them all so much sometimes I wish I could join them, but I know I must go on for the sake of my own family.

It was such a sad time at the farm this last time. We had to pack everything and sold all the cows and equipment. The farm will be sold also. Oh, I hated it when we drove away on our way back to California. It was just like tearing a piece of my heart out.

Oh, I am so thankful, though, that we have a big brother like our Gilbert, Jr. He took over for all of us and made all the arrangements. And I am so thankful for my three wonderful sisters . . .

Lovingly, Rose Wessler

EXCERPTS FROM BEULAH'S LETTERS

43125 Mayfair Park., Apt. 25
Fremont, CA 94538
December 17, 1968

Dear Violet:

We all went over to Elden's house Xmas Eve and exchanged gifts. Kathy, Karen and Kimberly were to open their gifts Xmas morn. So the Marley boys were all together except Milo.

Xmas morn we were all asked to go eat breakfast at the Holiday Bowl.

I was invited to Betty's house for Xmas dinner. Milo and Nina came later. Everyone had a good Xmas I think.

I got a picture of Lindy Carr, Gertrude's daughter. She is 18. Sure has dark eyes and pretty hair.

Elden sure liked the picture of us. You take good pictures, they said.

Love, Bea

January 8, 1969

Dear Violet:

I cannot leave here because Ellen needs someone for a few days. Dr. wants her to go into Kaiser's Hospital tomorrow morn. She don't have anyone else when she is gone to look and cook for the girls. She has trained them to keep their rooms clean and do housework . . . Kimberly and I get along fine. So do the girls. They have grown up a lot. Elden has a handfull here. But he enjoys them all. I am the only Grandma. They would rather have me than strangers.

Love from Bea

January 9, 1969

Dear Violet:

Elden took Ellen to the hospital this morn. She had the baby at 5 minutes to 12 o'clock on Thurs., Jan. 9th. 6 1/2 lbs. They are naming her Kristen Louise Marley. Elden just came back and told us. Karen was so excited she called me twice from school. They are glad it was a girl. But Elden wanted a boy.

Now I guess it will be up to Chris and Milo to carry on the Marley name. But not right away.

Elden wanted me to let you know right away about the baby.

Elden has a tutor for the girls once a week. Elden wants them to learn better than he did. He remembers the little wagon you brought him when his Dad was on W.P.A. We didn't have enough for toys in those days as times were hard. Now he tries to satisfy his children because he didn't have things when he was small. He is awful good to his family. He has the same job where he has worked at truck driving for 9 years. So he is pretty steady. Also a good worker.

I am Grandma 7 times now; 3 times Great Grandmother now.

I got a letter from Connie. She had a very nice Xmas. But she doesn't say anything about coming to California yet. Elden is sure happy about the baby. But worried about moving.

Love to you Violet from Bea

January 16, 1969

Dear Violet:

. . . Milo said he was coming after me Friday even to take me out to dinner to meet his future Mother-in-Law. She is a nurse. Tamara said she looks a lot like Nina. March 2nd in Hayward is when they get married. Milo will be 24 yrs. old Feb. 15th. Alton was 24 when we were married.

Love to you and the rest there.

Bea

Mrs. Gladys M. Torres
requests the honour of your presence
at the marriage of her daughter
Nina Rita Calcagno
to
Mr. Milo Odell Marley
on Sunday, the second of March
at two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon
St. Bedes Church
26950 Patrick Avenue
Hayward, California

Reception following ceremony
Blue Dolphin
Foot of Marina Boulevard
San Leandro, California

WEDDING OF MILO AND NINA

by Beulah

March 19, 1969

The wedding and the reception afterwards turned out real nice. Brent and Boyd were ushers, with white jackets. Nina's grandfather gave her away. We were all there. There were about 200 people present. They took a lot of pictures, and had a hundred dollars' worth of flowers. They used the wedding book you sent for names, and Nina wrote things in it.

The priest was a young man. Milo and Nina stood in front of him as if they were in a daze. He waved his hand up and down for them to kneel, but they just stood there, so he married them standing up. Nina had to lift Milo's hand to put the ring on his finger.

Nina is going to be all right. She finishes high-school in June. Their apartment is fixed up nice. They got a lot of things at the shower. I went to see them, and Milo spoke to her bossy, and she went off into the bed-room. "You shouldn't speak to her like that," I said. "But I've known her for eight months," Milo said. "That doesn't make any difference," I told him. So he went in and talked to her, and she came out. They're going to get along all right.

Milo's employer was at the wedding. He praised Milo for his work and willingness. "When Milo got out of the service," he told me, "he came the very next Monday to begin work again."

Nina's mother is smaller than she is. "Milo is an Italian name," she said, looking over all of our family, "but I don't see any Italians among his relatives!"

LETTER FROM DR. EUGENE CHILDERS

9 Edgewood
Edison, New Jersey
February 12, 1969

Dear Violet:

I'm very interested in giving the family a resume of my experience since leaving Alta and Tillman to go into the Navy and eventually to complete my medical career.

I have tried to evaluate my early life to determine what made a person want to study enough to work toward a difficult goal.

I give credit to my sisters for having taught me to read before going to school so that I seemed able to keep ahead of my class until my senior year in high school.

I lost my mother at the age of six, and the family was not held together.

The two years I spent in the Welfare Home with Mrs. Robinson were very worthwhile . . .

I tell people that I lived as a hillbilly in the Mountains of California. There were very few rules, no competition, and almost complete acceptance of our life, with only heat from a wood stove and a fireplace, very few clothes and few worries.

Being the only son, Papa certainly spent a lot of time with me and Mama did, too. My fondest recollection of Mama is of her rocking me and reading the funny paper to me. There were happy days and unhappy days.

I gained from living with Ellen and Bob a love for discarded things which I know are useful. Bob worked for the Fresno Disposal Company at that time and I'll always remember the wonderful things he found and brought home to us kids. I learned to work hard from every family that I lived with after Mama died, and I think this hard work was done because of the fear of losing my home . . .

As religion goes, it seems the whole family has a leaning toward some religious faith. The only real experience I had with religion was at the Robinson's where the Baptist religion was practiced to perfection. I sincerely believe that religion is very necessary for comfort in time of distress and as a means of maintaining some form of order in our civilization . . .

Alta and Tillman were very good to me in giving me a home, allowing me to go to college, and also learning responsibility. At their home, I was also with my younger sister, Birdie. We were both in the band at Clovis High School. With Bill, Edith and Philmore, we had a happy growing up period. Everybody worked hard on the farm.

I started to Fresno State College wanting to be a civil engineer. I switched to a business course and did fairly well. At the end of two years, I quit to go to work.

The war was coming along at that time and everyone was wanting to get into the Air Corps. I had done some flying while in College but it always scared me; however, I decided to try; also Phil. He was accepted and I was rejected because of my vision. I decided that carrot juice would help my vision and drank gallons of it. I then went to the recruiting station in Fresno to join the Naval Air Corps. I had copied the eye chart down when the recruiting officer wasn't looking and memorized it. But I was not accepted when I went to San Francisco.

Well, I was determined to get into the Air Corps, so then, thanks to you, I was able to establish residence in San Diego and try to get into the Navy in another district. Lo, and behold, it worked! Memorizing the eye chart and answering the questions as any dare-devil flyer would do, I passed with flying colors. I was determined to be in there with the glory boys.

My first station was at Fort Alamitos where the smog made it difficult for a blind pilot but God was with me and I finally was transferred to Corpus Christi, Texas, where I was commissioned an ensign and earned the beautiful golden wings of a naval flier. And God continued to protect me. I then went to Miami, Florida. Then Fort Lauderdale where I was grounded for dangerous flying for one month. During this period, I spent most of my time learning instrument flying. This was indeed a fortunate thing that happened to me in that I had considerable use for instrument flying later in my career and I'm sure this may have saved my life.

I then spent some time in Massachusetts and in Martha's Vineyard. It was here that I met Jacquelyn who I felt was the most beautiful girl in the world. It was love at first sight.

There were many trials and tribulations associated with flying. My poor vision made me more cautious.

I left for the South Pacific War Theater from San Diego, traveling in a jeep carrier to Espirito Santo in the New Hebrides where my squadron, VT 305, was organized for combat. Then we were transported or flew by plane to Guadalcanal and later to Bougainville. I was extremely impressed with the tropical climate and beauty.

My experience in war was limited to bombing Japanese airfields' supply dumps, gun installations and bivouac areas . . .

After combat duty, the squadron was transferred to Barber's Point, Oahu. My stay in the Hawaiian Islands was just perfect. Being an instructor, I was given special privileges and saw and visited all the islands.

From there I returned to California at Alameda. My desire was to return fast to Jacquelyn, and we were married January 25, 1945.

Jackie and I then started traveling from one air station to another. I became worried about my flying career, and told my examiner about my eyes, but the review board sent me back to my old group. Poor Jackie had a terrific adjustment at this time . . . Jackie is an extremely intelligent fighter who has been spoiled somewhat by her beauty and difficult for me to adjust to. I'm learning the hard way.

Shortly after discharge from the Navy, we decided on my completing college. I decided to try for medicine. I required three semesters of premedical courses before admission to a Medical College . . . I completed this at Upsola College in East Orange, New Jersey, where you visited us. Also Tillman and Alta.

We tried for admission at Temple University, then at Jefferson, where the Dean actually interviewed Jackie and I was accepted. The Medical School started at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in October, 1946. Those four years went by extremely fast. It was almost continuous study with a rare break for a party. Graduation came at long last in June 1950 and that M.D. was added. I then took one year rotating internship at the St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island. I took tests for the New Jersey State Medical license, and after passing these, I was ready for practice . . .

All through those years of preparation, Jackie was there beside me. She worked as a medical technician for the first year and then changed jobs to selling advertising for the yellow pages of the telephone book.

A friend of mine from the Navy found a spot for me to start practicing at Metuchen, in Edison township. People whom I take care of have moved out of apartments in Newark, Jersey City, and New York City areas. Can you imagine an old farm-boy learning to understand the City Folks? This has been very interesting. Some of my corn-pone has rubbed off onto them and vice versa. It has worked out fine from a monetary point of view. We are fairly comfortable. We have four fine children: Lee, 17 years old; Gil, 13; Roy, 11; and Ann, 6 years old.

Our family hobby is Amateur Theatre. This is interesting, in that Papa often talked of being a movie star. In fact, I recall singing at his parties when 4 or 5 years old. So the

acting could be inherited. Our group is called "The Edison Valley Players." We have just purchased an old church for a theatre. Our first show was, "How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying." I have played Rudy Vallee's part from "Broadway." Also B. J. Bigley, the president of World Wide Wickets. I believe that acting builds up one's self confidence.

Well, I'm closing now. I have missed the family and California on many occasions. But my responsibility lies here. I've learned to love the East and so I'll stay.

I'm enclosing two pictures of our recent snows, with our three boys in the yard of our home.

Please reserve five copies of the family book. I want to give one to each of the children when they get married.

We will be flying to California in July. A couple of days in San Francisco. Then Fresno and the mountains where we plan to rent a house for a week. Then San Diego, where Lee has a girl friend he wants to see. We'll bring our sleeping bags. See you in July!

Love, Gene

JUST PLAIN, GOOD PEOPLE

March 2, 1969

Yesterday, Alta and Tillman arrived from Bass Lake. Alta explained, "The snow at Bass Lake is 20 inches deep, and Tillman got tired shoveling it." "It would freeze," Tillman said, "then snow on top of that."

Wednesday, Mr. Schreiber brought all the material for the book, for one last inspection before printing. As he laid the bundle upon my desk, he sighed and said, "This way of life is passing. The quiet, simple ways are going and the turbulence has set in."

Last evening, when Alta brought up from downstairs the same bundle, she exclaimed, "Just plain people! But, oh, how wonderful to have been one of them, and to have lived through this period of history! I think of our young people and what they have to face, and I am glad I lived when I did."

Just plain, good people, with the love of God in their hearts! My homefolks.!

March 9, 1969

TRIP TO ALPINE AND DESCANSO

by Violet

Yesterday, Katherine took me and her brother to see Douglas Bunn's home 9 1/2 miles out of Alpine, then 6 miles on to Descanso, to go to Robert Garbani's house and then to the Inn where I boarded when I was teaching at Mt. Empire High School.

Douglas is working on the new highway, and is renting this three-bedroom house with views of mountains on all sides. Billie hopes Douglas' work will last more than I 1/2 years. Valla and Shawn go to El Capitan High School at Lakeside, and Kevin, Lawrence and Holly go to the school at Alpine.

Billie says they are adjusting to this new life, so different from that at Fontana, where their house is. They brought their furniture, including an oil painting of a mountain stream, which Billie said she paid for by baby-sitting for a year. Down in the valley below the house is a small lake, where they can swim and fish. They have 120 acres, with a woodland through which Shawn likes to wander.

At Descanso, we found Chris Garbani, and the three younger children, Sarah, Bobby and Betty Jean at home. Their mother, Jeorgianne, works as post-mistress and I talked with her through the post-office window. She said Mabel is carrying on wonderfully well with her four children after the death of her lawyer husband, Phil Morrison. Mrs. Garbani has been staying with Mabel. Glen is at Imperial Beach. Robert is busy with the cattle-ranch.

Mr. Perkins, the store-keeper next door for 30 years, said he was enjoying the young people who are renting part of the Inn, getting ready to go to Honduras on some sort of archeological expedition.

As we journeyed back to San Diego, we saw much highway construction. Even our mountains are being changed.

AND TO CHULA VISTA

I wish Alta and Tillman had gone to see Douglas. We did go to visit Ione Maloney in Chula Vista, and she showed us all around her beautiful place and house, and let Tillman pick a big bag of oranges, and gave me five jars of jelly from her pomegranate, pyracantha and sapote trees and bushes. Francis is living near her house in San Miguel Village in Mexico, and doing some gem-rock mining with a Mexican partner 300 miles away. Also some painting.

ONE OF GRANDPA'S SISTERS

March 2, 1969

Dear Violet:

This is Gladys writing for Grandma . . . I have been here since last Sat. . . .

Grandma thinks the picture is one of her father's sisters. But she don't know her name. Grandma said it looks like the Myers . . . Grandma said it was hard for her to write any more. She is getting along same as usual.

Love, Grandma and Gladys

Note: Since we have photographs of Cecelia and Euphamia, this may be a picture of Lavina, Phoebe or Surviva. Notice the knotted hands, the high forehead and the deep-set eyes.

Gladys Watson is the nurse who was with Aunt Flora last year, after Uncle Gene died. She was kind and loving, and Martin told me, "Mother blossomed out like a flower."

HERMAN WRITES ABOUT THE PICTURE

April 6, 1969

Now about the photo of an old-time woman Flora said she thought might be one of her father's sisters. I hope she does not claim the picture as such. It might be a photo of someone living near Syracuse, N. Y. . . . I have never located a photo of my great-grandmother Phoebe.

VISIT OF JEFFREY LAWRENCE SWANSON OF NORTH BROOK, ILLINOIS

March 12, 1969

This forenoon, Cousin Jeff Swanson, 20-year-old grandson of Helen Eaton Swanson and brother of Janice Lynn, Stephen and Diane, came to see me, accompanied by Elder Charles Bryan, who is with him on a three-year Mormon Missionary journey. They are living for two months at Pacific Beach, where Priscilla and Prudence Newcomer, Eaton family cousins, also live.

One of the duties of the two young men is to hunt up data about departed relatives who have never had a chance to learn about the Mormon religion, so that living relatives can be baptized by ordinances for their salvation. Jeff believes that families will be grouped together in Heaven. He was especially interested in a picture of Rachel Smith Myers, whose picture I gave him, and in Lavina, her daughter, who married Daniel Eaton.

Then I told their fortunes by reading their hands.

When they said goodbye, Jeff took my hand and said, "Cousin Violet, the Lord must have inspired you in this work, for it will be of value not only to those yet to be born, but also it will provide salvation for those who have departed. We are the in-between people, and we will hand this book down from generation to generation."

MYSTICAL EXPERIENCES

by Violet

March 24, 1969

Dr. Ernest Hocking, my special instructor in Philosophy at the University of California at Berkeley, died about 3 years ago, at the age of 94. In the Faculty Minute tribute to him by a committee of fellow philosophers at Harvard, there was a reference to a mystical experience he had had as a surveyor for the belt-line of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern R.R. when he was a young man. I wrote to Harry Overstreet, his associate at Berkeley, asking about it, and he answered he would "be grateful for any accurate information" about it. So I wrote to Frederick Firth, head of the committee, and he told me what he had remembered about it from Dr. Hocking's books. Dr. Hocking's main mystical experience was this one:

"As I remember the story, Hocking became separated from the other surveyors and found himself alone in a warm spot down in a canyon that had just been cut for the passage of the railroad tracks. I seem to recall that it was close to noon under a hot sun, and that there was no sound to be heard except the murmur of insects. He suddenly became aware of a feeling of Oneness with Reality and of a transcendence of Time. He later came to think that his idealistic metaphysics formulated to some degree the cognitive implications of that experience."

Once I asked Dr. Hocking about God and Jesus, and he answered, "Philosophy is not enough for me. I believe in the divinity of Jesus."

As a guest in his home in Berkeley, I could see how close he was to his wife. After her death, he said she was "unlosable."

For years, I used his big book, "The Meaning of God in Human Experience," as a part of my morning worship.

All of these relationships with Dr. Hocking have meant a great deal to me. Now that I have learned that he had mystical experiences, I am not so hesitant to reveal my own to others.

There have been five main ones. The first one came shortly before my father's death, when I was teaching at Patterson High School. I was sitting at my desk, teaching a lesson in Grammar, when I saw the spirit of Cousin Glen, right over the head of Preston Coats. She had on a blue dress, and she was smiling at me. It must have been a message from God, to reassure me, so that I could bear Papa's tragic death.

The next one came when I was teaching at Ramona, and had my bed on the second-story verandah of Kenilworth Inn, where I was boarding. I had never gotten over Papa's death. He had written to me, "Baby, come," and I thought I could not leave my school. Had I gone, it would not have happened. It seemed as if my heart were bleeding inwardly. As I lay on my bed in the early morning hours, I called out, "God, I cannot bear it any longer." Then it seemed as if Jesus came and sat on the side of my bed, and laid His hand on my head, and said, "You will not have to." The burden of my grief was lifted. I could not have lifted it by myself.

The third one was at Covelo, in a big old-fashioned schoolhouse. I was sitting at my desk during the noon-hour, when a light shone over the desk through a tall window at my left. I went to see what caused it and saw a light about as big as my fist, a little ways outside the window, as if it were looking in at me. I thought, "I must call Dr. Davis." Then the light began to move slowly toward the mountains in a straight line and disappeared. Dr. Davis thought it might have been a light reflecting from a beetle, but a reflection could not have shed that light.

The other two experiences I have told about in the article on "Two Visions." They happened recently.

Dr. Hocking's mystical experiences influenced his whole life and philosophy. As for me, I cling to every evidence of God's love and providence.

CORNELIA LEICH MYERS

by Violet

April 5, 1969

NOTE: *This synopsis of Cornelia's life I found among Alta's papers in her big scrap-book.*

Great-great-grandmother Cornelia Leich had a strong personality. Against the wishes of her family, she married that "hoch deutsch" Nicholas Myers, and in so doing, had her annuity from Holland cut off. She was a large woman, Cousin Sarah reported.

As a young bride, she carried water on a little wagon to the American soldiers encamped near her new home in northern York State. George Washington called her "my red-cheeked Molly."

The home of Nicholas and Cornelia was between the two armies, and they sheltered three wounded soldiers, two Americans, one English. The English soldier died. The hiding place, when investigators came, was the trundle bed under their own big bed.

One night, on an errand of mercy to a sick woman, Cornelia was walking through the woods, when she saw a light up in the air and heard angels singing.

When Aunt Flora and Grandma slept in her bed in Newton, N. Y. in 1901, Cousin Mary pointed out the place near the foot of the bed where Cornelia saw angels standing when she died at the age of 96.

She had borne nine children, six boys and three girls. Her first-born, John Nathan, our ancestor, married Rachel Smith, her spinner, against her wishes. John and Rachel died when my mother was three years old.

Cornelia's tombstone is at Minetto, New York.

MOSTLY TRIP, March 27 - April 14, 1969

First Row: Charles and Winnie Andresen. Mary Ellen, Donald, Terry, Robin and Patricia Bonwell. Gloria, Tommy, Dwayne and Douglas Newton. Bobby Newton.

Second Row: Ione and Violet. Douglas, Billie, Valla, Shawn, Kevin (with puppy), Holly and Larry Bunn. Aunt Flora. Elder Charles Bryan and Cousin Jeffrey Swanson from Illinois.

Third Row: Darlene, Aunt Flora, Diane, David, Gladys Watson, Davene, Verna and Danny Dustin. Sonny, Nina, Teresa, Pat, June, Martin, Mary and Autumn Churchill. Claire (with Bonnie), Violet, Alta and Tillman.

Fourth Row: Robert and Edith Schmidt, Alta and Tillman. Mary Ellen, Don, Robin, Patricia and Terry Bonwell. Mary, Jeri, Michael, Jerry, Laura, Dickie, Alan, Edward and Ronnie Newton.

TRIP, MARCH 27 TO APRIL 14, 1969

by Violet

April 6, 1969

Here I am, at Aunt Flora's house, on this lovely Easter morning, with big white clouds in a very blue sky; ash and sycamore trees along the street putting out leaves; and gardens very green after a winter that has brought over 23 inches of rain to Fresno.

On Thursday, March 27th, I came by United Airlines from San Diego. We could see ocean, snow-covered Sierra mountains, and the checker-boarded San Joaquin Valley, with muddy areas where the rivers had spread out over fields.

For several days after my arrival, the air was warm and springlike. The apple, peach and nectarine trees and the lilac and bridal-wreath bushes in Aunt Flora's yard were in full bloom.

On Monday morning, the Special Directors' Meeting was held in Mr. Hayden's office, and it was decided to extend the Darius Myers' Estate Company at least for another year, and see what might materialize from the lease of the oil and mineral rights of the 320 acres. Grandpa has been dead 72 years, and we had planned to dissolve the company. But what if oil should be struck? Besides Paul, Alta and me, the directors, Tillman, Florabelle, Lydia and Alec, Jim Platzek and his pretty young wife, Denna, were present. Jim and Denna are both attending Fresno State College, she in the field of psychiatry and he in the field of physiology of the central nervous system. Paul seemed disappointed at the decision, because he has borne the burden of the estate so long. But it does mean something even to have the hope of a wonderful happening.

From the meeting, Alta and Tillman took me to a hospital where a woman-friend from Sierra Village Trailer Court had had a gall-stone operation; then to the mission which they help support; then to Aunt Flora's, then to their son, Bill's, house, where he showed us his antique room. Jackson's wife, Pat, and the children, Douglas and Sandra, came while we were looking at the garden. Then Tillman took us up to their mobile home at Bass Lake. Edith and Robert Schmidt arrived just as we did and stayed until Wednesday. They slept in the little trailer.

I took two walks up the mountain, one down to the lake with Alta and Edith, went with Tillman by a round-about way to Oakhurst and with Alta to visit Ruth Helm and to another friend's mobile home. There were still patches of snow, the streams were full of water, and it rained one and one-half inches the last night. Tillman brought me down Friday, but Alta remained to help care for the friend coming home from the hospital. She planned to help with the Little Church in the Pines for Easter. Paul was to explain the two-hour long Cantata. Lela helps with the social activities of the church.

Jessie was at Aunt Flora's when we reached there, and she took me home with her. On the way, we stopped at the home of the Lauders. Mr. Lauder's sister, Esther, is the wife of a former mayor of Fresno, Mr. Henderson. The week before, the Hendersons had invited Don and Jessie to dinner, to enquire about the history of the West Side for a series of articles in the Fresno *Bee*. Don was manager of the Giffen ranch for many years. Jessie was post-mistress and ran Don's store and restaurant. Don is now one of the foremen of the Noble Ranch. Virginia's husband, Harvey, runs a store over there, and their children help him. Virginia sells new houses in Fresno.

Their twelve-year-old son, Bill, had peddled his bicycle from their home to Don and Jessie's ranch. He told us about Dave, in college at Menlo Park, "a place for rich young men." Dave had earned $400 to help with expenses at Fresno State for this year, but the Dean from Menlo had written Dave, asking him to return there, and now Dave had a room all by himself where he could study better. Caroline was in Junior High. Donnie had moved his family from the fire-station back to their own home, as he is now Captain of the Bullard Fire Station in the Fig Gardens.

Bill brought a ladder, so I could pick some oranges. I fed the chickens and gave barley hay over the fence to Hush Up and her calf, Valentine, who gave me a quick, wet caress with her rounded tongue on my extended hand. Don brought me home while it was raining.

Today, Easter, has been bright and shining. In the forenoon, Peaches brought her husband, Sonny McGinnis, and his two sons, Shorty and John. The grandmother who had been caring for them in Kansas, brought them after the marriage. An uncle took the other two children, Helen and Lucille. The boys love their pretty new mother. I asked Sonny, "Is Peaches a good housekeeper?" "The best," he answered. "It is a happy marriage." He owns his own house-moving business in San Bernardino.

Later in the day, Sonny and Autumn Churchill came with Nina, Teresa, Stevie, Mary, Martin and June. Clifford has joined the Army and is in Los Angeles awaiting orders. He is 18, and weighs 250 pounds. Sonny and Autumn are buying their own home at Los Banos. "One clear morning," Sonny said, "we could see from our house the Coast Range, the Valley, and the snow on the Sierras." He is janitor for the gymnasium of the high school. "The students call me 'Mr. Churchill'," he told us proudly.

April 8, 1969

Verna came today with Danny. First she took me to see Joe's new transmission shop on Belmont, then to their home. On the way, three-year-old Danny explained, "We go Grandma's house, no," shaking his head. "We go mine house!" nodding his head. Darlene and Diane were already home from school. Davene and David came later. Diane played on the piano for me. Davene played two Kingdom songs and all but Danny sang the songs clear through. They stood together, and Verna held the telephone receiver over their heads for awhile, so that Joe could listen in his shop. David showed me his tree-house, where he and a neighbor-boy had slept one night last week. Verna showed me the new bedroom set for her and Joe's room, and I looked all through the enlarged house. The children enjoy the snack bar.

April 9, 1969

Last evening, as I was telephoning to Pauline Nix in Fowler, Ruthie Casper appeared in the doorway, her eyes shining. She had driven clear over from Santa Cruz to see the graves of her father and mother and to see Aunt Flora. Aunt Flora sat in her rocking-chair facing the fireplace. "Father used to bring in logs for the fireplace," she remembered. "I don't know why he didn't have the boys bring them in. I can see him now, bringing in a big log."

Ruthie sat in a chair by the door, looking young and radiant. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, I have just had the most wonderful experience! Nothing like this has ever happened in my life before! I have been brought up to believe in the Resurrection and God, but now I *know!* I was standing there, looking over Papa's and Mamma's graves at some Easter lilies, and then I heard a voice saying, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me shall be resurrected and live.' It was just as if a Person had spoken to me." She put her hand over her heart.

"It must have been Jesus Himself," I said. "You have had what is called a Mystical Experience."

Her face was glowing. "I want to tell you something else. My children made me so happy. I said to them, 'I don't know why I have such wonderful children.' Then Mabel and Bill, both of them, said, 'It is because we have such a wonderful mother'."

April 9, 1969

Dear Mamma,

. . . There were 39 Reeds here to help us celebrate Easter. Three came Saturday night, plus Dale and Lauren. Then Dorothy and Alfred from Santa Monica stayed until yesterday.

We had a good time visiting. Everyone brought things and helped out so it was an easy way to entertain. There were several new babies in the family and it was fun to see them and compare them with our little ones. Of course we think out grandchildren are the prettiest and the smartest. Everyone thought Donna's baby looked like Lester when he was that age. I think Scott looks like Dale at that age.

Mamma, I would love to have the painting you did at Battleground, Washington. Violet mentioned it so please save it for me.

Lovingly, Edith

April 10, 1969

I've 'phoned to Pauline Nix, Jessie Golder, Laverne Paulson, Joyce Crowder, Bernadine Gruver, Seymour Myers, Virgie Oberg, Florabell and Johnnie Bosquet, Mabel Hagen and Birdie Newton. Birdie works for Steve Pilibus, an investor and rancher, in his Garden Court Building downtown, which used to be the old Y. W. C. A. building. She had come home tired and hungry, but she said, "Tell me more. I'd rather hear about it than eat." She meant about the lease.

When I told her Gene had 'phoned me from New Jersey that he was coming out in July with his family, her voice gave a great leap of joy, she loves him so much. She wants to read his long letter which I gave to Tillman. Tillman had plead with me to leave out of the book the portion about bootlegging. "People would read it," he explained, "and what would they think of the family!"

Birdie exclaimed, "Oh! But it would be so colorful!" The bootlegging was instigated by Thede Root and Frank Tavener and lasted only a little while. It ceased when Uncle Gil was arrested and released after two days in jail, because he had such a large family to look after. Birdie remembers how the children gathered around the officers begging them not to take their father away. "I don't see how they could," she said, "Gene and I had our arms around Papa's legs."

Gene remembers how he and Mina went over the hill to seek help to get their father out. He was only six. Anyway, that period was full of high adventure. I was up on a visit and went on a walk with Aunt Bertha and the children and came to a kind of rocky cave, into which she would not let me look. The liquor was made from wheat, and from grapes, cut from vines in the yard. Gil was on the whole a good man. It was a happy home. We all liked to go there. Aunt Lydia would say, "Let's go up to little old Auberry!" It was a long ride by buggy or wagon. But when we reached the many-acred place at the head of the valley, we could sit at the long table under the fig-tree, and partake of the game Uncle Gil had brought in from his hunting, and of the vegetables he had raised. Thede and Frank had fled and the bootleg drama was terminated. When Frank had been drinking, he could jump up in the air and click his heels together. All sorts of exciting things happened, even fights and bloodshed. Uncle Gil would display his talents as a born actor. No wonder Gene and Birdie want that period included.

Mr. Schreiber was disappointed to have it eliminated. He said, "As I read through all these pages, I thought, 'No family could be so perfect'."

April 12, 1969

Dear Edith,

Gladys has gone to Mendota and will return by two o'clock, so that I can go with Verna to visit different ones.

It being Saturday, Aunt Flora is reading out of the Bible, in the book of Exodus. "I like the New Testament better," she sighs, "but I'm reading the Bible through." (At 94 years!)

Martin's Ethel is still weak. She was nine days at Sierra Hospital with the Hong Kong Flu. Ruth wrote she will come to see her soon.

Sonny came with his family at Easter. Mary found out that Aunt Flora had peppermint lozenges, and from then on all the children flocked around her in her rocking-chair. Teresa and Nina fixed her hair. Gladys remarked, "In after years, they will tell about fixing their great-grandmother's hair." It is thick, fine and fluffy, gray in front but brown in back, as Grandma's was.

I rescued Uncle Gene's treasure-box he always kept on the narrow stand beside his chair where he sat beside the dining-room table. It is the size of a good-sized stationery box and he made it himself. It should go to the one who would prize it most.

Everywhere about the place I am reminded of Uncle Gene. His was a colorful personality. I remember how he wanted to hold babies in his arms and talk to them or sing them asleep. I found a Christmas card for last year sent by Don Steiger, with whom Uncle Gene's sister, Pernie, lives in Worcester, Mass. He wrote, "I was sure sad to hear about Uncle Gene. Of all the people I have ever met I don't think any has made me feel so happy to be around. He was the greatest."

Florabelle 'phoned, "I am just going to break loose some day, take a bus, and go to see Aunt Flora. She is the most wonderful person in all the world."

Gladys remarked, "I have never known anyone as sweet as Grandma."

Last evening, I knelt beside her, lying on the davenport, and rubbed her back. Then I took her dear warm hand and kissed it. "I love you, Aunt Flora," I said. She drew my fingers to her lips. "I love you, too," she said. "Do you think we will see again our loved ones who are gone?" I asked. "That's what we look forward to," she answered. "Somehow Heaven and Earth will be mixed up."

I think Heaven and Earth are mixed up, now!

Lovingly, Violet

April 14, 1969

Martin just now came in the front door, doffed his hat to Aunt Flora with a deep bow, and greeted her with, "Good morning, young lady! How are you this fine morning?"

I told him I would be going home Monday afternoon. The plane would reach San Diego by 4.47, and Arthur O'Sullivan would be there to meet me.

Yesterday, Winnie Andresen came and took me out to the beautiful home in Fig Gardens which she and Charles bought after they had sold their ranch. They have bought another ranch at Madera, to which Charles commutes. Winnie showed me many colored pictures of their children, Janice, Charles and Dennis, and of their four grandchildren. Janice and George, with George and Kristi, live in Australia, where George works at an officers' training depot. Winnie visited them last year. Charles and Midge, with Terrie and Jeffry live in Fresno. Dennis and Bette have no children as yet. Winnie showed me the art-work, mostly pottery and clay-modeling which she is doing at Fresno State. "This art work has opened up a new world to me," she remarked. "I have over a hundred units. My standing is 3.6, and the highest is 4."

Winnie told me, "When I was fourteen years old, I was lying on my bed in the house near Abbey Street, when my mother came and stood by my bed. She was dressed in something filmy and there was a kind of cloud around her. She stood there, smiling, looking down at me. I was a year and a half old when my mother died, so I must have remembered her from pictures. I have no doubt whatever that my mother came to me. Somebody must have been looking after me and

Wilma. We're glad we came to California, where schools are better than in Missouri. We loved that little bedroom in Santa Cruz. Aunt Flora's sisters used to come for extended visits."

Charles and Winnie showed me around their garden, so nicely kept. Charles had cut off some branches of evergreen needles and Winnie begged for them to use in making smoke designs on her vases.

April 30, 1969

After a trip of 17 days, I returned to San Diego by plane. The huge white clouds beneath us seemed to be floating on a sea of glass, through which we could see farms and cities, and the roads and fire-breaks winding around on top of the ridges of the Tehachapi Mountains, like veins on leaves.

The 16 days since then, have been very full. Alec and Lydia came to Ramona, but could find no place for their trailer. They brought Beulah down and stayed overnight. Beulah came again with Siro and Hilde and Mrs. Whigham. The two women attended a Mothers of Veterans' party in Balboa Park. Beulah has had four sons in service overseas.

Yesterday afternoon, as prearranged, Paul phoned me from Mr. Hayden's office that a lease had been signed with the Continental Oil Company for the oil and mineral rights on the 320 acres. Oil had been struck at Riverdale and upon the developments of that well might depend future leases. Alta added a greeting. It thrilled me to hear their voices.

The Darius Myers Estate Company, which has bound our family together for much of my life-time, is still in existence. It has welded our family into a unit beyond the ordinary.

As God has blessed our family in the past, so may He bless it in the future. We belong to that Great Stream of Life, created by God, of which Jesus also is a part. Humble as our family may be, if it has the blessing of God, it will be of infinite worth.

Bass Lake
May 14, 1969

Dear Violet,

We just got home from a trip Sunday evening. We went by to see Gertrude and Fred Rhodes at Santa Cruz for a few days, then on up to Fairfield to spend Mother's Day at Edith's and to see some of her family . . .

We phoned Eugene. They will be out the 26th of June. We have made arrangements for a place up here at Ducey's Lodge.

I wrote Verna Dustin to see about taking over the arrangements for a Reunion, and to make reservations at Roeding Park for tables . . .

Gene will be out here ten days. It will be the warm time of the year.

Went to the Guild Meeting yesterday at the church. Lela and Paul showed slides of their trips in Arizona and Alaska; very interesting.

My lilacs and iris are blooming. It's cloudy. May get another thunder storm like the one we had Monday . . .

Hope you are feeling good.

Alta

720 F St., Ramona
May 14, 1969

Dear Violet,

. . . Siro has been painting steps and porch before Alex and Lydia get here. We have some new neighbors on F and 8th Streets on the corner. They are Jehovah's Witnesses, and hold meetings at their house. So Lydia and Alex won't have far to go, a walking distance.

I sure had a surprise. All the boys, except Milo, and their wives came to see me on Mother's Day. They took me and Siro out to dinner at the Santa Maria. Sure was good to see them all. There were eight of them . . .

Betty, Myrtle and Ellen are going together to make a ring for me with all my boys' and Tamara's birthstones put in the ring.

I took some pictures at the park of them. Also of the puppies with Hildegard. She sure is a good mother. They are fat as butter . . .

I joined the Congregational Church, the same one Peggy and Norm joined. I like the church very much . . .

Love, Beulah

San Diego, May 19, 1969

Dear Cousin Alta,

Saturday forenoon, I heard someone calling up the stairway, and here came Beulah, Lydia, Alex and Siro.

Alex and Lydia moved into the rear cottage on Thursday. They are to have free rent for a month to see if they want to stay in Ramona. Alex talked about selling their trailer at Delano, so I think they have already decided. If Connie comes to live with Beulah awhile, that will make me a small colony of homefolks up there.

Maybe all four of them will go to the Reunion. Audrey Sproul will be visiting Rose Wessler in Sacramento that week, and she will ask her to take her to it. The last reunion was in 1963. This may be the last one at which Aunt Flora will be present.

Mr. Schreiber promises to get some of the Homefolks books bound so they can be taken to the Reunion for distribution. He says, "That would be a crowning event."

Alta, are you seeing about a photographer? Have you asked Seymour to help? Last time, he was taking down addresses, "to use for our next reunion."

Oh! It will be wonderful to have so many homefolks together again! It will be like Heaven.

TWO POEMS

May 20, 1969

When I was at Aunt Flora's, I found two poems signed "G. M. S." which I had copied on blue paper for her many years ago. One started:

"Thou who givest of Thy gladness
Till the cup runs o'er,
Cup whereof the weary pilgrim
Drinks to thirst no more—
Not anigh me, but within me
Is this joy divine,
Thou, O Lord, hast made Thy dwelling
in this heart of mine."

Up in the mountains, Alta and I were sitting at the kitchen table, and she said, "You are always doing so much for others." "It is you who do so much," I interrupted, "You have been so good and kind and loving to me and to so many." "It is the Holy Spirit dwelling in our hearts," Alta said, putting the tips of her fingers to her heart.

God has been good to give us people to love. We have the need to love and be loved. Him we love best of all. He wants us to love Him.

"With me, whereso'er I wander,
That great Presence goes."

At the end of the second poem, I had written:
"Dear Aunt Flora,

This poem might have been written by you, for it has your thoughts of looking toward the Fair, the Blessed Country; of the Gathering of Loved Ones; of the Blest Song; of the Father's Kiss of Blessed Welcome, all our journey o'er; of the trumpet and the Glad Shout."

Wouldn't Aunt Lydia have loved this poem? It ends:

"Glorious and Solemn Hour
On the verge to stand
Of that Endless Day of Worship
In that Blessed Land."

FAMILY PICTURES

First Row: Mori Rhea. Violet. Home of Judah Myers from Vineyard; Paul on horse, Lydia on path, Salema to the right.
Second Row: Cutting the wedding cake: Joe and Verna Dustin, and children guests. Beulah Marley with four of her children: Boyd, Tamara, Elden and Brent (in Collier Park, Ramona, Mother's Day, May 11, 1969). Douglas and Alexandra Bratton, August, 1968.
Third Row: Herman and Fara Lehrbach, 1968. Lee, Roy and Gil Childers, in yard of home at Edison, N.Y., winter of 1968-'69.

THE BERKELEY PAGE, 1905 - 1915

First Row: Prof. and Mrs. Cornelius Bradley. Professor Bradley. Prof. Chauncey Wells. Dr. Sanderson.
Second Row: Mr. and Mrs. August Beck, in the Depot. Dr. J. A. B. Frye, standing in front of the parsonage. The Southern Methodist Church, where he was pastor. My father, with kitty.
Third Row: John Myers. Glen Babson and Louise Beck. My father, picking black-berries. Professor Howison, holding Aristotle in his lap, and Mrs. Howison.
Fourth Row: In front of our house, at 2233 Grant St.: Grandma with Lillian, Gertrude. My mother, holding baby David. Aunt Susie, with two of her sisters, Violet and Mildred. In front of a Le Conte oak-tree on the eampus: Violet, Lalie, girl, Susie with Mildred, Nettie Hall and Gertrude. Mrs. Cheney, Registrar of Students, University of California.

KINGSBURG AND SAN DIEGO, 1913 - 1916

First Row: Janitress at Kingsburg High School, Adaline Duval, with Artie and Keith. Violet, standing in TiaJuana River Bed. Cousin Lou ringing Mission Bells in Old Town.
Second Row: August, with pipe and paper. Violet, studying at her desk. Violet teaching. Eva with Lillian and Charles, in buggy. Lillian running from waves.
Third Row: Mr. Quade with Lillian, in front of Zearing Apt. House, where Post-Office now stands. Violet, with ferns and flowers from hillside of Balboa Park, before Exposition was built. Louise, in courtyard of General Kearny's House. Violet in Ramona's Marriage Place.
Fourth Row: David playing in sand. Violet, August, Mr. Quade, Cousin Lou, Louise with David and Lillian, at Mission Beach. Home of General Kearny, where Cousin Lou and Roy and our family lived the winter of 1914 (near the brick Methodist Church).

MALAGA, FOWLER AND KINGSBURG, c. 1913 - 1915

First Row: Uncle Harry's hired man and Emmett Eagan. Mrs. Amos Harris. Avery Harris. Matt, Aunt Lydia's helper.
Second Row: Mina, Ralph and Gertrude, at Kingsburg Railroad Station, after a party in Violet's school-room. Keith Duval and Pauline Draper. Neighbor boy, Johnny and Gertrude. Ralph, starting for Malaga School.
Third Row: Methodist Church at Kingsburg. Violet and minister, with kindergarten class. Car-full of young cousins at reunion.
Fourth Row: Harry, Lydia with colt and Ralph with calf. Mildred, with row of poplars. Backs of young cousins, who are sitting on the lawn beside the homeplace.

AT MALAGA, AUBERRY AND FOWLER, c. 1914

First Row: Hester with doll and Aunt Salema. Jesse, Hester and Graham boy in swing. Alfred gazes at Winnie. The Family cemetery.

Second Row: Ellen, with May Bronagh, Edna, Aunt Lydia and Melissa in background. Lillian blowing bubbles. Winnie. Grandma, before the fireplace. At Uncle Judah's fruit-cutting shed.

Third Row: Gladys in the apple-orchard. Ruthie Washer. Mildred and Lillian. May and Sam Bronagh in front of their house at Auberry.

Fourth Row: Gertrude and Gladys in orchard. Glen, Winnie, "Mimi," and Gertrude. Gertrude and Johnny Platzek, playing with kittens.

HAPPY HOMEFOLKS, TIME OF THE COLONY

First Row: Louis Earl, with dog. Earl, Georgie, Paul, Gertrude and Gladys, with neighboring young people, after the religious services Aunt Salema conducted in her home Sunday afternoons. Grandma reading her Bible.
Second Row: Matie, sewing. Lillian, Eunice, Chester, Ethel with Ruthie in swing, Donald and Mildred. Ruby, Lydia, Susie with Mildred, Eunice, Hester, Louise, Donald, Glen with Winnie, Flora with Ruthie, Chester, Rose, Ethel and Violet. Eva, Lillian loving John. Baby John. Lillian and Charles Earl. Car-load at Reunion: Gertrude, Paul, Ruby, Jess, Eunice, Rose, Ruby with Larry and Buddy, others.
Third Row: Arthur, Lalie, Ralph, Lydia, Elsie with Johnny, Gertrude and Violet. Lydia, Ethel and Eunice. Flora, Chester, Eunice, Ethel and Lydia.

Blank pages were put at the end of the first Home Folks books, which Aunt Flora and others used for their own family data and accounts.

The owner of this book can use these pages for his or her own records.

The preceding six pages of pictures were prepared too late to put in the book, so they have ben placed in their present position.

Bass Lake, May 29, 1969

Dear Violet:

We just got home from Yosemite for a week. It was nice there, the falls and river were full.

I got a card from Verna Dustin. She has reserved a place at Ash Grove in Roeding Park from 12 noon to evening for the 29th of June. So let Beulah and Lydia and your nephews know if they can come as we don't have their addresses.

I gave Verna addresses of all I could so she will be sending notices out, I hope soon. I'll have to get down and plan with her. I told her to call Sim, he might be a help.

Gerri and her two boys were up for a few days. Gertrude, Fred, Mary and Fred were by last Sunday P.M.

It's beginning to get warmer. I hope it won't be too hot at the Reunion.

It will be good if you do have some of your books along so they can see them. We were by Cliff's and Janice's. They want one.

Maybe Beulah will let her family know. It will be nice if Connie is out to see different ones.

I'm just hoping nothing happens to change Gene's plans as we have located a place for them to stay at the Pines.

It was nice at Yosemite as the dogwood was in bloom, also other flowers. We went to church in the little chapel there, also to the Church Bowl for services. We had lunch with Isabelle at Yosemite Lodge Cafe.

I hope you keep well and able to come up.

We send best wishes and Love.

Alta B.

Dear Cousin Alta,

As soon as I could after your letter came, I notified Billie Bunn about the date of the Reunion. Valla is getting married in Fontana the evening before that Sunday, and Douglas had planned on attending church services the next day. He would have to bring the family up to Fresno after the wedding, a five hours' drive, and he would have had little sleep, as he works at night in his maintenance job on the freeway.

Jim answered when I called Audrey's number, and he would tell his mother the date.

I've tried to reach Ione, but she may be down in Mexico. I'll write to different ones. It has been six years since we've had our last reunion, and it may be a long time before we have another. It is such a short time for people to plan for it.

The printer phoned awhile ago, and will come to get my extra pages of pictures today. I had come across six small, black leather-covered photograph books, with snap-shots taken about 1912 and a few years afterwards. Mamma had two books and I had four. The Colony was still in existence, with children, our first-cousins as babies or growing up; and Glen was married, with her first baby. I thought, "In future years, descendants of these children will exclaim, "Oh! There is my mother when she was little!" Or later, "There is my great grandfather when he was a little boy!"

At first, I made up two pages, which the printer and I decided to place at the beginning of the extra blank pages at the end of the book. But now there are four more pages, all valuable, which I believe will be treasured by homefolks yet unborn.

The printer is here. He asks, "Is this all? Is this the end? The very end?"

I answer, "Yes."

FINIS

Left to right: 1917 Model T Ford, Hester, Lillian.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 06664 765 0